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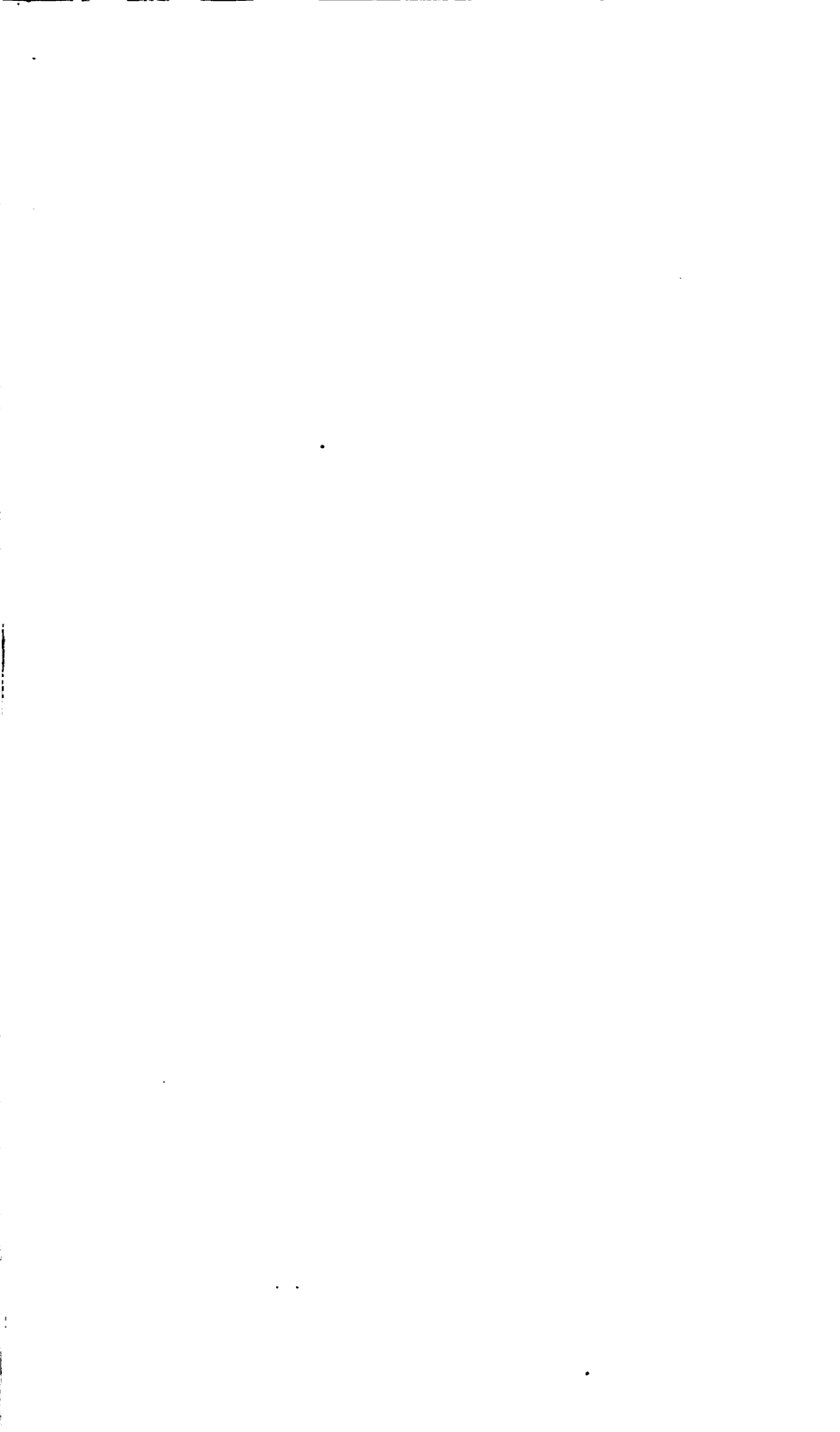


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TITAN

A Monthly Magazine.

VOL. XXVI.

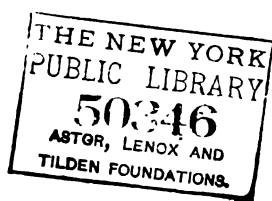
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INDEX TO VOL. XXVI.

	PAGE		PAGE
A French Celebrity on Social Changes	693	Dr Doran's Bentley Ballads	378
A Prayer or Psalm. Lord Bacon	616	Drinks in India	627
A Year in Bengal	623		
Akin for Ever (in Eight Chapters)	15	Elder's (W.) 'Biography of Kane'	490
Aird's (Thomas) 'Old Bachelor in the Old Scottish Village'	227	Election, The	377
Algonquin Legend, An	245	Emu, The Springs of	484
Alms Matres. By an Oxonian— No. I. University Society	257	English Bible, The	745
II. University Discipline	426	Essenes, The	123
III. University Education	565	Expediency, the Morality of, employed by Roman Statesmen	124
IV. University Constitutions	688		
America, North	177	Facies, A Chapter on	249
Ancient Agriculture	225	Feeding-time in Norway	236
An Evening at the 'Goat in Boots'	274	Fight of Orthes, The	229
Anesthetics, Farther Researches on	194	Fishwives	67
Anna the Bear Hunter	109	French Romance	151
Apprenticeship System, The	466	Froude's (A. J.) 'England from the Fall of Wolsey to the death of Elizabeth'	745
Arab Gentleman, An	237		
Arago's (François) 'Biographies of Distinguished Scientific Men'	117	Generalship, The Devil's Fuller	615
Arkwright's claim questioned	256	Genius for Soup, A	481
Artistic Bohemia	609	God is with the Patient	236
Atkinson's Siberia	103	Good Examples, The benefit of. Dr Donne	101
Aunt Hetty's Christmas	80	Gorrie's (Daniel) 'Orations and Lectures on Sacred Themes'	371
Australia, The future of	173	Great Modern Hoax, The	239
Autumn Holidays, The	479		
		Hackländer (Von F. W.) 'Handel und Wandel'	49
Baden	489	Hamilton's (James) Sinai, the Hedjaz, and Soudan	236
Bathing Luxuries	485	Havelock's Religious Training	503
Behind the Scenes in Paris— Chapters I, II, III, IV, V	641	Heirs of the Farmstead, The	238
Belgian Characteristics	482	Hero and Leander	352
Betrothed, The Letters of a	755	Hero, The Christian	371
Brook's (Rev. W.) 'Biographical Sketch of Havelock'	503	Hoaxing a Professor	120
		Hood's (E. P.) 'Havelock: the Broad Stone of Honour'	511
Calais Packet at Night, The	479	Homer, A Glance at the Theology of	58
Cambridge Essays, The, for 1857	224		
Campbell's (W. Calder) 'Episodes in the War-Life of a Soldier'	254	Income	383
Charlemagne, Half an hour with	204	India: its History, Religion, and Govern- ment	493
Chloë, or the Red Lover	242	Indian Aborigines, Rites of the	220
China, Notes on the Population of	354	Indian Omens; A Retrospect and an Out- look	1
Commercial Training	380	Illustrative Sketches of the Reign of Henry VIII	749
Commercial Summaries	469		
Copenhagen, A Picture of	231	Johnson's (F. H.) 'Sketches in France and the Pyrenees'	228
Crimean Foe, An Unrecognised	191	Johnstone's (Augusta) 'Woman's Preachings' Joseph Ady	113
		Josephus, The Character of	240
Dead March in Seal, The	209		121
De Quincey's (Thomas) 'Studies on Secret Records'	121	Kalmuck Sacrifices	112
Dinner Philosophy	487	Kane, Youth of Dr	490
Doctor's Meditations, A	483	Kirghis, Among the	110
Down in Devon	216	Knowledge, Partial and Perfect	374
Drawing-Room Troubles, by Moody Robin- son, Require,— No. VII.—Magic Balm	63		
VIII.—The Inadvertent Man, Part II,	199		
VIII.— " " " III,	359		

	PAGE		PAGE
Labour, A Right Estimate of	214	Rome, Modern, History of	236
Lapidaries' Skill, Siberian	109	Romance of the Ice Fields, The	280
Laughter	384	Ruskin's (John) 'Political Economy of Art'	630
Law of England, The	225		
Legal Swindling	484	Scargill's (W. P.) 'Essays and Sketches'	249
Letters to my Nephew. 'In Society'	727	Scene in the Isle of Wight	102
'Life and Conduct' in a German Novel	49	Schoolcraft's (H. R.) 'Myth of Hiawatha'	242
Life in the Oural	107	Scientific Summaries	173
Love Merchant, The	378	Scotch Thistle, The	331
Lucknow, Defence of	502	Scottish People, General Character of	227
Ladlow's (John Malcolm) 'British India'	220	Sea-Sickness, A New Cure for	480
		Secret Societies	124
Manners	384	Selters Water	486
Memorials of the Jolly Dogs	178, 446, 780	Shamrock-Lore	331
Mineral Produce, Statistics of	469	Siberia, The Traveller in	106
Mirage, The	364	Smith's (William) 'Thorndale'	364
Mundy's (G. O.) 'Journal of a Tour in India'	762	Snow's (W. Parker) 'Two Years' Cruise'	262
My Tutor's Story	686	Southgate's (Henry) 'Many Thoughts on Many Things'	353
		Stephenson, George, the Railway Pioneer	85
Nana Sahib, Encounters with	504	Suggestions upon the Secret of the Mutiny, by Thomas de Quincey	88
National Proverbs, Characteristics of	159	Swimming Baths	483
New Books, The	103, 220, 304, 479, 616, 745	Symington (A. J.) 'on the Beautiful in Nature—Art and Life'	638
Niceties	115		
Notes on the Patagonians	252	Tact and Talent	261
Of Seeking the Glory of God	350	Temper	118
Old Letters—		The Beautiful	633
Dr Sharp to the Duke of Bucking-		The Pains and Pleasures of John Shipley	597
ham, with Queen Elizabeth's		Three Famous Mathematicians	117
Speech to her Army at Tilbury		Thugs, The	222
Fort	100	Titan's Pulpit	101, 214, 350, 616
Anne, Countess of Sussex, to her		To a Yonge Manne Coming of Age	463
Mother, Lady Calthrop	210	Travellers, A Hint to	482
Mrs Elizabeth Montague to the		Trieste	96
Duchess of Portland	213	Two Dreams—L. Stella (Esther Johnson)	726
James I. to the Lords of His Privy			
Council upon entering England		Ulysses, The Poet	109
The Earl of Chatham to his Nephew,		Unprotected Females in Norway	231
Thomas Pitt	477		
Catherine Bulkeley, Abbess of God-		Variorum	194
stow, to Lord Cromwell	478		
Bishop Atterbury to his Son at Ox-		Water Grievance, The	489
ford	613	Weeng, The Spirit of Sleep	248
Lord Bolingbroke to Dr Swift	614	Wellington's Supplementary Despatches	616
Queen Catherine of Aragon to Dr		Welsh Pulpit, The	246
John Forest	744	What I saw one Morning in India	254
Orphans, A Chapter in a Life	377	Which? or, Eddies round the Rectory—	
Our Charley	471	Chapters I., II., III., IV., V.	129
Owen's Good Soldier	629	" VI., VII., VIII.	309
		" IX., X., XI., XII., XIII.	402
Parsons for the Times	238	" XIV., XV., XVI., XVII.,	
Poetry of Youth in France, The	613	XVIII., XIX.	531
Precious Stones of Siberia, The	106	" XX., XXI., XXII., XXIII.,	
Prize-Money, The Law of	616	XXIV.	703
Procter's (R. W.) 'Barber's Shop'	256	White Stone Canoe, The	244
Propaganda, The	286	Who and What is Milton	241
Puddock's Green—A Wiltshire Story	840	Wicked Will Whiston	240
		Wilson's (Erasmus) 'Three Weeks' Sojourn	
Quarrying for Men of Genius	680	through the German Spas'	479
		Wilson (George) on the Industrial Museum	
Rees' (L. E. R.) 'Personal Narrative of the		of Scotland	280
Siege of Lucknow'	496	Winter Fruits	876
Repent—Archbishop Leighton	616	Winter and Spring, Allegory of	248
Revenue of India	498		
Roman Judicial System, The	128		

TITAN.

INDIAN OMENS:

A RETROSPECT AND AN OUTLOOK.

We have a wealthy manufacturer in our parish, who prides himself on being 'eminently practical.' He has a little spleen, good man, for he dines heavily, but this passes off innocently in such expressions as 'humbug,' 'nonsense,' 'romance,' 'bosh,' 'absurdity.'

We are building schools, and the other day wanted £100 to make up the sum. Every one had subscribed except this man, whom we'll call B. We had never dared to ask him, for we knew the only coin we should get would be 'humbug' and 'nonsense.' But at last in despair I made up my mind to go to him. Of course my long exordium was received with a dry 'humph!'

'What do the people want with education, sir?' he replied. 'They have no time to read and work too; and what is the use of their minds being cultivated, when they only work with their bodies?'

To expose the obvious fallacy of his argument would have been only wasting time. I immediately started on another tack.

'You know,' I said, 'the state of Mr G's mills?' The worthy manufacturer frowned blue. Mr G. was his successful rival. 'You are aware,' I continued, 'that he is never in want of hands; that his men are regular and punctual, orderly and honest? You must know, furthermore, that they pay their rents to the day, and that the condition of his estate and

cottages was much admired by the commissioners?'

'Well, sir, and what has that to do with me?'

'Allow me, sir. You are aware that, thirty years ago, those mills and that estate were in a very different condition?'

'Ay, that they were, it's true.'

'That twenty years back schools were built there; that they have been regularly attended, and that the greater part of his workmen and workwomen were brought up in those schools in habits of neatness, honesty, and sobriety? May I beg you now to look at the gorgeous gin-palaces on your own estate, and compare the one with the other.'

Three days later, the 'eminently practical' millowner sent us a cheque for the amount. He saw how the improvement of the people would *pay*, and he ceased to call it humbug.

When I got the cheque, I said to A., 'Now, this is just the case of the Indian Government.'

Let us, then, for the sake of discussion, throw off all our finer feelings with regard to the Indian Question, and look at it in Mr B.'s 'eminently practical' manner.

On a certain day in October—I forget which—I noticed, and fancy many people besides must have noticed, that almost every London paper began its leading article with three short words, which, if not precisely the same in each, conveyed precisely the same

idea: 'Delhi is fallen!' 'Delhi is taken!' 'Delhi is ours!' and so on. Now this was not by way of news, for the fact was known by every soul in the vast metropolis long before these papers were even at press. Nor was it merely an elegant way of beginning an important article. Then there would have been more variety. No; it was a sigh of relief, which not one editor could refrain from. It was the heading of the new series of articles, the *Finis* to an old. The three short words meant nothing less than this: 'we have written for two months prophecies, fears, apprehensions, convictions, accusations, railery—everything, in short, that suited the moment. All that is over—all must be expunged; we forget all we have said. The Indian mutiny is virtually at an end, and we now desire to wipe out the past, and look only to the future. We have abused and criticised. We must now consult and advise. These three words mean that we turn the fly-leaf, and begin a new volume.'

The question then is now, 'What shall we do with India?' We are not *Morrison*s or *Parr*s. We do not ask you to examine our new panacea. We have none to offer. But you must endeavour to profit by that experience which has cost such 'dreadfully high school wages.'

You have built up a vast empire. You have made India the wonder of a wonder-surfeited age. But in all this you have sadly neglected, sadly sacrificed, the human material you employed. You have worked away on the narrow-minded, money-loving principles of Mr B. the manufacturer, and refused to see hitherto that the best course with God is the best course for man.

I think the subject may be looked at from three points. There is little doubt now that this Indian outbreak is a mutiny, and not a rebellion. We must therefore examine the people from the military point of view. There is little doubt that it is connected more or less with religion; and so the religious question will be the next. There is, lastly, little doubt that, though this time it is only a mutiny, it may next time—ay, and if neglected, assuredly will—be a general revolt; and it behoves us, therefore,

to look to the civil question, and see what treatment the character of the people demands at our hands.

To begin then with the military question.

First, let us sketch very briefly the rise and conduct of the native Indian army. We shall see, in doing so, how precisely the old proverb, 'give a dog a bad name,' has here been reversed. The sepoy has always had a good name—a peculiarly good one; and it has stuck to him, ay, up to the very last moment, when the whole of the Bengal army had mutinied save one or two regiments, whose commanding officers still kept their old confidence in their men.

The sepoy has acquired this good name by a strange anomaly. 'The faithful sepoy,' 'the devoted sepoy,' were the terms in which he was spoken of, when there was a far better opening for saying 'the brave sepoy,' 'the well-disciplined sepoy.' But somehow or other this idea of fidelity became connected with the name of sipahi, and not a score of mutinies have been able to rend the one from the other.

During the last hundred years mutiny has been attempted, and too often with success, by some one or more regiments at a time, no less than fourteen different times—that is, about once in every seven years. There were only four mutinies in the first fifty years, three in the next twenty-five, and seven in the last twenty-five; so that the spirit of mutiny has clearly been on the increase.

The existence of a regular army in India dates only from 1757, exactly one hundred years ago, in which year the various irregular native forces were distributed into regiments, and soon after divided among the three presidencies.

But the principle of defending a foreign government by the arms of its own native subjects—this principle which has endured nearly two centuries in practice, and even now seems likely to outlive the fearful shock it has sustained; this principle, of which the world's ages have seen but one example, and that example has this year ended in a failure more awful than any failure of a principle before—is of much earlier date.

In 1668 the Portuguese ceded Bom-

bay to Charles II., and the East India Company then levied for its defence a band of 500 Rajpoots, and thus established the principle we deplore. The same plan was adopted in other settlements round the coast, until, in 1757, there was material for the formation of a regular army, wearing a European uniform, and commanded entirely by European officers.

The history of the glories and successes of the native troops is the history of British India. Everywhere, as we all know, the native forces have fought side by side with our own countrymen, and only in one or two instances been charged with want of equal valour. Leaving, therefore, their triumphs, we turn to their mutinies.

1764. The *Lal Pultun*, or Red Battalion of Bengal, mutinied; twenty-eight were tried by court-martial, and eight blown away from guns.

1782. The Mathews Bengal Battalion mutinied, under the apprehension that they would be embarked for foreign service.

1779. The 9th Madras Battalion mutinied, for a similar reason.

1780. A Madras corps shot their officers at Vizagapatam, for a similar reason.

1806. The great mutiny at Vellore. Two regiments rose and massacred the greater part of the 69th Foot. The pretext given was some changes in uniform which slightly affected their caste.

1815. Several native officers and sepoys, being kept longer at Java than was usual, plotted the assassination of their officers.

1824. The mutiny at Barrackpore followed upon an order of government, which transferred the European officers to other regiments. The 26th, 47th, and 62d Bengal N. I., being ordered to embark for Rangoon, refused to move, and were shot down by the European troops.

1838. Three or four isolated cases followed in this year the suppression by Lord William Bentinck of flogging in the native army. In the same

year, the force ordered to Afghanistan mutinied for an increase of allowances (*bat-ta*).

1844. The same demand being refused, caused the mutiny of the 34th and 64th Bengal N. I. on their way to Scinde.

1849. The 13th and 22d Bengal N. I. mutinied, because the extra allowances were stopped.

1849. The 41st N. I. for the same reason. They were found to be in correspondence with *twenty-four other regiments*—the first instance we have of anything like an organised revolt.

1850. The 66th Bengal N. I. for the same reason.

1852. The 38th Bengal N. I. refused to march, when ordered to Burmah.

1857. The whole of the Bengal army mutinied, ostensibly because they were asked to bite cartridges which the Hindoos asserted were prepared with cow's, the Mussulmans with pig's, fat.

These cases, with their causes and results, are matter of common history, and need no authentication. But they are full of deep meaning.

First, we notice that, in at least ten cases out of the fourteen, it was the Bengal army which supplied the malcontents.

Secondly, in five cases the reason assigned was the fear of crossing the sea; in two others, some absurd trifle which interfered with the religious prejudices of the Hindoos.

Thirdly, in five cases the mutinies were got up with the avowed object of compelling an increase of pay; while in 1838 a bad spirit showed itself on the suppression of corporal punishment.

Fourthly, the mutiny at Barrackpore, in 1824, was in a great measure owing to peculiar changes in the European officers.

Adding a fifth cause, which the present great mutiny has suggested, we arrive at five principal characteristics of the sepoys in general, which have contributed to make what so many an eminent commander has called the finest army in the world really the worst.

First, then, we gather, from the fact that the Bengal army has been more prone to insubordination than those of Bombay or Madras several other important facts. We must not suppose, for instance, that, because the Bengal army is nearly as large as the two others put together—containing seventy-four regiments of sepoys; while Madras has fifty-two, Bombay only twenty-nine—the chances for revolt were much more numerous. On the contrary, the European force in the Bengal Presidency has at all times been much larger in proportion to the native army than in either of the other provinces.

But in Bengal still lies all that remains of that great Mussulman Empire which we overthrew, and the memory of which is far from being obliterated, as we have seen this year, when a king again sat on the throne at Delhi. And if it seem strange that the Hindoos, who writhed under the Mahometan rule, should feel an interest in this old seat of empire, we must remember that they too have memories. There is scarcely a Hindoo of decent education who will not have had his head filled by his teacher or his parents with little didactic sentences, in some of which Hastinapura, the City of Elephants, is named as that where Yudhishtira and his four brothers dwelt, and fought that famous Chevy-chase of India, which is the theme of the 'Mahábhárata,' the great Indian epic.

Again, in Bengal still live in indolence, luxury, petulance, and discontent, those scores of petty rajahs who are for ever giving our Indian Government so much anxiety in so contemptible a manner. We shall speak more of them under the head of 'civil management.'

But the pith of the matter is, that in Bengal the army is recruited more among the Mahometans and the Hindoos of high caste than elsewhere. Now, surely, many people who read the papers must have been surprised when they were informed that our army was formed of 'high-caste Brahmins.' They have always imagined that the Brahmin was the priestly caste, and quite distinct from the warrior. And to a certain extent they are right. We have most of us

picked up out of our books of general information at school, that there are four castes in India—the Brahmins, or priests, the Kshatriyas, or warriors, the Vaishyas, or merchants, and the Shudras, or serfs—and this was perfectly true some fifteen hundred years ago. But the ancient institution which the Hindoo attributes to Brahma himself was of too restrictive a character to outlive foreign rule and foreign civilisation. Even in its palmiest days, the purity of caste was not strictly maintained. Polygamy began the work of corruption. A man of superior was allowed by law to marry a woman of inferior caste; and though the reverse was forbidden, we have evidence that even in the days of Manu the prohibition was constantly disregarded. Each of these irregular marriages produced a new intermediate caste, and the intermarriages of these multiplied the varieties endlessly. Some of these irregular castes were decidedly impure, others partially so, while others lost the stigma of impurity in the course of time. The result was, that certain families or tribes maintained a certain class of marriage, and ranked in the social scale accordingly. Thus the Brahmin families of Benares and Patna pique themselves on their pure descent. The Rajpoots limited themselves to purely military marriages, and many of their families still claim descent from the heroes of the 'Rámáyana' and 'Mahábhárata.' Under Mahometan rule, these castes collected themselves in various districts, and it is among these districts, where the nearest approach to purity of caste is found, that the Government of India have always thought it best to recruit their armies. Their object in doing so was clearly to provide in their ranks a spirit of martial honour, which would supply that patriotism which could not of course exist in a mercenary army. How great their error was, the late results have proved without contradiction, even if all the former mutinies, or attempts at mutiny, had not sufficed to do so. We cannot but wonder that men of the acuteness of those who have followed Clive and Hastings, should not have seen that the next best army for the position to a European one, would have been one com-

posed of tribes and races having an inherent antipathy to the influential part of the population. If the Brahmin, the Rajpoot, the Banyan, and so on, are the ruling elements of native society, and the men who have some patriotism, however shortsighted, at heart, one would naturally have formed the army which was to check and restrain them from the ranks of the despised outcasts and low-caste tribes, with whom they could have no sympathy. The effect of such a choice might indeed have been to excite suspicion and enmity at first between the upper classes and the government, but, on the other hand, we should have raised the lower orders, and given an effective blow to that institution of caste which is so opposed to modern civilisation, to Christianity, and to sympathy between the rulers and their subjects. The effect of the opposite system has been to force the Government of India at all times to yield weakly to those very prejudices of caste which its very conscience—if no more worldly impulse—has forced it afterwards to combat. And this brings us to our second consideration.

We find that in half the cases of mutiny, including the present awful one, the cause assigned—and perhaps, too, the real cause—has been a fear of breaking religious ordinances.

Such, indeed, was the often-repeated refusal to cross the sea. The Hindoo of the Aryan stock is essentially a land-lubber. The littoral of India is peopled by various other races, who have adopted more or less of Hindoo religion, manners, and even language, but are not Hindoos. Now, perhaps the greatest feature in the religious practice of the purer races is the necessity of daily bathing, morning and night. We know how much of religious observance in every country has its origin in the mere preservation of health. It is on this account that we find every city and village of India situated either on the banks of a river or stream, or in the immediate neighbourhood of a lake.

To carry out this practice conveniently, would be very difficult on board a transport, and hence the principal cause of continual refusal to embark for foreign service.

Again, for the man who worships

Krishna the cow-herd; who reverences the whole vaccine race as the favourites of heaven; who has been taught from childhood to abhor as equally vile the slayer of a Brahmin and the slayer of a cow; who from the day of his birth to this moment, nay, through many a past transmigration even, has never tasted the flesh of oxen, and looks upon a beefsteak as an abomination even to the lowest—for such a man to be asked to put between his teeth a cartridge greased with the fat of an innocent, suffering, shamefully-slaughtered cow, the victim of those polluted Feringhees, whom Rakshasas are preparing to carry down to Naraka, is quite cause enough for a mutiny.

We laugh, and deny it. But no English gentleman would force a Jew to live on salt-pork; and we must give in to the religious prejudices of our subjects, however absurd they may appear. How then are you to act? You *might* have dispensed entirely with the slaves of so inconvenient a religion, and recruited among the millions who are less particular on these points, but who make every whit as good fighting men, as we know from the experience of our many corps of irregulars (more than fifty of them in Bengal alone), and who would never, as your pampered sepoys have done, refuse trench and fatigue work. You *might* have dispensed with a native army entirely, or made it only an adjunct to your own English one, as the Romans did of old; and you *might* have given freedom and encouragement to the willing missionaries whom you snubbed, and who would have turned your sepoys into the best soldiers in the world. But you chose to pursue the antiquated policy of the merchants in the days of Charles II., and so the old burden over again. This brings us to our third consideration.

Batta was originally an extra allowance given to the sepoys to buy sweetmeats with, as an encouragement on any special occasion. It has since become a regular additional allowance during active service. It is not, and never has been, a reward of valour, but an encouragement held out to fight well, just as Hannibal used to promise his soldiers liberal sums and grants of land before a bat-

tle; with this difference, that the batta is paid, and his promised gifts were not. If the principle of *encouraging* a soldier to do his duty by anything more material than the expression of his duty to do it, is a wrong one with any men, it is still worse with the Hindoo, who is notoriously fond of money; and five mutinies resulting from it in a quarter-of-a-century sufficiently prove the wretchedness of the system. But then it is not a principle, but only a usage—a part of that 'traditional policy' which the Indian Government has always pursued, and which not a few of its great men stand up boldly to defend.

But that traditional policy has become a system now of the weakest description. Our ancestors gave their sepoy sweetmeats, and we treat them no less like children, forgetting that, if they are selfish and puerile, they have none the less a strength which we cannot always control. Having begun on the petting and spoiling system, we have been compelled for the mere sake of peace and comfort to continue it, and every now and then, like foolish parents, we draw up, and become unnecessarily, and at least unreasonably, severe. The Hindoo is no fool, and he sees through this. He well knows what his value is. He knows that by being naughty he can get any amount of sweetmeats he likes; but he goes further than the mere child, and despises the weakness that cedes to his clamouring.

Lord W. Bentinck has gained himself a lasting name by abolishing Sutte,* or immolation of the widow on her husband's funeral pile, but when he extended his humanity to the suppression of corporal punishment in the army, he could scarcely have seen what dangerous aid he was lending to the 'traditional policy' of pampering the sepoy. But the army saw it, and took advantage of it to be very troublesome some years after, till they forced the government into an acknowledgment of its weakness, by re-establishing the infliction in part.

There is no need to enter now into the system of transferring the European officers from one regiment to another, to facilitate promotion. But

* More properly Sati. It is a Sanscrit word, meaning a 'virtuous woman.'

the present mutiny enables us to speak in terms of the greatest condemnation of the native officers. The letters published in the 'Times' proclaim their misdeeds. In some cases (as in the 96th N. I.) it was a subadar, or subadar-major, who incited the soldiery to mutiny; in others (as at Cawnpore), it was an officer of the same rank who collected and organised the mutineers.

That there should be native non-commissioned officers, naiks (corporals), and havildars (serjeants), seems only sensible, if for no other purpose than to afford a safe stimulus for good conduct. But that men having at heart the fidelity no less than the discipline of so large a native force, should have clung to 'traditional policy' so fondly as to retain the anomalous positions of the native commissioned officers, is certainly astonishing.

These men are jemadars, subadars, and subadar-majors, answering in some respects to our ensign, lieutenant, and captain. They rise from the ranks, and their promotion is almost invariably by seniority. There can be therefore no excuse made that their position is an incentive to valour and good conduct. But this position is itself scarcely an enviable one. They are neither one thing nor the other, neither officers nor men. With the European officers their relation is one of complete inferiority. The youngest cadet takes precedence of the oldest subadar. With their men they are really on an equality, and keep their place only by virtue of a false military rank and longer experience. This rank, however, is sufficient to enable them to act as leaders to the men, and it is in this dangerous capacity that they have been so active of late, as in all probability it was through them that the mutiny was concerted, and the proposals of one regiment transmitted to another.

We have said enough to allow us to sketch the character of the sepoy here.

He is an excellent fighting man, and full of military spirit. If we had not the testimony of so many campaigns to this fact, we have the recorded opinions of distinguished commanders-in-chief, who had ample means of judging, and were paid very

large incomes simply to keep their eyes open. Lord Hardinge, Lord Gough, and Sir Charles Napier, all agreed at least upon this point; and the last of these says, 'no army ever possessed better-behaved soldiers than the sepoya.' The fact of their immense numbers being lately defeated by handfuls of British, does not disprove the assertion. We cannot speak of the bravery and military spirit of a mercenary army, as we do of those of a patriotic one. No mercenaries under the sun are good for anything without proper officers, or when once demoralised and disorganised; and the Bengal army, as a military body, may be said to have ceased to exist, when its European officers were gone.

Again, the sepoy is by nature true to his duty, *as duty*. The mere existence of a native force of 250,000 men, with rarely more than 20,000 Europeans to control them, during one hundred years, is a proof of this. When everything is taken into account, the natural enmity between conquered and conquerors, the freedom, amounting at times to license, of a native press, the powers left in the hands of native officers, the comparative nothingness of the European population, and the constant opportunities given to the sepoy to discover his own power, we can only wonder that so immense a force has never before turned upon us, to rend us. And, in fact, the world has wondered at it for the last fifty years. The fact is, that the sense of *duty* is very strong in the native breast. It is one of the few good things about the institution of caste. What we say of priests only, they say of every profession and trade. 'Once a warrior, always a warrior;' 'once a sweeper, always a sweeper;' and this extends to sons, grandsons, and so on. So that a man's only chance of salvation depends on the fulfilment of those duties which his religion attributes to the office to which he is born. There are only two feelings stronger than that of duty—the fear of offending the gods, and the love of money; and I think, while we might justly imitate the first, we cannot exculpate ourselves from the second.

On the other hand, the sepoy is selfish, haughty, ignorant, narrow-

minded, and, like all orientals, venal. Lastly, it cannot be denied that he is cruel and bloody-minded, a brute who, like his own elephant, is amiable and docile when well treated, but implacable when roused. But, in condemning the sepoy, we must not forget that the absence of Christianity is sufficient to account for the intensity of his blood-thirst. People who cry out that the annals of the world contain no parallel to the atrocities at which we have so lately shuddered, and still shudder, forget the everyday amusements of Chinese potentates, and the terrible tales which the Isles of Greece yet hiss out against their Turkish ravagers. The pages of Josephus, Gibbon, and Lamartine, are every whit as foul with blood as the columns of the 'Times,' and the garden of Nero and the quays of Nantes are no less worthy of their church than the well at Cawnpore. It is not civilisation that allays the passion for blood, but Christianity. The Chinaman, the Roman, the Turk, and the Frenchman, are or were all civilised, but even the French were not a Christian nation during the Reign of Terror, when their government had established Atheism by edict. We may shudder, then, at the Hindoo, but we have no right to be surprised. It is our own fault if he is not Christian.

This brings us to the second part of our subject—the religious question; and here, as I did with Mr B., the manufacturer, I propose to go upon the lowest grounds. We have, therefore, to ask simply whether it is more convenient to govern India in an unchristian or in a Christian condition; and if the latter, what means there are of Christianising it.

We need not here separate the people from the army. If Christianity were to make any great progress in India, we should soon find it troublesome to recruit solely among the heathen, as the Roman emperors did in the third century, to say nothing of the absurdity of encouraging our religion among our subjects, but objecting to it in our servants.

None but an Anglo-Indian, labouring under the nightmare of 'traditional policy,' would for a moment suppose that India Christianised would be more

difficult to govern than Hindoo and Mussulman India; but, since the 'traditional policy' has a numerous band of supporters, it is right that we should speak upon the subject.

The 'traditional policy' of Indian government has been to secure the best channels for commercial enterprise with the least possible annoyance and difficulty. In this spirit the India Company obtained their first concessions, and in the same spirit have their successors gone on these two and a-half centuries. We gained our footing, kept and increased it, solely by being unobtrusive. Every encroachment that we made was upon a purely mercantile excuse, and we constantly assured the natives and their governments that we had no desire to interfere with any of their institutions, religious, political, or social. When, at last, their political institutions fell before us, partly by their own rottenness, partly by our skilful intrigue, we reiterated the confident assurance, that the religion and laws of the country should remain as we found them. Little by little we discovered what the Hindoo cared for, and what not, and the latter we soon replaced by our own importations. Thus the whole body of Hindoo law gradually disappeared, with the exception of two categories, which, from their general character, had a peculiar interest for all classes alike, and were more or less connected with their religious scruples—contracts and succession.

It would now have been a bold step to bring in the whole body of English law in its English form, and to wipe out the native prejudices, with their attendant nuisance of venal pandits and lying witnesses, who lied with impunity.* Fifty years back it might have been done with advantage, and even now that this mutiny has upset the country, it might be attempted with safety; but, whatever

* As an instance of the inconveniences attendant on native prejudices, we may refer to the difficulty of obtaining the evidence of females. As no greater disgrace can attend the inmate of a harem than to be gazed at by the eyes of other men than her husband, ladies are brought into the witness-box in a closely-covered palanquin, from which they give their evidence. It is clear that the ends of justice may be very easily baffled by such an arrangement.

be the case with the law, it is clear that the religion of the people was always too dangerous to be touched. It was upon this ground that the Company ran into an extreme of toleration, and became more Hindoo than the Hindoos themselves. Fearful of frightening the natives on the score of their creeds, they have discountenanced all missionary efforts, and permitted all the obscenities and villanies connected with native festivals, such as the Durga-Puja; have granted sums of money for offerings to idols and the erection of temples; forbidden the appearance of the Bible in the native schools; and punished conversion to Christianity by expulsion from the army. If we may believe a late 'Member of Council' in India, salutes are fired by order of government—even on Sundays—in honour of Hindoo and Mahometan festivals; grants made from the public treasury for sacrifices to propitiate the gods in times of drought and famine, and public notice given that the Company would proscribe any one of their servants who should afford pecuniary aid or countenance to Missions.

Such, indeed, are some of the denials of Christ to which the 'traditional policy' has driven the Indian Government, such the inconveniences, to take the lowest basis, of that weakness and that solely mercantile spirit which has always disgraced it. But what has the government gained by such a policy—the confidence or the contempt of the natives?

Certainly not the confidence.

In the midst of these weak concessions, the fond, doting, spoiling parent has constantly been awoken to a sense of his own danger, and forced to put on the drag. On the one hand, the immense number of Hindoo and Mahometan festivals, occupying nearly a hundred days during the year, were found to interfere with business.

The 'eminently practical' government reduced the feasts and fasts to twenty. The licentiousness of some of the orgies, and the fanaticism awakened by others, threatened the peace and comfort of the country, and these were suppressed.

A higher motive induced Lord W. Bentinck to abolish Suttee, and other

governments to put down the suicidal worship of Juggernaut, the selfish wickedness of infanticide, and quite lately to attack the oldest and most hallowed tenet of Hindooism, in permitting widows to marry again.

We rejoice in these bold steps, and heartily wish to see them multiplied, but we cannot deny that they have for a time at least shaken the confidence of the native subjects. Disaffection in the army followed Lord W. Bentinck's suppression of Suttee, and now a general mutiny has ensued on the permission of re-marriage to widows. Yet it is not the boldness of these acts which alarmed, but rather the vacillation of the government which encouraged the hostile spirit of, the people. This apparent intolerance, followed immediately by the extreme of toleration, could not but convince the native of the suspicions and fears of their rulers.

The Hindoo is a shrewd observer and an easy reasoner. His argument is clear and simple: 'My religion,' he says, 'is either right or wrong in your eyes. If right, why attack by your sweeping edicts our most ancient and most sacred observances. If wrong, why encourage and support it by your grants? Again, your own religion is either right or wrong. If wrong, why adhere to it. If right, why punish those who embrace it, and yourselves disavow it on every possible occasion?' If you should reply, that you prohibit converts to remain in the ranks of your army, lest they should deter the high-caste from enlisting, what a bitter sneer of contempt will meet you. 'You care then,' he will say, 'so little for your faith, that you sacrifice it and deny yourselves, for the sake of a few recruits.'

We have already seen what are the principal inconveniences arising from the absence of Christianity in our native troops.

The inconveniences of an unchristian population are twofold, direct and indirect. The indirect inconvenience consists in the impossibility of a just and manly toleration. You find that the religion of your subjects carries them into gross immoralities, the mere existence of which is a danger in a well-organised state. You attack these, and their confidence in you is

gone. You attempt to mitigate the act by puerile concessions, and they meet you with a just contempt. The direct inconvenience consists in the obstacles which the various religions of the country oppose to civilisation. If India is to be of use to England (I still take the lowest grounds), her progress must at least be in proportion to that of the mother country.

Civilisation has a climax which is always relative to the circumstances of the country in which it proceeds. When a nation has reached its highest point of civilisation, it is found that the vices of civilised life begin to preponderate over its advantages, and to sink society with them. There is no instance as yet in the world's history of a nation having reached its vertex of civilisation, and continued in a horizontal line. To do so requires a religion, or philosophy, or stern republican morality, of such a kind that it shall successfully combat the evils of too much refinement. It remains to be seen whether the purer forms of Christianity are strong enough to do this; and perhaps we may say, without national vanity, that England and America are the countries in which the experiment is being made. Certainly we seem to have reached our climax. Certainly we seem to be at a point where the evils of civilisation are equal to its advantages. Certainly we are making a powerful effort to counteract the growth of those evils.

Well, then, India reached her own climax about the date of the Christian era, under Vikramāditya the Great. The conservatism of her institutions prevented a further progress. Her laws were unsuited to the growth of cities and the condensation of society. But those laws were intimately woven up with her religion, and were therefore beyond repeal. This very law against the marriage of widows is a case in point. A widow was not only the relict of a husband, but even of a betrothed youth before marriage. As society condensed, and marriage became more difficult, betrothals were made at absurdly early ages, in order to secure husbands for young women. The chances of a boy dying before his marriage were thus increased, and girls of six, seven, and eight years old

became *widows*. As it was utterly impossible for a widow to marry, these children grew up destined to celibacy, and that too in a country where there were then no convents, for the Buddhists were gone. As a natural consequence under a passionate sky, these girls grew up only to be thrown upon society, and form gradually a distinct class of sinful women, which society itself was forced to acknowledge and connive at.

A far greater obstacle to civilisation exists in the institution of caste; and this must be felt by Europeans in India every day of their lives. Now, caste is the keystone of the Brahminical religion, and its inconveniences are legion. Everybody knows what a regiment of servants the poorest English official must keep up, to be merely comfortable. A well-appointed house maintains at least thirty rascals, each of whom has his particular office, to which he is born and destined for the rest of his life, and would, if asked to depart from it in the least particular, meet you with the old frigid refusal of the London flunkey, 'It's not my place, sir.'

Again, you want twenty respectable men for a particular service, but where can you get them? The men of low caste are not to be trusted, and unless the bribe is high, and the work palatable, the high castes will laugh at your proposal.

But these are mere trifles. They only exemplify greater evils. It is true that caste exists in Europe virtually to nearly the same extent as in India. But there is this great difference—that in Europe it is rather in opposition to religion; in India it is a part of it. The exclusiveness and impenetrability of caste are clearly opposed to progress, and if to progress, to civilisation also. It is one, if not the greatest, of the elements of progressiveness, that a clever man may raise himself to the position in which his talents will be most available. Caste not only renders this impossible, but takes all ambition of a worthy kind from those it influences. The ryot is content to get his living, and cares for nothing more. Why should he? His lot on earth is wretched; but since he cannot alter it, he can only look to future life. He will

therefore be the same ryot that his great-grandfather was before him, and nothing will change him. The zemindar may care to be a wealthy farmer, but that is all. Can he have any interest in agriculture or improvement, beyond the most selfish one? Can he indulge any higher and larger views? He is a fool if he does, for he can never be anything else but a zemindar; and so on through the list.

It is clear, then, that progress among the natives of India will be impossible as long as caste exists. But caste, as I said, is the soul of their religion. There are only two ways to attack it securely: the one, by favouring the lower castes in everything, to the neglect of the higher—the very opposite of the 'traditional policy'; the other, by encouraging conversion.

As to the means and manner of conversion, it has always been supposed that the Hindoos were the most difficult people in the world to convince of the truths of Christianity. But the results at present attained do not lead to that conclusion, when all things are considered. First, the Missions to India did not begin to work seriously until the beginning of the present century. Secondly, the secrecy with which the Brahmins shrouded their religious tenets was not removed until quite lately. The 'Vedas' are only now beginning to be understood; and yet to cope effectively with a well-educated Hindoo demands a knowledge not only of these scriptures, but of the great body of Sanskrit literature. Thirdly, you have here a highly-intellectual and well-read people, loving discussion for the sake of discussion, ready in defence and attack, and rarely convinced. Fourthly, you have to combat at the root of every shade of faith and worship, and of every denomination in India, the fascinating and well-established theory of Pantheism; the same which, in the milder form of Gnosticism, successfully opposed for a long time the teaching of the early Church. Fifthly, you have to struggle with that Fatalism which has possessed the Hindoo mind for ever, and is more than anything opposed to change. Sixthly, your own countrymen in office are constantly denying Christ, and paying deference to superstitions which you

must prove to be absurd. Seventhly, every kind of obstacle is placed in the way of missionary enterprise by the government of the country, and education, that great help-meet of the gospel, is taken out of your hands.

In spite of these obstacles, the state of missionary success in India is at present as follows:—

Population, about 150,000,000. Missionaries, one to every 350,000 of the population. Converts, about 112,000. These numbers include every denomination. In other words, each missionary has made an average of 260 converts, in spite of all opposition.

The difficulties of conversion may be considered as doctrinal and practical. It may be laid down as a general rule, in speaking of Brahminism, that all knowledge of its doctrines is confined to the highest and best-educated classes of Brahmins, and that the religion of the rest of the population, from highest to lowest, is purely fatalist and methodical.

The priestly caste resemble in no slight degree their cousins of the Romish Church in Italy. In India, however, Brahminism is a self-supporting institution, living on the necessities and affections of the people, and not an organised power under one head. Again, the priests of India are in every respect better men than those of Italy. They are less narrow-minded, more amiable, more tolerant, and, as far as the theological literature of their own country goes—and that is no trifle—better read. But with these exceptions the parallel is complete. Both understand their religion in one way, and teach it in another. Both adhere to it from association, from admiration, and from cupidity; but neither believes in it to the extent that he compels the people to believe. Both make their religion a source of considerable profit, and yet maintain the appearance of self-denying poverty.

To the highly-educated Brahmin, Brahminism is really a beautiful scheme of Pantheistic Philosophy. I have no doubt that every well-read Brahmin believes implicitly in the existence of an all-pervading Spirit, perfect in itself, and holding the place, though not possessing the true cha-

racter, of God. Into this Spirit he devoutly hopes to be absorbed. But to such men our notion of the Deity must necessarily appear vulgar. He fully appreciates the infinite power, wisdom, and goodness of the Being we worship; but that the Supreme of all should condescend to take an interest in man and the world, seems to him derogatory to his supremacy and perfection. All Polytheism ends in this. The 'unknown God' of the Greeks was doubtless some idea of this kind—some essence far above all other gods, who united in himself all their excellencies, but never condescended even to be worshipped by mortals. To cope successfully with these men, the missionary must be a man of no small learning and no mean abilities. He should have gone to the fountain-head of their philosophy, to the Vedas and the philosophical writings—the Vedānta, Nyāya, Sāṅkhya, and; Bhagavad-gītā and he must have a fund of true philosophic reasoning to meet the able logic with which he will be opposed.

But the conversion of other castes will depend on very different means. The denominations of Brahminism are more numerous than those of Christianity even, but differ mainly according to the objects of worship revered by each, and the mode of worshipping them. Here then we have a hold. It will be no very difficult matter, when a missionary fully understands the character of the god he is to attack, to compare him with the Being whom he teaches, much to his glory, and the contempt of the former. Shiva, Durga, Ganesha, Hanuman, and the rest, will never stand for a moment before Christ, if the disciples of his doctrine, wise as serpents and harmless as lambs, put him properly before their hearers, and are able to show in their own lives, and in those of Christians around them, the true value of his precepts.

Again, the whole daily life of the Hindoo is a series of religious observances. His frequent ablutions are so many baptisms, his meals so many sacrifices. Every act of his life is prescribed by his religious law, even to the kind of stick with which he is to brush his teeth. And all these observances became more or less necessary

to salvation. A bachelor, for instance, cannot be saved after a certain time of life, unless he gives up the world, and works out his salvation in penance and self-denial. Even almsgiving is not the effect of pity or kindly feeling, but a religious sacrifice, for which an equivalent is promised and counted upon hereafter. In short, salvation comes by works, and without them there is no hope for the soul.

In this religion, as in Judaism and Romanism, the sins of omission are far greater than those of commission. For the latter there are indulgences, penances, and purifications, but if the daily sacrifice were once omitted, there would be no help for it.

To men holding such doctrines, Christianity, as we practise it too generally, must appear cold and unsatisfactory; and I believe I am right in stating, that apostasy is by no means uncommon among the fruits of our missionaries' labours. To have a due effect then upon those we have converted, our faith must be fully acted up to. It must blossom among them in active good works, which will not indeed exceed or even come up to their own, but in which the purer motive will be manifest. The beauty of our religion must be made openly apparent to men who lack no sense of spiritual beauty, and, above all, its excellencies displayed in the lives of those who possess it.

This brings us to our last consideration—the civil and social management in India; at the head of which stands the conduct of the Company's civil servants.

We wish to say little upon this subject, since it will be difficult to speak without offence. Their power is undoubtedly very great. The conduct of a resident or a collector often suffices to knit to us, or to sever irretrievably from us, the whole of the enormous district over which his functions range. Schemes might be devised, and we trust they will be so, for controlling these powers; but they are no part of our subject.

It is right, however, that we should consider the preparation of the men who are to be invested with such powers. We affirm that every civil servant in India, no matter what his

rank, holds an immense responsibility, and that his preparation for this is insufficient.

The rotten system of Haileybury has been properly exploded, but we may well doubt whether the scheme framed by Mr Macaulay to supersede it will act any better. At Haileybury there was at least the pretence of a direct preparation. A smattering of Sanscrit, the rudiments of Hindostani and other native languages, were taught, and the first attempt made to understand the intricacies of Hindoo law. This was utterly insufficient, but even this has been suppressed under the new regulations. The men who are now being sent out to India are Cambridge wranglers, Oxford first-class men, and honour-men from Trinity, Dublin. Those who know what is required to attain to these distinctions, who know the narrowness of the education that fits a man to take a first class at Oxford, or to be within the first twelve wranglers at Cambridge, can judge how far these men are likely to be fitted to deal fairly with the natives in their various capacities. What we really want in India is strength of mind and character, and fitness of education. The first-class man and the senior wrangler is, in most cases, utterly unfitted for life. Wedded to research or calculation, he knows nothing of the world, and despises it. His sympathies must still be with recondite readings and the integral calculus. It is of no use to tell us that these men have made good members of Parliament. It is not the being a senior wrangler which fits men for the government of the country; but that men who are fit to govern the country, have begun in early life to surmount difficulties, and thus become senior wranglers. To be a first-class man is no test of efficiency, because efficient men have been first-class men.

But, however this may be, India requires in her governors something more than a brilliant education and powers of application. She demands a *special* attention. The man who will rule well must first understand his subjects. A thorough knowledge of the languages, literature, customs, and character of the Indian people is essential in the Indian magistrate; and such, sooner or later, will every

writer be. It appears to us that Mr Macaulay would have done more for India, had he contented himself with abolishing the iniquitous system of patronage, and made the entrance to Haileybury to depend on a severe examination. The standard of the special instruction at that college might then have been raised without a new scheme. But great men must, of course, make great measures.

Of the moral tone of English society in India we prefer to say little. At present this society virtually consists of the Company's servants, who are far more numerous and of a better class than the English settlers; and it is therefore under the control of the Company, who, it must be confessed, have done much to improve it. A few years ago, there was no capital in Europe where the conduct of men and women was so scandalous as at the hill-stations throughout India. Even now, the paucity of female society, the early removal of children to Europe, and the want of any domestic duties, bring the married women into much the same position that they hold in France, and the consequences are similar. On the other hand, Englishmen who have led the obscurest lives in England find themselves suddenly in a position resembling that of a petty independent sovereign. They become tyrannical to those around them, and excuse themselves by asserting that you can never get an Indian to do anything without belabouring him. The kicks, cuffs, and oaths which they administer to their dependants, are often extended to other natives, who say nothing, but treasure up their blows against a day of reckoning. There are hundreds of excellent, moderate, mild-tempered men in India, whose mode of life proves that this treatment is quite unnecessary; and we may ask how the doctrines of Christianity are ever to be taught in a country where the natural coadjutors of its teachers are continually breaking its simplest precepts; how caste is to be overthrown, when the Company's servants by their conduct give the greatest countenance to its worst phases.

Perhaps we are not authorised in giving full credence to the statements of such a work as the 'Private Life

of an Eastern King.' But, even if half its account were false, and the rest grossly exaggerated, there would be a sufficient margin to enable us to judge of the character of the numberless small rajahs who are to be found throughout the country, with or without regal power, under the direct or indirect control of the government. It is undoubtedly the interest of most of these princes to be on the best terms with the ruling powers, but it cannot be denied that their sympathies are against us. We believe their influence to be underrated. Their names alone go for something. Their incomes, or the pensions which we grant them, are sufficiently large to enable them, by a lavish expenditure, and the liberality peculiar to Indian noblemen, to keep a large class in their interests. They are often less than princes, it is true; but they are always more than nobles. In general, they give themselves up to a luxurious and indolent life, being passionately fond of the dice, the bottle, and the wild sports of the jungle, and uniting the comforts of English civilisation to the enervating indulgences of oriental life. But in many cases, when their youth is past, and their health broken by excess, they take to politics, by way of a 'good old-gentlemanly vice,' and the instruments they employ are the native newspapers. The present mutiny has brought out a few of them in their true colours; and, after the villanies of the so-called Rajah of Bithoor,* we have no fear that the class will retain the sympathies of the British public.

The clever letters of 'Indophilus' to the 'Times' have placed it in the power of every one to judge of the propriety of a free press in India; but, whatever may be said of the newspapers conducted by Europeans, we maintain that a great distinction must be made in treating of the native press.

The number of these is much greater than could be expected. Four years ago, for instance, there were no less than twenty-one native newspapers, published in Hindostani or Hindi, in four of the principal cities in the north-west provinces. Thus, there were six at Agra, six at Delhi, seven

* Nema Sahib.

at Benares, and two at Meerut. Three out of this number were known to be in the pay of certain rajahs, and probably a great number more were equally so *sub rosa*; but, however this may be, the majority of these newspapers were openly opposed to the government, and constantly contained articles which in any other country would have been called seditious.

It is true, however, that many among them aimed exclusively at the improvement of the native population. Thus, among those published at Agra, there were the 'Cutb ulakhbār,' or 'Pivot of News,' which was destined to increase the religious knowledge of the Mussulmans, and reproduce the traditions of Islamism; the 'Maar Usschua'rā,' or 'Excitation of the Poets,' a kind of literary periodical, in which the standard poems of India were republished; and the 'Akhbār unnawāh,' or 'News of Various Countries,' devoted to science. At Delhi, the 'Mazhar Ulhacc,' or 'Manifestation of the Truth,' was intended to explain and elucidate the doctrines of the Mussulman faith; the 'Quiran Ussa'dain,' or 'Conjunction of Two Favourable Stars,' was devoted to the excellent object of rendering popular the history, science, and literature of Europe; the 'Advantages of Observers' had much the same object. The 'Cup which shows the World' (in allusion to the magic bowl of Jamshid), published at Meerut, gave to its subscribers a Persian translation of the 'Mahābhārata,' the great Indian epic.

Benares is the high seat of Hindoo learning, and it would appear that the Rajah of Benares is a worthy patron of letters, as under his auspices is published another literary periodical, with the strange title of the 'Garden and Spring.' Nay, at Indore they go so far as to circulate, in connection with the 'Malwa Akhbar,' a translation of Mill's 'Political Economy,' and of the 'History of England.'

The names of these native papers are certainly eccentric. There is the 'Manifestation of Joy,' in the pay of the Rajah of Bhurtpore; the 'Ocean of Enlightenment' and the 'Koh-i-nor' at Lahore; the 'Light of Lights,' at Loudiana; and even the 'Flower-

beds of Light,' at Mooltan. Fancy the nerves of the small boy who could call these names out at a railway station!

We see, then, that there is an amount of good about the native journals, which would make it folly, even were it possible, to suppress them. On the other hand, there is no doubt that the native editors constantly abuse the freedom they possess, and that at the instigation of native rajahs, papers are printed and circulated, containing most seditious articles, which either are never read by any one but the native subscribers, or, if brought under the notice of government, are allowed to pass unmolested. In a conquered country, such a state of things is absurd. It is left in the power of the leaders of the conquered at any moment to rouse the people, and the present calamity is a proof of the danger of any such agitation. We conclude with two extracts from the able letters of 'Indophilus,' which throw light on this subject.

The first is from the 'Times' of October 22:—"Since the first establishment of printed native newspapers in India, it has been notorious that they frequently contained matter of a highly seditious character. I have frequently seen articles in the newspapers published at Calcutta in the Persian language, between 1826 and 1838, which breathed the spirit of rank rebellion. In Mr Pitt's time, in this country, much less would have consigned the authors to Botany Bay. But how were such things regarded in India? Conscious of superior strength, and of perfectly good intentions, we used to look upon these vagaries of the native press with a feeling of interest akin to that with which a tutor examines the exercises of a favourite pupil. They were felt to have their foundation in creditable feelings, although we could have wished that the patriotic aspirations of the writers had proceeded upon a more just and enlarged view. They were accepted as a necessary condition of our connection with India, and caused us no uneasiness. The position assumed by us was, "they may say what they like, and we will do what we like." The press was considered as a natural vent for feelings which would be dan-

gerous only if they were repressed. Since that, we have learned by experience, that, without interfering with the just freedom of the press, we ought sternly to punish sedition.

The second is from that of November 9:—'The native Akhbars, answering to the "Newsletters" which preceded the establishment of the newspaper press in England, also have an important bearing upon the subject. Akhbarnuvees, or news-writers, exercise their profession in the great Indian cities, and regularly supply their employers with information of what is passing, and with comments upon it. There were twenty or thirty at Delhi, and even the Residency Akhbarnuvee seasoned his daily gazette

with caustic remarks upon the proceedings of the authorities. Besides this are the "Bazar Letters," and their offspring the Bazar reports, making together a popular system of intelligence which is not to be despised. The manner in which the Bazar reports often anticipate the English news, is a matter of observation to this day. This native system can neither be suspended nor held in check; and our choice, therefore, really is between a newspaper press on the English footing, which may be made amenable to law, and is likely gradually to improve, and a native machinery, which must always be conducted by a very inferior set of people, acting under no sort of responsibility.'

A K I N F O R E V E R.

CHAPTER I.—ACQUAINTANCE.

'DOTTIE!' I heard the vicar say.

'Yes, pa.'

'I am sure your dear mother would never have liked that shape. She always laughed at Hendrik's, and it is just like his.'

'Indeed, dear, she would not,' joined in another voice.

Ned Garland shook on my arm perceptibly as he heard it, yet it came from lips which he had never seen. Prædix Jones of Trinity contends, that those souls whom God has made for one another recognise their affinity the moment their eyes meet. I believe, from my heart, and by the dearest of instances, my Platonical friend is right. Is this sweet and solemn consciousness awakened by indications of voice also? When two chords are tuned alike, sound one, and the other sounds, a sympathetic and intangible artery binds each to each.

'Indeed, dear, she would not,' said Ellen.

'I seem to know that voice,' said Ned.

We came round to the other side of the tall laurels which intercepted our sight of the speakers. There stood Henderson, with his two daughters, contemplating a summer-house on which the carpenters were at work.

He had an arm around each—around the shoulders of tall Ellen, around the waist of short Dottie. The maidens were leaning their whole weight on him, one from one side, one from the other. If a sculptor had carved them so, any one would have said the group was art; each seemed to balance the overdue pressure of the other, and so buoy him up between them. And, supposing the artist's works to be in fashion, the critic would have found some fine import in this arrangement, perhaps as follows:—Here is the true position of woman expressed in the dumb eloquence of stone: by leaning upon us she supports us. And so she does. But let my male friend make a resting-post of me, he brings both of us to the ground. However, my own thought was not of art, nor of morals, but of kin. I could not but think, that, of all the compensations God provides in life, pure and loving daughters for a widower are amongst the most blessed.

Dottie glanced at the summer-house for awhile, and then at her father and sister, with a countenance candid with peace and love. Ellen seemed to be looking steadily into nowhere. Her eyes were full and rounded, with a lost and wandering expression; the lids

appeared to have gone up behind the deep shadows of the brows. I knew, by memory of the speeches with which I have heard her rouse herself out of such looks, that she was steadily gazing with the eyes of her soul into the face of her mother in heaven. Suddenly she started, and said,

'No; she would not.'

'Then we will have it altered, lambs,' said their father.

They were too deeply engaged to perceive us. Dottie lifted her father's fingers to her mouth, pinched them with a love pinch, and kissed them.

Ned turned his face to me. The look had a question in it, which not only asked something, but showed the very matter that it asked.

I answered him accordingly: 'You were about to say, Is that a reason? Can the dead want summer-houses? Will it do *her* any good to alter the door or roof?

'That was just my thought,' said he.

'In that sentence of Henderson,' I went on, 'you have the very spirit of the daily life of this family. They are bound inseparably by their common love to the dear one passed into heaven. For them, she really *lives*, a wife still, a mother still. For them, the communion of saints is a matter of hourly faith: they could as soon doubt the shining of the sun. Henderson is a widower indeed. He feels that he has entered into a sacramental relationship, an eternal one, in wedlock. He preserves his husbandhood pure and untouched until the Resurrection. He has often told me he would feel as much a bigamist, if he were to marry another now, as if he had done so whilst his wife was in the flesh. Since he believes his relationship with her not something past, but something *existing*, he seeks to be in perpetual sympathy with her, even in little things.'

'I fancy very few hold this exalted view of the conjugal relationship in our day,' said Ned.

'Our day is no worse than any other,' I replied. 'Possibly few have held it in any time. The Jews were *allowed* to marry a second wife, "because of the hardness of their hearts." It has always been the doctrine of the purest times and teachers of the Church; and Henderson, as a priest,

should of all men maintain it. The canons of various councils have forbidden the ordination of men to any holy office who have married twice, and forbid, also, any priest who is a widower to take a second wife. These are still in force in the Eastern Church. In our own Church, long before the Conquest, various canons forbade the priest to give a benediction to a second marriage, though they *permit* second marriages on the same ground as Moses and St Paul.'

'I believe,' said Ned, 'that the better nature in man's heart bears witness to this. Most men hold it in that one holy spot of life, when self-will is lowest, the months or years they are truly in love: that is, those hold it who indeed are in love. How horrible it would seem to the lover to be assured that, when she he now is about to be betrothed unto lies in her grave, he will utter like vows to, and enter into the mystery and oath of wedlock with, some yet unknown woman. He would feel it sin; he would rather choose death with her he loves, and be safe evermore from the black possibility. And I suppose the same desire beats in the heart of every pure maiden. Remember the principal of that innocent, and through innocence mirthful, company, in 'Love's Labour Lost,' the Princess of France and her three ladies. She puts off the hurried acceptance of Navarre's offer, on the ground, it would seem, that the wifely relationship is a matter *in secula seculorum*. The time has been too short, she tells my liege, "to make a world-without-end bargain in."

While Mr Garland's tongue ran on with these matters, his eye was still and fixed; it was bent upon the group who had given rise to our deliverances upon matrimony. They had moved some distance from us, and were standing in the shadow of the summer-house, in consultation with the master-builder. It pleased me much to take a sidelong look at the gentle youth. Only half of his soul was in his words; but his eye was big with it. It shook and quivered, as if its tender network only just restrained it from breaking its bonds and darting after them. It had no sooner betrayed him, than a sudden action turned second traitor. He clutched

my arm almost nervously, and jerked out.

'Look! they are going in.'

I know not how it is that the discernment that any fellow is in love arouses the cat-like propensity in us—the delight of teasing. I know it *does* arouse it in youth and maiden. An ascertained lover is fair game for all teeth and all claws. I felt strong temptation to bite Ned with my moral tusks when he made that exclamation. But as a cat, when she allows a mouse the delusion of escape for the pleasure of taking escape away, does not even

give that delusion till she has wounded *mus* sorely enough to make his escape impossible, so I thought I would put off the right of torturing Ned until love had touched him deeper; for too early torture might awaken the cold calculation which keeps love out. So I just said,

'Then we will follow them.'

Ned, having had no hint of comprehension or check, went a little further.

'It must be a means of grace to be in friendship with such a family,' said he, half to himself, half to me.

CHAPTER II.—LOVE.

We stood at the glass-door in the front of the house, awaiting its opening. The hall was dark with in-door shadow; beyond it, warm and bright by contrast, gleamed the gay picture of the garden, spotted with all flame-coloured flowers of autumn, and framed in by the lintels of the garden-door. Dottie, Ellen, and their father, came up from this background, entered the house, and admitted us. Amidst the removal of hats and capes, I gave Ned possession of his means of grace, by introducing him to the Hendersons.

Dottie unceremoniously ran up to her bedroom, seeking solitude to write her customary diary to the young lawyer at Newark, to whom she has been three or four years engaged. It would have been more polite to stay. But I love her better for this violation of politeness. Love is a greater matter: the near friend who is at a distance demands, and ought to have, more than the distant friends who are near. And from Dottie he always had it. Ellen, the vicar, Ned, and I, sat down in the dining-room.

The vicar's second daughter was a modest, but not a shy, girl; self-possessed, but not bold. When she had known a young gentleman a quarter-of-an-hour, she neither laughed boisterously, ogled at, nor coquetted with him; nor did she remove into the furthest seat from him, 'shaking if he spoke to her, and as ready to die as to speak to him. She began at once to question Ned about Trinity; for my plea in introducing him to them

had been the fact of his membership of that college, at which Henderson himself, in his youth, had studied, and to whom all talk of the past and present doings thereat was peculiarly grateful. To his girls it was as much so. They believed him the first and finest of God's make, not only as a father, but every way: and if the world discovers their judgment to be right in all its clauses, twenty years hence a hundred notists and querists will be assiduously hunting out Hendersoniana. Happy for them and for him they do think so.

'It is so odd, Mr Garland,' said Ellen, as she stood at the table clipping with her scissors the dead leaves from the flowers in the vases, and putting in some fresh ones she had just gathered, 'to think of our grave and solid papa in mischief. Papa often used to make us laugh, and sometimes blush for him—bless him!—at his bad tricks, when dear mamma was alive. She loved so to hear him talk of them; she would listen to the same stories again and again. I always feel as if she was among us when we talk of Trinity.'

The homely confidence with which Ellen at once addressed herself to Ned at first made him thrill with a sort of joy: he felt he stood amongst them really as a friend. In a moment a shadow fell across this discovery. He had never heard a maiden speak to a young man with such modest and untrembling confidence who was not betrothed. By a known engagement, a girl is set free from those little nettle-like allusions and insults, fear of which

makes her treat one-half of God's human creatures as more enemies than brethren.

However, Ned was allowed no time for making conclusions on either side. Henderson said to Ellen,

'Ah, dear! the centre seems taken out of this household *now*. I wish you had known her, Mr Garland,' he added, turning to Ned.

This speech, made to any one, was always a gauge and warrant of the highest favour in that family. And truly the vicar seemed to take a great fancy to Ned. My continued plaudits beforehand, I suppose, had done something. The youth himself, always modest and reverent, appeared to be increasingly so in present society; and the memories his conversation recalled so delighted Henderson, that he invited him to spend the vacation there, if I would spare him. It was a matter of some self-denial to give up his society, and return to Lincoln alone. But to help incipient love in any measure is as grateful to me as to some old maid whose sole business it is. I consented.

'My library will be at your service,' said Henderson. 'You will find all the classics, though most of them, I must confess, are antiquated editions. You will find all the Fathers and Doctors. I have just purchased the Abbé Migne's noble Bibliotheca. I possess, also, a pretty complete collection of the writers of our own church, from Bede to William Law, the theosopher. Of the modern German commentators (which are one of your needs, I suppose) I can promise you but few, and those I have are only translations. Most of the things best said in them I find better said in St Augustine and St Bernard. Between the relative seriousness, fulness, faith, and richness of the father and doctor, and our modern cousins, there is no comparison.'

'On these matters we may now and then get up an after-dinner quarrel,' said Ned. 'I accept your great hospitality, Mr Henderson, gladly indeed.' He paused a little; then added, 'I fear I shall be almost too happy.'

I daresay he fancied he had said something very vague, which might be taken for compliment. As a practised love-casualist, the twitch in his

tone told me he had said it for his own relief. Almost involuntarily I looked across at Ellen. She had arranged her flowers, and replaced the vases on the mantelpiece, and was now intently twisting thin slips of coloured paper into spills for her father (for right or wrong, let me tell the truth: the priest smoked all the year round, except in Lent and Advent). Ned caught my look, and, I suppose, read it, for his face overspread with a broad blush.

I had to leave early in the morning, to catch the Lincoln train. Ned walked with me to the station. The way lay some two miles across the fields. The ground of his temper was silence; but every now and then he broke it up by fits and efforts of talk. I soon perceived he had something to say to me. I knew what the thing must be; and inwardly smiled at those pre-arranged speeches-on-horseback, which galloped up to the subject twenty times, and, when they might have leaped into it, tightened the rein, turned, and galloped as suddenly from it. He wanted, and wanted not, to tell. This confession, 'I love,' doth 'make cowards of us all.' I, who have been in the fire, know how burned people feel. I tried to help him. I talked of Ellen. Immediately the hypocritical lad said something about Dottie or their father, or their frequent references to their mother in heaven. Is not this enough to make a friend kick somewhat impatiently? And yet, I remember well, *O Carissime!* that I stammered, blushed, burned, and shut my eyes, when I broke to you the truth I felt you knew, *'Amo Katharinam.'* This remembrance made me lenient. I shot aslant.

'Would you like Dottie Henderson for a wife, Ned?'

'I do not think I should,' said he.

'Would you like Ellen?'

'I think any one might find a worse wife,' he answered.

The subtle youth slipped from direct personality to vagueness. He changed plain / for uncertain *any one*. If the twenty signs I had noticed yesterday deceived, I believed now.

When I was in the carriage, he leaned on the door, speaking to me. Something still stood in his look and

tone, and gave peculiar turns to his talk. The bell rang; the engine whistled; the train moved. Ned took his arm from the window, and gripped my hand.

'Good-by, Tom,' said he.

'Good-by,' I answered, and, a little impatient, took out my knife to cut the leaves of the week's 'Athenæum.' Suddenly he made a sound like no word I have ever seen spelled; it would

have as many consonants in it as the name of an old Welsh poem; but it is a sound I often hear. I recognised it as a vocative, and turned to see what I was called for.

'My dear fellow, I must tell you. I believe I shall be fiercely in love with Ellen Henderson before this time to-morrow.'

'I know you are in love with her,' I answered. '*Pax tecum.*'

CHAPTER III.—RELATIONSHIP.

Ned soon learned every particular of the Henderson family. In early life the vicar had studied for the law; he left college, longing for forensic honours, and possessed also with the morbus of literary ambition. His legal studies left him little time for any other pursuit; and to carry on both, he pressed half the darkness into his service, and was reading and writing from five in the morning until after midnight. This destroyed the vividness of his eyesight, and laid the foundation of a disease which has brought on absolute blindness at two periods of his life.

His literary studies led him to Coleridge, at that time lecturing in London upon the Poets and Dramatists. From listening to that philosopher, a science which had seemed dry as chaff to him hitherto, shone upon him with mighty brilliancy. Theology, which, by fault of his college-culture, or by fault of personal carelessness, or by folly of the expounders who had come across him, or by all together, he had heretofore avoided, as abstracted from all other human studies, he now saw to be the true root and ground of the whole growth of knowledge. He read Bishop Jeremy Taylor, because he was a great and poetical thinker, and so noble a user of the English tongue. He read Hooker, for his clear and orderly judgment, his method, his consistency and unity, his firm sense of eternal law, and his manly language. Then other theologians interested him as illustrators of these. He found in them treasures he had sought for elsewhere. Like many young lawyers, he had been dreaming of a parliamentary future for himself. His nobleness of heart carried him into the thick of all social and political controversies, and

politics to him was very nearly that all-enfolding science which the old Greeks had thought it. Every walk through the swarming back-thoroughfares about Gray's Inn, with their hordes of swearing, fighting, drunken Irish, with bare and filthy feet pouring in and out of the narrow alleys, urged him toward political life. He could say, 'This is not the right state for human creatures, sons and daughters of God: there must be a right state for human creatures, in which they can feel they are, and act as, children of God. It must be the very vocation of a man to bring his fellows into this belief and conduct; for this he is trusted with life.' He saw that all these questions of Episcopacy, whether there was or was not a divinely-ordered society amongst men, and of sacraments, and ceremonies, about which Hooper and Jeremy Taylor spent life contending, were in the very highest sense political: more so than half the things talked about in Parliament and the newspapers. Hence all his thoughts at last made unity, and turned to the priesthood. He received a title to orders from a Nottinghamshire vicar, and was ordained deacon. A year and a-half afterwards he was ordained priest. Seven years he was a curate: the vicar died, and Henderson received spiritual charge over the same parish; there he has lived to this very day. He had at one time great hopes of making such tremendous moral change in some great English city by his cure and preaching as Savonarola had done in Florence. But he found it tasked all the grace God gave him, and all his born powers and faculties, and all his gathered wisdom, to lead aright those three or four hundred people over

whom the Spirit of God had made him shepherd. He resolutely trod down his ambition; he disbelieved, and forcibly closed his ears against, the syren possibilities which sung to him of his own fitness for greater things; and he gave his whole soul to the work bounded in by the five miles about his own house.

This outward life had been interrupted by three or four social changes. He had married; had twice been quite blind; had kept a school for boys in his house; and had received from his wife two of the purest daughters God ever gave to any father.

His marriage took place in the third year of his curacy. His wife was a member of the congregation, daughter of the bookseller of the little town. She had little learning when they were married, but having much wisdom, and as it were got to a centre, she easily mastered all things she sought to learn. She had an orderly and methodising mind, and saw quickly into the meaning of things: in her days of courtship, she understood every matter Henderson talked to her about. For though the curate's love-talk was as plentifully sprinkled with warm and pretty names as any unclerical lover's, yet he had sense enough to count himself her tutor in all such matters as are printed in books, while he assumed the position of learner in all matters of practical goodness; and so in their equal affinity both were teacher, and both taught. Her pureness of heart, her unaffectedness, her merry ways, bedimmed the beauty of her few rivals. For there were two or three young ladies in the town who looked at Mr Henderson kindly, prepared curate-lime, and were ready to excuse his poverty, and accept him on consideration of his clerisy. A clergyman's wife is somebody amongst the mesdames of a small town. One courted him by declarations of her good family, and by a perpetual exhibition of her quickness of sense against anything vulgar. Another courted him by everlasting counsel about fit tracts for the poor; by blankets and heaps of coals; by being discovered constantly on his pastoral rounds, reading to this woman, scolding that, lauding another. But she who won him courted him by the blushes she would

have swallowed her tongue to prevent, when he entered her father's shop or little parlour; by her constant praise of every one but herself; by her patient love for her idle and ill-tempered father; by her busy and happy face bending over the counter at all hours, between eight in the morning and ten at night: sometimes in chat with a customer, sometimes reading or doing needlework in the long intervals between the exit of the last buyer, and entrance of the next. She did all the postal business of the little town. Her clear, modest, practical orders, at the moments of haste and confusion, were like a glimpse of the heavenly harmony that arranges incongruities and discords without strain, effort, or muscle, to the admiring Henderson; too much contemplative, said detractors. Thus their wedding was a real fulfilment of the idea of marriage. On either side defect admired and worshipped corresponding fulness.

A year or so after their marriage, Dottie was born. His stipend was very little; her portion nothing. The unconscious morsel whom a pinch could have killed was strong and important enough to change a home into a school. Henderson took boarders, sons of the wealthier farmers and the gentry and clergy a few miles round. He taught them well; how happy I was there, those six swift months! but, had it not been for his wife's clear decision and management, every boy for whom he received twenty pounds would have cost him forty.

Soon after this his early over-study began to tell upon him. His loving wife had to watch dimness, then temporary inability, at last utter loss of eyesight, darkening upon him. The boys' school had to be given up. Ellen was born. Growing needs and failing helps.

But with their need her strength increased. She became indeed, as he is ever saying, 'centre and prop of the little household.' First, for means; she herself opened a girls' school in their home. Rooms were ready; 'the brass plate on the gate only needs to have "young gentlemen" scratched out, and "young ladies" written in,' she said, merrily. She taught ten or twelve little maidens daily; so nobly, all (except the three who are dead)

were caught up by lovers as soon as they could blush to be spoken to by youths: and some already are giving sweet and temperate law in their own homes, ruling lions with sceptres of lily. She brought up her own daughters more perfectly than any mother I have ever known. They might pass for saints in the 'Acta S.S.' they have all their goodness and self-sacrifice, and some share of their superstition. She attended to all matters of the best and busiest housekeepers: beds, house-cleanings, clean linen, airing linen, cooking; all those numerous little providences of womanly rule. Not being over rich, she made her own and her children's clothes. When she could, she found a spare hour to look into her old father's business; and to see that her substitute, his present housekeeper, was using him rightly. All this was done with such sweetness and delight, it was like visible music.

Her husband also required her continual help. He was offered the two professorships of Classics and of Political Economy in a new college. But he refused them, for love of the people amongst whom he had found God had hidden the wanting half of his soul, the perfect wife. Of the greater number of the married pairs I know, the husband has become far more a member of his wife's family, than she of his. The vicar, too, was unwilling to part with him. Indolent, very gentlemanly, really religious, not very learned, he seldom preached himself. He was wise enough to see Henderson's sermons did more good; and not too proud to confess it by his own abstinence. Now he was blind, the curate preached with even greater zest and energy. Manuscript he could have none. He was left entirely to memory and impulse. All outward sights being shut from him, he saw the more intensely those inward realities, which the mist of sense curtains often in obscurity, those desired sights which we are wont to *close our eyes* in endeavour to see; and he could speak of them in a familiar and real tone, as if he were daily dwelling amongst them. Mrs Henderson read to him daily a commentary of St Augustine, or a sermon of St Bernard; and soon, anxious to be in yet nearer fellowship with him, began to take lessons of him in the mediæval

Latin. And how grand is St Augustine's use of that noble tongue! Henderson used to give us his 'City of God' to translate during the short time we were his scholars; and often have I heard him say he loved its music above Cicero's, and that he thought Cæsar's the only prose which equalled it in manliness. And *now* it is trebly loved, and often he says, when he comes suddenly upon some remembered passage which rang in with force upon his blindness, he hears the sweetest voice in heaven reading once more to him the serious words, and seems to feel the pressure of her head upon his breast.

As a favourite of my master, after he had given up school, I was privileged to run in and talk to him whenever I would. Often I broke in upon that glorious picture which first told me how it was our Lord had chosen a Holy Marriage as the sacramental expression of his bond with the Church. Mrs Henderson would send the servant out with Dottie. She had Ellen's cradle in the study, lest the babe should wake. She laid some great folio upon her husband's knees, sat upon a stool, and leaned her young head upon his shoulder, or against his breast; she folded his arm around her waist, and nipped it closely there with her own warm arm, and so read the great and sainted African Bishop; or laughingly said over conjugations and declensions, with constant blamings of herself for little errors; or repeated vocabularies in treble to Henderson's joyous bass; or read exercises, while his mouth stood out with delight, and his brows told such happiness and love, as I have never read in eyes not blind. Often, all this while, small Ellen would awake and keep up perpetual crows; for the mother constantly rocked the cradle with her foot, and now and then broke from theology and language, to tickle away clouds of possible crying gathering upon the baby brow.

In the preparation of his sermons, she wrote the notes as he uttered them. She turned to every book and comment bearing on the subject of them, read all the passages of any use, with the completed notes; and read them second time before he started for the church on the mornings and evenings of every Sunday and Feast-day. She

went round with him, as his guide, when he visited Christ's sick and poor.

Henderson recovered from this fit of blindness. Soon after his appointment to the vicarage, he was darkened with a second. The same beautiful anxieties and attentions soothed it. It was enlightened sooner than the former. Only those who saw it could realise the look of love and worship with which his reopened eyes followed every movement of his wife. He was fond of quoting a passage from the letters of Budæus, in which the great philologist says of his wife, who reached him books in his studies, that he had two wives, one who had borne him babes, another whom he would call Philology. He also laughingly compared her treatment of the Fathers with that of Sir Henry Saville's wife, who threatened to burn St Chrysostom for making her husband ill.

By such a noble mother had these maidens been trained. They inherited her goodness, clearheadedness, and tact. They inherited, too, her self-forgetting devotion to their father. They had used toward her also the virtue they had learned from her. The last two years of her life she had been a cripple, and in suffering daily. Then there was not one of that household, but would have given his own, her own, health and freedom, to save hers. Yet she was as noble in enduring, as she had been in doing; in the pauses of her agony, she was the cheer and merriment of the whole family. Sometimes, when well enough, she would go out into the little town, in an invalid chair, Henderson and often the maidens with her. When the poor old women she had counselled, comforted, fed, and clothed, met one another in the almshouse-doors upon sunny days, they would look up and say, 'The sun be so warm, I hoop Fayther Henderson's lady may be forth to-day.'

The very house was a monument to her. Every room had been furnished under her direction; wall-papers, carpets, prints, ornaments, were all her

choice. They all staid where she had arranged them; Henderson would have thought it profane, or ignorant, or presumptuous, to propose change, or think improvement possible. But in the heart of the living was her best monument. No hour passed in which she was not thought of: if any difficulty arose, search was made amongst memories for some like difficulty when she was with them; the question was asked, how *she* would have resolved it, or did resolve it. Then, in the thousand little matters of the house, her way of doing things was the right way. If one remembered any little method of hers, and told the other, it was adopted in a moment; the most proved and cherished method of their own was cast aside for it. A sweet kind of infallibility belonged to all her opinions and judgments. An appeal to any ascertained one would arrest a rising controversy.

Little incidents and stories, and sometimes whole masses, from their family life, Edwin Garland heard daily. These, with the present influence of Ellen growing upon him every hour, made him look wistfully toward wedded life.

'Man's vocation,' he wrote to me, 'is to Holy Matrimony. It is not good for man to be alone. I look on all my past life with pity. It appears so unlighted. Mr Henderson has been saying to-day, that he has long held (as an esoteric doctrine) that marriage is a channel of grace, and that the clergy, who of all people most need every air and breath of grace they can receive, can least afford to abjure it. Like other sacraments, he says, the benefit is great or small, as it is, or is not, received with true and lively Faith. As we have often agreed that life itself supplies the most urgent craving for, and that the noble fulfilment of human relationships is the best witness to, Catholic Truth, does not the beatific espousal of which this household you have introduced me into is the relic, afford confirmation strong as proofs of Holy Writ?'

CHAPTER IV.—DOUBTS.

Ned had resolved, when Henderson offered him the use of his library, to devote himself most ardently to study.

In the beginning he attacked the books regularly and with vigour. But all kinds of probabilities concerning

Ellen would slide bewixt the pages and his mind. He arose two hours before breakfast, intending to spend them in study; but, as soon as he began reading or writing, he found himself wondering whether Ellen was up early. If the morning were fine, she might walk along Trentsides, or work in the garden; if wet, she was very likely reading in the breakfast-room. He felt restless and uneasy, lest any opportunities of being alone with her should occur, and, for lack of watching, he should miss them. Hence he was perpetually running to the window, or listening for a quick, sharp step across the hall. At every period of purposed work, such interruptions made work impossible.

At last he changed the relative positions of his two duties, making the society of Ellen his first purpose, study his second. He would read at such hours as he could not, or ought not to be with her. Every time he could be so, he greedily forecast, and laid hold of. If she were out before breakfast, gathering a few flowers for the table, the assiduous youth was soon in the garden. If he did not see her, he did little good; for successful work needs continuity and absorption; but his expectation and watchings broke up work into a hundred little snatches and fractions. Often, overnight, he asked her if she would have an early walk the next morning, if the day proved fair. The good girl always consented with evident pleasure; Ned saw it, but dared not interpret it into love. I have it also from reliable lips, that many a morning, when no such compact had been made overnight, Ellen made more noise than so lightfooted a girl need, as she walked across the hall. It always brought Ned to the library-door, and a quick blush to her own cheek.

The morning after one of these overnight compacts, she came quickly into the library, and tapped him on the shoulder, as he was bending over Tibullus. 'I should so like to understand Latin,' said she. 'What is that about, now, you are reading? I can see it is poetry by the lines.'

Ned was thankful she could not understand it at that moment. Then suddenly flashed athwart him a thought he and I have interchanged talk upon very often, that, if maidens had been taught

Latin, we should long ago have given up training bishops, priests, and deacons on such pabulum as the book before him. Glorifications of lust and adultery stand side by side with the Fathers in the clerical library, are dusted, and cherished, and handled with care, by the pure hands of his wife and daughters, only because they are disguised in Latin. If this innocent police *knew* what they handled, what a *razzia* we should have upon this Roman Holywell Street in our own houses.

But this thought gave way in Ned to a closer matter. She was so friendly and familiar, that he admitted into his heart the sweet and pernicious suspicion, that it might be she wished to know Latin, to find herself in closer fellowship with him and his pursuits. He pressed her for the real reason. 'Young ladies seldom care to learn it,' he said; 'do tell me why you diverge from them here.'

'Our dear mamma loved it so,' she answered.

The answer struck Ned with a wound—he was hurt at it. A little while after it began to please him. Every fresh discovery of this rich nature made him long the more to possess it. 'If such love for her mother, what a mighty wealth awaits her husband,' he thought.

As to telling her what she was to him, he was hemmed round by incitements and restraints, which perpetually battled with one another, and in turn held him for their own. First, the restraints; many an evening, returning from church, he felt how easily he might speak to her of that which was ever at the inner side of his lips when they were alone. But the fear arose, 'suppose she should reject me; she is so full of love, I can scarcely see any one to whom she has not acted lovingly; if I should claim anything for myself, and be disappointed, I shall have to leave this house for ever.' He was happy before he entered it—he had been so happy since he entered it, that all the prior time seemed empty and miserable. He dared not think of himself as forced to fly from it. He feared just yet to give up a certain friendship, in which he might see her, for the *chance* of love, which, if a delusion, would hide her from him for evermore.

His chief incitement arose from the frequent visits of a young gentleman of the neighbourhood. Mr Howard was one of the few well-read men for miles round. He was a farmer for pleasure. He went about the county also with a sketch-book, was a member of its Archæological Society, and generally accomplished. He was good-looking; his voice was clear and manly; he dressed modestly. But he had no character; that is, no mark, point, personality. One seemed to have seen him and heard him a hundred times. However, in dearth of other, it was pleasant for Henderson to have him in for literary chat on long winter evenings. He had been used to come for some time before Mrs Henderson's death. She was very fond of young Howard. One day Ellen said so; she added, 'we all like him so much.' A pang shot through Ned's heart; jealousy was born. 'If I had but known their mother, I might have been loved,' he said to himself. He trembled lest Howard *was* loved. The first evening or two he came, the suspicion arose that Ellen and he were engaged. But her conduct disproved this. Had they been, Ellen's warm nature would have lived in the foreshadow of her sense of wifely love, and shown itself more demonstratively.

This fear was displaced by another; they soon might be engaged. Ned watched Howard's eye when it rested on Ellen; whenever she began speaking, he turned his full gaze upon the face of his suspected rival. He tested it also when she entered or left the room. The result was, if he did not read superlative love thereon, he read as plain an intention of loving as so mild and placid a young man as Howard could exhibit. Still more eagerly he scrutinised Ellen's own countenance, when Howard's name was mentioned, or he

heard his slow footstep coming along the hall. She always wore a look of welcome and pleasure.

He reckoned up Howard's advantages and his own. His rival's long acquaintance was one. Ellen and he called each other by their Christian names. His good-hearted and open manner was another. Ned kept comparing Howard with himself, and concluded him always, if less learned, yet better and wiser. His nearness to Ellen was another advantage. 'When I am hundreds of miles away,' said he, 'and memory of me growing fainter every day, he will easily enter into the love of daily-ripening Ellen, who by God's constitution of woman cannot live a year longer without giving her heart away to some one.' Last, and mightiest, was the fact of having known their mother.

Against all these Ned had the one great advantage of living in the same house with her. He felt he must use that; if he did not win her love before he left her father's, he felt he should never win it at all. He believed she knew he loved her. He had said a hundred strong things that could mean nothing less.

He began to give her lessons in Latin. He took up the sweet task, not so much in hope of making her a linguist, as of obtaining for himself a definite part of every day in close communion with her. And yet he took patient pains with this worshipped pupil. But sometimes the sharp thought would pierce him like a spear, 'what if some day, as Mrs Howard, she and her husband thank me for the pains I took with Ellen Henderson?'

While these and other restraints and incitements thrust Mr Garland to and fro, what does Ellen think of him? She and Dottie speak of him every night.

CHAPTER V.—AKIN FOR EVER.

The last Sunday of Ned's visit arrived. 'The better day the better deed,' says the proverb. He arose in the morning, with the firm intention of knowing before night, 'whether or no he should have to be a celibate for life;' so he phrased it; 'for I shall love no second,' he wrote to me. 'This bright Sunday I prayed long and ear-

nestly that our Lord would give me this saint of his, and add a sea of troubles as a makeweight to a blessing so tremendous, if so be none of these troubles come from her, or hurt our love.'

A strong hearty man had been run over during the week. Jacob Sibson was the cross-country carrier. Sitting

on his shafts late at night, he dropped asleep, was jerked off, and his own horses trampled out his life. Henderson had buried him on the Saturday in the old shady churchyard. The elder members of the parish choir were mostly engaged in trade during the week; only two or three of them, Howard being one, could ever be present at any mid-day service. So Ned walked amongst the choir, and being a musical ecclesiologist, gave good help in the requiem. The vicar had accustomed his children to go now and then to the funerals of his parishioners. 'For the burial of the body of a christened man,' he would tell them, 'is a service of great comfort and hope: when we follow a Christian to the grave, we are following Christ.' They were standing in tears at the side of the pathway, as their father and the choir went along at the head of the bearers to the grave. Ned was vested in a surplice. Ellen had not seen him so before: her eye dwelt on him as he passed. All a girl's love for fair appearance arose in her, and she thought to herself, 'How handsome he looks!' A momentary thrill of pleasure flashed through her tears, and died out again. She remembered Sibson's widow and children, and burned with shame and remorse at her untimely pleasure, and cried again. I am half sorry to tell this. She should not have lost hold of her seriousness. I do not excuse her: but I record it, to show that she was not a romance heroine, but flesh and blood.

Ned had not even noticed her. Henderson, according to his custom, had been speaking to the choir in the sacristy, on the solemn hope and faith of this service, and the youth was striving to put his whole heart into the words he sang.

On this fair Sunday morning following, the little town was astir with the expectation that his reverence would preach a funeral sermon. The church was filled early, in anticipation of it. The usual congregation was there to a child; no one's cold or rheumatism was bad enough to keep them away; many of the villages around, also, had sent visitants with horse and cart, and dinner for those who had come farthest. Many dissenters also dropped in, anxious to

discover how a 'Jeesuit' (as 'Deacon' Hobbs of Beersheba had discovered Henderson to be) would 'improve Jacob Sibson's death.' Sibson's two sons and little daughter were there, with their uncle. To the widow the vicar spoke personally; he would not have her come to be preached consolation to in the face of all the town.

The service astounded many of the visiters. The elderly Misses Heron agreed that it was all mummery; and that Lord John Russell ought to put it down. Some declared that 'the parson say his prayers to the coop the wine was put in.' The Scotch mealman declared that he 'liked it verra weel,' but he thought 'the preeface was owre lang. The sermon was sae beautifu', 'twas surely a pity to keep aye waiting sae lang for't wi' sic a wearisome heap o' prayers: he could ha'e listened to twa hours mair o't.'

When Henderson went up into the pulpit, a readable satisfaction ran through all the congregation. Clothes were composed, legs and arms arranged for ease, and expectation gathered on all faces. He took his text from St Luke's account of the raising of the widow's son by our Lord:—'He delivered him to his mother.'

He said that our Lord's deeds were always a practical comment and explanation of his words. Did he say love your enemies—he showed how he meant it, by healing and praying for his murderers. Did he tell his disciples to be humble—he himself washed their feet. These are conditions easy to understand, we may say. He often talks about the resurrection from the dead. How shall we understand that? what deed of his explains the condition of risen men? Twice our Lord raised the dead: in those two acts we shall find the explanation. *For what* did he do it? To restore them to their human relationships. He gave Lazarus back to his weeping sisters. He gave this son again to his sorrowing mother. What else resurrection is, or is not, for our comfort it is this—the restoration of our relationships which death has broken: whatever else it does or does not, it does this—it perpetuates eternally the dearest, and truest, and most spiritual bonds of our mortal life. Where

was Lazarus, and where was this son, when the Lord recalled them? What did they learn, and what did they forget, in the undiscovered country? We know not. We need not know. It does not matter to us. We know this: whatever they learned, they learned no relationship dearer than those connected with their human consciousness; whatever they forgot, when they returned, they had not forgotten sisters and a mother. Relationship is not destroyed in the tomb. Lazarus died a brother: he rises again a brother. The son was taken from a mother: he is re-united to a mother. Relationship is Eternal. Time and Place have no influence out of the world: our *souls are related*; at death they leave the mere body to Change and Place. In the resurrection we come again as relations. Our highest ties are Eternal, are unseen, are in the soul: these go with the dead; they remain with them; will come back with them. When we are raised in incorruption, it will be to dwell with our dear ones for ever and ever. If

any of us have lost those whom we love, let us put this before us at every hour. Consider ourselves as still in human bonds with them. Act as if they were living; for they *are*: as if we feel we have still a wife, child, mother. Think of this when you say those two great articles of the creed, 'I believe in the communion of saints,' 'I believe in the resurrection of the dead.' And Henderson turned suddenly in the pulpit toward the altar and the sunrising, and cried aloud, 'O Comforter, in the name of all, I thank thee that "I believe in the communion of saints, and look for the resurrection of the dead."'

Many an old eye filled with warm tears as the vicar uttered, in his manly and loving way, these things I have but poorly summed. Ned knew upon *whom* that noble heart was dwelling, as he poured forth his fervid words. He stole sidelong glances, too, at the rapt faces of the two maidens: he saw that their soul stood in a land as invisible as dreamland, but more real.

CHAPTER VI.—THE TRIAL.

Ellen walked home from church with Ned, and Dottie waited for her father. The young lover immediately began talking about the vicar's sermon. He did so much on the same principle as the Persian wooer asks his maiden to come and speak with him about the fate of Shirin and her loving Ferhad. They are the ideal lovers; in speaking of them, he shows how lofty his standard of love is. So we wistful young Englishmen have no objection to get the best-beloved all alone, and set up before her our grand estimation of wedded life: we advertise ourselves as desirable husbands without seeming to do so; unless, mayhap, the arch listener sees more than she pretends to see.

'It is such a mighty satisfaction to find a man of your father's age, who has really tasted marriage, holding this holy doctrine of it. I have fought for it long in college and in private houses. It is an unsafe matter, indeed, to bring very prominently forward in casual society, for we may sting some second wife or second husband. Men usually pooh-pooh it; but

I find that all the best and noblest wives I know second it with warm delight. Those well-doing cynics of society, who profess to believe we praise only the things we do not possess, just because we have not experienced them, take it for granted that all laudations of marriage proceed from young men, from bachelors grown sour, or from henpecked husbands. Hope opens the lips of the first; disgust at present inconveniences the second; terror and meanness the last. With respect to the eternity of the relationship, some say it is the self-consciousness of a young man, who, ignorant of untried life, thinks every deed and attitude of his own so momentous, he cannot bear to believe it will have any finite end. Some say, an overdue regard for Plato, or at least for the Platonists, has begotten it. Others, that it results from that mediæval sacramentalism which has possessed many of our young men, and is moving many to seek conformities between the old catholic doctrines and the alterations of modern life.'

The upper intention of this speech

was, to tell Ellen how solemnly he thought of marriage; the ultimate intention to draw her into conversation upon it, and so open an occasion for nearer and closer talk. I have hinted, that a young man finds strange fascination, and possibly power, in lifting up the idea of marriage to a high position before some one whom he loves, and who he half believes loves him.

Ellen felt in her heart what he meant; it beat with a tremor betwixt pleasure and pain. To another than Ned, I could have fancied her impertinently crying, 'You are quite a covetable husband, Mr —.' To him she said just a 'Yea.' She was afraid to say more.

Then silence fell on them for some time. Ned burned to tell her out plainly how he loved her. As he could not do it abruptly, he pained himself to find matters for conversation which might lead to it. He found none. Then he longed for anything to speak of, for common nothings; for when talk can be got to move, heaven knows whither it may travel: a speck in a mite's eye leads to the size of the sun and the weight of Saturn. He looked across the shining fields, into the hedges, at groups of cows and sheep; at effects on the yellowing and browning trees; at the green hill-top, backed with leaden-grey clouds, thick with the promise of a storm. Each supplied one sentence; each sentence bought one low and gentle affirmation—it led to no second. This miserable constriction, coming he knew not whence, so contrary to his will, so unremoveable by any effort, knit his brows, and wrote a plain discontent upon his face. What would he have given to know the bends and turns of the silent stream of thoughts then passing through his companion's mind!

He said, for the third or fourth time, 'How silent we are!'

Ellen, whom (if I cared to say anything against her) I should call too loquacious, only answered, very slowly, 'Yes; we are not very talkative.'

Ned wondered if she were thinking of the dead carrier, and his widow and little orphans, and was silent from seemliness or grief. Ellen stole a side look at his face; she had made effort

to do so two or three times already, but had failed each time. The bold Ellen could enter an assembly of forty or fifty grown persons, and look them in the face without a wince; she trembled as she looked at Ned's, lest he should turn and see her. The manœuvre hurt her eyes. But she saw pain on his face, and her quick sympathy threw disguises into Lethe, and suddenly betrayed her.

'Oh, Mr Garland, you look so unhappy!'

'No; I just had a dull thought. It is gone now.'

It ought not to be necessary to tell lies in love; Ned acted one. He made two or three efforts at humming; but, if the youth thought he should seem merry if he sung, he suffered delusion. Being Sunday, and his companion a lady, his first few bars were some very joyous psalm of exultation; he ended suddenly, when he found these melancholy words passing slowly through his throat—'We sat down and wept; yea, we wept when we remembered thee, O Zion.'

They heard two quick, happy voices behind them. Henderson and Dottie came up.

'We are walking briskly, Nelly,' said she, 'for a storm is just coming on. Will you not hurry more?'

'No; I would rather walk slowly,' she answered. 'I have an umbrella here.'

So the father and sister hastened on. Almost immediately after she said to Ned, 'Do not let me keep you, Mr Garland. You walk on quickly with papa and Dottie, if you wish.'

'What! and leave you alone?'

'I have come across these fields so many times by myself ever since I was a little child, it is absurd to keep you.'

Ellen trembled lest he should take her at her word.

He said, 'I do not think it will rain just yet.' If he really thought so, he was certainly weather-foolish. 'Besides,' he added, 'you do not know how pleasant it is to me to be walking with you.'

He felt, as he said them, that the words were a cheat; any mere supper-table flatterer might have said them. They gave no shadow of the awful happiness he forefelt it would seem when he could walk with her no more.

'I am afraid it must be very dull for you,' she answered.

The words stabbed him like a sword. How could she think it? She must have seen that he chose to be with her at every possible hour. He had feared she would fancy him a human spaniel. She, too, felt a little dishonesty lay in the words. If she had been really loved for two days only, and had perceived it not, she would have lacked a faculty most maids are thought to possess. She knew it was not dull for him to be with her; she knew he would not hurry on.

A few large drops of rain fell. Mr Henderson and Dottie were already visibly diminished by their distance. They began running, and soon had reached the top, and were disappearing on the downward side of the hill. The rain fell faster; hail came with it. The white path grew brown all along the fields it threaded together—through gay green turnips; through pale brown stubble lands; through velvety grazing closes, where sheep stood huddling together, all their backs turned one way against the driving hail; or many-coloured bullocks gave gaiety; or a solitary mare with her foal sheltered beneath a cluster of oaks.

'Dottie and your papa will not reach home in time to escape this storm,' said Ned. 'I will not have you get wet. We must run across this field under the hedge to the brick-ground yonder: we can rest under the brickmaker's hut till it is over.'

As they were hurrying along, a distant rumble sounded. Ellen suddenly stopped and listened. 'Oh! I think that was thunder,' she cried.

'Are you afraid of storms?'

'Yes, very; let us hasten to the hut.'

They found the shed a convenient shelter. Ned pointed out the beautiful veil which the subsiding rain was drawing over the church and the little red town. Suddenly a bright flash shot across them; thunder rolled; the rain began again, with greater noise and fury. Ellen turned away her face, and put her hands over it.

'Oh! do you think we shall see another?' she said.

Nothing solemnises like a thunder-

storm. It works a great change upon the mere look and voice: one grows open, and the other clear. Ned only answered by taking hold of her hand. It literally bit his. If hands speak, it told him of thanks and great trust. Something fearfully *real* seems to come close to us when the levin darts and the thunder rolls, to knock against our hearts, and put truth there, and drive out the cheat.

The storm had but begun. Flash followed flash, roar to roar. Each burst of thunder was deeper and longer than the prior one. They shook the roof of the frail hut as they rolled over. While Edwin was looking out, he suddenly saw a long line of bricks burn brightly, and go out. The flash had struck the dry straw, and set it ablaze in a moment. He thought of all the stories he had ever heard of death by lightning. He was no coward: still he knew this—he carried in his nature no patent of immunity forbidding the elements to slay him; they cared as little to spare him as any one they had destroyed. Only the voice, 'Thus far, and no further,' could restrain them.

Much more all such stories came flocking into the superstitious and fearful little heart of Ellen. She might be seized upon by the terrible flame, and blackened in a moment. She had learned through a catechism on electricity, and had heard science talk of lightning; but it appeared as much the bolt and death-weapon of God to her as to any little Roman maiden, when trembling she saw the Pater

'Rubente
Dextera sacras jaculatus arces,
Terruit urbem;
Terruit gentes.'*

She *would* be true in that moment. She said to herself, 'I love Edwin Garland: I feel that he loves me.' The simple thought arose into her throbbing heart, that if she had to die, she would love to have one moment to tell him she loved him—the awful condition of death would take away immodesty from the unasked confession. If she had to die, she longed that their latest mortal act might be the assuring, sealing kiss of troth-plight.

* Horat. Carm. 1, ode ii. Edit. Maclean, p. 7.

Naturally enough, the same thoughts were passing through Ned's mind. They were so strong in both, that when he placed his arm round her waist, she not only did not resist it, but shrunk still closer to him. Nay more, an irrepressible murmur of consent escaped her; she heard it and blushed: she would have bitten her tongue to restrain it. Then he took her little hands, warm and moist with the heat of fear, and pressed them up tightly in the hollow of his left palm against his strong, firm chest; they nestled there, as if rejoicing in a home they knew to be their very own.

A slow, dead rumble: it came nearer, and loudened, and burst with terrific crash directly over their heads. Ellen expected a thunderbolt to fall from the wreck of clouds, and crush them in their resting-place. She trembled like a wren in a schoolboy's hand, and clung tightly to Ned.

All this trust in him made him strong. When people lean on us, we feel that we are supports; to esteem us strong, helps to educate us into strength. Ned's sense of strength made him bold also. When Ellen quaked and shook in his arm, he stooped, and gently touched her forehead with his lips.

'Do not fear, dear Ellen.'

'I don't'—she weighed if she should add it, and added, almost in a whisper—'with you.'

'With me? Am I anything to you, Nell?'

'You are.'

These are little words. Their force for the reader depends upon himself; has he been through, in dreams or truth, this delicious confession? The long-drawn slow tenderness of that '*are*' spoke boundless things.

Ned felt faint with his happiness. Then it seemed as if it would be a relief to stamp, or throw up his arms, or shout loudly enough for the mare in the farthest close to prick her ears. But the fact of having Ellen leaning on him made him too strong for the first, and too prudent for the other. God brings by circumstance, by a little nothing, by an elemental change, what

Augustinian self-analysis, what David-like self-accusation, what Hamlet-like self-goading, what Herculean effort, cannot make. When he did not look for it, Ellen rendered him up her love.

He was in no mood to move. For ten minutes he stood in happy trance, the minutes lengthening out into years, wherein he saw his outwardly altering Ellen still fleeing to his husband-heart in storms of the elements, and in the greater storms of the soul, till the end of their world of human afflictions.

He took little heed of the changed aspect of the landscape; for the grim black clouds, with their rent linings of lurid yellow and rust-colour, were passing down. Slight drifts of white fleece were following them across the deep blue. Million raindrops and melted hail glistened on the tall spears of the brown grass, and freshened the green.

A rainbow arose from the hill that hid the vicarage, and sank behind the mass of elm-trees at the rear of Toby Sibson's cottage, where he and his wife sat with their widowed sister, and told her the assuring consolations of Father Henderson's sermon.

Ellen moved first. She heard no more thunder. She lifted up her face; the hut was dark by contrast; all the land sparkled and glittered in the sun.

'It is time to go home, I think,' she said, very slowly.

Nedaroused himself from his dream. They had tasted the new wine of love, and when they stepped out from the shadowy and black hut into the sunlight, all things looked new. Both were shy, both silent. The danger over, Ellen wondered at her fear, as she saw the sudden beauty and innocence over all the earth and heaven. A hundredfold more did she wonder at the things she had said and done. She should have taken counsel with her father, with her sister. What will *they* say? But, like Hamlet in the end of the play, we are forced to the great purpose of our life unexpectedly. Its consummations seize us unprepared. We are pushed on by Someone stronger than ourselves.

CHAPTER VII.—MISERY.

Dottie perceived, by her sister's face, that something momentous had hap-

pened. Both she and Ned, as they sat at dinner, seemed to be looking in-

tently on some distant thing. They did not once look at each other. They spoke to each other very little. When Mr Henderson made any remark to either of them, they appeared to rouse and shake their thoughts, or to recall them from a very long way.

Dottie burned to hear, and Ellen to tell. Their eyes spoke the matter: but for all the mode and circumstance, so interesting to young girls, they were compelled to await the telling and the hearkening. The moment dinner was over, Ellen had to hurry down to the afternoon school. They were at tea when she returned. As they were starting for church in the evening, Henderson pulled Dottie's hand through his arm, that the lovers might have quiet possession of one another; for he had long seen they were lovers.

When all the household had interchanged 'good-nights,' the hour of opportunity came. Ned kissed Ellen for the first time since the morning; she rather submitted to it, than answered it. He hoped it was merely a shyness at the open avowal of their new position toward one another. Yet he had fancied she seemed dull on the way to and from church. Their conversation had occupied itself with commonest things. Ned was too happy to speak of his love; he was afraid of it. Ellen was solemn and quiet.

The moment the maidens were in their room, they dropped silently upon their chairs, and looked into one another's eyes. Ellen burst out sobbing violently. Dottie ran up to her, kneeled down, and put her sister's head upon her own bosom.

We must drop in upon the secret talk of the sisters Henderson where we can, not where we listened last. Prior conversations must be inferred and understood from the tone of this present one. I have ever held it unbecoming in a young gentleman to place his ear at the keyhole of a lady's bedroom. Aught that we may hear issuing thence is a gift of grace, not a work of will: let it come to us if they talk louder than usual—we must not think of listening for it. Masculine conversations, the masculine storyteller may give *in extenso*. Let us laugh at him, if he gives more than drifts and snatches of female talk;

unless he can take an oath they were confessed to him.

'Dear Dottie, I could not help it,' sobbed Ellen.

'I am sure you could not, darling,' answered Dottie.

Ellen went on. 'I was so surprised into it. Oh how sweet it was to feel his strong and loving arm close round me. I know I ought not to have let Edwin—Mr Garland—do so. But I was so frightened, I did not know what I was doing. I thought of all my frights in thunderstorms, since that one when we both hid our faces under mamma's apron, and she told us it was "our Father." I thought of many and many I might have to hear, and how lonely it will be all my life long to have no loving supporter, no best half of my being to go to in my little terrors. Then I thought how I loved Ned. I ought to have fought it down. It was not all self-indulgence. It was partly curiosity perhaps. I could not help giving way. Just to taste once how it is to be altogether another's; to have such a support all for my own; to taste for a moment what I must never, never feed on! Poor Edwin! How wicked I have been. I quite forgot him. I only thought of my love for him, of myself. Oh Dottie, you don't know, you never can know, what it is. Now I shall never be happy again. Think if dear mamma had never given her permission to you and John having one another —'

Dottie cried, 'I wish it had been me. I wish you had known Edwin before she died; I wish I had not seen John till now; I wish we could change places.'

Ellen sobbed, 'I am glad we cannot.'

They kissed and cried by turns, breaking kisses by sobs, and crying by kisses. 'You are so much better than I am,' said Ellen; 'you ought to be loved and happy.' Each quarrelled prettily about her own unworthiness, her sister's goodness. Each longed to give up her own happiness; to rush into darkness, that the other might have sunshine. But self-sacrificing as it is, the Ruler of the world is not to be so swerved.

All this while the unsuspecting Ned was lying fast asleep, the happiest smile on his face he had ever worn.

The last of all thoughts near him was the true one, that he was at that hour the hero of a tragedy. In dreams he was wandering through interminable forests, where golden sheets of sunlight fell through trees taller than any in the world, and birds, glittering like the twelve stones of which God's City is built, shot up and down, and filled the soft air with music with a meaning in it, and Ellen was holding his hand for ever.

Every night since Edwin had blushed, as he was caught earnestly looking across at Ellen, these maidens had longed and feared to find he was in love with her. Ellen *was* in love with him, therefore she longed. She burned with jealousy whenever the thought arose that he might be another's.

Unconsciously, she tried to win him; she would have arrested herself, *had she known* she was trying. Dottie saw how akin their two souls were; how fit for one another; she heard daily a hundred fine notes in one, to each of which some sister note answered in the other. How few women take in the whole of things.

Unconsciously, she promoted it in every way she could.

If you will believe it, side by side with this, Ellen absolutely determined she would marry no one whom her mother had not known and loved. One of her dying thoughts had been a glance along the whole reach of Ellen's life; she saw her great love might make the child a prey to a lasting sorrow in a quick marriage. She, though dead, yet ruled. How reasonable it was that she should. She had been the bringer of every blessing and pleasure that made daily sunshine in her little household. She was the referee of daily doubts; her stored-up and remembered dicta were the household laws. Dottie obeyed as rigorously as Ellen. But how easy it is to be peaceable subjects, when the laws lead in our utmost wishes. She was engaged to one whom their mother had sanctioned. Hence, the obedience to the blessed soul shining in paradise had been only gain hitherto. Now it had become loss and pain.

Here was an inconsistency indeed. No blindness, though, except love's blindness, could have been capable of it. Some may wonder how they car-

ried along these two chains, which could nowhere be linked, without seeing that they must soon find an abrupt and fearful end for one or other. Well, they did see the end; they foreknew one must be given up. Ellen had bent her whole soul to the sacrifice the moment she felt she loved. All her will was steel. She strove to give no sign of love, no temptation to it, to Edwin Garland. But she gave a thousand. For she felt it would be sin to be hateful and unlovely to any one; but most wretched to appear so to him whom she loved above all she had ever seen. She had not a thought that she herself had any *silent* strength, or any loveableness. Now and then she called in reason, and put on an hour's appearance of unloveliness; but it was very strange, ill managed, uneasy; a mightier will than hers tore away from her all the little aids and tricks of appearance, and forced her back upon the position of true Ellen; to be again herself, loveable and loving by necessity. Dottie dared not advise her to give him up. It would be Dives preaching contentment to Lazarus. Yet she was afraid to advise her to keep him.

I do not think it at all wonderful, making humanity my *canon*,* that these simple and pure sisters carried on the two inconsistencies for so long. Most of us differ from them, not in being consistent, but in carrying on worse ones. To wit, all Christian people confess that we cannot serve God and Mammon. Yet we dare not give up one, and we are too fond of ourselves to give up the other. As the story is, Stubbs cuts up the old birch-broom and the used tea-leaves into the chest of Bohea, goes to family prayers, comes back and beats up the hog's-lard into the butter. We shall come at some hour to the abrupt terminal of one of our chains, and see the other reaching away into distant miles; and all our tugging and straining will nowise bring link to link. Dottie and Ellen have come to this point. If it seems startling and absurd to us, it is very likely so because it is more pure and out of the usual than our own inconsistencies. Both chains are holy—both desirable.

* *Kanon*.

The brothers Ferguson, sensible men, piously thank God they did not choose their wives from a family with crotchets. Mrs William Ferguson spends one-third of her husband's income in the bedizenment of herself and daughters, and is ready for bankruptcy in the afternoon, if they could get rich husbands in the morning. Mrs John will not allow her lord any one key in his own house, without a promise to take so much only, and no more; or a reason satisfactory to herself for wanting anything at all. The husbands of these sisters with crotchets would never receive ruination or hen-pecking from their wives.

I know that heroines should be as complete in wisdom as in goodness, when a young bachelor is the storyteller; and heroes, when an old maiden is. I have made these girls as good as I can, hiding the few little ebullitions of temper I may have seen them give way to at any time. But, although they take the front rank in a story, I have not dared to make them talk and decide like Solomon. Though he was very wise, he was not always good; Ellen and Dottie are very good, but not always wise. The saints and martyrs were not all casuists. One meets certainly many casuists who are anything but saints. Indeed, these maidens not only *wanted* the sure good of clear decision; they *possessed*, and continually exercised, the opposite evil. Yes, Dottie and Ellen were superstitious; they believed in times and seasons, in mysterious indications, in signs and omens, in thirteen sitting down to dinner, in commencing things on Friday, in seeing the new moon through glass, in the dreams they awoke out of, and in a host of vulgar errors which Sir Thomas Browne has not refuted.

The girls resolved, in their tears, that, had their mother known him, she would have loved him, and have given consent with joy. I am afraid they were angry with me. I had talked of taking him there three years ago, but I fancied they showed no interest in my

warm praises, and thought it better taste to keep him away. Had I suspected a possible love-match, I would have brought him, for I have quite a feminine delight in helping such matters. But he was then dying for a Rosaline—not having seen the Juliet. How the girls wished, that sleepless and wretched night, I had done so. What a little way we see before us.

It was resolved, with endless moaning, that Dottie should break the truth to Ned. The rising sun struck in upon her parched and fevered body. It had taken the whole night fully to realise her position, and for that glow to go down which had touched her in the shed. She had found a plausible excuse, if the real one should be proved unreasonable: 'How could she leave her father? his life depended on a love close to him all day; he was a widower, in a sense few other men in the world were so; soon Dottie would be married, and leave him for London; he had no one left but Ellen; she must not give up duty for love and happiness.'

Ellen dared not deliver this doom herself. She declared on the side she believed to be duty and righteousness. She upbraided herself without rest for having been betrayed into showing her love, and so bringing wo upon him she would have died for. She hoped and prayed she should suffer a hundredfold more than he would. Dottie was too awed by the same spectral right to disavow her. She felt the trust was an awful pain—she dreaded the delivery of it; therefore she undertook it in her love.

What is awaiting Ned on this bright morning? The sky is emptied of stars; already he is awake, and lies looking out upon the rosy east. He has never been so happy. He burns for the sun-rising, that he may meet Ellen, and hold her, and kiss her, as *his* Ellen the first morning. She turns and writhes in her pain and arid fever, knowing she is to look on him no more as her Edwin. Mr Henderson comes out, and knocks cheerfully at both their doors.

CHAPTER VIII.—A SANCTION OUT OF HEAVEN.

This bright Monday was the feast of St Michael, patron of the church and town; in bucolical phrase, Goose-day.

Henderson had an early sacrament for the brickmakers and stockingers, who were unable to attend at any later

hour. He had come to their respective rooms, to ask Ned and the maidens if they would walk into the town with him. Ned consented gladly; he felt it would give him quiet opportunity to tell the vicar how far he had gone with Ellen, and to ask his permission to do what he had already done. The sisters could walk together, and he should see the dear shape on before him, as he talked of all those plans and purposes which radiated round her. But Dottie came out, and said they could not go. Ellen was not altogether well; she had scarcely slept all night, and must strive to get a little sleep before she arose. The father and lover thought it was but some two hours' ailment, a small matter, and started, expecting to meet her well and cheerful at the breakfast-table.

Father and lover came to perfect unity on their way. There were few words, for everything was known before told, and Mr Henderson had anticipated the dialogue so often, that he said at once all he had to say. With a sigh, he added, 'I knew it was a sacrifice I should have to make some day. I am glad it is to you I make it.'

For a few moments Ned's thoughts hung about the fatherly position, entered in spirit into it, and saw how huge a gift and trust a beloved child is. But he was too happy to stay there; he looked upon his own position. The last doubt was crossed, and he walked through the red sunlight and steaming fields with a free and gay tread. He blessed every soul he met; he blessed those who kneeled with him in church. Sorrow seemed alien and wonderful to him, when, if we wait patiently, life brings us such compensating days as this. He little thought a sorrow too mighty to be believed was at the very moment trembling over him, ready to fall.

As they were coming out of church, a stout lady, of about twoscore, hurried briskly up to the vicar, and wished him a good-morning. A smile overflowed his whole face; he asked her how it was she had stirred so early.

'Well, I am always up between five and six, these fine mornings,' she said, laughing. 'I am obliged to have an early walk, to keep down my fat.'

She spoke loud enough for every one in the churchyard to hear.

'You have not been to see my girls for a long time, Mrs Thurton,' said Henderson. 'Come up and breakfast with them this morning.'

'Yes, that I will,' she answered. She turned to Ned, and suddenly took his arm, and poured out a load of observations and inquiries upon him. 'I've heard a great deal of you, sir. How do you like our town? Have you ever been in this part of the country before?'

And so forth she plied him hard and fast, until they reached the vicarage gate. Every now and then she broke out into some anecdote or saying of Mrs Henderson. She delivered these with great pride, and with evident estimation of their rare value. They had been great friends. Her goodness and incessant merriment had been of much value and relief in the last illness, and had made the brisk stout lady always welcome to the husband and children.

'Girls!' shouted Mr Henderson up the stairs, the moment they were in the house, 'make haste down; Mrs Thurton has come to breakfast with you.'

'Oh, I'll go and stir them out,' she shouted; and she puffed and panted up the stairs as quickly as her unwieldiness would suffer her.

Before she enters into their room, we will look in upon the suffering sisters. What unspeakable woes the sky sees! Yet the ceiling of the world is the pavement of that City of God where even the dream of sorrow is not known. So, at this moment, the same rafters, separating ceiling and floor, divided a lover glorying in the possession of his uttermost desire, and another with everything torn away. Diable Boiteux, pull down the front of this quiet vicarage, and let us see the white bedchamber and the breakfast-room beneath at the same moment.

Ellen was lying dressed upon the bed, sobbing heavily, and Dottie kneeled by the side, holding both her hot hands. They started up when they heard the noise and mirth in the hall. Every word of the well-known voice reached their ears. For the first time in their lives it sickened them; they

turned against it. Hitherto they had always leaped toward it, and welcomed it, because it had brought such charity and pleasure to their dear mother's heart. At this awful hour they shunned it, as the sad do sunlight, for its unseasonableness. It seemed dreadful and wonderful how any one could be so joyous, who had once seen what life brings, what life may bring.

When they heard her, they both sprang up. At such times attempted consolations are felt cruelly as curses. Ellen walked to the glass, and wiped her eyes, washed her tear-marks from her face, and began to be clumsily busy about something that needed it not. Dottie, too, cleansed away her tears, and assumed a sudden show of composure.

'I'm not going to knock,' cried the stout friend, and rolled in, laughing. 'Bless you, my dears! You are an idle pair.' She seized and kissed them. 'How long it is since you've called on me. What is the matter with you? You both look so solid. You don't kiss like you used, Nelly. Have I caught you at any mischief? Dottie, you looked just like that when you were ever so little, and watched your pa' as he was carrying Ellen upstairs after she cut off the corners of his big Bible with the carving-knife. And how red my Nelly's eyes are! I am sure she has been crying. Ah! I know! It's because the young gentleman's going away. I saw him paying his addresses to you yesterday morning. I've watched you and he pass my house many a time, looking so still and happy. I meant to ask him if he had made love to you; only your pa' was with us.'

Ellen could keep the false rigour upon her face no longer. She twitched and struggled, but the strong tears burst upward, and rolled down her face. Dottie went up to her, and pinched her hands, and kissed her.

Mrs Thurton changed face at this unexpected action.

'Oh, my darlings,' she began again, 'how stupid I am. Nelly, I didn't know. Haven't he fallen in love with you? If he have, there's nought to cry about; if he haven't, he is a fool—isn't he, Dottie?—and she is better without him. I knew there would be something about him soon. The bells

woke me this morning out of a dream, in which I was with your dear ma' ever so long. I thought I walked beside her chair all through the High Street. We called at old Syme's the butcher, and went into Silkeman's, and spoke with the old women at the almshouse. No one seemed to wonder at seeing her, or remembered anything about her funeral. When we passed the post-office, she laughed at her having been postmaster, as she said, when she was quite a girl. And ever so many times she says to me, "Well, I am glad that my own Nelly is engaged to Mr Garland. I hope he will love her always as he does now." If you care for him, it's as good as if she had given you to him with her own hand—isn't it? Did your dear ma' know Mr — Why, Nelly!'

Both the girls had started up. Ellen rushed to their old friend, and hung upon her, looking into her face. Her eyes radiated wonder, thanksgiving, incredulity, belief, infinite joy, by turns. Mrs Thurton would have answered her own question in another moment; she seldom allowed any hearer that privilege; but she was arrested by Ellen's wild look of relief. Her quick heart perceiving that it had succeeded her look of dull pain, *because of her communication*, perceived easily also, rapidly putting this to that, whence the pain had come.

'Did you doubt your dear ma' would have liked him, then?'

'Oh, Mrs Thurton, may I believe it?'

Dottie came up also. They kissed, and re-kissed, the delighted visitor. They confessed to her what their trouble and doubt had been. She warmed and expanded with pleasure at her own importance in being the medium of this communication.

A shade passed over for a moment. Ellen's quick and sensitive soul returned to her unanswered question. Might she take this, a dream, as a sanction. The fat and hearty old casuist had not the least doubt. She pulled forth out of the 'scrip and scrippage' of her memory a long series of instances; and concluded—and, I believe, quite justly—that it must have been sent by God himself, since it arrived so fitted to the very hour and need. To which Dottie added

(without the least suspicion she was not uttering a scientifically-grounded and universally-recognised law),

'And the bells woke you out of it? Morning dreams are always true.'

When Ned took his own Ellen into his arms, as she entered the breakfast-room, with eyes holding back a weight of love ready to fall when they met his, he little suspected how nearly he had lost her. He and Mr Henderson, however, were let into the strange secret before the coffee-pot was dry. Ellen dropped her eyes, and shed two or three happy tears, and covered her face with a perpetual blush the whole time the story was telling; which put Ned in mind of the long-drawn notes with which the harmony of the organ had underlain the words of the choir in the plain song that very morning. Father and lover, whose daily conversation was amongst books and critics, marvelled at the uncriticalness, the superstition, the inconsequence, and the *righteousness* of the little mournful episode, which had been enacting, unknown to them, close against their very mirth. Mr Henderson saved a lecturing upon superstition until he could be alone with his dear children. He had read their

hearts deeply enough to know that death alone could root out every weed of that kind; and I do not think he was sorry; for some of these are beautiful as other weeds, and transcend many of our cultured plants both in worth and glory. He knew that the kingdom of God is more stringent upon our wills than upon our cleverness or science, and that it was by the law of compensation of that kingdom, the wrongly-thought, rightly-willed misery had been swayed aside, and brought in a wrongly-thought, rightly-willed happiness. He did not forget to tell them that the Sender of all good gifts must have given them this dream.

'Women,' he said, at the table, making a reverent bend to Mrs Thurston, 'have been the favourite instruments for supernatural revelations in all ages. Their dreams, too, play a greater part in history than ours. It was Pilate's wife, not himself, who was warned against his unjust judgment before he had delivered it. It was Calphurnia, not Cæsar himself, who saw his statue run blood in the market-place; and not priests, but priestesses, gave the oracles of Greek and Latin gods.'

GEORGE STEPHENSON, THE RAILWAY PIONEER.

THOMAS CARLYLE has contemptuously denounced the present as a railway-making, cotton-spinning age, although he expresses profound reverence for all manifestations of strength, energy, and indomitable will in the past. With him the railway system of Great Britain is a gigantic humbug, and George Stephenson no hero. There are few men, not afflicted with the Carlylean craze, who will be disposed to agree with such an opinion—few who will fail to recognise the application of the locomotive engine to railway transit as one of the most important events in the history of modern civilisation. The greatest works of antiquity cannot stand comparison with our railways, when we take into consideration their magnitude and utility, the engineering skill and

amount of capital involved in their construction. Within the last thirty years a revolution has been effected in our social relations, and the surface of the country has undergone a change wondrous as the transformations of a geologic era. In Great Britain and Ireland alone, iron rails have been laid more than sufficient to girdle the globe; tunnels and viaducts, upwards of one hundred miles in extent, have pierced hard rock-mountains, and spanned deep valleys; and earthworks have been constructed capable, according to calculation, of forming a mountain half-a-mile in diameter at its base, and towering upwards one mile and a-half in height. It seems almost incredible that works of such magnitude, requiring for their construction an unprecedented amount of

capital, labour, and skill, should have been completed in little more than a quarter-of-a-century. The great value, the absolute necessity, of railway communication, in these days of flourishing trade and extending commerce, is made abundantly manifest by the rapidity with which the country has been encased in a network of iron. George Stephenson came when a new system of internal intercourse was demanded by the wants of the age, and his invention of the Locomotive Engine gave an impulse to science and art, to commerce and civilisation, greater than we can fully estimate, or than some 'spiritual-minded' philosophers will condescend to believe. The life of the man who inaugurated the system of British Railways, and who, by patient plodding perseverance and invincible determination, rendered possible a declared impossibility, possesses the deepest interest, and enforces the most valuable lessons. To the public at large, as well as to practical men of science, the recently-published biography of the most eminent of English engineers cannot fail to prove attractive in no ordinary degree, unfolding as it does the career of one who rose from obscurity to well-earned fame and affluence, and who must be pronounced a model-worker—the representative practical man of the nineteenth century. Availing ourselves of the information and the materials collected by Mr Samuel Smiles in his bulky biography, we shall lay before our readers a rapid review of the life of this true Railway King.

George Stephenson was born at Wylam—a colliery village about eight miles west of Newcastle-on-Tyne—on the 9th of June, 1781. His parents inhabited a labourer's cottage of the humblest class, with unplastered walls, clay floor, and exposed rafters. 'Old Bob,' as his father was familiarly called, fired the old pumping-engine at the Wylam Colliery—a careful, hard-working man; and Mabel Stephenson, his mother, though troubled occasionally with 'the vapours,' was held in the highest esteem by her neighbours. They were an honest, decent, respectable couple, such as we may find in colliery cottages and elsewhere. 'Old Bob' was a genuine character, a self-taught romancer, and

natural naturalist; and it is pleasant to think of him on the winter evenings gathering the children of the village around his engine-fire, and telling, in strong Northumbrian speech, the stories of 'Sinbad' and 'Robinson Crusoe,' or wandering about during the summer months in search of birds' nests, when the day's 'darg' was done. George was the second of a family of six children—four sons and two daughters. None of them were ever sent to school. The weekly wages of a fireman were barely sufficient, even with rigid economy, to afford the family a sufficient supply of food and clothing.

The first duties of the future eminent engineer consisted in carrying his father's dinner to him while at work, in nursing the younger children, and seeing that they were kept out of the way of the chaldron waggons, which were dragged by horses along a wooden tramroad immediately in front of the cottage-door. He next herded the cows of a widow at Dewley Burn, whither the family removed from Wylam, when the coal was worked out, and the old engine pulled down. Besides herding the widow's cows, he was appointed, at the wage of twopence a-day, to bar the gates at night after all the coal-waggons had passed. The herd-boy spent his spare time in making whistles and little mills, and erecting clay engines. The child is father of the man. Wilkie drawing pencil-heads on his slate for pins, and Stephenson modelling clay-engines for amusement, had already begun the labour of their lives. From that humble origin, from the rude attempts of a herd-boy sitting by the side of the Dewley Burn, sprung the great system of British Railways. Feeding cows, leading horses at the plough, and hoeing turnips, did not, however, suit the taste of the embryo engineer, and he was much elated when advanced to the position of 'picker' at the colliery, where he was employed, along with his elder brother, in clearing the coal of stones and dross. His wages were now sixpence a-day, and rose to eightpence when he drove the gin-horse. Shortly after he was sent to Black Callerton Colliery, about two miles from Dewley Burn, to drive the gin there; and he is described by the old people of that

place as a 'grit barelegged laddie, very quick-witted, and full of fun and tricks.' There was genuine mettle and promise in the boy so characterised. We can picture him there, the rough, unkempt, barelegged collier 'laddie,' driving his gin-horse, whistling on his own whistles, cracking a whip of his own manufacture, and indulging in practical jokes at the expense of grim pitmen. When off duty, he went bird-nesting, having inherited from 'Old Bob' a strong attachment to birds and animals. He tamed young black-birds, taught them to fly about the cottage unconfined by cages, and prided himself upon the superiority of his breed of rabbits.

At the age of fourteen, the 'grit barelegged laddie' became assistant fireman to his father at Dewley. His ambition was to be an engineman, and his exultation was unbounded when he attained the long-desired promotion. He had now got upon the right track, and his career of progress began with his appointment as assistant fireman. From Dewley, the family removed southwards to Jolly's Close, where a new coal-mine had recently been opened. They lived in a poor cottage of one apartment, where father, mother, sons, and daughters, ate their humble meals, and slept their hurried sleep. At Jolly's Close, George was removed to one of the workings on his own account. He was now fifteen years old—a steady, sober, hard-working young man. He was fond of trying feats of strength with his companions. At throwing the hammer he had no compeer, and seems to have been equally successful in lifting heavy weights.

At the age of seventeen George had got ahead of his father in his station as a workman. He was appointed plugman of a pumping-engine, while his father worked it as fireman. No sooner did he occupy this responsible post, than he devoted himself assiduously to the study of the engine—taking it frequently to pieces in his leisure hours, for the purpose of cleaning and mastering its parts, and thus he early acquired a thorough practical knowledge of its construction, and disciplined his inventive faculty. An engine seemed to attract him by some mysterious fascination; it was no dull,

groaning machine in his estimation, but a thing instinct with wondrous life. Its complicated mechanism absorbed his interest, and excited his admiration, and the minute study of its details, while quickening his powers of observation, made him an accomplished workman, and gained for him the increased confidence of his employers. At this period he worked twelve hours every day, and earned twelve shillings a-week. The 'grit barelegged laddie' has now taken a considerable stride in advance.

George Stephenson was eighteen years of age before he knew his letters, and he does not appear to have felt the want until he was told that all the engines of Watt and Bolton, about which he was so anxious to know, were to be found described in books—and the alphabet was yet to him a hidden mystery! It affords a striking illustration of the persevering, searching, indomitable spirit of the young man, that no sooner did he feel his want, no sooner was the conviction forced upon him that he must learn to read, before farther progress was possible, than immediately he went to school, big as he was, and commenced in earnest the work of self-culture. He was not ashamed to confess his ignorance; he was proud that he possessed the capability of learning. A poor teacher in the village of Walbottle kept a night-school, and there George Stephenson took his first lessons in spelling and reading, and practised 'pot-hooks.' One can imagine the big bony engineman bending over his desk, and labouring sore at the unwonted task. Andrew Robertson, a Scotch dominie, who enjoyed the reputation of being a skilled arithmetician, was the next teacher from whom George took lessons. He made rapid progress, and at the end of the winter had mastered 'reduction,' while the junior fireman was heating his brains over simple division. He improved every spare minute by the engine-fire in working out the sums set for him by the learned dominie of Newburn, and the patient pupil was not long in outstripping his teacher. To perseverance all things are possible, and where the desire to learn was so strong, rapid attainment was certain. In this, as in other re-

spects, Stephenson may be held up as a memorable model to working men. Against every disadvantage of circumstance and fortune, he struggled onwards, by sheer force of will, and the determination to succeed. Many men, unschooled like him in boyhood, and of equal natural ability, ashamed to confess their ignorance, would have remained without instruction, and thus neglected the means and the opportunity of bettering their condition, and of rising from obscurity to eminence.

Stephenson—ever rising steadily step by step—became brakesman at Black Callerton when he had attained his twentieth year, and his wages amounted to from £1: 15s. to £2 in the fortnight. By extra work during leisure hours, he increased his earnings, and he had the happy facility, peculiar to some men gifted with mechanical genius, of being able to turn his hand to any and everything. He grew expert in making and mending the shoes of his fellow-workmen. His *chef d'œuvre* in the cobbling department was soleing the shoes of his sweetheart, Fanny Henderson, a servant in a neighbouring farmhouse. So delighted was the amateur shoemaker with his performance, that he carried the shoes about with him in his pocket on the Sunday afternoon, and exhibiting them to a friend, exclaimed, 'what a capital job he had made of them.' From shoemending he contrived to save his first guinea, and considered himself to be a rich man. He did not, like many of the other workmen, spend his earnings in the public-house; he was habitually steady, and applied his spare time to master the powers and mechanisms of the engine. He had a definite purpose in view when he saved his first guinea. It gradually attracted a few more, and the industrious brakesman soon managed to save as much money as enabled him, on leaving Black Callerton for Willington Quay, to furnish a humble house, and marry Fanny Henderson. After the marriage ceremony, George rode over to Willington on a borrowed horse, with his newly-wedded wife sitting on the pillion behind him, and holding on by her arms around his waist. He continued the same regular course of life, work-

ing hard during the day, and studying the principles of mechanics in the evenings by the side of his young wife. He also modelled experimental engines, and occupied himself much in endeavouring to discover Perpetual Motion. He allowed few moments to pass unimproved; his eye was ever observant, and his mind ever active. He could make and mend shoes, cut out shoe lasts, clean clocks, and model complicated machines, and whatever he did was creditable alike to his ingenuity and his skill. While residing at Willington, his only son Robert was born—that son who has contributed so much to heighten the distinction of the Stephenson name. The child was from the first a great favourite with his father, and added a fresh charm to the domestic hearth.

George Stephenson worked for about three years as a brakesman at the Willington machine, and then removed to a similar situation at Killingworth, a village lying about seven miles north of Newcastle, where the coal-workings are of great extent, and a large number of people are employed. Much interest attaches to his settlement in this place, as it was here that his practical qualities as an engineer were fully developed, and that he acquired the reputation of an inventor. He came to Killingworth in 1804, and he had scarcely settled down ere he sustained a severe loss in the death of his much-loved Fanny. A man of strong affections, he felt the bereavement bitterly. He bowed his head in sorrow, and ever fondly cherished the memory of his young wife. While mourning her loss, he was invited to superintend the working of one of Bolton and Watt's engines near Montrose. He accepted the invitation, and, leaving his boy in charge of a neighbour, set out upon his long journey on foot, with his kit upon his back. He returned to Killingworth, after a year's absence, with £28 of saved money in his pocket. During his stay in Scotland, old Robert Stephenson, his father, had been severely scorched, and his eyesight destroyed, while making some repairs in the inside of an engine. George's first step was to pay off his father's debts, amounting to about £15; and soon afterwards he removed

his aged parents to a comfortable cottage at Killingworth, where they lived, supported entirely by their dutiful son.

About the years 1807-8, Stephenson contemplated the idea of emigrating to the United States. Owing to the great war in which England was then engaged, taxes pressed heavily upon the labouring class; food was scarce and dear, and wages were low; and the workman saw little prospect of any improvement in his condition. The hardwon earnings of George Stephenson were paid to a militiaman to serve in his stead; and need we wonder if he should almost have despaired of ever being able to succeed in England? He could not, however, raise the requisite money to emigrate, and thus his poverty was ultimately his own and his country's gain. He worked on steadily as a brakesman. Stinted as he was for means at the time, he resolved to send his son Robert to school. 'In the earlier period of my career,' he said long afterwards, in a speech at Newcastle, 'when Robert was a little boy, I saw how deficient I was in education; and I made up my mind that he should not labour under the same defect, but that I would put him to school, and give him a liberal training. I was, however, a poor man; and how do you think I managed? I betook myself to mending my neighbours' clocks and watches at night, after my daily labour was done; and thus I procured the means of educating my son.'

An achievement which George performed at this time caused his name to be noised abroad as an engine-doctor. At the Killingworth High Pit, an atmospheric engine was fixed, for the purpose of pumping out the water from the shaft; but the workmen continued to be 'drowned out,' pump as the engine might. Under the direction of Stephenson, the engine was taken to pieces, and so repaired that the pumping apparatus proved completely successful. He received a present of £10, as a recognition of his skill as a workman. After hard struggling, the genius of the man now began to be felt and acknowledged. He devoted himself in the evenings, with renewed energy, to self-improvement, modelling steam and pumping

engines, and striving to embody the mechanical inventions described in odd volumes on mechanics. From John Wigham, a farmer's son, he derived considerable assistance in his studies. This young man taught him to draw plans and sections. They carefully pondered together Ferguson's 'Lectures on Mechanics,' and invented many mechanical contrivances to aid them in their experiments. Wigham expounded principles, and Stephenson reduced them to practice.

The resolution which George had formed to give his son a good education, he was able to carry into effect, by managing to save a sum of £100. This amount he accumulated in guineas, and sold them to Jews at twenty-six shillings a-piece. A shrewd, industrious man was George Stephenson, and one destined to rise in the world. He sent his son to an academy at Newcastle, where he commenced a course of sound instruction. At Killingworth, Stephenson continued to astonish the neighbourhood by his ingenious mechanical contrivances. He invented a strange 'fley-craw' to protect his garden-crops from the ravages of birds; he won the admiration of the women, by connecting their cradles with the smoke-jack, and making them self-acting; and excited much wonder in the pitmen, by attaching an alarm to the clock of the watchman, whose duty it was to call them up in the morning. He also contrived a mysterious lamp, which burned under water, and attracted the fish. His cottage was full of models, engines, and perpetual-motion machines.

In 1812 he was appointed engine-wright of the Killingworth Colliery, at the salary of £100 a-year. He is ever steadily rising, winning more and more the respect of his employers, and gaining for himself, by manful effort, a better position in the world. He had now advanced to the grade of a higher-class workman. He erected a winding and a pumping engine, and laid down a self-acting incline at Willington. The practical study which he had given to the steam-engine, and his intimate acquaintance with its powers, were of immense advantage to him in his endeavours after improvement. The locomotive already occupied his attention; he knew its value and its

capabilities; and he soon bent the whole force of his mind to develop its might. A more economical method of working the coal trains, instead of by means of horses, was a great desideratum at the collieries. Stephenson immediately began in earnest to attempt the solution of the problem. He first made himself thoroughly acquainted with what had already been done. He went to inspect the engines which were working daily at Wylam—slow, cumbrous, unsteady machines, more expensive than horses, and certainly much slower in their movements. He declared on the spot that he could make a much better engine than Trevethick's. One of Blenkinsop's Leeds engines he saw placed on the tramway leading from the collieries of Kenton and Coxlodge; and here again, after examining the machine, and observing its performances, he asserted that 'he could make a better engine than that to go upon legs.' All the engines constructed up to this time were, in his estimation, practical failures, unsteady in their movements, and far from economical in their working. Much ingenuity had already been shown, and some little success had been attained; but a man of keen practical insight and great perseverance was required to promote the efficiency of every part, and to produce a good working machine. Lord Ravensworth, one of the lessees of the Killingworth Colliery, after hearing Stephenson's statements, authorised him to proceed with the construction of a locomotive. With such mechanics and tools as he could find (and both were somewhat clumsy), he set to work, following in part the plan of Blenkinsop's engine. The locomotive was completed in about ten months. Its powers were tried on the Killingworth Railway on the 25th of July, 1814, and it succeeded in drawing after it, on an ascending gradient of 1 in 450, eight loaded carriages, of thirty tons' weight, at about four miles an hour. 'Blücher' was a great advance upon all previous locomotives; but it was nevertheless a cumbrous machine, and jolted, jerked, and rattled like the gigantic skeleton of a mammoth. At the end of the year, the steam-power and horse-power were found to be nearly upon a par in point of cost. The locomotive might

have been condemned as useless, had not Stephenson at this juncture fortunately invented and applied the steam-blast, which stimulated combustion, increased the capability of the boiler to generate steam, and more than doubled the power of the engine. The success of the steam-blast was complete; and Stephenson determined to construct a second engine, embodying all the improvements that his experience suggested. It was finished in the year 1815, and may be regarded as the type of the present locomotive engine.

At this period, explosions of fire-damp were frequent in the Northumberland and Durham coal-mines, attended sometimes by fearful loss of life. 'One day, in the year 1814, a workman hurried in to Mr Stephenson's cottage, with the startling information that the deepest main of the colliery was on fire! He immediately hastened to the pit-mouth, about a hundred yards off, whither the women and children of the colliery were fast running, with wildness and terror depicted in every face. In an energetic voice Stephenson ordered the engine-man to lower him down the shaft in the corve. There was danger, it might be death, before him—but he must go. As those about the pit-mouth saw him descend rapidly out of sight, and heard from the gloomy depths of the shaft the mingled cries of despair and agony rising from the workpeople below, they gazed on the heroic man with breathless amazement. He was soon at the bottom, and in the midst of his workmen, who were paralysed at the danger which threatened the lives of all in the pit. Leaping from the corve on its touching the ground, he called out, "Stand back! Are there six men among you who have courage enough to follow me? If so, come, and we will put the fire out." The Killingworth men had always the most perfect confidence in George Stephenson, and instantly they volunteered to follow him. Silence succeeded to the frantic tumult of the previous minute, and the men set to work. In every mine, bricks, mortar, and tools enough are at hand, and by Stephenson's direction materials were forthwith carried to the required spot, where, in a very short time, a wall was raised at

the entrance to the main, he himself taking the most active part in the work. Thus the atmospheric air was excluded, the fire was extinguished, the people were saved from death, and the mine was preserved.'

After this accident, Stephenson set about devising a lamp which would afford sufficient light to the miners, without communicating flame to the inflammable gas in the pit. His experiments resulted in the invention of the Geordy Safety Lamp. The name of Sir Humphrey Davy has been generally identified with the invention: but there can be no doubt that Stephenson had made a successful trial of his lamp before the attention of Davy had ever been turned seriously to the subject. A keen controversy was carried on at the time as to the relative merits of the respective claimants, and much inflammable gas exploded on both sides. Stephenson, at the request of his friends, published a little pamphlet, containing facts and dates which certainly established the priority of his invention.

While people were predicting a terrible blow-up some day for George's locomotive at Killingworth, it continued to perform its appointed work. The engine was indeed subject to jolts and shocks, and occasionally it was thrown off the road, owing to the inequality of the rails, and the imperfection of the chairs or cast-iron pedestals into which the rails were inserted. These defects did not long remain unnoticed and unamended. In September, 1816, an improved form of the rail and chair was embodied in a patent taken out in the joint names of Mr Loah of Newcastle, ironfounder, and of Mr Stephenson. Important improvements on locomotives previously constructed were also described in the specification of the same patent. Mr Stephenson had devised an ingenious contrivance, by which the steam generated in the boiler was made to supply the place of springs! The working of the new locomotive and improved road was highly satisfactory, and the superiority of the locomotive to horse traction, both as regards regularity and economy, was now completely established. The identical engines constructed by Mr Stephenson are still at work on the Killingworth

Railway. He investigated the resistances to which carriages are exposed, and ascertained by experiment the now well-known, but then much-contested, fact, that friction was uniform at all velocities.

In 1820 Mr Stephenson resolved to send his son Robert—who, since leaving school at Newcastle, had acted as under-viewer in the West Moor Pit—to the University of Edinburgh. He was furnished with introductions to men of science in the Scottish metropolis, and attended the lectures of Dr Hope, Sir John Leslie, and the mathematical classes of Jamieson. He studied at Edinburgh for only one session of six months, but, possessing much of his father's zeal, industry, and perseverance, he made great progress, and stored his mind with scientific knowledge. He subsequently rendered his father the most valuable assistance in developing the power of the steam-engine, and in the construction of railways.

While such men as William James, Edward Pease, and Thomas Gray, were agitating the general adoption of railways, Stephenson was busy making railways, and building efficient locomotives. A very large capital was required to lay down rails and furnish engines, and this accounts in part for the slow growth at first of the railway system. The Hetton Coal Company, possessing adequate means, and observing the working of the Killingworth line, resolved to construct a railway about eight miles in length, and George Stephenson was requested to superintend their works. This was the first decisive public recognition of his engineering skill. The line was opened in November, 1822, in the presence of a crowd of spectators. Five of Stephenson's locomotives were at work on that day, travelling about four miles an hour, and each engine dragging after it a train of seventeen waggons, weighing about sixty-four tons.

In 1823 the second Stockton and Darlington Railway Act was obtained. Mr Stephenson was appointed the company's engineer, at a salary of £300 per annum. He laid out every foot of the ground himself, accompanied by his assistants. He surveyed indefatigably from daylight to dusk,

dressed in top-boots and breeches; and took his chance of bread and milk, or a homely dinner, at some neighbouring farmhouse. The country people were fond of his cheerful talk, and he was always a great favourite with the children. One day, when the works were approaching completion, he dined with his son and assistant, John Dixon, at Stockton. After dinner, Mr Stephenson ordered in a bottle of wine, to drink success to the railway, and said to the young men, 'Now, lads, I will tell you that I think you will live to see the day, though I may not live so long, when railways will come to supersede almost all other methods of conveyance in this country; when mail-coaches will go by railway, and railroads will become the great highway for the king and all his subjects. The time is coming when it will be cheaper for a working man to travel on a railway than to walk on foot. I know there are great and almost insurmountable obstacles that will have to be encountered. But what I have said will come to pass, as sure as I live. I only wish I may live to see the day, though that I can scarcely hope for, as I know how slow all human progress is, and with what difficulty I have been able to get the locomotive adopted, notwithstanding my more than ten years' successful experiment at Killingworth.' The anticipations of the great engineer were more than realised.

The Stockton and Darlington line was opened for traffic in September, 1825. As this was the first public railway, a great crowd of people assembled to witness the ceremony of opening. Mr Stephenson himself drove the engine. The train consisted of thirty-eight vehicles, among which were twenty-one wagons fitted up with temporary seats for passengers, and a carriage filled with the directors and their friends. The speed attained in some parts was twelve miles an hour; and the arrival at Stockton excited deep interest and admiration. The line was found to work excellently, and the goods and passenger traffic soon exceeded the expectations of the directors.

An important step in the progress of the railway system was the establishment by Mr Stephenson of a locomotive manufactory at Newcastle.

The building, small at first, subsequently assumed gigantic dimensions. Skilled workmen were engaged, under whose direction others were disciplined. The most celebrated engineers of Europe, America, and India acquired their best practical knowledge in the Newcastle factory. It continued to be the only establishment of the kind, until after the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester line in 1830.

The survey of this railway was the next important public work which Mr Stephenson was requested to undertake. Great was the opposition on the part of the proprietors of the lands through which the line was intended to pass. Lord Derby's farmers and servants, and Lord Sefton's keepers, turned out in full force to resist the aggressions of the surveying party. The Duke of Bridgewater's property-guard threatened to duck Mr Stephenson in a pond if he proceeded; and he had to take the survey by stealth, when the people were at dinner. The opposition of landed proprietors and canal companies to the projected railway grew in intensity, when the survey, imperfect as it could not fail to be, was completed, and arrangements were made for introducing the bill into Parliament. The Liverpool and Manchester Bill went into Committee of the House of Commons on the 21st of March, 1825. The array of legal talent on the opposition side especially was something extraordinary. Mr George Stephenson was called to the witness-box, and subjected to a rigorous examination. 'I had to place myself in that most unpleasant of all positions—the witness-box of a parliamentary committee. I was not long in it before I began to wish for a hole to creep out at. I could not find words to satisfy either the committee or myself. I was subjected to the cross-examination of eight or ten barristers, purposely, as far as possible, to bewilder me. Some member of the committee asked if I was a foreigner; and another hinted that I was mad. But I put up with every rebuff, and went on with my plans, determined not to be put down.' The idea of a train going at the rate of twelve miles an hour was considered the height of absurdity. A good story

is told of Stephenson during his examination. One member of committee put the following case:—'Suppose, now, one of these engines to be going along a railroad at the rate of nine or ten miles an hour, and that a cow were to stray upon the line, and get in the way of the engine, would not that, think you, be a very awkward circumstance?'—'Yes,' replied the witness, in his Northumbrian speech; 'very awkward indeed—for the *coo*.' The examination of Mr Stephenson lasted three days; and the result of the contest was the temporary withdrawal of the bill. This was sufficiently discouraging, and the railway system seemed about to be crushed at the outset. The directors, however, nothing daunted, were determined to press on with their project. A new survey was made, the plans were deposited, and the bill went into committee. It passed the third reading in the House of Commons, by a majority of eighty-eight to forty-one; and its only opponents in the House of Lords were the Earl of Derby and the Earl of Wilton.

The directors appointed Mr George Stephenson their principal engineer, at a salary of £1000 per annum—a mighty advance from the herd-boy with his twopence per diem. The Liverpool and Manchester directors had put the right man in the right place, as they subsequently found. He immediately began to make the road over Chat Moss—a work which the distinguished engineers of the day had declared that 'no man in his senses would undertake to do.' But George Stephenson did not know the meaning of the word 'impossible.' For weeks, truck-load after truck-load of material was poured in, without any sensible effect. The bog, it was feared, had some connection with the bottomless pit. The directors became alarmed, and Mr Stephenson answered, 'We must *persevere*.' Other weeks passed; the insatiable bog swallowed all; the solid embankment made no sign. A special meeting of the board was forthwith held on the spot, to consult whether the work should be proceeded with or abandoned. 'An immense outlay had been incurred,' said Mr Stephenson afterwards, 'and great loss would have been occasioned, had the

scheme been then abandoned, and the line taken by another route. So the directors were *compelled* to allow me to go on with my plan, of the ultimate success of which I myself never for one moment doubted. Determined, therefore, to persevere as before, I ordered the works to be carried on vigorously; and, to the surprise of every one connected with the undertaking, in six months from the day on which the board had held its special meeting on the moss, a locomotive engine and carriage passed over the very spot, with a party of the directors' friends, on their way to dine at Manchester.' The embankments, the bridges, the Sankey viaduct, the Rainhill Skew bridge, and the Olive Mount excavation, were regarded as wondrous works, and filled even 'distinguished engineers' with admiration. In the organisation and direction of navvies, and in training them for their special work, Mr Stephenson also manifested the most eminent skill and ability. He was a Napoleon in his profession, never failing in his resources or his undertakings; a man of infinite vigour and determination.

While the works were in progress, many consultations were held by the directors as to the kind of power which was to be employed in the working of the railway when opened for traffic. Two eminent practical engineers reported against the employment of the locomotive. The whole profession stood opposed to George Stephenson, but he still held to his purpose. Urged by his solicitations to test the powers of the locomotive, the directors at last determined to offer a prize of £500 for the best locomotive engine which, on a certain day, should be produced on the railway, and fulfil certain conditions in the most satisfactory manner. A speed of ten miles an hour was all that was required to be maintained. Mr Stephenson, assisted by his son, who had returned from South America, immediately set about the construction of his famous 'Rocket.' An important principle introduced in the construction of this engine was the multi-tubular boiler, by which the power of generating steam was greatly increased. On the day appointed for the competition at Rainhill, four engines were entered for the prize: first,

Messrs Braithwaite and Ericsson's 'Novelty,' second, Mr Timothy Hackworth's 'Sanspareil,' third, Mr Robert Stephenson's 'Rocket,' fourth, Mr Burstall's 'Perseverance.' Mr Stephenson's engine was first ready, and entered upon the contest. It drew after it thirteen tons weight in waggons, and the maximum velocity attained during the trial trip was twenty-nine miles an hour — three times the speed that one of the judges had declared to be the limit of possibility. The average speed was fifteen miles an hour. The spectators were filled with a great astonishment; and one of the directors lifted up his hands, and exclaimed, 'Now is George Stephenson at last delivered!' The 'Sanspareil' weighed five hundredweights beyond the weight specified, and was excluded from competition. The steam-generator of the 'Novelty' burst, and ended its performance. The 'Perseverance' did not fulfil the advertised conditions; and the prize of £500 was accordingly awarded to the 'Rocket,' as the successful engine.

The public opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway took place on the 15th of September, 1830. Eight locomotives, constructed by the Messrs Stephenson, had been placed upon the line. The Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, Mr Huskisson, one of the members for Liverpool, and a large body of distinguished persons, were present; for the completion of the work was justly regarded and celebrated as a national event. The lamentable accident to Mr Huskisson, who was struck down by the 'Rocket,' and expired that same evening, cast a gloom over the day's proceedings. The 'Northumbrian' engine conveyed the wounded body a distance of fifteen miles in twenty-five minutes—a rate of speed which at the time excited much wonder and admiration. The success of the railway, in a commercial point of view, was immediate and decisive. Soon after the opening, it carried on an average about 1200 passengers a-day. Mr Stephenson, whose energy and perseverance had thus triumphed so signally over all difficulties and opposition, continued to improve the construction and develop the powers of the locomotive. The 'Planet' was an improvement upon the 'Rocket,' and

the 'Samson' was an improvement upon the 'Planet.' The number of competitors who appeared about the time, stimulated Mr Stephenson's inventive faculties, and he succeeded in sustaining the superiority of his engines.

The practicability of Railway Locomotion being now proved, other joint-stock companies speedily arose in the manufacturing districts, and George Stephenson was appointed engineer of the principal projected lines. The landowners might be horrified at the idea of 'fire-horses' snorting and puffing through their fields, causing premature births among the cattle, and frightening the poultry to death; but merchants and manufacturers did not feel disposed to sacrifice the interests of commerce to the absurd fears of timid or superannuated proprietors. The London and Birmingham Railway was the most important on which the Messrs Stephenson were soon afterwards engaged. The works were of the most formidable description; but the difficulties encountered only roused the energies of father and son. The formation of the Kilsby Tunnel—2400 yards in length, and penetrating about 160 feet below the surface—was justly regarded as a great engineering triumph. The number of bricks used, according to estimate, was sufficient to make a good footpath from London to Aberdeen a yard broad! Some idea of the magnitude of the works may be formed from the cost of construction, which amounted to five millions sterling. Practical ability of the highest kind, and energy that never flagged, were necessary to bring such works to a successful issue.

Mr Stephenson removed from Liverpool to Alton Grange, near Ashby-de-la-Zouch, in Leicestershire, in 1832. He had leased the estate of Snibston, certain that coal was to be found in the district, and he soon discovered a rich bed of that mineral. As railway projects were now springing up all over England, he was often called from home for the purpose of making surveys. A private secretary accompanied him on his journeys. He was averse himself to writing letters; but he possessed the power of labouring continuously at dictation. It is stated

that in one day he dictated thirty-seven letters, many of them embodying the results of close thinking and calculation. He could snatch his sleep while travelling in his chaise, and by break of day he would be at work again, surveying until dark. He was always fresh and energetic, when secretaries and assistants were knocked up and unfit for duty. He took an office in London during the session of 1836, and this office was for many years the busy scene of railway politics.

The importance of the Midland Railway, as opening up new coal-markets, Mr Stephenson early detected. 'The strength of Britain,' he would say, 'lies in her coal-beds; and the locomotive is destined, above all other agencies, to bring it forth. The Lord Chancellor now sits upon a bag of wool; but wool has long ceased to be emblematical of the staple commodity of England. He ought rather to sit upon a bag of coals, though it might not prove quite so comfortable a seat. Then think of the Lord Chancellor being addressed as the noble and learned lord *on the coal-sack!* I am afraid it wouldn't answer, after all.' He took a lease of the Clay Cross Colliery, in anticipation of the London demand for railway-led coal. Tapton House, near Chesterfield, thenceforwards continued his residence until the close of his life.

A keen competition of professional ability among engineers was excited by the general demand for railways which sprang up after the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester line. Jealousy, of course, also prevailed, and it was long before the regular professional men would recognise George Stephenson as *entitled* to the status of a civil engineer! He was an interloper; he was born to be a brakesman, and should have remained so; he had no right to do what he had done! The appreciation and generous admiration of genius is the last thing that can be expected of your 'regular' respectable professional men. George Stephenson could well afford to despise his detractors, so long as the country recognised his power. The desire to be original, and to excel Stephenson, became a passion with some of the new 'fast' engineers. They

proposed undulating railways, atmospheric railways, alterations of the gauge, increase of locomotive speed to one hundred miles an hour, and a variety of absurd and impracticable projects. Mr Stephenson, in opposition to the 'fast' men, defended the importance of a uniform gauge, pronounced the atmospheric system to be 'gimcrack,' and declared that the introduction of steep gradients would neutralise every improvement which he had made. The soundness of his judgment in these particulars experience has proved. He always kept in view economy, public utility, and commercial advantage, and gave no countenance to schemes that would be prejudicial to the interests of shareholders.

In 1840, George Stephenson publicly intimated his intention of retiring from the more active pursuit of his profession, and resigned the charge of several of the railways of which he was chief engineer. He longed to enjoy rest and leisure in the retirement of Tapton House—a place beautiful for situation, looking down from its wooded eminence upon the town of Chesterfield, and commanding an extensive prospect over a rich undulating country. He contemplated improvements in the garden and pleasure-grounds; but some years elapsed before he could carry them into effect. Although he had retired from the more active pursuit of his profession, he was not allowed, nor did he allow himself, to rest. He was, in 1844, appointed engineer of the Whitehaven and Maryport Railway, along with his friend and former assistant, John Dixon. He was also elected Chairman of the Yarmouth and Norwich Railway. When the Thames and the Tyne were connected by a continuous line, the event was worthily celebrated: Newcastle held holiday; and a banquet in the Assembly Rooms in the evening assumed the form of an ovation to Mr Stephenson and his son. In replying to the complimentary speech of the chairman, Mr Stephenson gave a short autobiographic sketch, part of which we have already quoted. The High Level Bridge over the Tyne at Newcastle—one of the most striking and picturesque erections to which rail-

ways have given birth—was shortly afterwards projected by George Stephenson; but he did not live to see it completed.

As early as the year 1835, Mr Stephenson and his son had been consulted by Leopold, King of the Belgians, as to the formation of the most efficient system of lines throughout his kingdom. In consideration of the great English engineer's valuable assistance, and the services which he had rendered to civilisation, he was appointed by the Belgian King a Knight of the Order of Leopold. The same honour was afterwards conferred on his distinguished son by royal ordinance. When the Sambre and Meuse Company, in 1845, obtained the concession of a line from the Belgian Legislature, Mr Stephenson proceeded to Belgium for the purpose of examining the district through which the proposed line was to pass. He went as far as the Forest of Ardennes and Rocroi, examining the bearings of the coal-fields, the slate and marble quarries, and iron mines. The engineers of Belgium invited him to a magnificent banquet at Brussels. 'The public hall, in which they entertained him, was gaily decorated with flags, prominent amongst which was the Union Jack, in honour of their distinguished guest. A handsome marble pedestal, ornamented with his bust, crowned with laurels, occupied one end of the room. The chair was occupied by M. Massui, the chief director of the National Railways of Belgium; and the most eminent scientific men of the kingdom were present. Their reception of the "father of railways" was of the most enthusiastic description. Mr Stephenson was greatly pleased with the entertainment. Not the least interesting incident of the evening was his observing, when the dinner was about half over, a model of a locomotive engine placed upon the centre table, under a triumphal arch. Turning suddenly to his friend Lopwict, he exclaimed, "Do you see the Rocket?" It was indeed the model of that celebrated engine; and Mr Stephenson prized the compliment thus paid him perhaps more than all the encomiums of the evening.' He had a private interview with King Leopold next day, at the royal palace of Laeken

near Brussels. Mr Stephenson was gentlemanly, simple, and unpretending, maintained the most perfect ease and self-possession, and described to the king the geological structure of Belgium. The 'grit barelegged laddie' is now teaching a king! In describing the coal-fields, Mr Stephenson used his hat as a sort of model to illustrate his meaning, and on leaving the palace, said to his friend, 'By the by, Lopwict, I was afraid the king would see the inside of my hat, for it's a shocking bad one!' He paid a second visit to Belgium in the course of the same year, for the purpose of examining the direction of the proposed West Flanders Railway, and had scarcely returned, before he was requested to proceed to Spain, to report upon a project then on foot for constructing the Royal North of Spain Railway. He was accompanied by Sir Joshua Walmsley, and several other gentlemen. In passing through Irun, St Sebastian, St Andrew, and Bilbao, they were met by deputations of the principal inhabitants, who were interested in the subject of their journey. Mr Stephenson was not long in forming an unfavourable opinion of the entire project, and it was consequently abandoned. From fatigue and the privations endured by him while carrying on the survey among the Spanish mountains, he became ill on the homeward journey. After a few weeks' rest at home, he gradually recovered, although his health remained shaken.

The Ambergate and Manchester line, which received the sanction of Parliament in 1848, was the last railway in the promotion of which he took any active part. He resided at Tapton House, enjoying his garden and grounds, and indulging that love of nature which remained strong within him to the last. He built new melon-houses, pineries, and vineries of great extent, and became eager to excel his neighbours in the growth of exotic plants. His grapes took the first prize at Rotherham, at a competition open to all England. Rivalry was the very life of the man, and he was never satisfied until he had excelled all competitors. He fed cattle after methods of his own, and was very particular as to breed and build in stock-breeding. Again, as

when a boy, he began to keep rabbits, and prosecuted *con amore* his old occupation of bird-nesting. From close observation, he was minutely acquainted with the habits of British birds. He read very little in-doors; his greatest pleasure was in conversation. He was fond of telling anecdotes illustrating the struggles of his early life. He would sometimes indulge his visitors in the evening by reciting the old pastoral 'Damon and Phyllis,' or singing 'John Anderson my Joe.' The humbler companions of his early life were frequently invited to his house; he assumed none of the high airs of an upstart, but treated them as his equals. He was charitable to the needy, and so bestowed his gifts that the delicacy of the fastidious was never offended.

'Young men would call upon him for advice or assistance, in commencing a professional career. When he noted their industry, prudence, and good sense, he was always ready. But, hating foppery and frippery above all things, he would reprove any tendency to this weakness which he observed in the applicants. One day a youth desirous of becoming an engineer called upon him, flourishing a gold-headed cane. Mr Stephenson said, "Put by that stick, my man, and then I will speak to you." To another extensively-decorated young man he one day said, "You will, I hope, Mr —, excuse me; I am a plain-spoken person, and am sorry to see a nice-looking and rather clever young man like you disfigured with that fine-patterned waistcoat, and all these chains and fangdangs. If I, sir, had bothered my head with such things when at your age, I would not have been where I am now."

During the later years of his life, Mr Stephenson took a deep interest in educational institutes for the working classes. He had many thousand workpeople engaged in his works at Tapton and Clay-Cross; and he established a model educational institute, beneficial alike to employers and employed.

The inventive faculty of the eminent engineer did not slumber when he retired to the seclusion of private life. In 1846 he brought out his design of a three-cylinder locomotive.

It has not come into general use, owing to the greater expense of its construction and working. In 1847 he invented a new self-acting brake. He communicated a paper on the subject, accompanied by a model, to the Institute of Mechanical Engineers at Birmingham, of which he was president.

Sir Robert Peel on more than one occasion invited Mr Stephenson to Drayton. He refused at first, from an indisposition to 'mix in fine company;' but ultimately went. 'On one occasion, an animated discussion took place between himself and Dr Buckland, on one of his favourite theories as to the formation of coal; but the result was, that Dr Buckland, a much greater master of tongue-fence than Stephenson, completely silenced him. Next morning, before breakfast, when he was walking in the grounds, deeply pondering, Sir William Follett came up, and asked what he was thinking about. "Why, Sir William, I am thinking over that argument I had with Buckland last night. I know I am right, and that; if I had only the command of words which he has, I'd have beaten him."—"Let me know all about it," said Sir William, "and I'll see what I can do for you." The two sat down in an arbour, where the astute lawyer made himself thoroughly acquainted with the points of the case, entering into it with all the zeal of an advocate about to plead the dearest interests of his client. After he had mastered the subject, Sir William rose up, rubbing his hands with glee, and said, "Now I am ready for him." Sir Robert Peel was made acquainted with the plot, and adroitly introduced the subject of the controversy after dinner. The result was, that, in the argument which followed, the man of science was overcome by the man of law, and Sir William Follett had at all points the mastery over Dr Buckland. "What do you say, Mr Stephenson?" asked Sir Robert, laughing.—"Why," said he, "I will only say this, that, of all the powers above and under the earth, there seems to me to be no power so great as the gift of the gab." On another occasion a highly original idea was struck out by Mr Stephenson in conversation with Dr Buckland. "Now, Buckland," said he, "I have a poser for you: can you tell me what

is the power that is driving that train?"—"Well," said the other, "I suppose it is one of your big engines."—"But what drives the engine?"—"Oh, very likely a canny Newcastle driver."—"What do you say to the light of the sun?"—"How can that be?"—"It is nothing else," said the engineer; "it is light bottled up in the earth for tens of thousands of years—light absorbed by plants and vegetables, being necessary for the condensation of carbon during the process of their growth, if it be not carbon in another form; and now, after being buried in the earth for long ages in fields of coal, that latent light is again brought forth and liberated, made to work, as in that locomotive, for great human purposes." Such an idea was more an immediate intuition of genius, than the result of methodical reasoning.

Sir Robert Peel made Stephenson the offer of knighthood more than once, but he steadily refused. He was not the creature of patronage, and he did not wish to shine with borrowed lustre. He gave a characteristic reply to a request that he would state what were his 'ornamental initials,' in order that they might be added to his name in the title of a work proposed to be dedicated to him: 'I have to state, that I have no flourishes to my name, either before or after; and I think it will be as well if you merely say "George Stephenson." It is true that I am a Belgian knight; but I do not wish to have any use made of it. I have had the honour of knighthood of my own country made to me several times, but would not have it. I have been invited to become a Fellow of the Royal Society, and also of the Civil Engineer's Society, but objected to the empty addition to my name. I am a member of the Geological Society, and I have consented to become president of, I believe, a highly-respectable Mechanic's Institution at Birmingham.' He wished to join the Civil Engineer's Institute; but the council would not waive the condition that he should compose a probationary essay in proof of his capacity as an engineer! Mr Stephenson would not stoop to enter, and turned his back upon the institute.

In July, 1848, though suffering from

nervous affection, he attended a meeting of the Birmingham Institute, and read a paper to the members 'On the Fallacies of the Rotary Engine.' It was his last appearance in public. A sudden effusion of blood from the lungs, which followed an attack of intermittent fever, carried him off, on the 12th of August, 1848, in the sixty-seventh year of his age. The death-pallor lay upon that countenance, once so ruddy and glowing with health; the keen grey eye looked no longer upon the common light of day; the brain within that massive forehead throbbed no more. A large body of his workpeople, by whom he was as much beloved as admired, followed his remains to the grave. He was interred in Trinity Church, Chesterfield, where a simple tablet marks his resting-place. A chaste and elegant statue of the great engineer, produced by Mr Gibson of Rome, was placed in the magnificent St George's Hall, Liverpool. To him, more than any other man of this century, the commercial metropolis of England owed a debt of gratitude and a tribute of respect.

Such is a rapid review of the leading events in the life of George Stephenson—a life pregnant with valuable lessons and large results. He had a work to do in this world, and he performed his duty; he fulfilled his mission with manliness, with energy, and with success. It is impossible as yet correctly to estimate the greatness of the impulse he has given to civilisation, or to weigh in the balance the mighty advantages, commercial, social, and political, which he has conferred upon mankind. Future generations will be better able to form a judgment and give a decision, when the system he originated has been longer in existence, and has attained a fuller development. Great was the work he wrought, but still greater was the workman. We cannot but wonder that one born in circumstances so humble, and labouring long under so many disadvantages, should have been able to exemplify, more perhaps than any other man, the mastery of mind over matter. He was enabled, through sheer force of intellect and never-failing determination, to make all difficulties and every apparent dis-

advantage work together for good both to himself and to the world. Under the stern discipline of poverty and necessity, he early grew strong in self-reliance. He had the desire to learn, the desire to advance, and that desire was accompanied by the resolute will which commands success. He never thought of failure; he never dreamed of impossibilities; he fixed the whole strength of his mind upon the end to be gained, and the means to be applied. By patient, unwearied, self-reliant industry, he rose from obscurity to world-wide renown, and emphatically proved, throughout the whole course of his laborious life, that perseverance is power. By word as by example, he strove on every available occasion to enforce this important truth. On one of his last public appearances, he told the mechanics of Leeds that 'he stood before them but as a humble mechanic. He had risen from a lower standing than the meanest person there; and all that he had been enabled to accomplish in the course of his life had been done through perseverance. He said this for the purpose of encouraging youthful mechanics to do as he had

done—to persevere.' It is remarkable that, although Stephenson was originally endowed with a strong mind, an inquiring spirit, and great constructive skill, he attributed to perseverance all his success. Any man, he considered, might have done what he did by simple tenacity of purpose, and the resolution to be undaunted by difficulties. He never plumed himself upon the possession of superior powers, nor was there any affectation in describing himself as a humble mechanic, when he was universally recognised as the greatest engineer of the day. He had all the manly modesty, the unpretending, unconscious greatness, which ever characterise true genius. Social elevation did not destroy his natural humility. Popular applause he estimated at its true value. His personal worth imparted new dignity to his mechanical eminence; his heart was as sound as his head; he was as much beloved as he was admired. George Stephenson was, in fine, a genuine Englishman, frank, fearless, heroic, vigorous in thought and energetic in action. He has left behind him a memorable name, and his works will ever be his noblest monument.

'LIFE AND CONDUCT' IN A GERMAN NOVEL*

THE gift of easy writing, which is easy reading, is certainly possessed in no small degree by Mr Hackländer. Every now and then, the public is taken by surprise by some new work from his fluent pen. Before the last novel has become stale, its successor is claiming its share of attention and popularity; and whatever qualities Mr Hackländer's books may possess, they are essentially readable; once begun, no one readily lays down a volume of his unfinished.

We propose noticing from time to time some of his works, without binding ourselves to the exact order in which they appeared. We feel that their extreme popularity on the Continent gives them a claim to notice here. Though they are not written in very

elegant German, nor in a very careful or classic style, but rather the reverse, they must have a special merit of their own, to have attained the widespread circulation which they have done. A good-hearted cheerfulness, a spirit of wild adventure, a careless, happy, life-enjoying nature, with great indulgence for human weaknesses, runs through them all, and makes them especially acceptable, though sometimes somewhat dangerous, to the young. Charity towards our neighbour is Mr Hackländer's only standard of morals—a maxim which, if united with severity towards one's self, would be perhaps all that is to be desired in a novelist; but in this case it runs a good deal into the fault of confusing right and wrong; at least so it seems to us.

'Handel und Wandel.' Von F. W. HACKLÄNDER.

We believe that 'Europäisches

Slavenleben' ('Slave Life in Europe') has been lately translated into English, and may therefore possibly attain a share of that popularity in England which it has won in Germany. It is a book suggested by 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' and written to prove that, while public sympathy is lavished on the oppressed abroad, we have, in the centre of civilised Europe, and reaching through all classes of society, a slavery and oppression more galling than Egyptian bondage; an amount of suffering and misery, beside which the hardships of the well-fed negro, beast of burden as he may be, sink into nothing. Mr Hackländer's object certainly is, to awaken a spirit of compassion and generosity towards the outcasts of society; to show how much good may co-exist with evil and degradation; and so to encourage those who have kept themselves unsoiled by the evil, to hold out a helping hand to those who are in the Slough of Despond. The object is a good one; but we doubt whether the author is justified in introducing his readers to scenes and characters which we hope and believe are exaggerated; and which, if true, are especially unfitted for the perusal of the young. The various threads of the story are hung together with the fantastic history of the hero—a sort of half robber, half knight, 'the gibbet and the field alike prepared to grace;' who, after a number of wonderful adventures, closes the tale with the Roman virtue of suicide. The book is written with great power, and abounds in tender and pathetic passages, and noble traits of character; but it also discloses scenes from which we turn with a shudder; and the propriety of publishing which we wholly question. We therefore prefer selecting for remark some other of Mr Hackländer's many works, where we can more entirely sympathise with his feeling, and where his peculiar power of picture-painting offers an attractive illustration of the manners and customs of his native country.

Mr Hackländer's popularity was founded by his 'Sketches of Camp Life,' which at some future time we may notice, and which his personal experience in the Prussian army enabled him to draw with masterly truth.

Since the publication of 'Soldaten Leben,' books of travel, novels, plays, have followed each other in rapid succession. His last book, 'Der Augenblick des Glücks' ('The Lucky Moment'), is dedicated to the Empress of Austria, to whose service he is now, we believe, attached: at present we take up 'Handel und Wandel,' one of his earlier works, which attained great popularity in Germany.

It is difficult to render the German words 'Handel und Wandel' into any corresponding term in English: Handel meaning not only trade, but also action; Wandel not only one's general conduct and walk in life, but indicating in a certain sense the wandering life of the German bursche. The words conjointly signify often merely business in general. We have nothing analogous in English, and therefore take the liberty of translating it freely 'Life and Conduct.' The scene of the story is laid in humble life, where Mr Hackländer chiefly excels. The hero is an orphan boy, who tells his own story, and in a natural and simple way describes his humble home, his good old grandmother and aunts—their privations and little luxuries, their labours, and the gossip which lightened these labours; all is given with a naïveté and feeling of truth which makes the uninteresting people interesting.

The boy begins his story with regret that he did not live in days when a friendly phrenologist could have decided his destiny by the form of his head; for, as he says, work he must, that he knew; but for what sort of work he was best adapted, that he knew not.

"Thank God, my child," said the grandmother, "your choice is not difficult, for from the total lack of that thing called money, there is no situation open to you but a shop. Truly," she added, "I had rather seen my grandchild in a pulpit, than behind a counter; but the will of the Lord be done! And among trades there are many for you to choose." So I was left to decide what I was most inclined to do, and found truly no inclination for anything. When I saw a painter, I always felt sure that I could cut a figure as an artist. If I met a student on the street, with

his short velvet jacket, white cap, and long, many-coloured pipe, I felt convinced that, of all things in the world, I would like to be a student, and have such a pipe. I felt the same once or twice, when I had been in the law-courts, and heard the people pleading: it seemed so easy to say all that. My feelings were excited still more every Sunday, when I saw the officers change guard, or at parade, looking so grand in their gay uniforms. But, as to trade, it had absolutely no hold over my imagination; sitting behind a desk appeared anything but agreeable, and as to standing behind a counter, that appeared wholly intolerable. The only form of trade which presented itself favourably to my infant mind was commerce with foreign lands; and I sometimes fancied myself on a crowded quay, ledger in hand, taking the bills of lading of vessels just arrived from distant shores, while the sailors crowding round told me strange tales of Hottentots and of savage life.

Choose, however, he must; and the grandmother gives him a history of every possible trade, with its advantages and disadvantages; and his good old friend the Schmiedin weeps over her favourite's destiny, and bewails his not being brought up a pastor, for which he had shown an especial vocation at a very tender age, having been found frequently, with her black apron on as a gown, mounted on a chair, and haranguing the other children. However, his talent had to be nipped in the bud, and, after much discussion, he decides on being a grocer, that trade smacking somewhat of the home-bound vessels from the land of spice. An advertisement is written, to see who will have a boy, on the cheapest terms; and after many amusing answers, one is found which suits, and the poor child is packed off by himself, one day at noon, to enter all alone on the duties of his new career; without any one to help him across the formidable threshold of Mr Reismehl's shop, which stood, an object of mysterious awe, within a few doors of his old school-house.

'I had a heavy heart as I stood between the two houses; each step I took towards my new dwelling, I felt myself powerfully drawn back by the

murmuring noise of the well-known voices. It was the singing hour, and I stood and listened, and saw each boy rise from his bench, and take the little song-book, and then they all burst out into the well-known song, in which I had so often joined—

"The winter has come,
With its snow and its storm."

A feeling of anguish overcame me, and I wept, like my friend the Schmiedin. There I stood between the two houses, a poor forlorn child; here the school, with its beloved playground, there the new life, which appeared to me so gloomy and so sad. . . . I had a thousand minds to turn and run home to my grandmother, and say to her that go I would not; when suddenly the song ceased, and I heard the voice of the teacher enjoining them to go quietly and orderly home. The books were shut, the slates rattled, and I, ashamed at the notion of being caught crying by my old companions, plucked up heart, and hurried as fast as possible into the shop.

Our little friend stood for some time quite unobserved in the busy shop, and had time to look round at the stores of almonds and raisins, and dried plums, and dainties, so enticing to a childish taste, but which now appeared to him utterly disgusting. With a choking feeling at his throat, he thought a day would at last come when he would leave this place, and turn towards his longed-for seaport, with its masts, and its sailors, and its cargoes from strange lands. At last the principal himself appeared from his desk, and raising his spectacles, gazed at the little fellow, and said—

"So, my young friend, it is you, is it? I am glad you have come to-day; still, I see that your good grandmother, worthy woman, has forgotten to tell you at what hour to come. I requested the Frau Pastorin to send you here at twelve o'clock. It is now, however, by my watch"—and here he pulled out a huge watch, with a heavy steel chain—"it is now five minutes past twelve—five minutes! hum! hum!"

With this dry reception the boy is introduced to his new duties. Besides the taciturn master of the house, the principal, as he was called, the Reismehl family consisted of a loquacious

elderly sister, and Philip, a long, lanky, lugubrious apprentice, who, for the sake of cake and pudding, or rather cake and coffee, was Miss Barbara's devoted slave; and last, but not least, a pug-dog called Fanny, a personage of great importance in the family. Our young hero is for ever getting into scrapes with Fanny, and is no favourite with Miss Barbara—Philip is always attending to her; and for many a weary day and week he goes on weighing out coffee and sugar, and making little paper-bags out of old copy-books and paper, which is thus made to do double service. It is a very characteristic trait of the thrifty Germans, that, to this day, it is a common thing to have one's rice and sugar sent home from the wealthiest grocers in Berlin or Dresden, made up by the pound, in little bags, carefully made of old manuscripts, covered with their curious characters, which, to unpractised English eyes, betray no secrets. Life in the Reismehls' house was monotonous and dreary in the extreme. Philip tried to better his condition by paying his addresses to Barbara; and our poor hero would have had a very dull time indeed, but for the neighbourhood of a certain Dr Burbus, who inhabited the next garret. Mr Hackländer has a great affection for *mauvais sujets*; and this dirty, disorderly, half-educated medical student is evidently a great favourite of his. Burbus tempts the boy to put a plank from one garret-window to the other, across the corner, and then ride over upon it into his garret, which, miserable and squalid as it was, hung round with rude drawings, and with skulls and bones, often echoed with boisterous mirth, and was a scene of dangerous attraction for such a lad. With a sort of good-nature, not rare in such people, Burbus warns the boy against himself, and after having helped him to earn a headache, and got him into disgrace with his master, he tells him something of his own history, and how idle, and ignorant, and good-for-nothing he is, and unhappy withal; and bids him try to get into another shop, and labour hard at any decent trade, and count himself happy that, though an orphan, he has his old grandmother to care for him, or even the old Schmiedin. Above all, he enjoins

him to avoid carefully the acquaintance of such people as himself. "'Believe me, there is no such bad companion for a boy as an old ne'er-doweel like myself. If they had only understood me when I was a boy," he said—"instead of which, nothing would satisfy my poor mother but that her son should be a learned man—I might have remained with my father in the old mill, which had been ours, from father to son, for ever so long. I would have learned my noble trade well, and led a merry life in my dusty coat. But that is all passed and gone. My father is dead, my mother is dead, before she had the satisfaction of seeing her wise son's learning. The mill has passed into other hands; and I—there is not in the whole world a more miserable, forlorn vagabond than I am."

Our hero, with no small skill, contrived to make his grandmother and aunts believe that the old grocer was too hard on him, and that they must look for some other situation for him; but the separation with the Reismehl family was not destined to take place so peacefully, or by any means as an arrangement by mutual consent. A frolic of the doctor's, whose brief repentance had evaporated, brought all to a crisis. Returning home late one night after a merry party, with a set of wild companions whose freaks were worthy of that class of juvenile John Bulls whose happiness it is to pull off knockers and bell-handles, it chanced that, as they passed the Reismehls' door, the favourite Fanny was shut out in the snow. The tipsy young men pounced upon the poor pug, and declared their intention of hanging her. Our hero arrived just in time to save her life, and have the punishment commuted. It struck the young men as a bright thought, to extinguish the light, and place the dog in the glass lantern, which was swung from one side of the street to the other. There the poor creature swayed about in the wind, its dismal cries awakening its mistress and the neighbourhood, while no one could perceive from whence they came. Meantime, the apprentice hurries up the doctor's stair, in hope of getting from his garret to his own by the perilous bridge; but, just as he is astride on the plank, between

heaven and earth, clear against the sky, in the full moonshine, Miss Barbara looks up from a lower window, and seeing this demoniac vision in the air, screams with fright. The poor boy only gets into his room in time to receive a sound beating from his enraged master, who gives him credit for all Fanny's sufferings, and packs him out of the house at once. He is ashamed to go home in disgrace, after having given such a good account of his conduct to his grandmother, and so he wanders and wanders about the town in the snow, and finally is found in the early morning by a lady and her child, half-frozen, under the image of the Virgin in a church. His last feeling of consciousness is a vague wonder if it is really the Blessed Virgin and Child who are speaking to him, and then all is dark; it is the beginning of a fever.

A long illness follows, in which he is not deserted by the good-natured Burbus. As soon as he can get clear of the police, he comes to see him, and gives him the benefit of his medical skill, by preventing the Schmiedin from dosing him. There is an end of the Reismehl connection. The boy is sent to visit a cousin, a miller in the country, to recruit his health; and the doctor, who has determined to lead a new life, accompanies him. Here we have a picture of rural scenery, given with great freshness. Their journey was made on foot to the old mill, and they travel two days through fresh fields, whose purifying influences are felt by them both. Towards the evening of the second day, they come in sight of an old wayside cross, well remembered by them both, and erected in memory of a mysterious murder—a spot shunned by all the neighbouring peasants at dusk. Here they rest:—

The wooded plane lay before us, purple and gold with the setting sun; the trees beside the cross threw long shadows behind them, and their stems, gilded with the sun's rays on one side, lay on the other in deep shade. The path before us to Konigsbronner mill was soon lost under a narrow archway of trees, and seemed, as far as we could see, to terminate among the shadows of night. Up from the valley below us rose the thin blue vapours

of evening mist, rising as high as the tall trees; and the crests of the fir-trees, glorious with the sunshine, seemed like golden islands in a blue waving sea.

"Don't you hear the murmur of water?" I asked; but the doctor did not answer me. We soon entered the shady path, and ere long we saw lights at the bottom of the valley, and became aware of the monotonous sound of a mill-wheel, and the rippling and gurgling of water. Presently, we saw the dark outline of the well-known dwelling, the mill, and the public-house. On the right hand were the stables, and I was surprised to see quite a crowd of people with lights; I also thought I recognised two figures. We came nearer, and saw distinctly a group of country people, with lights gleaming through the darkness. There stood my tall, robust cousin, holding in his hand the bridle of a farm horse, which, with its head hanging down, seemed as if ready to fall over: near the beast was a heap of straw, probably put to save its fall. Cousin Caspar and Elizabeth stroked the beast's neck, and Franz looked out of the window, with his white cap on his head. As we approached, we caught a few words of the conversation.

"The beast has heated itself," said Elizabeth, "and eaten too much clover."

Cousin Caspar's idea was, it was something wrong in the blood.

"The best thing to do," cried Franz from the window, "is to put a thick blanket over him, and trot him well about till he is in a great heat."

"Bah!" said Caspar, "if the beast has a colic from over-eating himself on clover, he may like a little peace and quiet."

The old miller stroked the beast's neck, and asked, "When did the boy go to the smithy for the horse-doctor?"

"What do you think, father?" said Elizabeth; "shall we trot him up and down?"

"When a man has a pain in his stomach," said the miller, "he likes quiet, so will a poor beast probably; and as none of us understand medicine, my notion is, take him quietly to the stable till the horse-doctor comes."

Here we both stepped forward, and in a moment were recognised.

"Donner wetter!" cried Caspar, "it is you is it? I am right glad you are come."

'And Elizabeth held out her hands, and said, "How the little fellow has grown!"

"The old miller flung the bridle to a servant, and put his hand on my head, and said, "It has fared badly with thee in the town, my boy: thou'll look a little better when thou has been here a while."

'Franz welcomed me from the window, and went to call his mother and Sibylla.

'I had forgotten the doctor during all this cousinly greeting; he was meanwhile examining the horse: but it was time now to introduce him.

"Is that the doctor our grand-aunt wrote about?" said Caspar; and Elizabeth added, "Do you know, father, he is the son of Miller Burbus?"

'The old man's countenance, however, was not so friendly when the doctor was named, as when he received me.'

The doctor, however, cures the horse, and gains the old man's heart by his skill in various country avocations, and by the hearty zeal with which he enters upon daily labour. He is up early and down late, overseeing the workmen in the forest, and making himself useful in a thousand ways. The boy keeps the miller's accounts, and learns gardening from Sibylla, who is very little his senior; or goes on predatory excursions with Caspar, who was a great poacher, and often, hours before dawn, these two were out on wild and somewhat dangerous excursions—sometimes snaring unlucky hares; sometimes otter-hunting the whole night through.

It is the custom in Germany, especially in the rural districts, to celebrate the anniversary of the day on which the church has been consecrated. These festivals are called Kirchweih, and are held in Protestant as well as Catholic communities, though the manner of celebration is somewhat different. In both communities the day begins with prayer and church services; and in both it ends in eating and drinking, dancing and festivities, often prolonged to the next day, and carried even to very reprehensible excess. These feasts are always held on Sunday, and are the

subject of great rejoicing; the happy villagers pouring out from all the neighbouring villages to enjoy the day. We extract Mr Hackländer's own description of one of these fêtes, a sort of rural Comachio's feast. The villages lie generally about two hours' walk distant from each other; and each of the wealthy peasants, as in the old Homeric times, has in each village a friend, whom he invades with wife and children, with workmen and maidens, with horses and luggage. There they have their mid-day meal, and a great deal is eaten, and a great deal is drunk; dancing goes on till late in the evening. At night the whole party return as they came, unless any stray sheep of a miller's boy or maiden cannot be found at the hour of starting.

It was a splendid spring morning when we made our first party that year. Cousin Christopher and the doctor were the only ones among us who were no great church-goers; the latter made his rounds early among the cattle, to see that all was in order. At eleven o'clock all was ready. The doctor had yoked four of the best horses to a sort of large open cart, on which cross-benches were laid, and straw and sacks arranged, for the comfort of the company; green boughs, too, were stuck all round it, both as an ornament and as a protection from the sun. The doctor sat on the first cross-bench, and drove. He looked quite grand. From early practice at many a sledge party, he had acquired great dexterity in cracking a whip, and to-day was armed with one of enormous length. Beside the waggon, in respectful waiting, stood the farm servants, the miller's man, the dairymaid, the herd, &c., all in their Sunday's best.

'Then came Franz, and Caspar and his wife, and took their places. Then Elizabeth, and the mother, and Sibylla; and the doctor's beaming merry face became quite grave as the two last entered. I could not understand how it was that, when Sibylla and I scrambled to the front seat beside him, he wished to give the reins to Caspar, who laughingly refused them. Now all was ready, "Forwards!" cried Baas; the doctor gave a prodigious crack with his whip, and off they set at a gallop.

'Near the mill, we left the public road, and turned into the dewy meadows, which were all hung over with glittering cobwebs. The wheels cut into the rich grass, and left a trace, like two long winding serpents, seeming for ever to follow in our wake. Butterflies flew round and round us, and far up in the sky the unseen larks gave us a morning concert.

At one o'clock we reached the scene of the festivities. It was a large farmhouse, and at the door stood our host and friend, and welcomed us. He had a white cap on his head, and wore knee-breeches, long stockings, and large shoe-buckles. His white shirt-sleeves appeared from under his long brown waistcoat; for he wore no coat. The goodwife stood behind, with her apron tucked up, ready also with her hearty welcome.

'There was an enormous fire on the hearth, and a savoury odour of food filled the air, proceeding from a caldron of soup, a huge ham, &c., besides great dishes full of stewed peas and beans, and great mountains of mealy-white potatoes.

'All comers were made equally welcome: the men went to look at the cattle, Elizabeth accompanied them; the hostess took Caspar's wife and the elder women into her best parlour. Sibylla slipped away with Anna Maria, the youngest daughter of our host. The servants ran to help their compeers at the great work of preparation: and I went to the stable with Burbus.

'The table was spread in the garden. It consisted of four posts driven into the ground, with planks stretched across them, and surmounted by a shining white tablecloth. The good-man of the house said a long grace, and all fell to the good fare indiscriminately, master and servant. When I even think of that dinner, an inward feeling of satisfaction recurs. What an appetite we had! How good the country fare was! and how doubly good, eaten under the blue vault of heaven, with all the birds of the wood singing chorus to us. There was no great polish in the company certainly, no ceremony; there we sat in our shirt-sleeves, and enjoyed ourselves.

'Dinner being over, every one did what he liked, till it was time for coffee.

The elders talked about the breeds of cattle, the potato-disease, and such-like; the youngsters strolled round the garden. The doctor and I took our hats, and crossed the farm-yard, and then a little bridge over a little mountain stream; and so took our way up into the wood. We followed the course of the little stream in silence: enjoyment was too great for speech. Here the brook seemed to sleep in a quiet transparent pool—there it broke into a waterfall. It was very warm, and when we came to a sheltered mossy corner, the doctor proposed our taking a moment's sleep; and so we laid ourselves amongst the grass, and very soon were oblivious to all around us.

'After about, perhaps, half-an-hour, the sun streaming in through the bushes awoke me; my friend, however, still slumbered in the shade. From behind a little thicket near I heard laughing and singing. It was Sibylla's voice. She began the ballad—

"There in a shady valley,
There the mill-wheel goes."

First she sang soft and low, as if afraid of her companion, then her voice rose high and clear, and echoed through the wood; one could hear that it came from her heart. The doctor still lay sleeping amongst the grass; but he appeared to have pleasant dreams, for he smiled, and drew his lips together, as if he was drinking nectar. The maidens, when the song was done, began to laugh and talk. "Sibylla," said Anna Maria, "do you know the neighbours say that the doctor—what is his name?—saw you long ago in the town, and has come here for your sake?"

"Why not?" said the other, laughing; "but what would he want with me?"

"Ho! ho!" said Anna; "just what the story-books say. He wishes first to know you, and then to marry you."

'I looked anxiously at the doctor, and could not feel quite sure if he slept or not. He lay still in the shadow; but the sun's rays just began to gild the tip of his nose. Anna Maria went on:

"He has an absurd name. What is it exactly?"

"His name," said Sibylla—"his name is Dr Burbus."

* * * * *

"If I am to be your bridesmaid," added Anna, "he must cut off that ugly beard; it is too hideous. Why do you not order him to take it off at once?"

"Anna! Anna!" said Sibylla; "pray make an end of this folly. What is the doctor or his beard to me? Indeed, I believe," she added, demurely, "he is an admirer of my sister Elizabeth;" a remark which was received with screams of laughter.

Whether the doctor heard or not, the ladies did not discover him, and they had a glorious night's dancing, and a merry drive home 'by the pale moonlight.'

After that evening, the doctor looked much graver, and kept mostly at work in the forest, and little at home. He shunned every one, especially our hero and Sibylla. Shadows of his former life seemed to haunt him; and he burst out with bitterness to the miller's wife one day, when she thanked him for his zeal in their service. He had only done the hand-labour, the bodily work, the stupidest day-labourer could have performed; and that he ought to go from their happy family—he, an unhappy man, who belonged to no one. His resolution to go was taken; but the separation was bitter.

'One night, about ten o'clock, Sibylla and I were leaning out of the window together; the others had gone to bed, and we lingered a moment. I leaned against her. Moths were flying about, glow-worms glittering in the grass. As I stood there, and leaned, there came a sort of air of frost—it might have been the mist rising from the mill-dam—and I shivered. Sibylla noticed it, and raised the warm shawl she wore round her, and drew me under its cover. It was like the days when we played together, long, long ago. I felt the maiden's heart beating; but I still felt the frosty air.

Suddenly we heard a noise, as of some one hammering, but like the sound of wood against wood; and we perceived the doctor hard at work at the mill-slalice. He looked up from time to time, and I cried out, "Good-evening!" He did not appear to have heard me; but he must have done so, for when Sibylla repeated, in a much lower tone, "Good-evening, Herr Burbus!" he jumped over the mill-stream, and came under the window.

"What are you doing there?" asked Sibylla.

"I could not sleep," he answered, "so went to walk by the mill-lead, and saw a post loose near the sluice. By to-morrow morning, the water might have run out."

"I knew not why, but the doctor looked that evening as grim and as melancholy as on that rainy November morning when I awoke in that little room of his next the Reismehls' house, and he made that never-to-be-forgotten coffee.

"It is a fine night, dear doctor," said I.

"Hum!—perhaps—yes; as people take it," he answered. "I have the blue-devils, I suppose; but somehow I am always moody and sad when I am alone in a fine summer night. You are never melancholy," he added, with a sneer.

Sibylla answered for me: "No; mercifully not. In childhood, people have no reason to be sad."

"In childhood!" said the doctor, with a laugh; "he is a well-grown child."

"Yes; but still my child," said Sibylla, and kissed my forehead. "Is it not so, cousin? And look, doctor," she added, with great simplicity, and showing her shawl, "I have wrapped him carefully up for fear of the cold."

"Well, he is a happy child," replied the doctor. "If I took cold, no creature would say a word."

"There is the old story," answered Sibylla. "And my mother was quite right when she told you that it is very wrong of you to say, or to think, that no one takes an interest in you, when we all take a great interest in you."

"Is that true?" cried the doctor, joyfully; "is that really true? Give me your hand on it!"

"How can I shake hands out of the window?" said she, smiling.

"But he entreated, over and over again, "Do, oh do give me your hand!"

"Now, do shake hands with him, Sibylla," said I.

"And she slowly drew her arm out of her warm shawl, and stretched it down to the doctor. I still remember the scene very plainly—how the doctor seized her hand, and kissed it; and, as far as I can recollect, a very

pretty little white hand it was, and a little bit of her plump white arm was also visible. When he had kissed the hand, there was a dimple on the arm he must kiss also; and he managed to reach it. And then, in a low and joyful voice, he murmured words of thanks. I also was once more in favour with him.

"Dear ex-apprentice," he said, "come; we must take a long ramble in the woods together to-night. In truth, how beautiful the world is!"

Next morning the doctor vanished. He left a letter to say farewell, and set out, a reformed man, to lead a new life, to begin a new career, and to labour to make for himself a home, where he could ask Sibylla to accompany him. A letter from his guardian also summons the ex-apprentice away from rural bliss, to new scenes of labour and of busy life. Farewell to the pastoral life and the mill idyl! Once more he must go out into the world. Before proceeding any further in his history, we may as well anticipate a little, and tell that, after a year's probation, Dr Burbus claimed the hand of the fair Sibylla, and settled down as a regular practitioner and useful member of society in the manufacturing town of E—. He no longer plays a prominent part in the story; but we meet him frequently in the second volume—the latter part of his life as wise and orderly as the commencement had been the reverse; and always ready kind-heartedly to help others through their difficulties. In this little notice we shall hardly meet him again.

Our hero left the mill with a heavy heart and tearful eyes. He lacked, also, the jovial friend whose company had given a relish to his former journey. Once more he made the journey on foot: and as he passed along the dewy valley, on to the dusty high road, he made a mental resolution, to return, if spared, and end his days in this quiet retreat. In the town of E— our hero's position is much improved. He becomes apprentice in the firm of Stieglitz & Co., silk manufacturers, and wholesale and retail dealers in that article.

The description of the busy town of E—, and the manner in which trade is carried on there, is national

and interesting; but we must content ourselves with few extracts. The home-picture of the Stieglitz family is drawn with much feeling. The principal is a man of great refinement for his class; one who has travelled much, and still longs for sunny Italy; but he is partially out of his mind, and at times subject to fits of violence. His wife adores him; the object of her life is to hide his peculiarities from remark. A stern, upright, religious woman, she rules the house with a strong and frugal hand. She is much under the influence of the head-clerk, who is a perfect villain and hypocrite, which is perhaps the only vice for which Mr Hackländer has absolutely no toleration. Under the mask of religion, Herr Specht is capable of every sort of wickedness; and, in order to paint his character in the blackest colours, Mr Hackländer has permitted himself to touch on sacred subjects, in a manner we cannot too highly condemn, and has brought forward scenes for which we can find no excuse. We give him credit for the best possible intentions, but think he is mistaken in the manner in which he carries them out. The half-crazy principal, his mind struggling between light and darkness, is the only one who seems aware, by a sort of intuition, what sort of a person his clerk is; but his expressions of dislike are unheeded by his wife, who cannot think ill of such a regular church-goer and religious man as Specht.

In E— we meet again the lady and child who, a few years before, had rescued the half-frozen boy in the church in his native town, when he had looked upon them as a holy vision. They are little less to him now, for they turn out to be relations; and with Emma, and her father and mother, he spends his golden half-holidays, the Sunday afternoons, when, after having been catechised by Madame Stieglitz, and repeated the sermon, he escapes from the gloomy town to the little garden-house in the suburbs, and the happy family circle. Our hero works hard, and gains the favour of his kind-hearted, harsh-mannered mistress; but, were it not for his growing love for Emma, he would have loathed the shop. For her sake, he strives for a competence; but he had no soul for 'measuring out

tape, and bartering for Whitechapel needles; and when he packed up goods for foreign export, he wished that he could pack himself up with them, and envied even the sailor boy who was to convey them to a distant shore. Such was the hold which the unseen had over his imagination. Before following out the story, we wish to give one extract, which reminds us of something we have heard of in our own country, and which Mr Hackländer says is a custom now almost, if not wholly, exploded in Germany. The scene is laid in the wareroom of one of the silk manufacturers in E——, where it was customary to pay the workmen one-third of their wages in money, and two-thirds in goods; a practice which may have begun in the wish to let the workmen purchase the necessities of life cheaper and better than at the common shops, but which, in this case, degenerated into cheating them into the purchase of bad articles, and defrauding them of part of their wages.

Herr Pfeffer presided in the ware-room over the weighing of the goods and examination of the weavers' work. His sister, Fraulein Pfeffer, with the spirit of "Sally Brass," ruled over the storeroom or shop, where she gave scrimp measure of damp sugar or bad coffee to the poor workpeople, who had no option as to taking it in lieu of wages. A sort of tube communicated with the two rooms, through which the brother and sister held conversation.

'It was eight o'clock in the morning when the ware-room was opened, before the door of which a number of weavers stood, ready to receive orders. Some of these lived in the town, but others had had some hours' walk from the country, in order to be in time that morning. The principal of the house I am describing, a little fat man, with a red face, and spectacles on his nose, came at that moment out of his room. The rough manner in which he said "Good-morning!" and flung down his book, showed the clerks and apprentices that their chief was in the worst possible temper, and that they must be careful. He turned over some pages, squinting all the while at his people, and the first storm began.

"Herr Block," he said to an ap-

prentice, "have you no power to control your tiresome childishness? and is it any part of your duty to make the scales go up and down in that way? And you, Herr Braun, let in the people."

'Herr Braun was an old clerk, much older than his master, with a long shrivelled face, a hook nose, and eyes like a hawk—it was, in fact, the face of a bird; for he had almost no chin, and when he ate, it seemed as if he put his food into his beak. He was in the act of enjoying a stolen pinch of snuff when his master's voice startled him.

* * * * *

'Another weaver entered, a little man, with an agreeable, but very sad, countenance. He had a large roll of silk to deliver; and the principal, who received him more civilly than he had done the others, went up to the table to examine it with Herr Braun.

"Done already," squeaked the latter. "You are very industrious, Meister Haase."

"I have worked for many nights," said the weaver, with a sigh. "My wife is still very ill; and as I had to sit and watch, I have woven also."

"I don't like that," said the principal, who along with the sharp-eyed Herr Braun was examining the silk, ell by ell, with the greatest eagerness. "I don't like that; it makes bad work, and spoils the goods. See, here is the beginning of your night-work," pointing to a small knot discovered by Herr Braun. "Yes, yes; there is the beginning of your night-work," he repeated; "and very bad work it is."

"Bad work!" said the weaver; "I have never —"

"See, see!" cried Herr Braun, "a spot, in Heaven's name—positively a spot of oil!"

"Positively a spot of oil!" repeated the principal. "We must make heavy deductions."

"Deductions, Herr Pfeffer?" said the weaver, anxiously; "that cannot be your real meaning. Have you ever found me in a fault? I saw the spot, and I know that it will come out perfectly; that spot happened the night before last, Herr Pfeffer. What a night—what a dreadful night it was! My wife was in her sick bed; I thought every moment she would die; I had

constantly to leave my loom, and go to her: to leave my work, to give her a drink, or turn her in her bed."

"One can perceive these interruptions very well by your work," said the principal, coldly.

"Also," proceeded the weaver, with forced calmness, "my child is ill; it could not sleep, and it upset the lamp beside the loom, hence this spot; for which I must implore your forbearance, I am so hard pressed for money."

"I am sorry," said the principal, returning to his ledger. "Make a note of the necessary deductions, Herr Braun. Meister Haase is to receive eight thalers and six groschen (24s. 7d.), from which deduct—let me see—two thalers and six groschen, for bad work. That leaves six thalers, two-thirds of which goes to his account in the store-room, so he gets two thalers ready money."

'During this calculation, the weaver's face took an expression of despair, and his kindly countenance looked almost threatening.

"Herr Pfeffer," he said, "so you will have no compassion upon me. I have served you long and well, and for this spot, which is a mere trifle, and which Heaven knows I could not help, you are making this deduction in my hour of need. Well, let it be so: I will not go to a court of justice, but pay me the six thalers ready money. God knows, I want none of your wares; what I want to buy for my sick wife, alas! you have not got to sell."

'The principal raised his spectacles, and said, coldly, "What is settled, is settled—two-thirds goods, one-third money. Here are the two thalers; an industrious man like you will soon make up the loss. Herr Braun, mark down for Meister Haase the rose-coloured woof there; and you, Herr Block, bring the white warp which belongs to it, No. 4."

'The weaver struggled to master his passion, and after a pause, said, calmly, "Take no trouble about the rose-coloured silk, Herr Pfeffer; close my account, or pay me my six thalers. I work no more for you."

'The principal looked amazed. Herr Braun wished to interpose.

"Spare your words," said Haase;

"men are not to be treated so. The time will come when no respectable weaver will come near your ware-room."

'The principal hesitated a moment whether or not to part with his best workman for so small a matter, when a warning word came from the next room, through the tube:—"Let the fellow go; he gets better pay than any one else, and he is always turning up his nose at my goods. He had the impudence to say I gave him light weight, and that my sugar was damp—the rascal." His sister's word decided it. The weaver was obliged to leave three of his six thalers in pledge, until he should return the wooden spools which belonged to the master, and which were worth about ten groschen. Then with a suppressed imprecation he left the room.

Such scenes followed one after another, and before we leave them we must take one look at the worthy sister of the principal who presided over the storeroom or shop.

'This worthy lady wore an old, crumpled, dark-yellow silk dress, and indulged in two large bunches of false curls, surmounted by a large blonde cap, full of faded flowers. In this gay dress, it was rather comical to see her weighing out sugar or coffee, or dispensing most uninviting-looking blue-paper packets of butter or soap. All was busy in the neighbouring ware-room; one could hear the scales clinking, and the spools rattling, and the murmuring talk, and now and then a sharp interchange of words between brother and sister, when any unlucky victim, deductions made, came out of the frying-pan into the fire.

"Three thalers to the account of Frau Müller," echoed through the tube; and so announced, the weaver's wife presently appeared before Fraulein Pfeffer.

"Take a seat," said she, turning over the leaves of her book. "Ah, here are two thalers to your account; what do you want, my good woman?"

'Frau Müller produced a list of a number of articles, an infinitely small quantity of each; coffee, sugar, salt, pepper, olive and lamp oil, a woollen petticoat, yarn to knit, and a little bit

of cotton cloth for her child. In all, a thaler and twenty-four groschen.

"What shall I give you for the six groschen that remain?" said Fraulein Pfeffer. "Are you fond of stock-fish? There is nothing more healthy. I'll tell you what: do your husband a kindness, and take him a pound of tobacco for two groschen."

"My husband does not smoke; but I will take the fish," said the frau.

"The fish comes to two groschen," said the lady, "add two ells of riband to that, for your Sunday cap, that will make five groschen; and," added she, with a smile, intended to be very friendly, "you have walked so far, you will be all the better of a glass of liqueur and a bit of bread; that makes together six groschen. One thaler twenty-four groschen, and six, that makes two thalers."

"Quick as lightning the two ells of useless riband were cut off for the woman, and a hard biscuit, and a little glass of *rimmel*, poured out of a bottle full of dead flies, set before her; and the poor woman had no choice but to take them. The spirits disordered her stomach, and she had to go through a very painful family scene at home with her husband, who, from his sedentary life, could not taste dried fish; and was really quite furious, and with some reason, when he saw the two ells of useless riband, which had cost three hard-earned groschen."

Our limits do not permit us to show how this hard-hearted man is finally brought to justice. The sketch we have given will have interested, we hope, some of our readers; but it does not belong to the story, with which we must now proceed. We have no time to follow our hero in his visits to Emma, and to his old friend Burbus. Years pass on, and Herr Stieglitz's malady increases; in a fit of frenzy, he attempts to kill Herr Specht, and as the frenzy wore off, life ebbed also, but reason returned, and he dies, imploring his wife to beware of the hypocrite she has trusted. The good woman is too high principled herself to find it possible to think ill of a man who makes a great profession of religion: still, she is somewhat shaken in her faith in Specht, and our hero rises as he sinks in her favour. Death has also been busy in the garden-

house, and Emma is left an orphan, and destitute; and she is glad to take the situation of humble companion to Madame Stieglitz. Specht and our hero are rivals for her hand. Our hero behaves as foolishly as possible; misunderstands Emma, and becomes thoroughly unhappy; and to drown care, spends his time with idle young men, as gay and as riotous, if not quite so coarse, as Burbus' old companions. Balls and dancing, and being rude to the patient Emma, naturally only increase his unhappiness; his gay doings appear as sins in the eyes of the strict Madame Stieglitz, coming to her as they do with heightened colours from Herr Specht, who never loses an opportunity of doing the young man an injury, and finally nearly succeeds in ruining him. Thanks to Herr Specht, our hero gets into a very serious scrape with the old lady, from which, however, he extricates himself, with the benefit of purchased experience, far more valuable than good advice.

Here also begins his reconciliation with Emma; he meets her on the stair, and says, "I come this moment from our mistress; I have proved to her how falsely I have been accused. Yes, falsely," I repeat; "but you, Emma, you have never really believed evil of me?"

'She turned away her face, and shook her head.

"Emma," I continued, "let me take your hand, even for one moment, your dear hand. Truly, truly, it is not kind in you to be always so cold and formal with me; indeed, indeed it is not."

"I know not," said the young girl; and looked at me with her large, clear, blue eyes full of tears.

"You know not why you are so hard on me?" I said, with emotion. "Ah, that is doubly hard."

"I do not wish to be hard," said she; "but how can it be otherwise? We have become strangers—you to me, and I to you."

"Strangers—quite strangers!" I said, sadly; and with a feeling of despair let her hand go.

"How can it be otherwise?" she said, sorrowfully. "You go out whenever you can, you do not care for me: oh, you are very, very wrong." She covered her face with her hands, and

then, rousing herself, added, with dignity, "I came to this house, where, besides yourself, there was but one honest heart, Madame Stieglitz; I came here in full confidence that you would shelter and protect me, as a brother would a sister."

"Yes," I interrupted, bitterly, "as a brother would a sister."

"And you have done nothing for me, nothing; from the moment I came here, you seemed utterly indifferent about me; and why, I know not."

"Why, Emma?" I exclaimed, passionately; "why? I will tell you why. Because I love you, and you coldly reject my love. Oh, you have been very unkind to me. I have sought amusement out of this house, amusement which afforded me no pleasure, which I loathed, while one kind word from you here would have rendered me inexpressibly happy; one kind word, one look of encouragement from your dear eyes, one little sentence, 'I love you;' but that would have been asking too much," I added, bitterly. "I see that only too well now."

A long painful pause followed. To break it, I said at last—"What way can I protect you, the favourite of Madame Stieglitz, the mistress in fact of the house?"

"She looked anxiously round, and whispered, "Protect me from the book-keeper."

"The book-keeper!" I cried; "what does Herr Specht want?"

"He persecutes me with attentions;" and she added, shyly, "with offers."

"With offers!"

"Her face and neck became scarlet."

"With offers!" I repeated. "What does he propose?"

"His hand, I presume," she said, very low, and hesitatingly.

"His hand, indeed!" I cried, scornfully; "his hand indeed; he has not the impudence. Herr Specht and you?—it is too bad."

"The idea is repulsive enough," said she, looking up with her clear honest eyes. "But what can I do? Were I to speak to our mistress, you know how she esteems Herr Specht, and I am, alas! so forlorn and alone in the world. But I have spoken to the doctor."

"And what said he?"

"He got into a passion, and said, 'I thought it would be so,' and gave me a letter to give our mistress, should Herr Specht ever press the matter further."

"So," cried I; "give me the letter."

"I would willingly, for the sight of the paper makes me feel uncomfortable, but I dare not; the doctor ordered me to give it to no one but herself. Go, go; I hear some one coming."

The effect of this conversation is to make our friend thoroughly repent of his idle ways, and resolve to give one closing supper to his friends, and break off from their company.

The afternoon of the day this entertainment was to take place, our hero takes a letter to the banker's from Madame Stieglitz, as he believes, drawing five hundred thalers: he puts the money into his pocket, and repairs to his feast. The supper was charming, the young men swore eternal friendship, a thousand witty things were said on the breaking up of the little company, and many an overflowing glass was quaffed to their undying friendship. At a late hour, our hero had enough to do to get his friend the banker's clerk home at all. He himself awoke next morning, with a frightful headache, and yet some faint sense of relief that the last of these orgies was over. He stretched his hand out for his pocket-book—there it was; but the small parcel with the five hundred thalers was gone. What to do; where to turn; nothing could be worse! He went to his friend the banker's clerk; he got little comfort there; he was ill in bed, and groaned. 'If you were as drunk as I was last night, you probably threw it away in the street.' But neither in the street nor anywhere else is the money to be found. He unfortunately delays all Sunday telling his mistress, in hope of finding the parcel. This gives Specht time to hear of his loss, and to get Madame Stieglitz's letter from the banker, which she proves to be a forgery. Our hero's concealing what had occurred puts him even more in the wrong, and Madame Stieglitz, convinced of his guilt, bids him a tearful farewell. She will not prosecute nor expose him, but they must part for ever. He must go in two days.

Herr Specht takes advantage of his disgrace to press his suit with Emma; our hero comes forward to shield her from his pursuit, and kicks him downstairs. Appearances, however, compromise both him and Emma. He had one compensation, however, in the following scene, which we shall extract. How he got so conveniently into the outer room as to hear and see all that passed in the inner chamber; or how he reconciled his position with his conscience, we do not pretend to explain: enough, he is in the ante-room, and sees into the room within.

"The old lady sitting in an arm-chair, and on a stool at her feet my cousin Emma. Her head was buried in the old woman's lap; one could see she was sobbing, and the braids of her long golden hair were unbound, and fell over her shoulders. Madame Stieglitz held a letter close to the light, and read it with visible agitation, while with the other hand she stroked the maiden's soft hair. At last she laid the letter down, and shook her head: then tenderly raised the girl's face, and said, "My poor dear child."

"You do not believe I did anything wrong, do you?" sobbed the girl.

"No, my child," said the old lady, kindly. "I believed your story from the first; and now this letter you have given me from the doctor—how long have you had it?"

"Since soon after I came to your house."

"True; and about four weeks previous the unfortunate Theresa left. It is terrible, too terrible."

"Forgive me one question, one prayer," said Emma, imploringly. "You will not hand over the affair—my cousin's affair—to the court of justice—as—as—the book-keeper threatened?"

"Heaven forbid," answered she. "I never would have done so, even if the young man had not had so warm an advocate as you, my dear child. This paper here, pointing to the letter, makes me anticipate the discovery of dreadful villany, too dreadful to believe. You feel sure, my child, that your cousin is innocent?"

"The young girl half raised herself, and holding up her right hand, said, solemnly, "So truly as I believe in

God, and in a future state of reward and punishment, so truly do I believe him innocent."

"So! so! damsel," said Madame Stieglitz, kissing her forehead. "You are a keen partisan, and take a great interest, more than a cousinly interest, in your cousin?"

"There was a pause. Emma bent her face down on the good woman's hand, then she raised it, and said, softly, "Why should I have a secret from you, you who have been as good to me as if you had been my mother? Yes! it is more than cousinly love. Forgive me. I have owned this to no one, Heaven is my witness, to no one: but I do love my cousin. I love him more than all the world, more than my own mother, more than you, my second mother; I would leave all to follow him, and all the more willingly would I follow him, were he in disgrace and misfortune!"

"The old woman looked with glistering eyes at the speaker; then laid both her hands on her head, and said, "God bless thee, my child, and let us pray to Him for light from above, that he may not go away in disgrace and misfortune."

Affairs having come to the worst, the tide begins to turn. Doctor Burbus appears, and scolds our hero, as he indeed deserved, and convinces Madame Stieglitz that there never was a greater wolf in sheep's clothing than Specht. In the middle of this the head banker appears, with the packet of five hundred thalers in his hand; which our hero and his boon companion had carelessly contrived to leave in the banker's strong box, instead of taking it with them. Our hero is relieved from all blame in this matter, except carelessness—but the forgery remains against him. All of a sudden, like a flash of lightning, memory brings back a long-forgotten anecdote, which makes the whole clear. The doctor explains that now it is clear there was no intention of absconding with the money; the very carelessness proves that. Can Herr Specht throw any light on the origin of the letter?"

"The book-keeper shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes; but I stepped forward firmly, and answered the doctor's question for him. "I be-

lieve I know who wrote the signature, and can guess who filled up the letter, and laid it on my desk." Every one looked at me amazed, and Specht's brazen face was somewhat clouded. "I wrote the signature myself, and in your presence, Herr Specht."—His countenance fell, as he stuttered, "In my presence?"—"Yes, in your presence. Do you not remember that evening, long ago, when we spoke about Madame Stieglitz's handwriting, and you said it was impossible to imitate it; and jestingly dared me to write her name on a sheet of paper?"

"A most barefaced piece of invention," said the book-keeper, with folded hands; "a truly dreadful lie—so help me Heaven."

"If you can prove this," said the banker, "you will have done a great deal."

"Yes! proofs, proofs!" cried Burbus.

"I recognise this paper, with the signature," I continued, "to be the one I then wrote, and which Herr Specht threw carelessly into a green morocco portfolio, with a steel clasp; and along with it several sheets of paper, on which I had practised the signature before I completely succeeded. If the portfolio is examined, probably these other papers will be found."

Herr Specht is very willing to go for the portfolio, and get out of the

room; but he is not allowed to go alone. The old lady accompanies him. After a long absence, she returns alone, and announces that Specht is to leave the house next day. The good old woman is dreadfully distressed at the guilt and hypocrisy of her long-trusted clerk. But every one else rejoices that the villain is finally unmasked, and our hero receives congratulations and reproof on all hands: and the friends depart. Emma can only weep her joy, and kneels at her old friend's feet.

"My children," said the old woman, while she stretched out one hand to me, and laid the other on the maiden's head—"my children, God has protected you; he has brought you through your troubles; you love each other—I rejoice to know that you do; so let me arrange your future prospects for you. I have no one now in the world; you also are nearly equally alone; do you think that we could spend our days together in peace and happiness? I will be your mother, you shall be my children—yes, my children, with all the right of tenderness and love."

We shall drop the curtain on this happy family-picture, and leave our hero, in full confidence that, with Emma by his side, his future 'Wandel' in life will be as irreproachable as his 'Handel' has been successful.

Drawing-Room Troubles.

No. VII.—MAGIC BALM.

BY MOODY ROBINSON, ESQUIRE.

Now years went on with Moody; and the lines,
That crept unwatch'd to stations 'neath his eyes,
Mark'd ancient Time, with all his old designs
To hide his coming, till o'erhead he flies;
To come a stranger, when he claims his own,
Nor tell that youth is going, till it's flown.

It's quite amusing when a man discovers
He isn't quite the beau he was of yore.
Some time around the fact he weakly hovers,
At length he says, 'It's true—but what a bore!'
Perhaps he tells his nearest friends about it:
He's very shock'd to find they never doubt it.

And so with Moody. Slowly gather'd round
 The usual signs, and in their usual order,
 That sweet, fresh youth was faintly losing ground,
 And being routed in complete disorder.
 He was no longer young; and yet alive,
 Unwon, unwed, and nearly thirty-five.

First went his brown and curling hair,
 His broaden'd temples slowly growing bare.
 'Twas moving, quite, to hear him, as he call'd,
 On making the discovery, 'I'm bald.'
 Then went he wild for ev'ry kind of stuff
 To keep the hair from falling, though enough
 Still came away to put him out of humour,
 And make a profit for the bland perfumer.
 With zeal he read Erasmus Wilson's book,
 Then to hard brushes and cold water took;
 Then to soft brushes and the water warm,
 Which, if no good, at least perform'd no harm;
 Then he found out a talented professor
 In an old bankrupt *ci-devant* hairdresser,
 Who rubb'd his scalp with something aromatic,
 That made him smart, and almost raised a blister.
 To soothe it, the professor diplomatic
 Talk'd of his cures. Meanwhile, a bustling sister
 Announced, from time to time, with careless stating,
 That ev'ry kind of noble was in waiting
 To have the head bedaub'd—in such profusion
 (The waiting-room was surely in confusion),
 That Moody thought—a thought that quite appall'd—
 'The whole nobility are growing bald.'

The learn'd man would say, 'A few more touches,
 And then we've done. Maria, call the duchess.'
 Thus Moody was consoled in this affair:
 It seem'd to be *bon ton* to lose the hair.
 Not long this homage fashion could he render;
 His hair grew not, although his head grew tender.
 The great professor swore all satisfactory;
 In spite of all, his patient grew refractory.
 No doubt the system raised the latter's ire—
 His head was soon just like a ball of fire.
 He cared not whether all his locks should fall;
 He wish'd his head was off—hair, scalp, and all.

But soon he tried one with a higher voucher—
 So well described by Dickens as Miss Moucher.
 She bled his pocket with another notion;
 Her source of income was a cooling lotion.
 She cool'd her client soon—to her disaster;
 He found his gold went fast—his hair went faster.

He tried one more professor. Of him 'twas true
 His system had not fail'd—for 'twas quite new.
 This was a man who'd ev'rything in hand,
 From sweeping crossings to a chief command;
 Quick and clever, with the best intentions,
 He'd ruin'd all his friends with new inventions.
 Not that the schemes themselves could be assail'd,
 For none were fairly tried, so none had fail'd;
 But that their companies—oh, strange fatality!—

Had never lived to work them in reality.
 A board, directors, and a noble name,
 Were placed before the public as a claim
 (Although some people said, 'as tricky snares').
 Some very worthy persons paid up shares;
 But as the thing was paying twelve per cent.
 The speculation to perdition went,
 Where the promoters should have—though 'tis known
 They'd only gone, *at present*, to Boulogne.
 For the shareholders no one had a pity—
 They're always being ruin'd in the city.
 The heart gets blunted, when a thing's the fashion;
 So the good public pour'd its bland compassion
 On him (now crush'd) who'd first unfurl'd the scheme,
 Who'd lost, poor wretch, the profits of a dream.
 He drank in all they gave, poor, ruin'd brother,
 Retired for a time, then dream'd another.

Some said he was a rogue, some an actor,
 Some a martyr, some a benefactor.
 He was, at least, of use unto the nation,
 By bringing on the cause of emigration;
 For many widows' sons, all through his failures,
 Had sought their fortunes in the two Australias.

His public credit grew; so much it gain'd
 (Somehow his private ditto rather waned)
 That oft he managed from his brains to rake up
 Schemes that the government should take up;
 The plans were worth a nation—too extensive
 For private enterprise, besides expensive.
 'Would they succeed?' some doubting booby cried.
 How could the world know that until it tried?
 And as he drew them with unstinted measure—he
 Found them well taken at the Treasury,
 And so the schemes, without the least intention,
 Became a theme for faction and contention;
 A thousand persons met to thank the founder,
 And platform speakers howl'd him forth a wonder.
 He would have triumph'd—that without a doubt,
 Had not his friends the ministers gone out;
 For those succeeding condemn'd it in this diction—
 It was a shameful scheme—a job—a fiction.

Moody had met this schemer at his club,
 And told him thoughtlessly this pain and trouble;
 When suddenly, the other said, he'd rub
 A stuff he knew, that made the pain grow double.
 He'd thought of turning farmer—but didn't care,
 If, 'stead of grain, he took to growing hair.
 The thought once raised, this energetic man
 At once adopted his projected plan;
 That day he hired rooms—a total floor,
 And placed a brass announcement on the door.
 He'd one mysterious chamber—where at ease,
 He'd rub your tresses, and receive your fees;
 Whatever was the stuff he dared to stick in,
 'Tis true that Moody's locks began to thicken.

About this time, with London rather bored,
 Leaving his hirsute honours unrestored,

Moody left town—nor long had been away,
 Before the new professor, ev'ry day,
 Wrote, till M. answer'd (like his hasty ways),
 With a short letter full of handsome praise.

Nor long 'twas done, before he felt annoy'd
 With the strange looks his dearest friends employ'd;
 Not glances of avoidance—for much nearer
 And closer came they often—looking dearer.
 The ladies oft would change the playful wile
 Into a glance above, and cover'd smile.
 When freshly introduced, it made him bitter,
 To see the party trying not to titter.
 Good gracious! what's the matter? why so flout him?
 Was there something risible about him?
 But still he saw, wherever now he went,
 The mention of his name magnetic sent
 A shock of laughter through the gather'd party,
 Politely under kept—yet doubtless hearty.
 Vex'd to be made a butt, and yet too proud
 To ask the reason, or complain aloud,
 He journey'd home, and soon rejoin'd his club,
 Where some young grinner ask'd him to a 'rub.'
 Whatever was the joke, it brought a burst
 (And not indeed the last—although the first)
 Of rolling laughter from the men assembled,
 That peal'd until the chandeliers trembled.

One morn when he was thoughtful, searching after
 The cause that made him such a theme for laughter,
 A lady friend call'd in—one of that host
 Who know more gossip than the 'Morning Post.'
 After some talk, she said, 'I want to know—
 Now tell me, Moody, does it make it grow?'—
 'It grow!—grow what?' he answered, with an air
 That seem'd half-guessing something—'Why, the hair!'—
 'The hair!' he cried, his visage growing pale—
 'The hair, of course,' she said; 'you cannot fail
 To know that lately, almost everywhere,
 Your name's connected with a stuff for hair.
 Perhaps you don't: I know you of those readers
 Who only condescend to skim the "leaders."
 You scarce can touch a journal, but you'll find
 That Mr Robinson speaks out his mind
 Of this rare stuff. And could you do it better—
 The notices contain your very letter,
 And all the world regards you—pray be calm—
 A walking sample of the *Magic Balm*.
 Look, here it is—"Publish'd by desire,
 The note of Moody Robinson, Esquire,
 This noted and distinguish'd man of fashion ——"

'Hold!' cried our hero, in a tow'ring passion.
 'I'll wring the fellow's neck.' Without adieu,
 Like arrow from a bow down street he flew;
 Nor till he reach'd those chambers did he stop.
 The place had been converted to a shop—
 A shop for Magic Balm; and horror! there
 A portrait of himself, with such a head of hair—
 Profuse and wonderful—curling—stiff as bristle—
 There too, in gilded frame, his own epistle.

He rush'd within—his former friend had flown,
Two months before, to sheltering Boulogne;
And 'fore he went, to make the visit better,
He'd sold the bus'ness, balm, and Moody's letter.

The present owner claim'd to have a right
To keep the latter in the public sight;
Not that he acknowledgment refused,
That Moody's confidence had been abused;
But as a trader he'd been early taught it,
That everything was his when he had bought it.
So Moody for the note was forced to pay,
Then vanish'd from the town for many a day.

FISH WIVES.

'All mad to speak and none to hearken,
They set the very dogs a barking;
No chattering makes so loud a din
As fishwives o'er a cup of gin.'—SWIFT.

It is both interesting and instructive to trace the professional and moral lineaments on the great family of mankind, and to see how habits, and modes of thinking and acting, are transmitted from nation to nation, and from generation to generation, without scarcely any discrepancy or variation. The soldier, the sailor, the lawyer, the merchant, the physician, the author, the comedian, the poet, the critic, and the painter, have all some peculiarities connected with their respective avocations, which neither time nor place materially changes. We recognise the same mental and social physiognomy in every age, and under every clime. And the same thing may be traced, though with somewhat less distinctness, in all the professional walks of life, however humble or unobtrusive.

This moral fixity in manners is the basis of the laws of our inward nature. It is the principle on which we frame declarations, and rules, and judgments, and conclusions respecting human life and character. Were there nothing indelibly imprinted on society, nothing could be useful or interesting respecting its past history. All would be like the surface of the ocean, where every movement is isolated and transitory, and nothing is left as a permanent record of past agitation.

The fishwomen of all ages have faithfully preserved their general habits, and phases of character. They have been noted for their eloquent vulgarity, their sturdy independence, their unscrupulous extortion, their superstitious feelings, and their clan-nish attachments. The causes of these fixed features in their intellectual and moral character are various, but may be chiefly referable to the uncertainty connected with the supply of their vendible commodities; the perishable nature of these commodities; the luxurious and dainty light in which they are in several countries and seasons viewed as articles of food; and the risks and dangers to which a fisherman's life is perpetually exposed. These, collectively and individually, may be considered as the efficient, if not the proximate, causes of that distinct unity of character of this race of *grondeuse*, from the earliest times till the present hour, in every nation and clime.

The constant habit of intermarrying among each other, so invariably adhered to in fishing communities, both in this and other countries, has excited the attention of some modern writers and philanthropists; and they have been led to suggest that, if this custom were broken in upon, a more decided improvement and change

would be effected in the general deportment of fishwomen. They would be more refined, domesticated, cleanly, and polite in their ordinary conversation and intercourse with the world. This is not a new idea. More than three centuries ago, if not farther back than that, similar schemes were suggested in Italy for the attainment of the same ends. We have an Italian fable on the subject, published at Venice, which gives us the pith of the matter in few words, and shows us how the question did then stand, and does now, in reference to this attempted improvement among a certain class of European society. The fable runs thus:—

'A man of fashion and distinction, in rambling one day through a fishing village, accosted one of the fishermen with the remark, that he wondered greatly that men of his line of life should chiefly confine themselves, in their matrimonial connections, to women of their own caste, and not take them from other classes of society, where a greater security would be obtained for their wives keeping a house properly, and rearing a family more in accordance with the refinements and courtesies of life. To this the fisherman replied, that to him, and men of his laborious profession, such wives as they usually took were as indispensable to their vocation as their boats and nets. Their wives took their fish to market, obtained bait for their lines, mended their nets, and performed a thousand different and necessary things, which husbands could not do for themselves, and which women taken from any other of the labouring classes of society would be totally unable to do. "The labour and the drudgery of our wives," continued he, "is a necessary part of our peculiar craft, and cannot by any means be dispensed with, without entailing irreparable injury upon our social interests."

'**MORAL**.—This is one among many instances, where the solid and the useful must take precedence before the showy and the elegant.*

From the earliest times of Grecian civilisation, fishmongers, male and female, lived in perpetual warfare with the whole community. They were

noted in all cities and districts for their insolence, dishonesty, vehement rhetoric, lying, and extortion. They were designated 'monsters,' 'gorgons,' 'homicides,' 'wild beasts;' and in one Greek play, the 'Rogue-Hater,' it is said they are worse than usurers and quacks. Of their insolence one complainant says, 'Whenever a citizen has occasion to address a great functionary of state, he is sure to receive a courteous reply; but, if he should venture a word of expostulation to any of these execrable fishwomen, he is instantly overpowered by a volley of abuse.' 'I asked one of these women, the other day,' says another, 'the price of a glaucus' head; but she looked gloatingly upon it, and deigned not a word of reply. I put the question to a neighbour in the market, who forthwith began to amuse herself by playing with a polypus; a third to whom I spoke was worse than either, for she at once flew into a passion, flared up, choking, and swore at me in half-articulate oaths.' The constant practice of the fishmongering fraternity of swearing that stale and stinking fish were as fresh as possible, and only just taken out of the water, is often mentioned and commented on by Greek writers.

'The ingenious devices,' says a Greek poet, 'had recourse to by our fish-women, and fish-factors generally, plainly show the superiority of the tribe to our own; we can only twist the same idea a hundred ways; but there is no end to the inventiveness of these dealers. Look, now, at their ingenuity. Being prohibited by law from keeping fish fresh by means of the watering-pot, and finding that customers, as the day advances, become more and more shy, two salesmen agree together to get up a mock fight. After squaring at one another for some time, one, at a preconcerted signal, pretending to be hurt, falls under the other's blows, and amongst his fish. An immediate cry for water is raised; the mock bruiser becomes a mock penitent, and now stands over the body of his vanquished friend, to rain restorative lymph upon him, and by the time his clothes are completely saturated, the prostrate man revives; when it is found that the fish also have revived by the same process, and

* *Le Favole, Venice, 1661, p. 96.*

look almost as fresh and inviting as when first taken out of the water.' Another trick is mentioned by a Greek historian. He says: 'Having already purchased my day's supply of fish, at an exorbitant price, to avoid useless discussion, I put down a piece of money, and asked for the difference. On receiving the change, I discovered a deficiency. I pointed it out to the woman: "See, my good lady, the change is short."—"All the world," growled she, "knows my practice is to sell by the *Ægean* currency."—"Well, but even then the change is short on your own showing."—"Ah, sir, you are very dull, I see. I sell by the mint of *Ægina*, but I *pay* in Athenian pieces. Do you comprehend the matter now?"'

The law had often to step in between the sellers of fish and the purchasers, to protect the public from outrageous frauds and impostors. We are told that 'no legislator after Solon can be compared to Aristonicus, who first made it imperative on the sellers of fish to stand by the side of their balances; not sitting at their ease, contumaciously to cheat, as heretofore; and it will be a still further improvement, should our legislature require them to treat with their customers suspended to one of these uneasy machines by which the divinities are wont to descend from Olympus to visit us. This device would cut short much protracted haggling and altercation.' This lawgiver framed another enactment, 'which required that everything should be ticketed, and sold at the registered price; so that old men and women, the ignorant and the young, might all come to market, and purchase at a reasonable rate.' The least infringement of this ordinance subjected the fishmonger to confinement in chains, besides a heavy fine paid to the state.

This state of things was encouraged by the extreme fondness of the people of Greece for fish. Plato, in his 'Republic,' says that the Homeric heroes never ate fish. It is certain, however, that in later times fish of every kind became the choice food in demand by Grecian epicures. Athenæus abounds with abundance of information on this point. He tells us that a rich gourmand fish-eater looked sulkily in the

morning, if the wind were not fair, to bring the fishing-boats into the Piræus. The strictest regulations were enforced to prevent fishmongers from cheating their customers; among which was one requiring them to stand (not sit) while offering their commodities for sale ('a golden law,' as Alexis—'Athen. vi.—8'—calls it); and there was another, forbidding them to ask two prices for their fish. We are likewise informed that there was a 'Guide to the Fish-market,' published by one Lynceus of Samoa. Fish, except of the very commonest kind, were generally very high priced; for we learn that at Corinth, if a man known to be honestly rich was seen too frequently at the fish-market, he was placed under the eye of the police, and punished, if he persevered in this assumed extravagance.*

The fishwomen of Rome and other Italian cities bore a great resemblance to those of ancient Athens. The former were characterised by the same violence of temper, coarseness of demeanour, and reckless extortion. The Roman writers speak of fishmongers in general, male and female, as being the very outcasts of society. Juvenal lashes them with unsparing, but doubtless just severity, in the following lines; in which, though he levels his shafts at a male fishmonger, we have no doubt that his satire was equally applicable to the female portion of the fraternity:—

'In what security the villain lies!
In what warm tones suspicion he denies!
Sunbeams and thunderbolts boldly he
cites,
And all the darts of Cirrha's lord invites;
The spear of Mars now resolutely dares;
By the new quiver of Diana swears;
Pallas and all her terrors next he braves;
And his whole trident moves the *Ægean*
waves:
Whatever arms the arsenals of light
Prepare for punishment of impious wight,
Invokes them all; and prays he may be
fed
On the loved features of his infant's head,
Soured in Egyptian vinegar, if aught
Against his fishes' freshness can be brought.'

For several centuries we lose sight of the fishmongering community. We find in Italy, however, scattered notices of them, commencing from

* 'Athen.,' vi.—12.

the fourteenth century, down to the present hour. Some of the early painters, especially of grotesques, and those who took to sketching the every-day manners of the times, occasionally wandered into the fish-markets, and here and there depicted a character of note among the female dealers. There is one caricature, executed in pen and ink about 1416, now in the Royal Library at Paris, wherein the Pope is likened to a fish-woman in a violent passion; an allusion, it has been conjectured, to a papal bull suppressing some public amusements of the people of Venice. It is incidentally mentioned, in some of the early histories of this noted city, that its fishwomen were always active in most of the civil broils for which the place was so long noted in the middle ages. They formed processions on great occasions, and were considered the most unruly in every social movement, and the most difficult to satisfy by authoritative concessions. They had a grand fête once a-year, about the season of Lent, at which the female part of them were decked out in the richest attire, covered with jewellery and costly ornaments of every kind. The fête lasted three days. On this occasion, the fishermen wore masks of the most grotesque kind, which, however, had always something emblematic of their peculiar calling. One historian says: 'These wild and reckless women are the greatest pests in our city; their tongues never cease, and their voluble vituperation of the civil authorities, upon the slightest pretext, has no bounds.*'

When Leo X. ascended the papal chair in 1513, the fishwomen of Rome formed an imposing deputation, to congratulate him on the occasion. They waited upon him in due form, and assured him of their staunch loyalty. He returned for answer, 'that he had always felt an interest in their peculiar calling, which was instrumental in procuring many of the necessities and luxuries of life; and was associated in the minds of all devout members of the church with so many sacred emblems of the Christian faith.' Many gems and cameos were

afterwards worn by the female dealers in the fish-market of the city, in commemoration of this event; and some of these are still said to be in existence, and kept as heirlooms by the descendants of these memorialists.*

The author of 'Squittino della Liberta Veneta' wrote several libellous works against the Government of Venice, and some of the other Italian States. In one of his satirical lampoons relative to the civil functionaries of the Venetian Republic, he compares them to the fishwomen of their city, who, he said, were buffoons, liars, extortioners, heretics, blasphemers, robbers, and persons of the vilest habits and temper. The writer was cited before the criminal tribunals, and sentenced to be burned alive—a sentence which was carried into effect. It is said that the fishwomen, so severely abused, were the only body of traders in the city that sent a petition in favour of the accused for a mitigation of his harsh sentence. This, at least, was creditable to their good sense and humanity.

In several of the Italian facetious and satirical writers of the fifteenth century, we find allusions made to the fishwomen of Rome, and other cities. Peter Aretino, called the 'Scourge of Princes'—a witty but profligate character—was lampooned in a comic poem, and likened to a virago of the fish-market. The production states that Peter had been partial to some of the most notorious of these fishwomen, whose manners, morals, and habits he had imitated throughout his whole life, and on whose voluble and coarse slang he had profitably trafficked for years. Peter rejoined, but made no allusion to the fishwomen. We likewise find that, at the period when the 'Piscatory Dramas' were fashionable in Italy, the members of the *Pescheria*, or fish-market, occupied a more or less prominent position in these effusions; chiefly to fill up the grotesque or droll section of the play, and as a necessary and connecting link to sustain the perfect unity of the performance, by giving it a hold upon the feelings and sympathies of the audience. In one of these ephemeral pieces, a fishwoman makes her appearance on the stage,

* 'Servadio, Compendio Della Storia d'Italia. Rome, 1676.'—Vol. iii.

* 'Vita di Giovanni de Medici. 1672.'

in her usual market attire, and in irony says:—

‘I now appear
With all that virgin modesty which
Falls to woman’s lot. I fear not slander:
You know my merits. My dulcet notes
Have rung for long upon the public ear.’

There is a pen-and-ink caricature of the Scholastic Doctors, representing them in a public discussion in the University of Pavia, wherein they are depicted in the characters of fish-women quarrelling. It is exceedingly grotesque and amusing. The doctors are attired partly in their academic and partly in the female fish-market garb, and display all the violent gesticulations, fierceness of countenance, and combative habits, which are usually witnessed among the females of the profession. In the arena of contention there are various articles resembling fish-baskets or creels, such as fishmongers use in carrying fish from the sea-shore to the markets; these are labelled with words expressive of some of the well-known technical terms which were wont to grace the logical disputes of the scholastica. It is either Vives or Erasmus, if our memory be not at fault, who says that the learned doctors ‘were like fishwives in a battle; they spat on and slapped each other’s faces, in the height of their passion.’

In many of the civil broils of the city of Florence, the female members of the fish-market were always conspicuous agitators. It was a common question to ask, when political topics of more than common interest agitated the public mind, ‘what will the fish-market say?’ A writer of the ‘Chronicles of the City’ tells us, that these fish people all over the country were exceedingly troublesome and mischievous, vulgar and passionate, and gave the civil authorities in most towns more trouble than any other class of the labouring community. Their annual processions, in which they displayed great finery in dress, and observed many superstitious and pompous ceremonies, generally gave rise to street fights and quarrels ere they terminated.*

In comparatively modern times, we have obtained but few records of the

civil history of Italian fisher-people. Modern travellers, however, have now and then noticed them. A recent one, Dr Badham, says: ‘It is impossible to conceive anything like the din and discord of an Italian or Sicilian fish-market, at the market hour. None but itself can be its parallel; and yet the whole is effected by some score only of human tongues let loose at will. Everybody there is, or seems to be, in a passion; each striving to out-cream, out-roar, out-bellow, and out-blaspheme his neighbour, till the combined uproar fills the whole area, and rises high above it. The men are all Stentors, and the women perfect Mœnads; the children a set of howling imps, which nothing short of Thuggism could pacify. It is no unfrequent spectacle, in this frantic neighbourhood, to see some baby clenching its tiny hands and boneless gums in concentrated passion, tearing at the rudiments of hair, and screaming with all its puny strength; or, in yet wilder extravagance, its arms in the air, hurling defiance at its own mother, who, standing at bay with the mien of a Tisiphone, strives to drown her baby’s voice in her own frenzied treble, and looks as if she could drown him too, for a very small consideration.’ Add to this the testimony of a recent French traveller in Italy: ‘You can form but a faint idea of the grotesque scenes which we have witnessed in the Italian fish-markets. They are exceedingly rich in low comic character. A brawl between two females is a rare treat. To hear the torrent of personal abuse, uttered with voluble yet accurate distinctness, appears quite marvellous; and to see them pulling each other’s hair, or blackening each other’s eyes with their fists, is a sight which the memory long retains.’*

The history of the fishmongers of Paris stretches far into antiquity. In 1711, upon some workmen digging under the choir of the Church of Notre Dame, Paris, a number of large stones were found, having various inscriptions upon them. They were of a square form, and sculptured on all the four sides. Among other devices, there were two relative to fishers: one representing a woman carrying fish in

* ‘Faletti, Cronaca di Florence,’ vol. i., p. 274.

* ‘Voyages en Italie. Paris, 1851.’

a basket; and the other, a woman mending nets on the banks of a river, supposed to be the Seine. On the stone where these designs were was found an inscription in Latin to this purport:—‘Under Tiberius Cæsar Augustus, the Parisian fishmongers publicly erected this altar to Jupiter Optimus Maximus.’ It may be remarked, that, from documents of unquestionable authority, the company of fish-dealers of Paris, and the fishermen of the Seine, existed as a corporate body as early, in Paris, as the first century of the Christian era.* There was likewise a very ancient custom, almost co-eval with the first introduction of Christianity into France, among the clergy of Notre Dame in this city, which was called the ‘Rogations.’ It consisted in carrying in solemn procession a figure, half-fish and half-dragon, to a certain spot on the Seine, and throwing fruits and cakes into its capacious mouth. This figure was made of wicker-work, and represented an inhabitant of the river that once threatened destruction to the entire city, but was ultimately vanquished by the fishwomen of Paris. This procession lasted till the year 1730, after which the chief of the procession contented himself with merely pronouncing a benediction on the river.

The ordinary historical records of Paris fix a renewal of the charter of fish-merchants in the twelfth century in this city. They chiefly dealt in herrings caught on the coast of Normandy; some of which were used fresh, and some salted. The trade became divided into two branches: the women connected with the one were called *harengeres*; and the other, who dealt exclusively in fresh fish of all kinds, were termed *poissonnières*. There were many civic regulations respecting these two classes of fishwomen made in subsequent times. There was often great enmity between them, and on one occasion a public quarrel ensued, which ended in the loss of life.†

In France we have many more interesting notices of its *poissardes*, or fishwomen. Historians attribute to

St Louis three regulations relative to the sale of fish brought to the markets of Paris. From these it appears that it was requisite to purchase of the king the right of selling fish, and that there were *prud’hommes*, or *jurés des halles*, who inspected the markets, and received the fines incurred by the wholesale or retail dealers. The *prud’hommes* were appointed by the king’s cook. Those who sold fish paid the duty of *tonlieu halage*, besides the fees of the *prud’hommes*. The king’s cook obliged the *prud’hommes*, upon their appointment, to swear by the saints that they would select such fish as the king, the queen, and their children might want, and to fix the price of it *en conscience*. This oath was likewise required of all female dealers having an independent position in the market.

In the early periods of the French monarchy, the bishop and clergy of the diocese of Paris were in the habit of appointing a day every year for blessing the fishermen, the fishmongers, and the river Seine. This was a sumptuous and gaudy display by all the members of the fish-market, the boatmen on the river, as well as by those fishermen and their wives and families who lived at Havre, and other localities at the mouth of the Seine. Part of the bishop’s oration on the occasion is curious. We select the following sentences:—‘Oh, Almighty God! thou hast made the sea, the rivers, and the dry land; and we live daily by thy bounty and goodness, through their instrumentality. We implore thee to give thy best blessing to this hallowed stream; to increase the number of its watery inhabitants; and to preserve, guide, and protect from all danger those who devote their labours to obtain them for the necessary food and purification of our animal bodies. The inhabitants of the deep have been, from the earliest times, the especial objects of thy wondrous power and providential care. By them thou hast done many great and signal miracles and wonders; and as thou hast appointed them, in the scheme of creation, to be the instruments of subduing the carnal and sinful propensities of the human body, and hast made them, in thy Church, the sacred emblems of purity and holiness,

* Gilbert—‘Histoire de l’Eglise de Notre Dame.’

† ‘Chronicles of Paris.’

vouchsafe unto us the object of our prayers, that they may be increased and sanctified to all our temporal and spiritual wants. We likewise implore thy especial protection to all thy servants, male and female, who are selected by thy special providence to deal in our city in all the commodities of our seas and rivers. May they be just in their dealings, circumspect in their deportment, cultivating a meek and quiet spirit, always having thy fear continually before their eyes.*

The number of fish-dealers in Paris in 1700, more than one hundred and fifty years ago, was very great, considering the then population of the city. There were 4000 oyster-women alone, many of whom sold other kinds of fish. We are told by a writer of the times, that these Parisian oyster-wenchies were each furnished with a short knife; and such was the celerity and adroitness of their wrists, that a spectator was led to suppose the shells to have been only slightly glued together, so instantaneously were they separated. These women, he goes on to state, were almost sure to practise some deception; sometimes bringing a number of fresh and empty shells in their aprons, and counting them out to the customer, to persuade him he had swallowed the contents; and at other times eating the finest and most relishing before your face, under the pretext of swallowing the suspected ones. With the shells they form such enormous heaps, that an author has observed, 'When Paris, in the succession of ages, shall be razed and utterly destroyed, future naturalists, discovering on a little narrow point of land an immense quantity of oyster-shells, will maintain that the sea had once covered the spot.' The same writer remarks, that 'it is dangerous to eat oysters at Paris before the frost; but the taste of amateurs is extorted, and the desire of forestalling enhances the value of every article.'†

Once when Louis XV. was very ill, and was obliged, before he could receive the last rites of the church, to

discard his two mistresses, Madame de Chateauroux and her sister, who had accompanied him with the French army to Metz, the fishwomen of Paris were moved with a virtuous indignation against him. They were apprehensive lest, as he recovered from his sickness, he should again take these ladies under his royal protection. The *poissardes* of the Paris Halle came to a unanimous resolution, in their own significant and impressive language, that, if the king again took these ladies back to his court, he might die without getting so much as a single *pater* or an *ave* from them. This resolve was faithfully adhered to when the monarch died in 1774.

One of the Parisian fishwomen, named Picard, who lived about the middle of the last century, became somewhat famous for her wit and poetical talents. She was personally known to Voltaire, Diderot, D'Alembert, and many other literary men of her day. She is stated to have been a little above the common stature of Frenchwomen, with a somewhat plain set of features, which were set off, however, with a most fascinating expression. When roused, she was one of the most violent and vulgar members of the Halle; but she had such a command over her temper and demeanour, that, when these fits of passion subsided, she was decidedly polished, affable, and circumspect in her conversation. She wrote verses, chiefly of a sentimental and amatory strain, which the critics of the day pronounced as manifesting no small degree of genius, although the versification was defective. When about forty, she left the fish-market, became the wife of a silk merchant, and spent the remainder of her life amongst the highest class of the *bourgeoisie* of Paris, sustaining an honourable degree of credit for decorum and propriety of behaviour. Her poetical pieces were published in one small volume in 1768.

When the first revolution broke out in 1789, the Parisian *poissardes* took an active part in the turmoil, and displayed a mixture of savage cruelty and heroic deeds of humanity and kindness, that has rendered them notorious among the lower classes of the metropolis. The first great demon-

* 'Histoire de Paris.'

† 'The consumption of fish in the city of Paris in 1845 amounted to the value of 2,825,567 francs' worth of sea-fish; 673,926 of oysters; and 456,578 of river-fish.—*Galignani's Hist. of Paris.*'

stration they made was when the mob attacked Louis XVI. and the Queen at the Palace of Versailles, on the 15th of October. The fishwives were among the boldest and rudest of the enraged people. Two of the guards were murdered, and their heads were carried in triumph by two of these women throughout all the principal streets of Paris. It is a well-known fact that the *poissardes* were in the constant habit of maltreating every woman they met, if she did not wear the tricolor cockade. It was the general custom of the fishwomen to select from their body the most comely persons, who were richly decorated with lace, diamonds, and other costly ornaments, to attend as deputies on all great public occasions.

Mirabeau was an especial favourite with the *poissardes*; they perfectly worshipped him. They once sent one of their gayest deputations to him, consisting of all the young beauties which the fish-market could muster, begging him to continue his patriotic course, and give them a free government and cheap bread. To this the orator delivered a flattering and assuring reply. M. Dumont tells us that in the gallery of the Palace of Versailles a crowd of fishwomen were assembled, under the guidance of one virago with stentorian lungs, who called to the deputies familiarly by name, and insisted that their favourite Mirabeau should speak. When the news of his premature death reached the ears of the *poissardes*, there was one universal howling and lamentation amongst them. Every eye was suffused with tears; many ran about frantic, and tore their hair in paroxysms of grief. On the day of his funeral, many followed him to the tomb, and put on mourning for months afterwards.

When Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette were led to the place of execution, though at different periods, these Parisian women observed no bounds to their exultation at their unhappy fate. In their savage joy, they danced before the cart which led the royal captives along the street, made mockery of their sufferings, and some held up their clenched fists, exclaiming, that if there were another world, they would hunt them out even *there*, and be revenged upon them.

When old General Custine appeared before the revolutionary tribunal, he was accompanied by his daughter-in-law, Madame De Custine. She was descending alone the steps of the notable prison of La Force, when a silent crowd, with the most infuriated gestures, gradually closed around her. An exclamation or the slightest token of fear would have been instantly fatal to her. She is said to have bitten her lips until the blood came, in order to prevent herself from becoming pale. On her path was a hideous-looking Parisian fishwoman, with an infant in her arms. Madame De Custine paused for a few seconds, and expressed her admiration of it. This touched her heart; she seemed to understand perfectly the critical position of madame. 'Take it,' said the fishwoman, presenting the child; 'you will give it back to me below.' Madame De Custine obeyed; and, protected by that shield, she descended the steps in perfect safety. When she had reached the street, she returned the child to its mother, without daring to murmur thanks, which would certainly have proved dangerous to both.

During the Reign of Terror, the fishwomen were very violent and bloodthirsty. They eagerly joined in the general proscription of the Girondists, though many of this party had previously been objects of their veneration and idolatry. There are instances, however, on record, which showed some remains of good feeling and humanity towards this greatly-injured class of politicians. Two of its members were taken out of prison under a disguise, the night before they were ordered for execution, by four fishwomen, who managed their arduous and perilous undertaking with so much courage and skill, that the deputies finally escaped out of the kingdom, but returned to it afterwards under the reign of Napoleon. This was a noble deed, and a fair set-off against many of the darker shades which hung about these female characters during this season of extraordinary excitement and change. As the revolutionary frenzy abated, we find the rhetoricians of the fish-market gradually falling in with the new order of things. When Bonaparte gained the ascendancy over the people, the Parisian

poissardes presented themselves in a body, and tendered their political services and influence, which the great man rejected with scorn. This discouraged them so much, that they retired from the audience with great confusion, and never again meddled with political matters during the Napoleonic dynasty. It has often been made the topic of casual remark by French historians of the Revolution, that, though these women figured in all the turmoils and dangers of the times—always the first in deeds of violence and strife—not one of them was known to have perished from an unnatural death.

At the date of the first French Revolution of '89, there were twenty-six religious houses of refuge in the town of St Omer. Most of these were destroyed within a couple of years after. One of these establishments was founded about a century before by a Madame Piron, who had been many years known as one of the *poissardes* of the place, but who had left that employment, on having unexpectedly become heiress to a considerable fortune left her by a country gentleman in the neighbourhood. Madame was considered an amiable woman, notwithstanding the humble occupation she followed previous to becoming the recipient of such fortunate windfall. During the revolutionary frenzy, there were dreadful massacres in St Omer; chiefly on account of its being one of the strongholds of the aristocratic and monarchical refugees. In these cruelties the fishwomen of the town were often known to take an active share. One of them paraded the head of an old count upon a pole, in 1792, throughout the principal streets of the city. About the same date, the piscatory viragos of the town joined those of their craft in Calais, Dunkirk, and Gravelines, in a memorial to the government at Paris, thanking the members of it for their patriotism, and their sedulous attentions to the true interests of the nation.

When Napoleon Bonaparte was reviewing the *grande armée* encamped at Boulogne in 1807, for the invasion of England, the fishwomen of Portel, a neighbouring village, formed a deputation to the Emperor, and pre-

sented him with two hundred gold eagles, to enable him to carry out his purpose. He gave them a flattering answer in return.

The peculiar language and eloquence of the fish-market in France suggested a series of lyrical compositions, which have stood high in critical estimation. Those we have perused are written by Vadé and De l'Ecluse, and were published in Paris, with copperplate illustrations, in one volume in 1796. Those of Vadé consist of 'La Pipe Cassée: un poème, épi-tragi-Poissardi-heroi-comique, en quatre chants,' and 'Les Bouquets Poissardes,' in four parts. These are exceedingly humorous, and are written in the style and slang of the dealers in fish. The same author wrote several other poetical pieces, of a witty and satirical cast, upon the same subjects. The following lines are taken from Vadé's 'Cantique de Saint Hubert:—

'A la place Maubert,
Un jour une harengère
De Monsieur de Saint Hubert
Insultait la baignière;
Pour punir cette infame
L'on vit soudainement
Son chandron plein de flamme
Giller tout son devant.'

In 'Le Dejeuné de la Rapée' of De l'Ecluse, we have a very witty and amusing dialogue between a Parisian nobleman and a *poissarde*, about the buying of a parcel of fish. It is impossible to translate the piece, both from the number of slang phrases and idioms that are in it, and the loose tone in which the whole is couched. Both Vadé and De l'Ecluse spent a great portion of their time in the company of the Parisian *poissardes*, at the market, as well as at their private dwellings. It was mainly from this long and continued intercourse that these writers gained such an accurate knowledge of the quaint and coarse phraseology which appertains to this singular race of beings.

The fishwomen of France, like those in most other countries, are exceedingly prone to superstitious practices and omens. Dreams have a powerful influence over them. We once remember of paying a visit to that curious fishing village called Portel, about three miles south of Boulogne, when we observed several of the fishwomen in a state of great excitement. On

inquiring the cause, we found that one of them had had a dream of a particularly ominous character—that of fancying herself sailing on a smooth and placid lake; and on her telling it to her neighbours, the whole female community took alarm for the fate of the boats that had sailed early in the morning from the bay. The weather, however, proved propitious, and nothing disastrous happened. The first objects which these women meet in the morning, when carrying their loads of fish to Boulogne Market, are considered more or less indicative of good or bad luck in the disposing of their commodities for the day. The church of Rome is sufficiently adroit in turning these and all similar superstitious notions to its own purposes. In various districts along the coast of France, there are churches more or less especially set aside for fishermen and their wives and families, in which they may offer up those votive gifts which are thought effective for gaining the countenance and protection of Heaven in aid of their special calling in life. Pilgrimages of one hundred miles in extent are not unfrequently taken by those poor people, to visit some favourite locality, that their hopes and expectations may be more certainly realised.

The fishwomen of Spain and Portugal have long been known as highly grotesque characters, and famous for their eloquent vulgarity, extortion, and insolence. Several of the old Castilian romances take notice of them; and books of a humorous kind have frequently drawn upon the fish-market dames for comic materials to meet the popular taste. Time has effected but little change upon them. Modern travellers have described them as real oddities in their way. During the French occupation of Spain under Napoleon, these women displayed a marked hostility and ill feeling towards his army; and on one occasion a public example was considered requisite, and two female fish-dealers of the Madrid market were shot, as instigators of sedition. A volume of comic poems was published at Barcelona in 1809, in which there are some satirical songs about the fishwomen of Lisbon.

In Holland and Belgium, the female

sellers of fish have from time immemorial held a conspicuous position, for the singularity of their costume, habits, and independence of spirit. In the annals of many of the towns of the Low Countries, during the middle ages, when they were strongholds of commercial activity and freedom, the fish-dealers were an influential community, jealous to a fault of the national honour, and always the first to raise their voice in the civic contentions and broils of the times. When the popular feelings of the people of Ghent set in so furiously against James Artevelde, the rich brewer of that city, on account of his favouring a national alliance with England, the fishwomen of the town headed the public commotion, and made themselves cruelly active in the murder of this unfortunate victim to public frenzy in 1345. Thirty years afterwards, these women took as active a lead in raising Artevelde's son, Philip, to the rank of a popular leader of the people.

In modern times, the Dutch and Flemish fishwives have attracted considerable attention both from artists and authors. When the painters of the Low Countries took to representing objects of humble and common life, these women were a never-failing resource for designs of all kinds—both comic and sentimental. Many admirable works of art are connected with them; and many a painter owes his fame to their grotesque manners and homely character. Even in our own day we know that Rowlandson, and other English caricaturists, spent days together in sketching the peculiarities of these females in the fish-markets of Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and other cities and towns in Holland and Belgium.

Turning our attention now from the Continent to the British Isles, we find the same leading characteristics found there attached to the fishwomen of our own land. Traders in fish in England lay claim to some antiquity. The Fishmonger's Company obtained their first charter by letters patent in July, 1367. It was given by Edward I., and is in the French language. The preamble to this charter is curious; inasmuch as it hints pretty openly that the dealers in fish were a

rather slippery kind of people to deal with. 'Edward, by the grace, &c. Whereas it has been shown to us that all sorts of people come to buy with the mystery of fishmongers, are often imposed on, using the fairs of the kingdom where fish are to be sold, engrossing often the greater part of the fish, and enhancing the price thereof: and whereas, from ancient times whereof memory runs not, it was a custom that no fish should be sold in the city of London except by fishmongers, in Bridge Street, Old Fish Street, and the Stocks, because greater plenty might be found in the said places, to the end a better marketing might be there; and because from fish being sold in every part of the city, men could see no quantity in any place certain, and our buyers and the buyers of other lords, and of the commons, are obstructed of their purchases,' &c.

The present Fishmonger's Company in London was originally composed of two companies; the 'Stock Fishmongers' and the 'Salt Fishmongers.' The two were united in 1536. The City 'Assize of a Fisher' limits the profits of a London fishmonger to a penny in the shilling. No fish-seller was allowed to water fish twice, or to sell what was bad, under a heavy fine in both cases. It is claimed, as a great honour attached to this trading company, that from the year 1339 to 1716 *twenty-one* members of the Fishmonger's Company had filled the office of Lord Mayor of London.

The fishwives of London have attracted more or less of public attention for some centuries past. Little, however, of what has been said or written about them has been preserved. In the days of Henry VIII., we find a doggerel verse descriptive of their character not by any means flattering:

'In London we finde strange women dwelle,
Who blasphemie and scolde their fische to
selle;
Who lye like Satane—with Stentore's roar,
Denye what they had swore before.'

Lydgate, a benedictine monk, who lived in the early part of the fifteenth century, notices the fishwives of his time. There are sketches of them taken about this period in many pictorial cabinets, from which we can ob-

tain a pretty good idea of their general appearance and costume, as they figured in the streets of the metropolis four centuries ago.

At the commencement of the seventeenth century, we have several collections of the 'Cries of London,' in which the fishwives constitute a prominent figure. The freshness of fish, in those days of slow transit, was an essential matter to purchasers as well as sellers, and always formed the burden of these cries. 'Buy my fresh mackerell!' 'Plaice, fresh plaice!' 'Buy my dish of fresh eels!' resounded through the streets in all directions; and many fine sprightly damsels at this time devoted themselves to this mode of life, and became notabilities in their respective neighbourhoods of traffic. In modern London all this has now disappeared.

It was about this period, and a little prior to it, that some of our English wits began to pay attention to the characters of the fish-market. Etherege, Wycherley, Vanburgh, Farquhar, Congreve, and others, are said to have scribbled something about this rather singular female order of citizens. A song called the 'Lobster' is said to have been from the pen of Congreve:—

'As frisky Sue Wellfleet was set at her stall,
Surrounded with fish, and the devil, and
all,
A *monsieur* by chance in the int'rim came
by,
At her fish and herself both he casts a
sheep's eye.
He stopp'd at her stall. "Ha, ma sweet
pretty dear!
Vat shall I give you for dat little fish
here?"—
"That lobster?" cried Susan; "I'll be at a
word:
For less than a shilling I can't it afford."—
"Un shilling, ma dear, *parbleu*, and vor
vat!
For one half de monie I'd buy better dan
dat;
Aha! *parbleu*, begar it does stink a!
Pray smell it yourself, mattam, vat do you
tink a?"

Says she, "You're a lying French impudent
dog!
One-half your poor country would leap at
such prog."
With arms set akimbo, up to him she
goes,
And bob went the lobster plump 'gainst his
nose.'

Gay, Arbuthnot, and Swift used to make fun of the fishwives, and enjoyed their slang and conversation.

Gay wrote several pieces about them. His lines 'To a Young Lady, with some Lampreys' are well known; we cannot transcribe them. He is said to have written the song, very popular during last century, called 'Melton Oysters.' It arose from the following incident:—A very pretty girl, a native of Gloucester, came to London, and entered into the fish trade. She was exceedingly handsome, sprightly, and intelligent. In crying her oysters around one of the then fashionable localities of the city, she attracted the attention of a nobleman, a good deal older than herself, who ultimately married her. The circumstance gave rise to considerable gossip at the time among the London citizens. The song followed, as a matter of course:—

'There was a clever, likely lass,
Just come to town from Glo'ster,
And she did get her livelihood
By crying Melton oysters.
She bore her basket on her head
In the genteel posture;
And ev'ry day and ev'ry night
She cried her Melton oysters.
It happen'd on a certain day,
As going through the cloisters,
She met a lord, so fine and gay,
Would buy her Melton oysters.
He said, "Young damsel, go with me,
Indeed, I'm no impostor."
But she kept bawling in his ears,
"Come, buy my Melton oysters!"
At length resolved with him to go,
Whatever it might cost her,
And be no more obliged to cry,
"Come, buy my Melton oysters!"
And now she is a lady gay,
For Billingsgate has lost her;
She goes to masquerade and play,
No more cries Melton oysters.'

In the last century, when the mania prevailed in England about the herring fishery, and about the urgent necessity that we, as a nation, should take this lucrative branch of trade from the Dutch, there were numerous songs published, which have more or less allusion to female fish-dealers. A theatrical piece was got up on the occasion, which was very popular in some districts of the metropolis. The two chief characters in the piece were a fisherman and his wife. When he is about to leave her for the fishery, she sings a song:—

'How dearly I love you, bear witness, my heart!
I wish you success, but 'tis death thus to part;

With your fish'ry and herrings, you've kept
a strange fuss,
But tell me, John, how many *smacks* make
a *buss*!'

John answers his Peggy thus:—

'Why taunt thus, dear Peg, when you know
all the day
On your delicate lips I with transports could
stray?
What number of *smacks* make a *buss*, you
inquire!
There!—three!—a round hundred!—I am
now all on fire!'

In several caricatures which the excess of public zeal gave birth to, on this herring question, we find the females of Billingsgate grotesquely handled. There is one large plate in which a regular pitched battle is depicted between a female of the metropolitan market and a Dutch fish-woman. They are executed in a truly comic style—full of humour and life. There are numerous appropriate mottoes embellishing the two contending parties.

Captain Henry Templer, an intimate friend of David Garrick, had a great *penchant* for listening to the eloquence of the ladies of Billingsgate Market. He was in the habit of storing his memory with as many of their singular words and phrases as it could contain. These he used to rehearse to Captain Grose, the author of the 'Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue,' who enjoyed the recitations with a keen relish. Templer often threw into the dialogues of Billingsgate rich pieces of humour, which rendered his exhibitions of fish-market eloquence exceedingly comical and entertaining. Grose himself was so fond of these gossipings, that for several years he frequented a coffee-house, near the Monument, where there were a number of kindred spirits; and the standard topics of fun and jollity were recitative extravaganzas on the slang of Billingsgate. Grose tells us, in a letter to a gentleman in Aberdeenshire, that on two occasions he was successful in inducing Garrick to accompany himself and Templer to the market. The great tragedian was both delighted and astonished at the rhetorical exhibitions which were got up; and told Grose that 'nothing on or off the stage could possibly match such a display of natural passion and

sentiment.' Grose is said to be the author of the song 'Betty of Billingsgate.'

Tradition about the purlieus of Old Fish Street says, that John Wesley was several times known to have paid professional visits to the females of the fish-market. What were his impressions of their mode of *preaching* we are not told. It is a well-known fact that the late eccentric Rowland Hill often visited the locality; and on one occasion related an amusing anecdote about fishwomen to his audience in Surrey Chapel. Dr Badham informs us, 'that the late celebrated Irish Demosthenes (as Frenchmen delight to call Daniel O'Connell) considered it quite a feather in his cap, that he once beat an Irish ichthyologist of the feminine gender at her own weapons; effectually silencing his opponent by bringing unexpected charges against her reputation of an extraordinary character, filched out of Euclid and the elements of trigonometry.'

Besides the fishwomen of the English metropolis, there are large communities of the class in various sections around the coast, who possess no less distinctive and well-marked characters, and whose habits and manners have attracted more or less of public attention. We have in the north the Newhaven and Fisherrow women, a very singular race of mortals. A notice of these we find in the 'Mercurius Caledonius,' as far back as 1661, on the occasion of the public rejoicing for the Restoration. According to the programme of the official regulations for the processions on the event at Edinburgh, it is ordered that on the 12th of June 'sixteen fishwives are to trot from Musselburgh to Cannon Cross (Edinburgh), for twelve pair of lambs' harrigals.* The general habits of the fisher people in this part of Scotland are in all their leading features much about the same as in days of yore. A little improvement and alteration is observable; but nothing indicative of a rapid social progress. The same picturesque but cumbrous dress; the same grotesque and uncouth gait; the same general ignorance; the same superstitious notions and observances; the same system of extortion; the same want of

cleanliness, which have characterised them from time immemorial, flourish in all their pristine rankness at the present hour. As this portion of the fishing population has been fully and minutely described by Sir Walter Scott in his 'Antiquary,' and by other writers, we shall not enlarge on the subject, but step on to the coast of Fife, and cast a glance at the singular fishing community which occupy the village of Buchan. These people are commonly regarded as descendants from a colony of Flemings, and are supposed to have migrated from the Low Countries during the troubles of that kingdom, while under the tyranny of Spain. Whether this origin be the true one, we cannot determine. It was satirised in a very curious production, levelled against the people of this village upwards of seventy years ago. It is entitled, 'The Anciente and New History of Buch-Haven, in Fife-shire; wherein is contained the antiquities of their old dress; the Buckey boat, with a flag of a green tree, with their dancing Willie and his trusty rapper; their Burges ticket, with a plan of their new college, with the noted sayings and exploits of wise Willie in the brae, and Witty Eppie in the ale-house, and single-tailed Nancy. By Merry Andrew at Tam-Tallan. 1782.' The burden of this rare broadside was to ridicule all their manners and customs, and superstitious notions. The 'History' tells us that the fishers of Buch-Haven sprung from a set of sea-robbers, who first took shelter near Berwick-upon-Tweed; their burges tickets formed a part of their 'perfect truths,' and were dated 'the two-and-thirtieth day of the month of Julius Caesar.' Their coat-of-arms was two hands gripping each other over a skate's rumple; their oath of fealty was, 'I wish the de'il may take me, an I binna an honest man to you, and ye binna de like to me.' Wise Willie was raised every morning, who had the faculty of knowing the weather by the air of the wind. All these ancient people were said to have been called 'Thomsons,' and it was thought degrading for any of the young fisher lads to marry a farmer's daughter. 'Witty Eppie, the ale-wife, wad a' sworn, be go laddie, I wad rather see my boat and

*Lungs and livers.

my three sons daret against the Bass, or she saw only ane o' them married on a muck-a-byre's daughter; a whin useless tappies, 'at can do naething but rive at a tow rock, and cut corn; they can neither bait a hook nor rade a line, houke sandles, nor gather perrinkles.' Eppie's house is called the 'college,' a place set apart for all the gossip and law of the village, and where the kirk-session sat in judgment in the case of 'Rolicouching Jenny and Lang Sandy Thomson; we ken his nose, for Sandy had a great muckle red nose like a lobster's tae, bowed at the pint like a hawk's neb. Upon the Rooda day, four young Bucky lasses went away early in the morning, with their creels full of fish. About a mile frae the toon they saw coming down a brae like a man riding on a beast, when they came near. Tardy Tibb—"E't's a man riding on a big mankin." Tibb flang her creel and fish away, the other three ran the other way, and got clear; they said it was a horned de'il.' This pamphlet can never now be mentioned to the Buchan fishwives without their bile rising to a boiling pitch. The word 'college' is sufficient to excite their wrath.

As we have already hinted, fisher people in all countries are extremely prone to the superstitious and marvellous; and this predisposition is more striking among the women than the men. A good deal of this feeling may readily be expected from a fisherman's profession, which is always uncertain, and at times accompanied with great danger. In storms at sea, human efforts produce but dubious results; and little real protection can

be sought for from the rage of the elements. Under these circumstances man feels his weakness, and that there is a Power greatly stronger than himself—some agency wielded and directed against him—whose behests the winds and waves unerringly obey.

The natural result of this is, that the fisherman is a close observer of omens, and a firm believer in visions and wraiths. He spiritualises everything he sees. Plying his precarious profession at all times of the night, amid the scenes of former disasters—uninformed and credulous, and with the recollection of the dead vividly impressed on his memory—he is placed exactly in those circumstances in which most may be made of those rarer phenomena of sky and sea, which, seen through the medium of his superstitious emotions, occupy a picturesque place in the chronicles of his race. The *ignis fatuus* of some landlocked bay, the shooting meteor, the spectral-looking mist-wreath, the awakened seal, the sudden plunge of the porpoise, the wailing scream of the various kinds of water-fowl, are all full of meaning to his lively imagination, and are constantly associated in his mind with certain events which may hourly befall him. Often the superstitious notions of the fisherman assume a strongly-marked mythological form. He addresses himself to the blind powers of nature, as if they were imbued with instinct and life, and possessed a governing will. He prays to the wind in his own language; he whistles to invoke the breeze when his sails slacken; and likewise tries to soothe the boisterous surges, by using a low moaning chant.

AUNT HETTY'S CHRISTMAS.

I HAD not been a week in practice in this parish—where I first arrived only in July last—before I was called in to see Aunt Hetty—Mrs Esther Hayman, that is, the proprietress of the Hall. I was not sent for by herself, however, as I had hoped was the case, and on which idea all kinds of aerial buildings, labelled 'connection with

county families,' 'great provincial reputation,' 'family physician to the Lord Lieutenant,' had at once arranged themselves, like bottles in a dispensary, but only to her by her house-keeper and companion, Mrs Trimming. That old lady herself opened the door to me, beckoned me furtively into a small parlour on the left hand of the

entrance, and explained the circumstances.

'You see, you are not come here in order to attend Mrs Esther, by any means,' said she, in a confidential whisper; 'you never heard she had anything at all the matter with her—how should you? You're not come here, my dear sir, professionally at all.'

'Oh,' said I, rather crestfallen, 'very well, ma'am: I thought that Mrs Hayman was ill, and required my services.'

'Mrs Esther Hayman,' replied the little old lady, with a strong stress on the Christian name, and making her five feet one as nearly five feet two as she could at the same time, 'is ill, and *does* require your services.'

'Ah!' said I, 'good: perhaps, then, if you have no objection, Mrs Trimming'—and I infused into that proviso just the very least tincture of tartness—'I think I had better see her at once.'

'Lord love you, doctor,' replied the housekeeper, with great change of manner, and coming down the inch again with great velocity, 'don't be so hasty: what I mean is, that you must not be introduced as her medical adviser; she would never hear of such a thing. You must be a visiter only; the new professional gentleman just come into the village, and calling at the Hall to —'

'Solicit patronage?' inquired I, smiling at the difficulty which a desire to save my feelings had probably led her into.

'To solicit patronage! ay, that's the very expression; thank ye; for somehow I never can recollect the right word at the right time myself; yes, that's it. So we must observe for ourselves, and do the best we can without asking any questions, you see,' added Mrs Trimming, as though she were another M.D. in consultation.

Well, thought I, it seems very odd, but I suppose I must go through with it: 'Have you got anything else to say, ma'am?'

The housekeeper was thoughtfully stroking a little *retroussé* nose—her own, of course—with her thumb and finger, and evidently had something further of which to deliver herself, but she answered, 'No, not at pre-

sent I think, doctor,' and led the way into the room where her mistress sat.

It was a small library, well stored with books, that reached on oaken shelves from ceiling to carpet, with books too that lay about the various tables; no workboxes, no embroidery-frames, no *crochet* anywhere. The three large windows looked upon no garden, but opened—one of them was open, and the pleasant mountain air (for we were near the northern hills) and summer fragrance filled the chamber—straight out upon the little park, with its knolls of rock and wooded eminences, between two of which, far off, were seen some vessels out at sea: a most delightful room certainly, but not what we understand by the term a lady's room, except that the few newspapers that were in it were folded up very carefully, and not strewed about on chair or floor, as they would have been in a man's study.

The lady had been bending over a map upon the table, but folded it up rather hastily as we entered, and put it away. Before she turned her face toward me, I should have set her down—judging from a slight stoop she had, and her almost snowy hair—at sixty years of age; yes, she looked that, too, or nearly so, in the face.

'Mrs Esther,' said my introducer, Mr Sutor, the new doctor, ma'am, has called to make your acquaintance.'

And with that, the old housekeeper sat down in the arm-chair, which she always occupied in her mistress's apartment, and drawing some knitting materials out of an almost fathomless pocket, put on her spectacles, and set to work without further remark.

Mrs Esther uttered an involuntary expression of surprise, but at once recovered herself, and welcomed me with ease and kindness: her voice was low but sweet; a very young voice for a person of her years.

'I am afraid, Mr Sutor,' said she, gravely, 'that you will find this mountain country of ours exceedingly healthy; we have not had a medical man at the Hall since my poor father died. Is it not so, Mrs Trimming?'

These last words were evidently addressed to the old lady with the intention of rousing her to take part

in a conversation which her mistress did not wish to carry on singlehanded: but Mrs Trimming only shook her head, and replied, 'Ay, ay, true enough;' as though it were a pity people were not ill a great deal oftener than they were.

After such conversation as usually occurs during morning calls, and which, therefore, had very much better remain unchronicled, I was about to take my leave.

'By the by, Mr Sutor,' said Mrs Esther, reminded of the matter by nothing, 'do you happen to know if the day's paper is taken in at the village here? We are oldfashioned folks, and still have our news from London but thrice a-week.'

'Bless me, and enough too,' interrupted the old lady, plying her knitting-pins as though she were working against time, and had laid her silver spectacles to nothing on the result. 'Why, I mind when we had but the *'Whitehaven Banner'* here once a-fortnight. Then, indeed, newspapers were newspapers, for they had plenty of time to discern the rights of a thing before they put it in. Anything one reads now is contradicted in the next number, and indeed they are always ready to say anything but their prayers.'

This last remark must have been applied to editors (of whom it is likely Mrs Trimming may have had experience), and could scarcely have referred to newspapers proper, of whom devotional exercises can scarcely be expected; but the little old lady was clearly in wrath, and not to be restrained by the flimsy subtleties of grammar.

'I take the day's paper in myself, and shall be very pleased to send it up to you every evening,' said I, gallantly. Which offer, after a little hesitation, Mrs Esther, with a great many thanks, said she would accept for the next few nights or so.

Mrs Trimming was in the hall almost as soon as I, and hurried me at once into the same parlour as before.

'Well, how is she? what's the matter with her?' cried the impatient little old lady. 'Now, while I get the pen and ink for you to write the prescription with, do tell me all about her.'

'Well, ma'am,' said I, 'in the absence of any information, I should be inclined to think she was harassed and unhappy in her mind.'

'Of course you would, doctor,' replied she, rather snappishly; 'who would not, knowing her story?'

'But I don't know her story, ma'am,' said I.

'Then you're a bachelor!' cried Mrs Trimming, with excusable astonishment; 'of course you are: a woman would have found it all out in the week that you have been here, twice over; men are so dull.'

After this compliment, Mrs Trimming desired me to say, supposing that her mistress had been for a very long time distressed and wretched, whether I thought there was anything wrong with her, besides, of a more recent date.

'Yes,' said I, 'I think there is; she has been weeping a great deal of late; she was weeping when we went in. Has she got any dear friends in India, in these dreadful moutinous times?'

'Lord bless me!' cried the old lady, turning deadly pale, 'how came you to hit on that? No; she has certainly not got any dear friends in India. Quite the reverse.'

'Well, that was a map of India which she was looking at when we entered the room,' observed I, quietly. 'The *'Evening Mail'* folded upon the round table had "*Indian Intelligence*" outside, and that was blotted with tears. She asked me to let her have the daily paper, because three times a-week was not —'

'There,' interrupted the housekeeper, with a deep-drawn sigh, 'you see it all; I was afraid that this was the case, but still I hoped on that it might rather be some bodily ailment. I'll tell you her whole story myself, for you're that cunning, you are sure to find it out somehow, and it is better you heard it from me. She won't want me now for—let me see,' said the old lady, consulting a silver watch of about the size of a twopenny loaf—'not for an hour. Have you got an hour to spare, Mr Sutor?'

'Yes,' I said—I was sorry to say I had; so she told me the story.

'It is fourteen years ago now since old Mr Hayman, and Miss Esther, and Miss Rose that was, lived toge-

ther at the Hall here; Miss Hetty was the daughter, and Miss Rose the ward, but they were treated and loved both alike, and were very much attached to one another indeed. Motherless children brought up together under one roof for nearly twenty years, playmates, loving friends—it is very sad to think now of the end to which all that came to! When young Mr Beck was upon his first visit here, fifteen years come this present summer, they were two beautiful girls of about nineteen. Esther fair, though you mayn't think so to see her now, as any star; and Rose, a dark beauty, such as are born, as she was herself indeed, out in the Western Indies. I hardly think he knew which to choose at first, for, although Miss Rose was rather the richer, her father being dead, that did not weigh with the young man I know in the least; for, to do him justice, he was not a fortune-hunter—a wild, reckless, harum-scarum young fellow, whom Mr Hayman, who was his guardian, too, I think, and indeed most people, could not refrain from liking, and whom—handsome, generous, and clever as he was—the young ladies liked even better than did the other folks. He came up to the north to stay here, many times.

'Ah me, to think of the summer days which those three used to spend together; riding about the beautiful hill country, with one of the two sisters, as they loved to call each other, upon either side of him, or rowing in the skiff on the little lake at the park end. I seem to hear their laughter coming from the water even now, and echoing around the great wall garden yonder, where my mistress walks and weeps now all alone. They never quarrelled, never, those two girls, but grew up side by side, most tenderly, like two apple blossoms upon a single stem. I saw my Hetty on the very evening when Mr Charles proposed to her; that very night when I came to her room as usual to do her hair—she never would let any one do her hair but me—she told me all: "Charley and I are going to be married, nurse," as naturally as possible; drooping her delicate eyelashes the least possible, and letting the merest trifle of peach-bloom tinge her cheek; you cannot

have an idea of what she was, doctor, even from this!'

Here Mrs Trimming took from a chain around her neck a thick, golden locket, and touching a spring, displayed in it a most charming miniature, wherein I could recognise, but by the eyes only, a face which might have belonged to the daughter of Mrs Esther. Still retaining the locket in her hand, the old lady resumed.

'Now, maybe, having a suspicion which the rest had not, I went on that night to Miss Rose's chamber also, and saw her too, and found, and thanked God for it, that my thought was wrong.

"Yes, nurse, our dearest Esther is to marry Charles," she said, "surely the noblest pair since those in Eden garden." She put back the dark locks that reached her feet, to show me her full smile and happy eyes: "I am so glad, so glad," she said.

Mrs Trimming touched a second spring in the locket, and disclosed, on its other side, the brunette's picture, a more dashing, more impetuous-looking face perhaps than one would desire to look at off the stage, but very, very beautiful.

'That was Rose,' murmured the little old lady, sobbing.

'I think I can guess the rest,' said I, wishing to save her from the further recital of matters that affected her so deeply, but she shook her head.

'No, indeed you cannot, doctor; no human creature could ever guess it: I would rather that you heard the tale from me.

'Mr Hayman himself was far from being opposed to his daughter's choice, and as for the two lovers, they were beside themselves with joy.

"Only remember, Charles," cried Esther, upon the very day before her marriage—"remember what you promised from the first, that Rose shall live with us, and never part from us, and be the sister that she has always been to me for all time to come."

'And he said, "Yes, my love; of course she will be henceforth my sister too."

'So the next day—it was Christmas time, and the mountains themselves had their bridal robes about them—my mistress and Mr Charles were married, and started for Paris,

with me as travelling-maid. They were to return to London in a month, where they intended to take up their residence, and then and there Miss Rose was to rejoin them—for good. I am sure that for that month my darling mistress was as happy as the best-loved wife could be; she *was* the best-loved wife. When I see her, as I sometimes do, sit and think for hours in silence, with eyes alit, and her wan cheeks in a glow, and presently her head droop in a sudden, and the hot tears begin to fall, then I know she is thinking of that happy month, and of what came afterwards.

'When we got home to the town house in Curzon Street, Miss Rose was there to welcome us, and very lovingly did the two young women meet; my eyes are older now, but they were very keen at that time, and I am sure of what I say.

"Why, Charles, you never kissed our Rose," said Esther; whereupon my young master bent his head—he had not far to bend it—and kissed her, merrily.

'In about six weeks from this time my master and mistress began to disagree; not much indeed, but very observably. It first arose from Mr Charles refusing to go northward and visit old Mr Hayman, who was lonely enough, poor gentleman, in the absence of both his daughters. Mr Beck declared that the country always bored him, and that he had had more than enough of it in late years, which was not a kind thing to say, considering. Then she tried to reason with him about his dreadful extravagance (which had only just then begun to show itself), and the shockingly late hours at which he would come home at night, and that enraged him. Miss Rose exerted all her influence to heal those quarrels, and in great part succeeded for a time. When a dispute arose between the wife and husband down-stairs—for they felt no shame about such matters after a little—they would each appeal to her, to know whether she or he were in the right, and Miss Rose decided almost always in favour of my mistress. That is what led at first, I think, however, to the coldness between the two young ladies; but they still sat up together in the back drawing-

room, far into the morning, to wait for our young master whenever he was from home. He did not like this at all; but they always would sit up. One night he was brought home intoxicated: not the disgusting sight that you may imagine, but only unable to stand; that was all that was wrong with him. His colour was heightened, his eyes were unusually brilliant, but he knew perfectly well what he was about. My mistress came into my room, refusing to remain in her own, and was very wretched, poor girl, nor would she be comforted. Now, not only did this never happen again, but my master for months afterwards came home before ten o'clock, unless he accompanied the young ladies to the play, when he, of course, returned with them. I was very pleased to see this, and should have thought all was going well, but for my darling crying so. One day when she was ill with headache, and staying at home, while Mr Charles and Miss Rose were gone to some exhibition, I besought her to tell her dear old nurse what it was all about. Then she threw herself into my arms, quite heartbroken, and told me that her husband loved Miss Rose better than he did her. That was almost as great a blow to me as to my dear young mistress. I reasoned with her all I could, to prove that this was impossible, and in particular I urged how much more regular and domestic Mr Charles had become of late.

"I know it, nurse," she cried, wringing her beautiful white hands—"I know it, and I know the reason also. On that dreadful night when he was brought home, she said to him—I heard her say it—'For my sake, Charles—for Rose's sake, not mine—'pray, do not let this happen again.' And you see he does what she bids him!"

'After this I watched Miss Rose and my master narrowly, and found what my poor mistress said was true, and much more beside, which I durst not tell, lest it should kill her. Presently something came out which not only she, but all the servants and all the folks in the same street knew, within a few hours of its happening: two horrible men came right up into

the drawing-room one morning when master was out, and sat down in the two worked arm-chairs—one Esther's, and one Rose's work—as though the house was their own, as indeed it was for a time, for they were bailiffs in possession. Mr Beck had a good income, but three carriages and seven horses, with a couple of hours a-day, as we afterwards heard, at the gaming-table, had been too much for it; indeed, he was well-nigh ruined.

"Rose will help us," were his first unguarded words, directly his wife told him what had happened. That was the last drop of bitterness which her full cup refused to hold.

"Not one penny would I take of that bad girl's," she cried, "to save myself from death. How dare you insult me thus, sir? You may well turn pale. I know you, know you thoroughly, and the other, too: false, false both. Oh," exclaimed she, bursting into a passion of tears, "I may have been hasty in word, cold in look, not, many times, as a wife should have been, Charles, but I have not deserved—oh God, I have not deserved such punishment as this! Charles, Charles, may He pardon you, may I in time. If it had been an enemy that had done this, I could have borne it; but Rose, Rose —"

'My poor young mistress, overcome by the expression of these terrible thoughts which had haunted the empty chambers of her heart so long in silence, fell into a sort of swoon. Before she recovered, Mr Beck had caused Miss Rose to remove herself to the house of an acquaintance, for which the execution in Curzon Street offered, of course, a plausible reason. All this time, good kind Mr Hayman had been pressing his son-in-law to come and stay here at the Hall, expecting to see the same guileless and sorrow-free faces around him as in the old times. Instead of this, he got a contrite letter from Mr Beck, confessing his unpardonable extravagances, entreating pecuniary assistance, and conjuring him to procure some appointment for him in India, if possible, or at all events, he wrote, "in some far distant spot, where I may neither be reminded of my disgrace by the presence of old acquaintances, or tempted by them

into renewed expenditure. I am sure that this resolve, unpleasant though it be, is for the best, and you will, at least, have Rose to comfort you in our long absence." It was my mistress who insisted upon his writing thus, determined as she was to go to the end of the earth, rather than to suffer Miss Rose to set eyes upon them again; and my master dared not thwart her. A good appointment in the civil service in India was soon procured, and we spent the last few weeks before our departure here. My master and mistress seemed to be reconciled, and to live more comfortably together than they had done for some time. Whatever wretchedness past events had entailed upon her, was set down by her father and others to the state of Mr Beck's pecuniary affairs: everybody thought her a brave, wise girl to be so ready to go abroad at such short notice for so long; but none knew how wise but me. All they guessed of Miss Rose, who was to come to the Hall as soon as we left, was, that some quarrel had arisen between the two young ladies, as was likely enough, and they had often said it, when single folk went to live with married folk, and so they forbore to talk of her to my mistress. At last the day came for our departure to Southampton, from which port the steamer sailed to Calcutta. For my part, I never expected to see my old master, nor the house wherein I had then passed forty years, ever again; but I was determined not to leave my mistress; and I am thankful now that I never did. She seemed to grow better and more cheerful from the moment the carriage started. "In India we shall begin a new life, and you will be my own, all my own, once more, dear Charles; will you not?" His old affection, too, seemed quite to have returned for her; and he said he would, so help him God.

'We got to the inn on an afternoon, and the boat was to start the next day. My master and mistress had dined, and were sitting by the fire—for it was a wet autumn night—talking of the future which lay before them in the new land (they never spoke of the past); and I was in my own room, penning a farewell letter to a little niece in the village here,

when there came a knock at my door.

"Please, ma'am, may a lady come up here, whom you know very well, she says," asked the chambermaid, "and have a little conversation with you in your room?"

"No," cried I (for I knew who it was at once, as surely as though I had seen her)—"no, not upon any account."

"The lady says, ma'am, that if you think it better that she should go into the drawing-room, she will go there."

"Let her come up here," said I, as calmly as I could, "if the matter is so particular."

In the minute or two which elapsed before she came, the room seemed to spin round with me, and I heard my heart beat as loudly as the great clock which stood on the stair.

Miss Rose was a sad sight. She had been walking, apparently, some great distance, for her gown was dirty and draggled, and her long cloak wet through; her cheeks were sunken and pale, and her large eyes lay in their hollow lids like jewels in a case; her wet hair hung down straight from her bonnet, and almost to the ground, without one curl.

"I missed the junction train," said she, in answer to my terrified stare, "drove as far as my purse held out, and have walked the rest."

"Then go back again, in Heaven's name!" cried I. "I have money in plenty. Oh, the misery but one look of yours would bring upon them! They are happy now; and she has forgiven him. As you hope for mercy hereafter, spare my poor mistress! spare her who was your sister once, Miss Rose!"

"Nurse, nurse!" answered she, softly, pitifully, so that my heart was turned towards her in spite of myself, "you don't know, you can't guess, why I am come here, and at this last moment, too, while there is yet time, to go—yes, to go with them to-morrow, nurse—and no time to retract. Listen to me: let me put my arms around your neck, as in the olden time, and let me whisper to you of my shame."

It was terrible. I shall never forget that night so long as I live. There lay the poor girl, exhausted, ill, bearing that within her which was indeed

reason enough why she should not go back to break the heart of my good old master at the Hall—why, indeed, no friendly house in England could open its doors without prompt and shameful discovery. And below us my poor young mistress, to be woke from her dream, just woven, of renewed fidelity and love.

I told Miss Rose that she must go to her herself, for that I had neither heart nor strength to break such news.

I got my darling into her room alone then, and went to fetch Miss Rose, who crawled in upon her bended knees, as though she was not worthy to stand up before her, and told her all the awful truth. When I looked in again, my mistress was lying in a faint upon the bed, and Miss Rose kneeling beside her, covering her cold hand with kisses. She had obtained permission to go with us to Calcutta. Her gratitude for this towards her injured sister was extreme, but as nothing to that expressed by Mr Charles. He declared that not an angel in heaven would have behaved as his dear wife had done; and that, as for himself, he was the most vicious and unprincipled of men. Thus, a very mournful party indeed, we four started the next morning from the docks; Miss Rose writing to the Hall by the last post, to say, that she had been unable to let sister Esther leave the country, after their disagreement, without wishing her good-by; and that she had been received with open arms, and pressed, so that she had not the heart to resist, to accompany her to India.

In less than four months from that time—so little can we guess what changes fate may have in store for us—my mistress and myself were again on English land. The conduct of her husband and Miss Rose throughout the voyage had been a scandal to the ship. We never even set foot in Calcutta, but engaged a cabin in a homeward-bound vessel at the river's mouth immediately upon arrival. In those two voyages, my darling changed from the fairest of women into what you see her now. Mrs Esther Hayman—she got a divorce as soon as practicable—is this month only thirty-four years of age, of which the last fourteen have been passed in as undeserving wretchedness as ever fell to the lot

of erring mortal. Her father died broken-hearted in the first year. She can't forget her Charles; no, nor even her Rose—she would not if she could, perhaps—but keeps a desk full of old letters still, two locks of hair, and her broken marriage-ring. The cold, lonely Christmas times, with none but me to love her, these are the worst of all. I have told you all her story.'

'But what became of Mr Beck, the young lady, and the child?' asked I.

'The child died. After my mistress was divorced, Mr Charles and Miss Rose were married. They had another child about three years ago, a daughter. They are all, I believe, at Lidapore in Bengal.'

'And it is about them that Mrs Esther frets herself, you think?' inquired I, with unfeigned admiration.

'I am afraid so,' replied the old lady, putting back the locket into her bosom, with a great show of virtuous severity. 'But one reads of such frightful things being done there. Poor Miss Rose!'

So I took quite an affectionate leave of Mrs Trimming, and left the Hall, nor did I visit it again for many weeks. Throughout that time I sent my newspaper to Mrs Esther every evening. Once, in last September, it had this telegraphic news in it:—'The 101st N. I. have mutinied at Lidapore. They massacred all the Europeans they could find in their own bungalows; most of them, however, had already taken refuge in the fort, which itself is threatened by a large body of mutineers from the north.'

Three days afterwards came some of those hideous details, so unnatural to English eye and ear six months ago, and now, alas! grown so familiar: 'Mr Beck, C.S., with wife and child, among the "missing"—word that has, in these days, grown to have a significance far more awful than that of 'wounded' or of 'dead.'

Mrs Trimming, who knew the genuine interest which I felt in her poor mistress, called upon me the next morning, to tell me that Mrs Esther bore this better than might have been expected; that, at first, she (Mrs Trimming) had been minded to have sent for me, thinking her about to die, so great was her tearless, passionless

grief. But the faithful creature had hit on a device which the whole College of Surgeons would have failed to entertain—namely, that of slipping off the locket with the two pictures on to Mrs Esther's neck, and leaving her for half-an-hour to herself. Nature had done the rest; and now the poor exhausted lady was taking the first sleep which she had had for many a day and night, with the pictures in her hand.

'But now am I sure,' said the poor housekeeper, 'that I shall never see my dear mistress smile again.'

I caught a glimpse of Mrs Esther in church a month after this; and certainly, if ever face seemed sorrow-stressed and proof against a smile, it was that poor lady's.

Early in December, I was disturbed in my little study by a tremendous hubbub raised by my landlady and some female friends below. A fly from the railway station, full of black people, had, they averred, just driven in at the hall-gates. Presently a message—this time from Mrs Esther herself—arrived for me, to come up there at once. Hoping, fearing, I knew not what, I repaired to the Hall instantly. I found that the black people were limited to one old Indian nurse or ayah, charged with a delicate girl of three years old. Tired out with unknown fatigues and dangers in escaping from the fatal station, with its long voyage and subsequent travelling, the poor child did not need me half so much as rest and kindness. She was very beautiful, pale enough now, but naturally high-coloured, dark as the sorrows which environed her, large-eyed, with masses of raven hair: Rose's own child.

What interested me more than did the little orphan, however, was the change which had been already wrought in her whom she had been taught, in her child's prattle, to call 'Auntie Hetty.' She looked as if twenty years had fallen from her shoulders like a garment. As she stooped over the sofa upon which the child was laid, arranging the heavy shawls about her with a mother's care, there was a light within her eyes that no one could have hoped to have seen there re-lit again. She had found something to love and live for. That poor sinful murdered

pair well knew the nature upon which they were relying, when they trusted their friendless orphan to such as she. Folded up in its little hand, it had brought a scrap of paper, with these words in pencil, 'To Aunt Hetty—pity the innocent;' written at an awful time, within a few hours, perhaps minutes, of an awful death. The heart of Mrs Esther did not need such watchword, but was flung wide open at the mere sight of her who bore it. Again and again she made the trusty ayah recount the wanderings, the perils, the escapes of herself and her helpless charge. Every name of those who had befriended them was set down in a book at once, with a vow of gratitude that I know will be faithfully kept. In thanking God for the safety of that little one, I think we may be sure, too, that Aunt Hetty forgave, from the bottom of her heart, those two unhappy ones who have passed into the presence of the All-merciful.

Day after day, it has been my delight to look in at the Hall—a welcome visiter; for the child has taken a fancy to me—although there is no pretence of an occasion for my professional services. Mrs Trimming has always got some new and surprising proof to relate to me of little Rose's intelligence, and of the returning cheerfulness of her mistress. 'I saw her smile distinctly,' said she to me only yesterday, 'at the child's extreme wonder at the falling snow.' Yes; Mrs Esther smiles! And even at this, her bridal time, which was wont to be most thronged by biting memories, her form grows less and less bowed, her blue eyes lose their dimness day by day. She works with her needle now, a thing she has not done for many years—not afraid to let her thoughts have play—while the little one is prattling loving nonsense at her feet. After fourteen weary winters, there has come at last a happy, if not a merry, Christmas to Aunt Hetty.

SUGGESTIONS UPON THE SECRET OF THE MUTINY.

BY THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

THE first question arises upon the true originators, proximate and immediate, of the mutiny—who were they? This question ploughs deeper than any which moves under an impulse of mere historic curiosity; and it is practically the main question. Knowing the true, instant, operative cause, already we know something of the remedy;—having sure information as to the ringleaders, we are enabled at once to read their motives in the past, to anticipate their policy in the future;—having the *persons* indicated, those who first incited or encouraged the felonious agents, we can shorten the course of public vengeance; and in so vast a field of action can give a true direction from the first to the pursuit headed by our Indian police. For that should never be laid out of sight—that against rebels whose *least* offence is their rebellion, against men who have massacred by torture women and children, the service of extermi-

nation belongs of right to executioners armed with whips and rods, with the *lassos* of South America for noosing them, and, being noosed, with halters to hang them.* It should

* *'To hang them.'*—But with a constant notification that, *after hanging*, the criminals would be decapitated: otherwise the threat loses its sting. It seems to be a superstition universal amongst Southern Asiatics, unless possibly amongst the Malay race, that to suffer any dismemberment of the body operates disastrously upon the fate in the unseen world. And hence, no doubt, it has arisen that the gallows is not viewed in the light of a degrading punishment. Immunity from mutilation compensates any ignominy which might else attend it. Accordingly, we see in China that the innumerable victims of the present rebellion, captured in the vast province of Quantung by the cruel Yeh, were all beheaded by the sword in the blood-reeking privacies of Canton. And two centuries back, when the native dynasty was overthrown by the last Tartar invasion, the reigning emperor (having unlimited freedom of choice) ended his career by a halter: retreating to his orchard, he hanged both himself and his daughter.

be made known by proclamation to the sepoys, that *de jure*, in strict interpretation of the principle concerned, they are hunted by the hangman; and that the British army, whilst obliged by the vast scale of the outrages to join in this hangman's chase, feel themselves dishonoured, and called to a work which properly is the inheritance of the gallows; and yet, again, become reconciled to the work, as the purgation of an earth polluted by the blood of the innocent.

Who then, again I ask—who are those that, after seven months' watching of the revolt, appeared, by any plausible construction of events, to have been the primal movers in this hideous convulsion? Individual opinions on this question, and such as could plead a weight of authority in regard to experience, to local advantages for conjecture, and to official opportunities for overlooking intercepted letters, there have been many; and at first (say from May 10 to the end of June), in the absence of any strong counter-arguments, some of these were entitled to the full benefit of their *personal* weight (such weight, I mean, as could be drawn from the position or from the known character of him who announced the opinion). But now—namely, on the 15th of December (or, looking to India, say the 10th of November)—we are entitled to something weightier. And what is there which generally would be held weightier? First, there are the confessions of dying criminals;—I mean, that, logically, we must reserve such a head, as likely to offer itself sooner or later. Tempers vary as to obduracy, and circumstances vary. All men will not share in the obstinacy of partisan pride; or not, by many degrees, equally. And again, some amongst the many thousands who leave families will have favours to ask. They all know secretly the perfect trustworthiness of the British Government. And when matters have come to a case of choice between a wife and children, in the one scale, and a fraternity consciously criminal, in the other, it may be judged which is likely to prevail. What through the coercion of mere circumstances—what through the entreaties of wife and children, co-operating with such circumstances—or

sometimes through weakness of nature, or through relenting of compunction—it is not to be doubted that, as the cohesion of party begins rapidly to relax under approaching ruin, there will be confessions in abundance. For as yet, under the timid policy of the sepoys—hardly ever venturing out of cover, either skulking amongst bushy woodlands, or sneaking into house-shelter, or slinking back within the range of their great guns—it has naturally happened that our prisoners have been exceedingly few. But the decisive battle before Lucknow will tell us another story. There will at last be cavalry to *reap* the harvest when our soldiery have won it. The prisoners will begin to accumulate by thousands; executions will proceed through week after week; and a large variety of cases will yield us a commensurate crop of confessions. These, when they come, will tell us, no doubt, most of what the sepoys can be supposed to know. But, meantime, how much is *that*? Too probably, except in the case of here and there some specially intelligent or specially influential sepoy officer, indispensable as a go-between to the non-military conspirators moving in darkness behind the rebel army, nothing at all was communicated to the bulk of the privates, beyond the mere detail of movements required by the varying circumstantialities of each particular case. But of the ultimate purpose, of the main strategic policy, or of the transcendent interests overriding the narrow counsels that fell under the knowledge of the illiterate soldier, since no part was requisite to the fulfilment of each man's separate duty, no part would be communicated. It is barely possible that so much light as may be won from confessions, combined with so much further light as may be supposed to lurk amongst the mass of unexamined papers left behind them by the rebels at Delhi, might tell us something important. But any result to be expected from the Delhi papers is a doubtful contingency. It is uncertain whether they will ever be brought under the review of zeal united to sagacity sufficient for sustaining a search purely disinterested. Promising no great triumph for any literary purpose,

proving as little, perhaps, one way or other, as the mathematician in the old story complained that the 'Æneid' proved—these papers, unless worked by an enamoured bookworm (or paper-worm), will probably be confiscated to some domestic purpose, of singeing chickens or lighting fires.

But, in any case, whether speaking by confessions or by the varied memoranda (orders to subaltern officers, resolutions adopted by meetings, records of military councils, petitions, or suggestions on the public service, addressed to the king, &c.), abandoned in the palace at Delhi, the soldier can tell no more than he knew, which, under any theory of the case, must have been very little. Better, therefore than all expectations fixed on the vile soldiery, whom, in every sense, and in all directions, I believe to have been brutally ignorant, and through their ignorance mainly to have been used as blind servile instruments—better and easier it would be to examine narrowly whether, in the whole course and evolution of this stupendous tragedy, there may not be found some characterising feature or distinguishing incident, that may secretly report the agency, and betray, by the style and character of the workmanship, *who* might be the particular class of workmen standing at the centre of this unparalleled conspiracy. I think that we stand in this dilemma: either, on the one hand, that the miserable sepoys, who were the sole acting managers, were also the sole contrivers of the plot—in which case we can look for further light only to the judicial confessions; or, on the other hand, that an order of agents far higher in rank than any subaltern members of our army, and who were enabled by this rank and corresponding wealth to use these soldiers as their dupes and tools, stood in the background, holding the springs of the machinery in their hands, with a view to purposes transcending by far any that could ever suggest themselves to persons of obscure station, having no prospect of benefiting by their own fullest success. In this case, we shall learn nothing from the confessions of those who must, upon a principle of mere self-preservation, have been excluded from all real knowledge of the dreadful

scheme to which they were made parties, simply as perpetrators of its murders and outrages. Here it is equally vain to look for revelations from the mercenary workers, who know nothing, or from the elevated leaders, who know all, but have an interest of life and death in dissembling their knowledge. Revelations of any value from those who cannot, and from those who will not, reveal the ambitious schemes communicated to a very few, are alike hopeless. In default of these, let us examine if any one incident, or class of incidents, in the course of these horrors, may not have made a self-revelation—a silent but significant revelation, pointing the attention of men to the true authors, and simultaneously to the final purposes, of this mysterious conspiracy.

Now, it has not escaped the notice of many people that two most extraordinary classes of outrages, perpetrated or attempted, have marked a very large majority of the mutinous explosions; outrages that were in the last degree unnatural, as out of harmony with the whole temper and spirit of intercourse generally prevailing between the sepoys and their British officers. The case is peculiarly striking. No reproach on the character of their manners was ever alleged against their British officers by any section or subdivision of the sepoy soldiery. Indeed, the reproach, where any existed, ran in the very opposite channel. Too great indulgence to the sepoy, a spirit of concession too facile to their very whims and caprices, and generally too relaxed a state of discipline—these features it was of the British bearing towards the native soldiery which too often, and reasonably, provoked severe censures from the observing. The very case* which I adduced some months back, where an intelligent British officer, in the course of his evidence before some court-martial, mentioned, in illustration of the decaying discipline, that for some considerable space of

* This case was entirely misapprehended by a journalist who happened to extract the passage. He understood me to mean that this particular mode of disrespect to their British officers had operated as a *cause* of evil; whereas I alleged it simply as an evidence and exponent of evil habits criminally tolerated amongst the very lowest orders of our mercenary troops.

time he had noticed a growing disrespect on the part of the privates; in particular, that, on coming into the cantonments of his own regiment, the men had ceased to rise from their seats, and took no notice of his presence—this one anecdote sufficiently exemplified the quality of the errors prevailing in the deportment of our countrymen to their native soldiery; and that it would be ludicrous to charge them with any harshness or severity of manner. Such being too notoriously the case, whence could possibly arise the bloody carnage by which, in almost every case, the sepoys inaugurated, or tried to inaugurate, their emancipation from British rule? Our continental neighbours at first grossly misinterpreted the case; and more excusably than in many other misinterpretations. Certainly it was unavoidable at first to read, in this frenzy of bloodshed, the vindictive retaliations of men that had suffered horrible and ineffable indignities at our hands. It was apparently the old case of African slaves in some West Indian colony—St Domingo, for instance—breaking loose from the yoke, and murdering (often with cruel tortments) the whole households of their oppressors. But a month dissipated these groundless commentaries. The most prejudiced Frenchman could not fail to observe that no sepoy regiment ever alluded to any rigour of treatment, or any haughtiness of demeanour. His complaints centred in the one sole subject of religion; even as to which he did not generally pretend to any certain knowledge, but simply to a very strong belief or persuasion that we secretly meditated, not that we openly avowed or deliberately pursued, a purpose of coercing him into Christianity. This, were it even true, though a false and most erroneous policy, could not be taxed with ill-will. A man's own religion, if it is sincerely such, is that which he profoundly believes to be the truth. Now, in seeking to inculcate another with that which sincerely he believes to be eminently the truth, though proceeding by false methods, a man acts in a spirit of benignity. So that, on all hands, the hellish fury of the sepoy was felt to be unnatural, artificially assumed, and, by a reasonable inference, was held to be a mask for something

else that he wished to conceal. But what? What was that something else which he wished to conceal? The sepoy simulated, in order that he might dissimulate. He pretended a wrong sustained, that he might call away attention from a wrong which he designed. At this point I (and no doubt in company with multitudes beside that had watched the case) became sensible of an alien presence secretly intruding into this pretended quarrel of the native soldier. It was no sepoy that was moving at the centre of this feud: the objects towards which it ultimately tended were not such as could by possibility interest the poor, miserable, idolatrous native. What was *he* to gain by the overthrow of the British Government? The poor simpleton, who had been decoyed into this monstrous field of strife, opened the game by renouncing all the vast advantages which he and his children to the hundredth generation might draw from the system of the Company, and entered upon a career towards distant objects that for *him* have absolutely no meaning or intelligible existence. At this point it was that two enigmas, previously insoluble, suddenly received the fullest explanation:—

1. What was the meaning of that hellish fury suddenly developed towards officers with whom previously the sepoy had lived on terms of reciprocal amity?

2. What cause had led to that incomprehensible enmity manifested, in the process of these ferocious scenes, towards the wives and children of the officers? Surely, if his wish were to eliminate their families from the Indian territory, that purpose was sufficiently secured by the massacre of him whose exertions obtained a livelihood for the rest of the household.

It was tolerably certain that the widows and their children would not remain much longer in the Indian territory, when it no longer offered them an asylum or a livelihood. Now, since personally, and viewed apart from their husbands, these ladies could have no interest for the murdering sepoys, it became more and more unintelligible on what principle, steady motive, or fugitive impulse, these incarnate demons could persist in che-

rishing any feeling whatever to those poor, ruined women, who, when their anchorage should be cut away by the murder of their husbands, would become mere waifs and derelicts stranded upon the Indian shores.

These had seemed at first two separate mysteries not less hard to decipher than the primal mystery of the mutiny itself. But now all became clear; whatsoever might be the composition, or character, or final objects of that tyranny which had decoyed the sepoys under its yoke, one thing was certain—namely, that the childishness and levity of the Hindoo sepoy made it difficult in excess to gain any lasting hold over his mind, or consequently to count upon his lasting services. But to this general difficulty there had now supervened one signal aggravation, in a shape hateful to those who encountered it—namely, the attractions of the British service, which service would be no sooner abjured than it would be passionately regretted. Here lay the rock which threatened the free movement of the insurrection. It was evidently determined by those who meant to appropriate the services of the sepoys, that they should have no retreat, no opening for recovering a false step, in the well-known mercy of the British Government. For *them* it was resolved that there should be no *locus penitentiae* left open. In order to close for ever that avenue to all hope of forgiveness, the misleaders of the soldiery urged them into those atrocities which every nation upon earth has heard of with horror. The mere fact of these atrocities indicates at once the overruling influence of such men as Nena Sahib, determined to place a bar of everlasting separation between the native army and that government which might else have reclaimed the erring men, had their offences lain within the reach of lawful forgiveness. The conspirators having thus divorced the ruling power, as they idly flattered themselves, from all martial resources, doubtless assumed the work of revolution already finished by midsummer-day of this present year. And this account of the course through which that attempted revolution travelled—according to which, not the sepoys, who could have had no ambition such

as is implied in that attempt, but Indian princes and rajahs, standing in the background, were the true originators of the movement—finds an indirect justification of its own accuracy in the natural solution which it furnishes to those infernal massacres, which else, as they must remain for ever without a parallel, will also remain for ever without an intelligible motive. These atrocities were exacted from the sepoys by the conclave of princes as tests of their sincerity. Such doubtless was the argument for this exaction, the ostensible plea put forward to the miserable reptiles who were seduced into this treason, by the promise no doubt of sharing in the fruits of the new and mighty revolution. Such pleas were for the sepoy. But for himself and his own secret benefit the princely seducer needed all that he could obtain of such accursed acts, as the means sure and sudden of making the separation between the soldier and the government more and more irreparable.

So much for the massacre of his officers: but a different reason availed for the more diabolical outrages upon women and their children. The murder of the *men* was extorted from the sepoy as a kind of sacrifice. With *them* the reptile had lived upon terms of humanising intercourse; and, vile as he was, in many cases this must have slowly ripened into some mode of regard and involuntary esteem; so that, in murdering the man, oftentimes a sepoy was making a real (if trifling) sacrifice. But for females he cared nothing at all. And in my opinion they perished on a very different principle. The male murders were levied as pledges for the benefit of the princes, and very distinctly understood to be levied *against* the wishes of the sepoy. But in the female sacrifice all parties concurred—sepoy and prince, tempted and tempter alike. I require you to murder this officer, as a pledge of your real hostility (which else might be a pure pretence) to the government. But the murder of the officer's wife and child rested on a motive totally different—namely, this:—Throughout Hindostan no feature in the moral aspects of the British nature could have been so conspicuous or so impressive as the tenacity of

purpose, the persistency, and the dogged resolution never to relax a grasp once taken. Consequently, had the *men* of our nation, and they separately from the women, scattered themselves here and there over the land (as they have long done in China, for instance), then, perhaps, the natives, when finding themselves in conflict with this well-known principle of imperishable tenacity, would be liable to a sentiment of despair, as in a contest with fate. And that sentiment would paralyse the Hindoos when entering upon a struggle for unrooting the British from Hindostan. But here suddenly, Woman steps in to aid the Hindoo. For the Briton, it is notorious, would never loosen his hold, more than his compatriot the bull-dog. But that scene which a man had faced steadily upon his own account, he shrinks from as a husband or a father. Hence the sepoy attacks upon women and children.

From hurried writing, it is to be feared that I may have done slight justice to my own views. Let me conclude this head therefore by briefly *resuming*.

The argument for tracing back the great conspiracy to the discontented rajahs is—that otherwise, and supposing the mutiny raised for objects specially affecting the sepoys, they would *not* have massacred their officers. *They* must have desired to leave an opening for pardon in the event of failure. That crime was exacted to compromise the native army effectually with the government. But this in many ways was sure to operate ruinously for the sepoy interests, and could therefore have found a sufficient motive only with the native princes.

But the *female* sacrifice was welcome to all parties. For no doubt they represented the British officer as saying:—So long as the danger affected only myself, I would never have relaxed my hold on India; but now, when the war threatens our women and children, India can no longer be a home for *us*.

Another urgent question concerns the acts of the Bengal Government. Many unfounded charges, as in a case of infinite confusion and hourly pressure, must be aimed at the Governor-General: the probability of such charges, and the multiplied expe-

rience of such charges, makes reasonable men cautious—in fact, unduly so; and the excess of caution reacts upon Lord Canning's estimation too advantageously. Lord Dalhousie is missed; his energy would have shown itself conspicuously by this time. For surely in such a case as the negotiation with Bahadoor Jung of Nepal, as to the Goorkas, there can be no doubt *at present*, though a great doubt, unfairly indulgent to Lord Canning, was encouraged at first, that most imbecile oscillation governed the Calcutta counsels. And it is now settled that this oscillation turned entirely upon a petty personal motive. A subordinate officer had accepted the Nepal offer, and by that unauthorised acceptance had intruded upon the prerogative of Lord Canning. The very same cause—this jealous punctiliousness of exacting vanity, and not any wish to enforce the severities of public justice—interfered to set aside the proclamation of Mr Colvin at Agra. The insufficiency again of the steps taken as to Nena Sahib speaks the same language. In this very journal, full six weeks earlier than in the Calcutta proclamation, the offer of a large sum* for this man's head had been suggested. That offer was never kept sufficiently before the public eye. But a grosser neglect than this, as affecting the condition of many thousands, and not of any single villain, was the non-employment of the press in pursuing the steps of the mutineers. Everywhere, as fast as they appeared in any strength, brief handbills should have been circulated—circumstantially relating their defeats, exposing their false pretences, and describing their prospects. Once only the government attempted such a service; and blundered so far as to urge against the sepoys a reproach which must have been unintelligible both to them and to all native readers.

Again, a question even more practical and instant arises as to the modes of public vengeance.

* And imperfectly as the offer was advertised, it seems to have had considerable effect. Apparently it has extinguished the Nena's power to show himself, and to move about with freedom. He is now distrustful and jealous—often no doubt with very little reason.

1. If, when finally defeated, and in a military sense destroyed, on some signal field of battle, the mutineers should fly to the hills in the great ranges, or the jungle, the main fear would arise not from *them*, but from the weak compromising government, that would show itself eager to treat, and make what the Roman law calls a *transactio*, or half-and-half settlement with any body of sepoys that showed a considerable strength. But, in such a case, besides that the rebels, having now no Delhi, will have scanty ammunition, our best resource would be found in the Spanish bloodhounds of Cuba, which we British used fifty years back for hunting down the poor negro Maroons in Jamaica, who were not by a thousand degrees so criminal as the sepoys.

2. That no wrong is done to the Bengal Government by this anticipation of an eventual compromise, may be judged by the assertion (resting apparently on adequate authority), that even at this hour that government are making it a subject for deliberation and doubt—whether the sepoys have forfeited their pensions! Doubtless, the Delhi and Cawnpore exploits merit good-service pensions for life!

3. Others by millions, who come to

these questions in a far nobler spirit, fear that at any rate, and with every advantage for a righteous judgment, too many of the worst sepoys laden with booty may find means to escape. To these I would suggest that, after all, the appropriate, worst, and most hellish of punishments for hellish malefactors, is mortification and utter ruin in every one of their schemes. What is the thrust of a bayonet or the deepest of sabre-cuts? These are over in a few moments. And I with others rejoiced therefore that so many escaped from Delhi for prolonged torment. That torment will be found in the ever-rankling deadly mortification of knowing that in all things they and their wicked comrades have failed; and that in the coming spring, and amongst the resurrections of spring, when all will be finished, and the mighty storm will have wheeled away, there remains for the children of hell only this surviving consciousness—that the total result has been the awakening of our Indian Government, and the arming it for ever against a hideous peril, that might else have overwhelmed it unprepared in an hour of slumbering weakness. Such a game is played but once; and, having failed, never again can it be repeated.

T R I E S T E.

AUSTRIA, it is said, intends to erect a naval station at Istria. For this purpose, the sum of 100,000,000 florins (equal to £10,000,000 sterling) has been awarded by the imperial treasury. This fact, taken in conjunction with the present unsettled state of Italy, will no doubt invest the shores of the Adriatic, once so famous in history, with a new interest.

Dalmatia and the coast of the Adriatic Gulf, as far west as Venice, constitute the Austrian seaboard. Along this line we find several good harbours, among which, however, the most worthy of note are Trieste, Fiume, and Venice. The last is a thoroughly Italian city, or rather Welsh—a name which would seem to sum up in a

German's mind that unbounded contempt with which, curiously enough, he considers it his birthright to look upon the whole Italian race. Venice contains the imperial royal arsenal and dockyards. The trade of Croatian Fiume is second in importance only to that of Trieste, whose wealth and extensive commercial operations result, irrespectively of position, from the privileges of a free port, and in no small degree from its incorporation with the great German confederation. A glance at the map will satisfy the reader that Austrian rule or misrule extends over many nations. The school-books at Vienna boastfully inform rising historians, that their country is rich in victories no less than in

broad lands acquired through successful family alliances. Her various subjects certainly adhere with fondness to their own native dialects, and hereditary institutions, too, if allowed; but, whatever the cause of the arrangement, and the advantages derived from it by the central government, it is a striking fact, that only the more strictly Teutonic, and consequently the smallest portion of its vast possessions, belongs to the German Bund. Hungary, Transylvania, and the Military Frontier-land, form no part of it, no more than Croatia, Galicia, and Lodomeria, and the Lombardo-Veneto.

Neither Venice, then, nor Fiume, can compete with Trieste, which thus affords the only convenient in and out let for the German markets this side the Alps, and connects them with the Levant. As already stated, all consignments for Trieste enjoy the immunities incidental to a free port. If goods, however, are directed for the interior, all vexatious formalities at the city gates may be avoided by a mere statement to that effect, when the official seal is affixed, and the search delayed till they reach their various inland places of destination. By this simple process, likewise, I understood that merchandise for England or Sweden may be transmitted through the whole German continent, without forfeiting more than a nominal fee to the custom-house. If we add to all these exclusive and high prerogatives, that the natives of Trieste are exempt from conscription, and that a railway, a perfect triumph of engineering skill, has been recently carried across the Alps, connecting the favoured city with the shores of the Baltic, we are almost tempted to agree with the popular belief in the existence of a friendly patron saint, who has made the prosperity of the town his especial care.

Placed nearly midway between Venice and Fiume, the harbour is a large open bay of easy access. At the bottom or bend of it lies the town, pretty, clean, and describing a semi-circular outline at the foot of the mountain Obeschina; which, receiving it, as it were, in its embrace, sends out two rocky offshoots, whereby the bay is formed. But so low and insig-

nificant are these, that they afford no shelter for the shipping. The docks, such as they are, admit only the smaller craft. It had at the time of my visit two batteries, one at each end; the first mounting eight, and the other twelve guns. A handsome line of quays runs along the shore, from which extend two large moles or piers. Its architecture has no pretensions, being chiefly characterised by that air of substantial comfort which bespeaks wealth and matter-of-fact proprietors. Even the governor's house, the barracks, and the consular residences, form no exceptions to the rule. There are numerous churches, offering nothing remarkable in style, one temple, or English place of worship, and several synagogues. It boasts a fashionable promenade, which bears the name of Sant' Andrea, but where sad evidences meet the eye on all sides of Trieste's great enemy—viz., the *bora*, or north wind. Fancy an avenue of two long, dreary miles, planted with mere saplings six feet high, destitute of foliage, and serving, so to speak, only to mark the spots which the plantain or sycamore should shade and adorn. The *bora* positively rages here; no tree or shrub can withstand its violence, nay, not a soul ventures out during its passage; the stalls in the market-place are deserted, and outdoor work or communication with the vessels becomes impossible. I recollect, on one occasion, a dense fog of long duration being cleared up in an instant by the first breath of this wind. Foreign merchantmen and warships, uninitiated in the mysteries of the harbour, launched forth their little jolly-boats, and made eagerly for the shore, some on errands of pleasure, others on victualling expeditions. But the breeze, as they had thought it, most unexpectedly freshening into a gale, they could not return on board, where one could see that the crews were ill at ease, for the topmasts were taken down, and all spare anchors lowered. The boats were, therefore, made fast to the pier, while officers and men turned to the town to look for quarters. This lasted for three days. Jack, by nature a sceptic in all considerations of safety, made, to be sure, sundry attempts to regain his ship, but meeting

with repeated rebuffs, he gracefully resigned himself to the fascinations of Bacchus, and did not only astonish the natives, but delight his countrymen in coffee-houses and taverns, by the gratuitous exhibition of his powers, whether in the hornpipe, the song, or the noble art of self-defence.

It was towards the end of a most pleasant journey, that I arrived at Trieste, on board the Lloyd steamer *Italia*. I can recommend these boats in preference to the French Mediterranean steamers; which, being partly a government concern, treat the mere civilian with the contempt he deserves for having entered *ces maudites galères*. Of course I landed quite a family stock of eastern souvenirs, and, what to me was the treasure of treasures, a plentiful supply of tobacco. But we did not get ashore at once, by the way. This was the latter end of the eventful year 1848, and sixteen Sardinian ships-of-war had just paid Trieste a visit. After a short stay, and without any apparent cause, they had weighed anchor, and sailed in the direction of Venice, some Austrian men-of-war accompanying them at a respectful distance. This puzzled some people; others, again, whispered that the squadron had left in disgust at the apathy of the inhabitants, who ought, at sight of the fleet, to have raised the tricolor, and declared for Italy. The authorities, therefore, unwilling to run a risk, did their best to put the town in a state of defence; and one of their notable devices consisted in stretching a chain-cable across the mouth of the harbour. This delayed our pyroscaphe, as they call the steamer. By slackening, however, or disconnecting the cable somehow, they enabled us to get through. Once ashore, we easily procured excellent quarters, since there is no lack of good hotels at Trieste. We came in on a Sunday, and found the town displaying its finery. The harbour also presented a most lively, animated scene. Countless little pleasure-boats, with gaily-coloured awnings, crossed and recrossed in all directions. The merchant-ships had put on their holiday dress, and contrasted agreeably with the staid appearance of the men-of-war, all at anchor inside the cable. One of these, by the way, the *Mutine*,

a beautiful English sloop, foundered in the quicksands shortly afterwards at the entrance of Venice, five of her crew only escaping.

The population consists of three nationalities—Germans being the dominant race, Italians the predominant, and the Slaves representing the working class. But all speak Italian besides their native tongue. It varies but slightly from the soft Venetian dialect, abounding in liquids; and sounds dangerously from a lady's lips. A most striking feature of the times was the total disappearance of silver, while what little gold was still left in circulation, timorous souls quickly consigned to secure hiding-places. But, to compensate for this awkward scarcity of the noble metals, the place overflowed with coppers and paper florins, worth about two shillings. These notes, diminutive enough surely, everybody used to quarter, and offer the bits in payment; for not the blindest lover of government would willingly burden his loyal self with sixty halfpence of change. Such was the current coin. I have heard an old Scottish note irreverently styled 'filthy lucre;' but really its perfume is nectar and ambrosia to the abomination of these quarter-florin rags—nasty, greasy vouchers for fifteen no less emetic copper *kreutzers*. The revolution in Austria and her difficulties dated only a few months back; yet here already appeared unmistakable symptoms of exhaustion. And let me ask our respected Bailies Nicol Jarvie, with a shrewd eye to business, and sworn enemies to standing armies, whose imagination can hardly take in the terrible figures of continental hosts, is it not comfortable to reflect how very soon mighty powers may discover the worst of traitors in the camp, in the shape of empty coffers?

Independently of good cheer, our hotel dinners possessed great attractions for a stranger. Mine host, a native of Baden-Baden, and an octogenarian, presided. In politics, as far as age and his genial temper would admit, he was a frantic optimist, and a bitter enemy to all opponents of the government. Travellers cannot have overlooked the fact, that all Germans, with the exception of Prussians, per-

haps, though extremely jealous of Austria's preponderance at Frankfort, still look upon her as the great country where they would like to settle and push their fortune. And thus, this old gentleman, who had prospered in the land, despite his foreign birth, revered its institutions, loved the emperor, and bewailed the distracted state of society. Not so his son, who always sat at his right hand. Born at Trieste, he naturally sympathised with the Italians, and, much to the father's grief, professed himself a staunch republican. The third regular diner was a Scottish merchant, evidently in affluent circumstances. His clean-shaven face ever appeared the very picture of contentment, beaming with happiness. Cautious, too, he never talked politics, except by winks, or by approvingly poking his neighbour in the ribs. Our fatherly host considered him quite an ally. These, with another heretic, a Geneva-watch manufacturer, and myself, composed the nucleus of our table-d'hôte. The lower end of the table exhibited new faces every day—travellers, ladies and gentlemen, young and old, came and went in this as in all hotels. But among these birds of passage I cannot pass unnoticed a certain gentleman who favoured us at times with his company for a succession of days. He was a Hungarian, and consequently of noble descent, the *Edler von Passantaremtay*. He might be between thirty and forty years of age; and although he certainly had remarkably handsome features, the general effect was disagreeable. He had decidedly a sinister look. He might be the mummy or ghost of some gay Don Juan; and, it was whispered, having seen the error of his ways, he deserted Cupid to transfer his allegiance and genius for intrigue to a master, who has less evanescent rewards at the disposal of his followers. In fact, I cannot think any one did him very foul wrong in pronouncing him to be a spy. Ostensibly, however, he held an official appointment. Siding therefore with his country's oppressors, he, like all renegades, outheroing Herod, had to fight the government's battles in our conversations at table. Poor wretch, in such encounters he would acquit himself with so much heat as

to be hated cordially by all, not even our mild host excepted, who, in spite of all his pro-Austrian sympathies, could look upon the *Edler von P.* with no friendly eye. His bearing and style of conversation furnished an unerring guide to passing events. To-day he would stalk into the room with flashing eyes and nostrils dilated; this we chose to interpret as meaning, 'The emperor enjoys Olmutz;* Windischgrätz and the army are all right.' The next day, perhaps, he would be seated before any one had noticed his entrance, and we sniffed government disasters in his very call for bread to the waiter. He was not even a respectable spy.

Politics, it is true, the patriarch in the chair did his best to proscribe. But Father Mathew might as well try to enrol neophytes in the very face of the Tron Kirk clock on New-Year's Eve! The temptation was irresistible. Who could forego, at such a time, the luxury of applauding, with a loud voice, the heroes of Italy? No breast, at least among the young, could subdue the tumult of the passions struggling for utterance—the love, the hope for liberty, and the deadly execration of the oppressor. Hungary was in arms, Vienna in the hands of the insurgents, and Windischgrätz, the bombardier of towns, marching upon it; while Venice—poor Venice—last refuge of patriots, still bravely resisted, in spite of the unheard-of sufferings of her famished defenders. So we naturally canvassed these engrossing topics, and that with so little restraint, I regret to say, as to cause our worthy host to retire in high dudgeon, once or twice, and leave us rather crestfallen, though in undisputed possession of the field.

During this time of fear and mutual distrust, society suffered greatly. Ladies had resources of their own, no doubt; but, as for the gentlemen, I am bound to confess that they sought consolation at the taverns. Supper is at all seasons the heartiest of meals in warm climates, but now more eagerly than ever did the Triestiners flock to their places of evening entertainment. These are cool, spacious vaults, ad-

* Moravian fortress, to which the Emperor Ferdinand retired during the troubles in 1848.

mirably adapted for such purposes. Beyond a centre-fountain, however, seats, and long deal tables, the most splendid landlord does not feel called upon to provide any comforts for the accommodation of the guests. He stakes his reputation entirely on the merits of his *chef*. Here no rabbit stews, no bland tripe, disgrace the bill-of-fare, but cunningly devised, as if the great Rabelais himself, it exhibits a rich variety of salads, caviare, dried and smoked viands, to prepare the palate for those delicious draughts of iced wine, which make no small amends for the heat of the day. After supper, people sally forth to take a turn on the pier, where a band plays sometimes on fine moonlight nights. Taking a cigar before bedtime, on the hotel balcony, I could occasionally distinguish, faint and plaintive, the strains of some Slavonian ditty, chanted with much taste and precision by the fishermen in the distance. At a later hour also, it was no uncommon occurrence, at that period, to hear, between sleeping and waking, the angrier tones of a rebel song. One of these Italian compositions, then in vogue, midnight revelers took a questionable pride in bawling forth as they passed the Austrian sentries, informing the stolid Croats, in the words of the song, 'that the skin of old Marshal Radetzky must be had at all risks, for that the Italian republican army needed drums sadly.'

Triestiners are very fond of music generally; and I had convincing proof that they hold a distinguished rank in the estimation of the artistic world. The opera season commenced some time before my departure. Verdi brought his opera of the 'Corsair,' never performed before, to Trieste. The manager laid out large sums of money, and the town expected great things. At length came the fatal night. An Italian audience is pitiless, and, in spite of the singers' exertions, they were hissed off the stage. The 'Corsair' has never appeared again on any boards. No blame attached to the artists themselves, for their reputation stood already high. Barbieri, the prima donna; de Bassini, basso; and Franchini, our tenor, have all had engagements since, in the capitals of the west, and at St Petersburg.

There was another theatre for day performances on holidays. Here the spectators come to see Goldoni's plays and Italian farces, in which last it afforded me much pleasure to recognise the time-honoured ancestry of Punch, Harlequin, and Columbine. For size and elevation, the house may be compared to the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh; but, whatever the cause of the odd arrangement, it only contained a ground-floor tier of forms on either side the stage, and a pit for the gentlemen who lounged in it, dexterously skirting the raised seats, ogling, chatting, and flirting with their *inamoratas*. Altogether it presented a novel and pleasant scene. Most of the ladies wear neither cap nor bonnet, and display much taste in the simple arrangement of their luxuriant black tresses. They use a high comb, like the Spaniards, and sometimes, though rarely, a silk handkerchief as a head covering. 'Kirk-skailing' time is the most favourable opportunity for seeing toilets, and admiring the classical beauty of the fair Triestiners. It is quite the fashion on Sundays for the gentlemen to line the walls of the Corso—the High Street of Italian towns—while the ladies take an extra turn down this street on their way home, to see and be seen. Gliding among this multitude of idle gazers, and enlivening the languor of its various groups, the picturesque, agile flower-girl, resolutely bent on speculation, becomes a great personage, and a delightful object for the general looker-on. To one class, indeed, of this gay throng, her opportune appearance seems almost an angel's visit. And these are the lovers; for, when they would gladly give their eyes for yet another moment by the side of their mistress; when the forbidden looks of papa or mamma have been adroitly eluded for the twentieth time, and it finally becomes imperative to part, the flower-girl stepping up, charmingly unconscious of the little domestic piece that has been enacting, changes the face of affairs at once. By this act, so simple in itself, she affords, thanks to certain social observances, a most valid excuse for tarrying, while the elders are constrained to acquiesce in the proceeding; nay, even to belie their

inward wrath, by a smirk of politeness, which, for being somewhat fitful or dubious, is not the less binding on the tyrants. Under such auspices, our little beauty need never apprehend any interference with her monopoly. As long as flowers bloom, and young hearts continue to love, trade must ever be brisk with her. And indeed she deserves fortune's kindest smiles: she is so pretty and so industrious. Early, early in the morning, when the dew still hangs upon the daisy and the violet, she gathers her little stock on the giddiest mountain paths, and thence descends gaily into the town, to lay it under contribution. I have seen her, more than once, act her part so successfully as to convert the riches of her basket into hard kreutzers in less than a few moments. And when I watched her casting a last look upon the moving crowds before turning homewards, I loved to fancy that the light step revealed a lighter heart; and that she hastened to accept her own nosegay, gathered by no mercenary hand, but fondly and truly for the love of her blue eyes.

Bouquetières abound in the south of Europe, but none seem so interesting as the Trieste flower-girl, who, I am sure, would enchant a painter in search of costume. Quaker-like, her dress exhibits a strange grace, in which demureness blends happily with coquetry, as exemplified in the clean cambric kerchief which totally conceals the hair, and frames in a laughing, blue-eyed countenance; or in the still more pointed contrast of the high body, with long sleeves of white linen, set off by a skirt of coarse cloth, which descends just a little way above the ankle. This skirt is of a dark neutral tint, and generally relieved by a broad fringe of bright red. But more bewitching than all are the delightful wooden shoes, high-heeled, thin and close fitting as a stocking, which show to advantage a little foot that a Parisienne might well envy.

During the week, the busy portion of the community spend the day in offices and on 'Change. This bears the compound name of the *Lloyd Austriaco*, and is a large building, containing a centre hall, offices, a restaurant, and reading-room, liberally supplied with journals in all

languages. Here, amid the eager throng, the European has an opportunity of seeing eastern costume; for kilted Albanians, Greeks, and Moors come hither to transact business in person. For unattached mortals, on the other hand, who have discovered that the *dolce far niente* exists but in name, and wish to kill time, Trieste, though but a provincial town, affords many diversions; such as boating, bathing, or an afternoon ride to Sant' Andrea. Failing these, the coffee-houses offer not a few resources: you may take an ice, read a 'Times' article in 'Galignani,' and smoke a cigar; or you may find a little excitement in resisting importunate beggars, and try, by way of contrast, the sedative effect of assuring the Jew-peddler, in as choice Tuscan as you can muster, 'that your excellency is not to be done.' After dismissing him, you may play a part in a refreshing little comedy, by affecting not to notice the flower-girl, and taking, meanwhile, a sly look at her behind the newspaper in the glass-panel, as, standing before the table, she runs up the scale of emphatic appeal, 'Sior! Signor! Signore! won't you buy to-day?' I advise you to try the plan, if ever your fortunes lead you to Trieste, for then follows the prettiest move of all. She will sit down beside you, seize a button-hole, and insert her bouquet, saying, with a smile, 'To-morrow, you'll pay me, Sior!' If you now blush, not knowing which way to look, depend upon it, you will remember this little lecture with gratitude.

I cannot conclude without a passing allusion to the growing disaffection, which well-nigh infected all ranks, as news more and more ominous reached us from all quarters. Venice and Vienna, it was clear, must ere long succumb to overwhelming imperialist forces. People paraded the streets, insulting sentries, treating the governor to groans, burning and trampling under foot the government proclamations. One of these excited general indignation, and was torn off the walls by infuriate Italians, who spat upon it, and treated it with every kind of contempt. This composition was one of General Wimpfen, and though earnest and straightforward, when considered from his own point of view, it certainly seemed a bitter

satire on popular feelings. He therein informed the inhabitants of Vienna, that should they not listen to the voice of feeling, or, more properly, to his sentimental voice—*Stimme des Gemüths*—they would compel him to obtain a hearing amidst the thunder of shot and shell—*im Donner der Geschütze*. No one attended to business. A significant silence reigned at our table-d'hôte; our Scotchman even looked somewhat thoughtful. In the streets, thronged with people, who collected here and there into groups, some listening to a popular harangue, others whispering their hopes and fears, strangers would ask of one another, had the great stake been lost—had Vienna surrendered? A species of delirium possessed the town, the natural result of an extreme willingness to act during a crisis held in check by the want of a proper leader. For many successive nights the population in hundreds ascended the mountain Obschina, and rushed several miles into the Vienna road, that they might learn the news from the mail-guard, while others, fully as eager, showed a more enlightened devotion

to the cause they had at heart. They stationed themselves within ear-shot of one another, reaching far into the high road. The furthest outpost, questioning the guard, transmitted the glad tidings to the next, and so it flew from mouth to mouth into the town like lightning. It is impossible to conceive the solemn demeanour of this little army of linkmen. Each stood at his post, after he had done his part, until the furthest picquets had come down; he then joined them, and they entered the town, cheering, and cheered by the populace. But alas! the last night was yet to come, on which occasion every one ran madly into town, after groaning out the dismal word 'taken' to his neighbour. No rejoicings now, no bonfires, no more cheers.

I really believe Trieste would have joined the standard of insurrection, had the fall of Vienna been protracted. However, Windischgratz took it, and thus dispelled all dreams of liberty. But free aspirations are already reviving, and all Europe must desire that northern Italy, at least, may succeed in shaking off a foreign yoke.

OLD LETTERS.

Dr Sharp to the Duke of Buckingham, with Queen Elizabeth's speech to her army at Tilbury Fort.

'I REMEMBER, in eighty-eight, waiting upon the Earl of Leicester at Tilbury Camp, and in eighty-nine going into Portugal with my noble master, the Earl of Essex, I learned somewhat fit to be imparted to your grace.

'The queen lying in the camp one night, guarded with her army, the old lord treasurer Burleigh came thither, and delivered to the earl the examination of Don Pedro, who was taken and brought in by Sir Francis Drake, which examination the Earl of Leicester delivered unto me to publish to the army in my next sermon. The sum of it was this:—

'Don Pedro being asked what was the intent of their coming, stoutly answered the lords, what, but to subdue your nation, and root it out!

'Good, said the lords; and what meant you then to do with the Catholics? He answered, we meant to send them (good men) directly unto heaven, as all you

that are heretics to hell. Yea, but said the lords, what mean you to do with your whips of cord and wire (whereof they had great store in their ships)? What? said he; we meant to whip you heretics to death, that have assisted my master's rebels, and done such dishonours to our Catholic King and people. Yea, but what would you have done, said they, with their young children? They, said he, which were above seven years old, should have gone the way their fathers went; the rest should have lived, branded in the forehead with the letter L. for Lutheran, to perpetual bondage.

'This, I take God to witness, I received of those great lords upon examination taken by the Council, and by commandment delivered it to the army.

'The Queen, the next morning, rode through all the squadrons of her army, as armed Pallas, attended by noble footmen, Leicester, Essex, and Norris, then Lord Marshal, and divers other great lords. When she made an excellent oration to her army, which the next day

after her departure I was commanded to re-deliver to all the army together, to keep a public fast. Her words were these:—

"My loving people, we have been persuaded by some that are careful of our safety, to take heed how we commit ourselves to armed multitudes for fear of treachery: but I assure you, I do not desire to live to distrust my faithful and loving people. Let tyrants fear; I have always so behaved myself, that under God I have placed my chiefest strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts and good-will of my subjects. And therefore I am come amongst you as you see, at this time, not for my recreation and disport, but being resolved in the midst and heat of the battle to live or die amongst you all, to lay down for my God and for my kingdom, and for my people, my honour and my blood, even in the dust. I know I have the body but of a weak and feeble woman, but I have the heart and stomach of a king, and of a king of

England too; and think full scorn, that Parma, or Spain, or any prince in Europe, should dare to invade the borders of my realm; to which rather than my dishonour should grow by me, I myself will take up arms, I myself will be your general, judge, and rewarder of every one of your virtues in the field. I know already for your forwardness you have deserved rewards and crowns; and we do assure you in the word of a prince, they shall be duly paid you. In the meantime, my lieutenant-general shall be in my stead, than whom never prince commanded a more noble or worthy subject; not doubting but by your obedience to my general, by your concord in the camp, and your valour in the field, we shall shortly have a famous victory over those enemies of my God, of my kingdoms, and of my people."

'This I thought would delight your grace, and no man hath it but myself, and such as I have given it to; and therefore I made bold to send it unto you, if you have it not already.'

Titan's Pulpit.

The Benefit of Good Examples.

Love the lives, the actions, the sayings, of good men. In all temptations like Joseph's temptations, love Joseph's words, 'How shall I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?' In all temptations like Job's temptations, love the words of Job, 'Shall we receive good at the hands of God, and shall we not receive evil?' In all temptations like that of Shadrach and his fellow-confessors, love their words, 'Our God whom we serve is able to deliver us; but if not, we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image.' Certainly, without the practice, it is scarce to be imagined what ease and what profit there is in proposing certain and good examples to ourselves. And when you have made up your profit that way, and rectified yourself by that course, then, as your sons write by copies, and your daughters work by samplers, be every father a copy to his son, and every mother a sampler to her daughter, and every house will be a university. Oh! in how blessed a nearness to their direction is that child, and that servant, and that parishioner, who, when they shall say to Almighty God by way of prayer, 'How shall I walk, so as to please thee?' shall hear God answer them by his Spirit, 'Do but as thou seest thy father do; do as thou seest thy master do; do as thou seest thy pastor do.' To become a precedent, govern thyself by precedent first.

Dr Donne.

SCENE IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.—AUGUST, 1857.

The morning sun lit up the mist,
 The sea-birds whistled in mad glee,
 Our garden-lawn was freshly kist
 By thy proud lips, O kingly sea !

We sat and sigh'd of olden days,
 Of happy faces now at rest,
 And tearful, through the deep-blue haze,
 Fancied the dwellings of the blest.

Some boat, far rocking out at sea,
 Some white sail flutt'ring to the shore,
 Perchance bright messengers might be
 From those dear ones gone on before.

From thee, loved friend, of early years,
 O soldier fall'n in Indian clime !
 We saw thee in thy sister's tears :
 Her look awoke thy boyhood's prime.

Three bright boys at that sister's feet,
 And she, so softly, gaily young,
 Half-said how fast Time's shadows fleet,
 Half-chain'd the wonder on our tongue.

And thus, with sunshine overhead,
 And the unruffled deep below,
 We calmly talk'd about the dead,
 While sad within us slept our wo.

* * * * *

A dark roan charger at the gate !
 A queenly rider, calm and fair !
 A princely horseman in high state !
 By the grand seas, a grander pair !

Not tall, but with such high command
 Throned on her brow and truthful eye,
 As one who to a list'ning land
 Reveals her visions of God's sky !

And he who by her bridle-rein
 Rode, lover, husband, true and good,
 Was one who bore from o'er the main
 The passport of a kindred blood.

A prince, and yet a man in deed !
 A noble, yet a gentle man !
 Whom, in her hour of sharpest need,
 A realm might summon to the van !

It dull'd the tooth of daily care
 To mark that lady's winning grace,
 To trace along her forehead fair
 The shadows of heroic race.

Our friend the village pastor stood,
 As one who 'neath that noble smile
 Forgot that she, so kindly good,
 Was the great sov'reign of our isle !

He only saw the loving wife,
The woman who, with lib'ral hand,
Sweeten'd the poor man's bitter life,
Kind nursing-mother of her land !

He saw the man of sterling worth,
Of polish'd speech, and honest thought,
And gave such homage as mere birth
From his warm soul had never bought.

And so, while war's rough echoes rise,
While death hangs heavy on the air,
I love to shut mine aching eyes,
And dream once more that scene so fair:

The mother standing on the lawn,
Her white hands on her blushing boys,
From the Queen's face her veil withdrawn,
As one who loves all homely joys.

Long may she grace such quiet scene,
And we, though hell seem rolling by,
Shout fearless round such blameless Queen—
God ! and our Right, for Victory !

ALAN.

The New Books.

Oriental and Western Siberia: a Narrative of Seven years' Explorations and Adventures in Siberia, Mongolia, the Kirghis Steppes, Chinese Tartary, and part of Central Asia. By Thomas Witlem Atkinson. Royal 8vo, 612 pp. London: Hurst & Blackett.

THE TRAVELLER IN SIBERIA.

WHEN the journey narrated in the following pages was undertaken, it was not with the intention of publishing either a book of Travels, or any other work. My sole object was to sketch the scenery of Siberia—scarcely at all known to Europeans. While thus employed, I passed out of the Emperor of Russia's Asiatic dominions; having been provided with an especial passport by command of his Imperial Majesty, Nicholas I., which enabled me to cross the frontier, as well as to re-enter the empire at any other points to which my rambles might lead me.

I have brought back faithful representations of the scenery, without taking any artistic liberties; preferring nature in her own attractions, to snatching a grace within the reach of art.

Mine has been a tolerably wide field, extending from Kokhan on the west to the eastern end of the Baikal, and as far

south as the Chinese town of Tchín-si; including that immense chain Syan-shan, never before seen by any European; as well as a large portion of the western part of the Gobi, over which Genghiz Khan marched his wild hordes towards the west—scenes on which no pencil has previously been employed—comprising a distance traversed of about 32,000 versts in carriages, 7100 in boats, and 20,300 on horseback—in all, 59,400 versts (about 39,500 miles) in the course of seven years. Neither the old Venetian nor the Jesuit priests could have visited these regions—their travels having been far to the south; nor am I aware that they brought back any pictorial representations of the scenes through which they wandered. Even the recent travellers, Huc and Gabet, who visited 'the land of grass' (the plains to the south of the great desert of Gobi), did not penetrate into the country of the Kalkas; and the illustrations to their works were evidently fabricated in Paris.

Mine is a simple narrative of facts, taken from journals kept with scrupulous care during the whole journey, often under the influence of great fatigue, and amid the pressure of numerous difficulties. I suffered much both from hunger

and thirst, have run many risks, and on several occasions have been placed in most critical situations with the tribes of Central Asia—more particularly when among the convicts escaped from the Chinese penal settlements—desperate characters, who hold the lives of men cheap. I have several times looked upon what appeared inevitable death, and have had a fair allowance of hairbreadth escapes, when riding and sketching on the brink of precipices with a perpendicular depth of 1500 feet below me.

With these accompaniments, I traversed much of the hitherto unexplored regions of Central Asia, and produced 560 sketches of the scenery, executed with the moist colours made by Winsor & Newton—invaluable to an artist employed under such circumstances. I have used them on the sandy plains of Central Asia, in a temperature of 50° Réaumur (144° Fahrenheit); and in Siberia have had them frozen as solid as a mass of iron, when the temperature was 43° Réaumur of frost, 11° below the point where the mercury became solid, when I could make it into balls in my bullet-moulds. Some of my largest works have been painted with colours that have stood these severe tests; and for depth and purity of tone, have not been surpassed by those I have had fresh from the manufactory. With cake colours all my efforts would have been useless.

I am deeply indebted to the late Emperor of Russia; for without his passport I should have been stopped at every government, and insurmountable difficulties would have been thrown in my way. This slip of paper proved a talisman wherever presented in his dominions, and swept down every obstacle raised to bar my progress.

THE PRECIOUS STONES OF SIBERIA.

After passing Chaitansk, it is one continuous forest to Neviansk, where I arrived at two o'clock in the morning, and was taken to the Castle.

This is one of the oldest Zavods in the Oural; it was built on the small river Neva, under the direction of Nikite Demidoff. Sent from Tula by Peter the Great, about the year 1701 or 1702, to examine the mines in these regions—near which he soon after established himself—Demidoff may truly be considered the founder of the iron and other works in the Oural. He did more towards developing the mi-

neral wealth of these mountains than any other man. His sound practical knowledge, and untiring industry in examining this country, enabled him to select those parts best suited for mining, smelting, and other operations, and he has left the stamp of his foresight and genius on several Zavods.

The Castle, as it is called, was partly built by the first Demidoff, and was long the family residence; it was extended by his successor into a magnificent mansion. The rooms have all groined ceilings in brickwork; some of them with ribs, and bosses at the intersections, in very good taste, and admirably executed. In a room, which I may now call my bedroom, there is a fine arched recess, in which stood an iron bedstead elegantly fitted up. The furniture had once been splendid, but is now somewhat faded. In front of the recess, a beautiful painted iron table was standing, and iron chairs were round the room. There is a large saloon with fresco-paintings on the walls, as well as several other apartments which have been richly furnished. The whole are now kept for the accommodation of travellers, and everything is provided for the table free of expense. Much used to be thought of the 'horn of ale' given at some of the noble mansions in England, but in this Zavod the traveller takes up his abode, and at whatever hour he may arrive, night or day, he is certain to find a welcome. His table is covered with excellent fare and delicious wines—port, sherry, Rhine wine, and champagne. Such is the generous hospitality of the Oural, evidence of which may be found in every private Zavod.

It is said that the Castle was once much more extensive, but that a part of it was destroyed by one of the Demidoffs, many years ago, out of caprice. The government had some suspicion that Demidoff was working other metals than iron in this Zavod, and sent a certain Count—to examine into the matter. On his return, the two met at the palace in St Petersburg, when the count congratulated Demidoff on the taste and splendour of his noble mansion in the Oural. Demidoff asked if his excellency was as well satisfied with the hospitality as with the appearance of the mansion. The reply was, 'Enchanted with both.' This sealed its doom. Demidoff wrote immediately to his agent at the Zavod to pull down the rooms which

had been occupied by the count. They were demolished immediately, and no member of the family has ever resided at the Zavod since.

About two hundred paces from the Castle stands a very fine brick tower, much out of the perpendicular; there is a subterraneous passage to it, now closed up. In this building the silver brought from the Altai was refined, and afterwards coined on the island in the lake at Tchernoiotchinsk. It is also said that the first Demidoffs concealed here the fugitives who escaped from Tobolsk and other regions of Siberia, employing them in the mines and ironworks; if true, it was a grave offence, considering the formidable injunctions of the emperor.

To the east of the road around Mursinsk lies the region in which the following precious stones of the Oural are found—emerald, amethyst, beryl, chrysoberyl, topaz, rose tourmaline, and garnets; all highly interesting to the crystallographer in their natural state, and much more so to the ladies when cut into gems.

Ekaterineburg is the capital of the Oural, and, on entering the town from the north, a church and some large mansions are seen on a high hill to the left, overlooking the lake—a beautiful sheet of water, which extends several versts in a westerly direction, until hid behind the woods of Issetzskoi. One of these mansions, built by a very rich man, who accumulated his immense wealth from gold mines, is of enormous dimensions, and from its elevated situation has a most imposing effect, commanding views of the Oural far to the north and west, until lost in distant haze. The Zavod of Verkhne Issetzskoi, with its churches and public buildings, stands out beautifully in the centre of the view; while in the foreground and beneath is the lake, with several public and private edifices on its shores. The gardens belonging to this mansion, with the greenhouses and hothouses, are extensive and well laid out; they are open to the public in summer, and form a pleasant promenade. Formerly there was a splendid and choice collection of plants in the greenhouses, but for many years past they have been neglected. The owner, notwithstanding his enormous wealth and elegant mansion, was banished and punished for flogging some of his people to death; another

man implicated in this crime shared the same fate. Both had risen from peasants.

There are many honourable exceptions to these men in Ekaterineburg—merchants and owners of mines who would do credit to any country. They have accumulated very large fortunes, and have built themselves mansions equal to any found in the best European towns; the rooms are spacious, lofty, and beautifully finished; their decorations executed with excellent taste; they are also splendidly furnished—indeed, supplied with almost every luxury, as well as comfort. With many of these fortunate persons, their mode of living equals the splendour of their habitations. Attached to most of their dwellings are large conservatories, in some of which are very choice collections of tropical plants and flowers, such as few would expect to find in so severe a climate.

Nearly in the centre of the town, a high embankment is carried across the valley of the Issetz, and at this point stand the mechanical works belonging to government. They are built upon an enormous scale, and fitted up with machinery and tools from the best makers in England. Here are found Nasmyth's steam-hammer, large lathes, planing-machines, with punching, drilling, grooving, and slotting machines for every purpose. The entire arrangement of this establishment has been carried out, regardless of expense, under the superintendence of a good practical English mechanic, who has served the government for about fifteen years. He executed the whole of the excellent machinery of the Mint, in which copper money to a large amount is coined annually, and sent into Russia. The furnace for smelting gold is in a building connected with the Mint, to which all the precious metals found in the Oural are brought. Here they are smelted and cast into bars, and sent to St Petersburg.

Near these works stands the Granilnoï Fabric—the building in which the jaspers, porphyries, aventurine, and other stones found in the Oural, are made into columns, pedestals, vases, and tables, unrivalled in workmanship, either in ancient or modern times; the lathes, saws, and polishing-machines used are turned by water-power. The whole establishment belongs to the crown, and is worked by peasants.

The jaspers are found in a great variety of colours; the most beautiful, a deep green, dark purple, dark violet; grey, and cream-colour; also a riband jasper with stripes of reddish-brown and green. The porphyries are equally fine and varied—some of most brilliant colours. Orlite is also a splendid stone of a deep pink colour, with veins of yellow and black: when made into vases, it is semi-transparent. Malachite is also used in making tables, and various other articles. The vases are usually of a most classic design—this, with the rich materials in which they are executed, gives them a most magnificent effect; but to be able fully to appreciate such works, they must be seen in the splendid collections at the imperial palaces in St Petersburg. I have frequently found and painted huge masses of these splendid rocks, of which I have now seventy-two varieties.

Most magnificent jasper tables are made in this Zavod, inlaid with different-coloured stones in imitation of birds, flowers, and foliage. In 1853 I saw one of them in Ekaterineburg on which four or five men had been employed for six years—not an uncommon circumstance; indeed, some examples have occupied a longer period. The cost of labour alone in England (provided the material were found there) would effectually prevent such work ever being executed in our country. Here wages are almost nothing; I have seen a man engaged carving foliage on some of the jasper vases, in a style not excelled anywhere in Europe, whose wages were *three shillings and eightpence per month*, with two poods,

A first-class workman receives	4	roubles banco per month	= 3s. 8d.
A second-class ditto	3	ditto ditto	= 2s. 9d.
A third-class ditto	2	ditto ditto	= 1s. 10d.
A fourth-class ditto, or boys,	1	ditto ditto	= 11d.

and their black bread.

Ekaterineburg being the capital of the Oural, and the centre of the mining districts, here is established the *Gornoi-pravlania*, or General Board for the Direction of the Mines; which consists of a great number of officers who live in Ekaterineburg with their families. At present the chief of the Oural is a general of artillery—most probably appointed to this position in consequence of nearly all the ironworks belonging to the crown having been employed for many years past in casting and boring large guns, casting shot and shells, and in preparing other munitions of war.

or thirty-six pounds, of rye-flour per month, to make into bread—meat he is never supposed to eat. I have seen another man cutting a head of Ajax, after the antique, in jasper of two colours—the ground a dark green, and the head a yellowish cream colour—in very high relief, and intended for a brooch. It was a splendid production of art, and would have raised the man to a high position in any country in Europe, except Russia. He also, poor man! received his three shillings and eightpence per month, and his bread. There are many men employed in these productions possessing great genius; were they free to use their talents for their own benefit, this country might send into civilised Europe numerous works of vast merit. A married man with a family receives two poods of black flour for his wife and one pood for each child, on which they live and look stout.

I have watched men cutting the emerald, topaz, amethyst, aquamarina, and other stones into different shapes; which they do with perfect accuracy and in good taste. Some of these brilliant gems have no doubt ere this adorned imperial majesty. These men also receive a like remuneration.

The following is the rate of wages paid to the superintendents and workmen employed in the cutting and polishing works. Two superintendents or master workmen, each of whom receives 240 roubles banco per annum (about £11 sterling), and their 'black flour' (rye). There are also 160 workmen employed, divided into four classes:—

There is another general of artillery stationed in Ekaterineburg, who is independent of the chief, and holds his appointment from the Minister of War. His duty is the general supervision and a close inspection of all the guns and arms of whatever kind made in the Zavods of the Oural. This gentleman has artillery officers resident in many of the Zavods, to watch every process in the manufacture of these destructive implements.

There is also a Berg Inspector, or Chief Director of Mines—a most important office, filled during my visit by one of

the most intelligent mining engineers in the empire; not only eminent for his talents, but also for his kind disposition and gentlemanly conduct.

LIFE IN THE OURAL.

A traveller from the most civilised parts of Europe, who should come here to gratify his curiosity, would not find a very remarkable difference between the style of living in this region among the wealthy, and that of the same class in his own country. He would find the ladies handsomely clad in dresses made from the best products of the looms of France and England; and would be welcomed at the fireside, and on all occasions, with a generous hospitality seldom met with elsewhere. If asked to dinner, he would find placed on the board a repast that would not disgrace the best hotels of the same countries. Fish and game of every kind are most abundant here, and luxuries from far distant regions are not wanting. Wines of the finest quality, and in great variety, are ever found at their tables; the only drawback to comfort being the quantity of champagne the traveller is obliged to drink.

Their balls are elegant, and conducted with great propriety, and they dance well. The elder members of society spend their time at cards, risking much money in this way. It is deeply to be regretted that the young men are also much addicted to gambling—a pursuit which often ends in ruin here as elsewhere. During my stay in the Oural, a young officer shot himself on account of his losses at cards.

Even the fair sex in Ekaterineburg pass much of their time in card-playing. I am acquainted with one family where there are no less than eleven children; there is not a day in the year during which their mother spends less than five or six hours at cards, unless prevented by sickness; and when once she sits down to the card-table, husband, children, and all, are forgotten. I know another lady here, the principal business of whose life is card-playing. She has a moderate income, and passes her days and most of her nights at cards; she has her daily rounds, and goes with as much exactness to her haunts as the most punctual merchant to his office. Ten o'clock in the morning is her hour of business: the tables are opened and the

cards placed. If no one calls before this hour, she goes forth to her usual occupation, and seeks some one among her friends who will indulge her in a second rubber; and so the time passes until dinner. After dining she sleeps a couple of hours, and wakes quite fresh for her favourite pursuit. In the evening she has no difficulty, for many are willing to play: thus the time is spent until a late hour.

At one of the large mining towns in the Altai, there lives a man who has become rich from gold mines, and is a celebrated card-player. It is no unusual circumstance for him to visit St Petersburg; and as Ekaterineburg is about midway between the capital and his place of residence, he is sometimes obliged to stop on the way to repair carriages, after a run of more than two thousand versts—in fact, it is often absolutely necessary. This man's fame having spread far and wide, his detention in the town for the first time was an event which afforded the lady I have just alluded to the utmost delight; she could not permit such an opportunity to pass without trying a rubber with so renowned a champion. At her particular request a friend arranged that they should meet at dinner. She has been heard to say, no hours ever dragged on so slowly as on that forenoon—still the sun ran his course, and, directly dinner was over, down they sat to cards. The evening went on with varied success, the lady was enraptured, and rose from the table the winner of a large sum. She invited her opponent to play the next day; after some demur he consented, and the following day the contest was renewed, and continued until she had lost all. Nothing daunted, she urged him again to defer his journey for four-and-twenty hours, as her half-year's income would arrive by the post the following morning. But then came a difficulty about getting the money at once, as there was some formality which would delay it a day or two. After much trouble, she persuaded the person to whom it was consigned to waive the usual form, and let her have the money immediately. She got it, and so strong was her ruling passion, that every moment seemed lost until seated at the card-table. In a few hours she left it without a kopeck—her half-year's income entirely gone!

Speaking with some of the most intelligent men on this subject, their reply was, 'In England you have the daily

papers, the monthly periodicals, a literature unequalled, and the liberty of discussing every subject with freedom; if we had such things to occupy our minds, we should not care for cards.'

The government employs a great number of its serfs in this Zavod in the machine-shop and on other works. None of them can be said to be 'poor,' if by this word is meant want of bread—black bread they have, and salt; these, with a draught of quass (a drink made from rye), is the food of hundreds who work hard for twelve hours in the day, and receive for their labour *fourpence*. The Russian peasants have most undoubtedly great imitative genius, and nothing daunts them. Men are brought from a village, never having seen any mechanical operations before, and are taken into the Zavod. One is told he must be a blacksmith—he goes to his anvil without the least hesitation and begins his work: another is ordered to be a fitter in the machine-shop—he seats himself at his bench, looks at the work his neighbour is doing, takes up his file, and commences his new, and to him wonderful, occupation. So they go on through many branches.

There is one great drawback to the efficiency of the machine works in Ekaterineburg—at present there is no practical head to direct. It is not, as the authorities suppose, sufficient that a man has been educated in the School of Mines in St Petersburg, and that, after serving a few years either in the Altai or the Oural mines, he is sent to England, and visits the different mechanical engineering manufactories—walking through them occasionally, and taking notes, during a period of twelve or eighteen months. This is not the training necessary to fit a man to direct efficiently and practically a great establishment. He must acquire the requisite knowledge by the toil of his hands. Great mechanics are not made in any other way, nor is it in the power of epaulettes, of whatever size or material, to accomplish this object. In all our great machine-works there are good practical mechanics able to direct, who have worked with their own hands. The great men of England have all done so—there are Fairbairn, Roberts, Nasmyth, Whitworth, and a host of others, as distinguished examples. How much better it would be to select a hundred youths, and send them as apprentices

for seven years into different establishments, either in England or elsewhere—they would learn something, and return competent to take charge of the different departments: his Imperial Majesty and the country would then profit by their acquirements. I have been induced to make these remarks, as I have not been an idle spectator on my rambles through the Zavods. On the other hand, I have seen, and deeply regret being compelled to admit, that in some of the ironworks near the Oural, certain departments have been conducted by my own countrymen, who were evidently quite incompetent, as the Russian Government have learned to their cost.

THE LAPIDARIES' SKILL.

The lapidaries of Ekaterineburg deserve most honourable mention—they have brought their art to great perfection, in cutting the various stones found in Siberia, and some of them may vie with the best in Europe.

About twenty-five or thirty years ago, several fine crystals of emerald were discovered by some children, while playing near the village of Takovaya, and were tossed about in the cottage for a considerable time before their character was recognised. At length they were sent to Ekaterineburg, and were most splendidly cut in the Granilnoi Fabric. They proved to be gems of rare beauty and great value. As all precious stones, wherever found in Siberia, are the property of the emperor, these ought to have been sent to the imperial palace in St Petersburg; but they never reached the imperial jewel-case. They were sent into Germany, where they were bought by a prince of one of the first reigning families. Some years afterwards, his consort, on some great occasion, visited the Emperor of Russia, and while staying in St Petersburg wore these magnificent and rare gems. They were of such surpassing beauty as to attract the notice of the empress, who admired them very much, and inquired whence they were obtained. To the great astonishment of her Imperial Majesty, she was told they came from Siberia. This caused a great sensation; without giving time for any communication to be made to Ekaterineburg, the emperor sent an officer to search the works, and the houses of all persons connected with the Granilnoi Fabric. He found in the house of the director

several gems of great value, which the latter declared were there for safe custody. This was thought somewhat strange, as other gems and valuable works were lying at the museum in the Fabric. The director was, without any investigation, sent to prison, and after many years' confinement, died there; nor is it known to this day by whom these emeralds were stolen. In Siberia it is still believed that the man was innocent, but that for the safety of persons of more consideration, it was absolutely necessary he should be imprisoned; in short, it has been hinted that the offence was committed by parties much nearer his Imperial Majesty. Since this period few emeralds of value have been discovered.

Amethysts are still found at Tushakalva, a village near Mursinsk; these stones are far superior to the Brazilian amethyst, have a much greater brilliancy, and are more valuable. Beryl is found in several parts of the Oural—some crystals exceedingly fine, of a blue, yellow, and rose colour; those of the latter kind are rare, and when perfectly transparent, of considerable value. I have seen some splendid specimens in Ekaterineburg, most beautifully cut. Chrysoberyl is met with in the same locality as the emerald; occasionally very fine crystals are obtained and cut into beautiful gems. Topaz is found at Alabaska, and near Maïass; some of these magnificent crystals have been discovered six inches long, perfectly transparent, and sold at a very great price. I have seen fine specimens cut as gems, and exceedingly brilliant. Pink topaz is rare—up to this time only five small crystals have been met with at one of the gold mines in the South Oural; one of these was presented to me: I deeply regret to say, that it is either mislaid, or has been lost on the journey.

Rose tourmaline is found at the village of Sarapulsk, near Mursinsk. This is also a rare mineral—I have seen but one crystal pure and transparent. Small specimens cut into gems are sometimes to be got in Ekaterineburg under the name of 'malina sheri.' Smoke topaz is met with in many places in the Oural—some beautifully transparent, which they cut into seals of most elegant form. Pure transparent quartz also passes under the name of topaz—large quantities of seals are made of this, and sold in Ekaterineburg, on which the lapidaries cut figures,

coats-of-arms, or cyphers, at a very moderate cost. This forms quite a trade, as the workmen employed in the Granilnoi Fabric cut these articles at home in the evenings and holidays, using a small foot-lathe. Malachite is also worked into a variety of beautiful ornaments, such as vases, workboxes, tables, paper-weights, brooches, and beads, for which they find a ready sale.

Aquamarina is brought to Ekaterineburg from Eastern Siberia. It is obtained near Nertchinsk—sometimes in very fine crystals of great value; these are cut into bracelets, brooches, ear-rings, stones for pins, rings, and other ornaments, and have a most sparkling and brilliant effect. Besides gems and seals, the lapidaries make tables, small vases, and paper-weights, in great numbers, of the different jaspers and porphyries—many of great beauty both in design and colour. Some of the jasper paper-weights have a bunch of grapes in amethyst, with foliage on the top, beautifully executed.

ANNA THE BEAR-HUNTER.

I shall frequently have occasion to speak of Cossack and Kalmuck hunters, also of the daring of the Siberian peasant in his combats with the bear; but shall now introduce to my readers one of my acquaintance of the softer sex, who was not surpassed in courage and daring by either Kalmuck or Cossack. In one of my rambles after leaving Pavdinska, which led me to the east of Verkoturia, and as far as the river Tavda, I came upon a party of peasants in the forest cutting wood, and among them were several women. It was here that I first made the acquaintance of Anna Petrovnaia, the bear-hunter. Her fame has spread far from the scenes of her conflicts with Bruin, who has not in the wide range of Siberia a more intrepid or dangerous enemy. At this time she was about thirty-two years of age, neither tall nor stout, but her step was firm, and she was strong and active. Her countenance was soft and pleasing; indeed, there was nothing in her appearance that indicated her extraordinary intrepidity. It is true she came of a good stock, her father and brothers being famous hunters. I was informed that very early in life she had displayed a love for the chase; and having been taught how to use the rifle, many wolves and other animals had fallen by her hand.

Each time that bear-skins were brought home by the different members of her family, her desire increased to add one to her other spoils. Without breathing a word to any one, and with this object in view, she set out on a sporting ramble, the conversations of her family having afforded sufficient intimation of the course she ought to take.

One day a large black bear had been seen by one of her brothers, when ranging through the forest with his pea-rifle in quest of smaller game. This was spoken of in her presence, and the plan of a campaign arranged, to be carried into effect in a day or two. The next morning, long before any member of the household had left their beds, she had put on her hunting-gear, saddled a horse, slung her rifle over her shoulder, and rode away. Anna was so erratic in her movements, that her absence caused no uneasiness, and before day-dawn she was many versts from the cottage. Early in the morning she reached the forest, and secured her horse, so that he might feed while she penetrated the thick and tangled wood before her.

There was a heavy dew on the grass in the open glades, and she observed that Bruin was taking his morning ramble, his track being quite fresh. Looking to the priming of her rifle, and adding powder from her flask, she went on with a firm step. The bear had made many turnings on his march, but she followed him with all the sagacity of a bloodhound, and never once lost his trail. Hour after hour passed, however, and she had not caught a glimpse of him. As it threatened to be a long chase, Anna had recourse to her little bag, sat down by a small stream, and made her breakfast on a piece of rye-bread, washed down with a draught from the pure liquid flowing at her feet. Having ended her frugal meal, she shouldered her rifle, and again pushed on. She had another long and fruitless walk. Satisfied, however, that she was on his track, she pursued it till she arrived at a bed of high plants, that included the giant fennel, of the flowers of which the bears are very fond. While proceeding along the edge of this bed, a fresh indication, well known to the hunters, assured her that the long-sought-for game was at hand. As she was creeping cautiously forward, out rushed the bear, with a loud growl, about twenty yards in front. Quickly

she threw forward the prongs of her rifle, dropped on one knee, and got a good sight—the animal staring at her, almost motionless. She now touched the trigger, there followed a flash, a savage growl succeeded, then a struggle for a minute or two, and her wish was accomplished—the bear lay dead!

After taking off his skin, she started in search of her horse, which she found at no great distance; for she had been brought back nearly to the spot where she had commenced the chase. She was shortly on her way home, and astonished her family, on her entrance to the cottage, by throwing the skin on the floor. Since this time Anna Petrovnaia has engaged with, and killed, *sixteen bears*.

AMONG THE KIRGHIS.

As we rode along, the Kirghis eyed us keenly—no doubt wondering who and what we were. A Cossack had been sent on to announce our coming to the chief; approaching nearer, the dogs began to greet us with a very loud barking: they were a pack of savage-looking rascals, who would bite as well as bark when the opportunity served. They kept close in attendance with their music till we nearly reached the *aoul*, and were only induced to retreat by the whips of the Kirghis, who had ridden out to meet us. They led me up to a large *yourt*, at the door of which a long spear, with a tuft of black horse-hair on it, was standing. A fine old man took hold of the reins of my bridle, and gave me his hand to dismount—to refuse his assistance would have been an insult. He then conducted me into his *yourt*, a beautiful Bokharian carpet was spread, on which he placed me, seating himself on the *voilock* near. I invited him to a seat on his own carpet, which afforded evident satisfaction to all those assembled in the *yourt*.

This was Mahomed, and the three Kirghis who had met us were his sons; they were seated near to us. My arms were matter of great interest to them, when a Cossack brought my saddle into the *yourt*, and took the pistols out of the holsters. The old man and his sons being anxious to examine them, I removed the caps to prevent any accident, and they were scrutinised with intense interest. They could not understand why I had taken the caps off, and seemingly thought there was some secret

in these which I did not wish them to comprehend. To satisfy them, I drew the shot from both barrels of my gun—this was equally a curiosity; I then put a cap on one nipple and wiped the other; cocked both locks, and went out of the *yourt*, followed by all. I pulled the trigger and let the hammer strike the nipple without a cap; they looked at it, and wished me to pull the trigger again. I now pulled the other trigger, when they were all startled by the report. I then put a cap on the first nipple, cocked the lock, and handed the gun to one of the sons, who held it to his shoulder, touched the trigger, and was much astounded when the report rang in his ears. With this exhibition they were highly delighted. When we returned into the *yourt* my tea was ready; I poured it out, handed a tumbler of the beverage and a piece of sugar to the old chief, also one to his wife, who seemed perfectly astonished. I could not understand why at the time, but I was wiser in a day or two.

Having taken a liberal quantity, my Cossack added water to the pot, and made tea for the sons, giving them sugar from the box, to their infinite satisfaction. It was now quite dark, and the fire gave very little light to the *yourt*. Presently a Kirghis came in with a large bundle of small bushes, put them on the floor, sat down by the fire, took a handful, placed it on the ashes, and blew the embers into a flame. These twigs burned brightly for some time; as soon as the flame began to die away, he added another small portion, and thus he kept up a continual blaze, which gave me an opportunity of examining the chief, his family, and their dwelling.

He was upwards of sixty years old, stout, and square-built, with broad features, a fine flowing grey beard, a pair of small piercing eyes, and a countenance not disagreeable. He wore on his head a closely-fitting silk cap, beautifully embroidered in silver; his dress being a long robe, or *kalat* of pink and yellow-striped silk, tied round the waist with a white shawl; his boots were of reddish-brown leather, small, with very high heels, causing him, I thought, some difficulty in walking. His wife was much younger, I supposed not more than thirty, or at most thirty-five years of age; she wore a black *kanfa* (Chinese satin) *kalat*, with a red shawl tied round the waist, boots of the same colour and make as her

husband's; a white muslin cap rather pointed, with lappets hanging down at the sides nearly as low as her waist, beautifully worked on the edge with red silk. Her face was broad, with high cheek-bones, little black twinkling eyes, a small nose, and a wide mouth; nor was there anything either prepossessing or pretty in her appearance. While examining her features, I could not help thinking how much a Russian bath would improve the tints of her yellow skin and complexion. There were three young children, one boy about five years old, dressed in a yellow and red striped *kalat*, his only garment; the other two little sturdy urchins were younger—they were rolling about on the *voilocks* perfectly naked, and playing with a young goat, who every now and then stepped back, made a spring forward, and sent one of them sprawling.

Near the door a fine hawk was chained to a perch stuck into the ground. The *yourt* was formed of willow trellis-work, put together with untanned strips of skin, made into compartments which fold up. It was a circle of thirty-four feet in diameter, five feet high to the springing of the dome, and twelve feet in the centre. This dome is formed of bent rods of willow, one and a-quarter inch diameter, put into the mortice-holes of a ring about four feet across, which secures the top of the dome, admits light, and lets out the smoke. The lower ends of the willow-rods are tied with leathern thongs to the top of the trellis-work at the sides, which renders it quite strong and secure. The whole is then covered with large sheets of *voilock*, made of wool and camel's hair, fitting close, making it water-tight and warm. A small aperture in the trellis-work forms a doorway, over which a piece of *voilock* hangs down and closes it; but in the daytime this is rolled up, and secured on the top of the *yourt*. Such is the dwelling of a great and wealthy chief in the Steppe.

The furniture and fittings of these dwellings are exceedingly simple; the fire being made on the ground in the centre of the *yourt*, directly opposite to the door *voilocks* are spread: on these stand sundry boxes, which contain the different articles of clothing, pieces of Chinese silk, tea, dried fruits, *ambas* of silver (small squares about two and a-half inches long, one inch and a-half

wide, and about three-tenths of an inch thick). Some of the Kirghis possess large quantities of these *ambas*, which are carefully hoarded up. Above these boxes are bales of Bokharian and Persian carpets, some of great beauty and value. In another part of the *yourt* is the large leathern *koumis* sack, completely covered up with *voilock*, to keep it warm and aid the fermentation. This is a most important piece of furniture in a Kirghis domestic establishment. I have seen one five feet eight inches long, and four feet five inches wide, with a leathern tube at one corner about four inches in diameter, through which they pour the milk into the bag, and draw the *koumis* out. A wooden instrument is introduced into the bag, the handle passing through the tube, not unlike a churning-staff; with this the *koumis* is frequently agitated. This bag is never washed out; it would be spoiled by doing so.

Near the *koumis* bag stands a large leathern bottle, sometimes holding four gallons, often much ornamented; so are the small bottles made to carry on the saddle. In another place stands the large iron caldron, and the trivet on which it is placed when used for cooking in the *yourt*. There are usually half-a-dozen Chinese wooden bowls, often beautifully painted and japanned. These are used to drink the *koumis* from: some of them hold three pints, others more. On entering a Kirghis *yourt* in summer, one of the Chinese bowls full of *koumis* is presented to each guest. It is considered impolite to return the vessel before emptying it, and a good Kirghis is never guilty of this impropriety.

The Kirghis begin making *koumis* in April. The mares are milked at five o'clock in the morning, and at the same hour in the evening, into large leathern pails, which are taken immediately to the *yourt*, and the milk poured into the *koumis* bag. The first fourteen days after they begin making this beverage very little of it is drunk; but with fermentation and agitation it is considered by this time in perfection, when it is drunk in great quantities by the wealthy Kirghis, as a man must have a large stud of brood-mares to afford a corresponding consumption of this beverage. Almost every Kirghis has a *koumis* bottle slung to his saddle in summer, which he loses no opportunity of replenishing at every *aoul* he visits.

The saddles are placed on the bales of carpets. Rich horse-trappings being highly prized by the wealthy Kirghis, many of their saddles are beautiful and costly. If of Kirghis workmanship, they are decorated with silver inlaid on iron, in chaste ornamental designs, and have velvet cushions; the bridles and other trappings covered with small iron plates inlaid in the same manner. I saw one set of this decorated harness which cost the owner fifty horses. The battle-axe is also richly inlaid with silver, and the iron rings round the handle are ornamented in a similar style. This is really a formidable weapon. The head of the axe is moderately heavy, and sharp; a handle about four feet six inches long being secured by a leathern thong round the wrist. The Kirghis is very expert with the use of this weapon, which he wields with terrible effect.

Leathern thongs and ropes made of camel's hair are hung up on the trellis-work, common saddles, saddle-cloths, and leathern *tchimbar*. This part of a Kirghis costume is frequently made of black velvet, splendidly embroidered with silk, more especially the back elevation. They are made so large that a Kirghis can tuck the laps of his three or four *kalata* into them when he rides, and are tied round his waist with a leathern strap; thus giving to the centre part of his person a globe-like form, out of which a very diminutive head and legs protrude, and to the whole figure a most unwieldy appearance.

KALMUCK SACRIFICES.

In the spring the Kalmucks offer up sacrifices to their deity: the rich give horses, those who are poor sacrifice sheep or goats. I was present at one of the ceremonies. A ram was led up by the owner, who wished for a large increase to his herds and flocks. It was handed to an assistant of the priest, who killed it in the usual manner. His superior stood near, looking to the east, and began chanting a prayer, and beating on his large tambourine to rouse up his god, and then made his request for multitudes of sheep and cattle. The ram was being flayed; and when the operation was completed, the skin was put on a pole, raised above the framework, and placed with its head to the east. The tambourine thundered forth its sound, and the performer continued his wild chant. The

flesh was cooked in the large caldron, and the tribe held a great festival.

The dress of the priest was a leathern coat, over the laps of which are hung hundreds of strips, and leathern tassels on the breast. He wears a girdle round his waist, with brass balls on his back; and scraps of iron hang on the front, producing a jingling sound. To accompany his other instruments I added a key to his stock, which he received with great delight. His cap was of crimson velvet, with brass beads and glass drops hanging on his forehead, and feathers from the tail of the crane, at the back.

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A Woman's Preachings for Woman's Practice. In various Phases of Feminine Life. By Augusta Johnstone. London: Groombridge & Sons. 16mo, 160 pp.

TEMPER.

I ask—and, believe me, in all kindness—if there be not numbers of you who are victims to an infirmity—I suppose I must call it—named, in domestic parlance, pettishness—a failing which is apt, occasionally, to degenerate, often without sufficient cause, into downright ill-temper.

Now, I fully believe that, generally speaking, men regard what they call good temper in women beyond any other quality—physical, intellectual, or moral—save and except chastity. Nine women, however, out of ten do not, and cannot, possess that uniform placidity of disposition which carries with it so sovereign a virtue in men's eyes, that it can qualify plainness of person, want of education, intelligence, talent, or accomplishments. I believe this Griselda-like temper of the mind arises (where it exists in perfection) from a perfectly healthy physical constitution, no doubt invaluable in itself and highly desirable; and that it is likely enough to attract and satisfy the generality of mankind, who, irritable enough sometimes themselves, and caring little to control their irascibility, make it an indispensable condition, that a wife shall bear all without complaint, retort, remonstrance, or feeling keenly. Placid, amiable women, so unvarying in their tempers, so even in the tenor of their daily lives, have but one drawback—in the eyes, though, of a man of intellect and susceptibility, it might be a serious one—they generally

want heart, intensity, and warmth of affection. These are the women who will marry a second husband, the moment decorum permits, after the death of their first; who take nothing greatly to heart, but view the world, humanity, and its unceasing struggles, with a composure as unmoved as that with which Nelson's statue regards the toil and bustle of the thousands beneath its towering height—truly, the same stony constitution is predominant in both. Yes! of such unimpassioned materials are your immoveable, unanswering, patient women, whom their husbands and the ever falsely judging world extol for their perfection of temper. But, though you may imagine—and it is chiefly to women of the middle classes of society that I now address myself—that I am defending peevishness and irritability, you would, in entertaining such an idea, be greatly mistaken. In the first place, I know how much you suffer from the effects of indulging in such variations of temper. It becomes a frequent, too frequent, source of domestic bitterness and alienation. While I deprecate the admiration of that impregnable amiability, which, from its own peculiar idiosyncrasy, could no more get into a passion, or say a cross thing, than I could circumvent the world with a modern belle's waist-girdle, I would still pray you most heartily by all means—if you would avoid present unhappiness, and future self-reproach—to control your tendency to give short snappish answers to your husband and family. I say control; for I have myself a far greater admiration of a woman who *can* command a naturally irritable temper, than I could possibly feel for one who had no such infirmity to correct. I have said how highly men value what they call an even temper, which, in their masculine vocabulary, signifies perfect submission to themselves; and, indeed, as in married life one must yield somewhat to the other, surely it would be more feminine and loveable in you to give up small unimportant points with a good grace, than to resist, pout, snarl, and give unkind words or downright denials.

Let us take an example: You, sister, not very long happily married to a man in business, with an income which allows you sufficiently to be at your ease and comfort. Well, your husband comes home in the evening, tired enough with his daily wrestle with the outer world

and its cares—cross, it may be, sometimes, but not with you—vexed and annoyed, perhaps, with contrary business matters. He scarcely deserves, though, to be greeted with repulsive looks, short answers, and altogether an unkind, indifferent manner, which plainly says you do not care for him. And yet so contradictory is your nature, that half the day you have been wishing for his presence at home; yet the very moment he comes, you flout and snarl, like your pet dog quarrelling with his favourite bone. Is this, now, worthy of a sensible, intelligent woman?—one who aspires to be considered her husband's equal, his confidant, his cherished companion? No; you make him wish himself out again—make him feel that, though he may have provided a home for you, replete with all the comforts of life and its elegancies, and, for your own share, perfect exemption from the toil necessary to keep such a home up, yet that, for him, none worthy the name exists. In such cases, as best accords with his own peculiar disposition, he either sulks and goes early to bed, or reads in silence, or perhaps resents your conduct in good earnest; and then, your spirit forbidding conciliation, though you feel acutely how wrong you have been, matters proceed to a downright quarrel. I doubt if the quarrels of lovers are so sweet as the poets tell us; I am sure there is nothing but bitterness unmitigated in those of married people—bitterness which leaves behind a sting, never wholly to be eradicated. Is it right, for no reason on earth, to give way to irritation, which, by indulgence, soon becomes almost impossible to control—to contradict everything your husband says—to listen superciliously—to reply contemptuously? But a short time ago you heard his least sentence amid a whole roomful of people, deferred to his judgment in the minutest trifles, wore his favourite colours, dressed your hair to his taste, and smiled at his worst jokes. And now—well, marriage does make a difference! it is not *always* on the men's side, though. Sometimes, not being desirous to forsake all the friends of his bachelor days, he wishes occasionally to visit them—and being, we will suppose, a married man, with proper feeling, does not wish to leave you, his wife, moping at home. Are you willing to please him, by cultivating the acquaintance of *his* friends even as he accepts yours? Not you—you set yourself reso-

lutely against anything of the kind; and, if you cannot evade it in any other way, pick a quarrel with the unfortunate man, and flatly refuse to accompany him. Now, even if it were violently disagreeable to your feelings, would you not have the greater merit in a little self-sacrifice, to please the man of your heart? Would it be so very unbearable, for a single evening, to please his friends? No one can be more sorry than yourself when your irritation subsides. If you had worlds, you would give them to recall some of the things you have said—some of the looks you have given; but where is the use of that? Depend on it, each successive experiment of this sort will extinguish *one* spark in the flame of your husband's affection. Do not be surprised if the fire should one day go out altogether.

Your physical constitution being so totally different from their own, men cannot—unless, indeed, of the profession of medicine—be expected to connect its peculiarities with your moral deficiencies; they do not consider that the enervating lives you lead, often without air and proper exercise, increases the irritability of the nervous system, which often forms the true basis of this useless and heart-cutting exhibition of temper. But it is so. Women of the hard-working classes are not subject to what I *may* truly term this disease. They may put themselves now and then into a hearty passion, and have done with it; but they are not testy, fretful, capricious, like you, who have hardly anything to employ your minds, or ought to wish for, save a new bracelet or a more fashionable suit of furniture. There are female writers who tell you, that, when your husbands come home, crossed in business matters, or weighed down with care and anxiety, you should not inquire into the cause, but should endeavour to divert them by cheerful mirth and entertaining conversation. Now, to my thinking, such conduct would be absolutely heartless. We all like sympathy; and, in times of real distress, people are apt to regard the mere amusements and embellishments of life as painful to the feelings, and wholly superfluous. Affectionate interest and soothing kindness, I should certainly conceive, would better testify our love. Sitting down to the piano to sing a man a lively song, when his heart is swelled with grief, and his brain irritated by pecuniary embarrassment, is certainly a strange way of alleviating his

distress; but I may, perhaps, view such circumstances in a peculiar and unworldly light, and, not being like Mrs Malaprop, a 'perfect queen of the dictionary,' I may confound the meaning of kindness, comfort, and affection, with insensibility, want of tact, and selfishness. Laugh and sing his cares away!

Such proceedings might be suitable in the harem slaves of an eastern monarch, whose lord and master seeks relaxation from the difficulties of a state of war; but for Christian wives, towards their Christian husbands, who are involved in commonplace, sad realities—why, I say, sisters, heaven forbid that you should think even of pursuing such a line of domestic policy! No! in the first place, gain the confidence of your partners. If you perceive them to bring home sad faces or heavy hearts, try, persuasively, to know the cause. If it be serious, then sympathise, counsel, and, with your woman's wit, contrive to see a path for him out of this maze of difficulties. If it prove to be a mere momentary annoyance, then, by all means, *do* cheerfully try to make light of it, and laugh it off. If your hearts be in the right place, they will teach you what to do; and the heart's impulse seldom errs, though that of the head may lead us into folly. But, above all, let your husbands feel that home, for them, is the temple of pure happiness. Study their peace—you have the control of it in your own hands; and when you feel tempted to cavil, snap, dispute, or contradict, on trifling points, which are of little moment, save to please them, you will reap the reward of your self-control by the increased happiness of domestic lives, which, in their everyday exigencies, shall know no shadow, feel no chill, from the stormy clouds of temper.

NICETIES.

There is a bane and an antidote to wedded happiness, of which few women are aware, and which, in the light I view it, will be termed, I daresay, prudish nonsense. Indeed, it is one of those subjects which require touching with a hand so light and delicate, that I almost despair of conveying my sentiments on it, and am even half inclined, at the very outset, to abandon it.

You all are apt to complain that lovers, when they become husbands, cannot unite the two characters. You lay this mostly to the men's charge. Do

you think it is their fault entirely? I am disposed to say, no. I will tell you why. Before marriage, you take the greatest pains to elevate yourselves into goddesses, and desire to be worshipped accordingly. Men—especially those possessing superior intellectual qualities and refinement of nature—favour these views, and treat you as something nearer to heaven than themselves; and lo! no sooner has the honeymoon passed, than your husbands discover, by imperceptible but sure degrees, that you are (though in a somewhat inferior ratio to themselves) of the 'earth, earthy.' Happy the woman who has the wit to contrive that, in her married life, the same halo shall surround her in her husband's eyes that existed before their union. The thing—in the intimacy of commonplace, everyday life—may be difficult, but is by no means impossible to achieve. Your own neglect of all those cares and arts by which you won the lover, causes commonly the early estrangement of the husband.

How frequent is the spectacle of neat, scrupulous maidens, who, when they become wives, neglect their personal appearance; and who, if asked why they do so, would answer, 'Oh! I'm married!' showing plainly that their care and trimness formed no part of their natures, but was a trap, a cage, spread for the lure and destruction of men. Pretty Mistress Spider! when your careful, fine-spun web caught the credulous fly, your object being effected, good-by to neatness, good looks, care, and refinement. What more had you in the world to do? Your unfortunate husband finds the very qualities which most likely influenced his choice have vanished, 'like the baseless fabric of a vision,' and which, to paraphrase the poet, 'leaves *but* a wreck behind.'

In a former address, I have accused some of my sex of an undue love of finery; but there is surely a medium between this and the utter neglect of an attractive toilet—which may as readily be made in a cotton gown as a silk one, if neatness and cleanness preside—neglect which supervenes so often on the commencement of a married existence. No wonder, then, men are astonished, that when you took so much pains to gain a husband, you will not take the smallest trouble to preserve his affection. It would seem, indeed, as if a ring and a name formed the chief inducements to marriage with the most of you. Surely wedlock should be

a stronger motive to increase, if possible, attractions powerful enough to have made a man surrender his liberty, but which are so seldom competent, it would appear, to preserve him from repenting the step; and methinks the additional care you have to take, must be amply compensated, in the reflection that you are not merely indulging your own personal vanity, but that you are endeavouring to preserve a husband's tenderness, a husband's affection. Granted, men are, the best of them, too much slaves of the eye, yet we must not quarrel with their admiration, at least of the beauty of order and eloquence.

Again, there are niceties connected with domestic life, in its most unideal aspect, which, though it would be useless to dwell on, yet present a vast field, whereon may be cultivated the fruits of refined delicacy of thought. Without regard to Byron's affected horror of seeing a woman eat, it is assuredly no agreeable sight to see her a *gourmande*; presuming a woman occasionally to experience thirst, in common with other human creatures, it is not exactly feminine for her to partake largely of beer, or stronger fluids. These are among things which disgust ultra-refinement, and do not decidedly tend to exalt the sex, even in the opinion of less sensitive minds. A slovenly dinner-table may well disgust a man, when he knows that, if company be expected, no adornment or carefulness would be too great. 'Wherefore,' he naturally says to himself—if he does not to you—'wherefore cannot you take the pains to make our daily meals as attractive as you would to strangers?' It would never occur to him that you are a saver of time and trouble (most ill-timed economy), and that you forbear to use more of your glass and plate than you can avoid, because it makes work, and wears out the articles. He knows that a certain quantum of household appurtenances were reckoned by you to be indispensable. In the innocence of his heart, poor man, he believed them to be in demand for daily use and comfort of the family, and not that they were to be locked up in store-closets, to be brought out only at marriages, christenings, funerals, and other festivals of the family. Of course I am referring, sisters, to those of you who, not being rich, are at least what the world terms 'comfortably off,' and who, therefore, really possess necessary com-

forts, even if you do not see fit to use them. Fancy your husband's extreme vexation, when some one 'drops in' to dinner unexpectedly, or if he brings home a guest—as, presumptuous creatures, men have so often the extreme audacity to fancy they may take the liberty of doing in their own houses—what with the dingy, rude economy of the table, and your black looks, and short answers, both host and guest devoutly wish themselves in a well-appointed coffee-house, or cheap club, before the meal is half over. 'When I was a bachelor, I could ask Jones, Brown, or Robinson to come home, and there were no unpleasantries of this kind; now, to bring home an old friend is an offence of the deepest dye, making unhappiness, perhaps, for days.' I believe women are perceiving the extreme folly of these things, but there are still hundreds of you who give sufficient cause for the present observations. These paltry, but real annoyances cannot, of course, occur in great houses, where there are cooks, butlers, groomers of chamber, &c.; but your humbler domiciles, sisters, have the elements of true, hearty, genial happiness far oftener than the mansions of luxury, would you but observe and know how to use them. What would men be without the gentle ministrations of woman? Coarse as so many of them are now, how little then would they be removed from mere animals! One of your *missions* that you have been latterly 'agitating' about—as if agitation and woman were not two separate and distinct ideas—is to cultivate refinement of thought and deed in men, as much as possible. I would rather see you achieve this object, than know you were capable of commanding a ship, and making yourselves hoarse and red in the face, by ordering 'Jem Junk' and 'Bob Taffrail' to 'hoist the mainsail, there!' or 'all hands to clear decks!' Rather, indeed, feel your presence displayed in the order, beauty, and quietness of your own homes, than see you battling in a wig and black gown, *à la Portia*, in a court of law, for causes, perhaps, far less elevating than that which induced Shakspeare's heroic woman to quit her own sphere; *much* rather than see you tampering with human life, and dissecting human bodies, instead of living characters, in which practice you now indulge occasionally, or feeling pulses, and prescribing, ten to one, poisons, instead of drugs in healing quan-

ties. The ministry of a sick room—where, indeed, your light touch, soft hands, and low tones are invaluable—may be studied in the solitude of your homes, as well as in public hospitals; for the elements of a nurse's profession are, cleanliness, care, forethought, and constant watchfulness. In the midst of carnage, mismanagement, misery, dirt, waste, and disorder, the world has beheld of late one bright example to womanhood, one crowning glory of that sex, whose best attributes are tenderness and mercy. Florence Nightingale—amid the homage of Europe, the worship of men, the admiration of women—accept one more feeble tribute, to swell the pæans of thy praise.

I believe carelessness of speech to be another fertile source of estrangement in married people. Now, it is too much the fashion in all households to have a domestic colloquy, very different in its tone and carefulness to that in use with strangers. The very best of us, I fear, are too prone to this; but, from wives to husbands, and the reverse, matrimony seems certainly to possess the chemical property of converting sweets into acids in no time. Short answers—foe the direst of domestic happiness—or else no answers at all;—no conversation for *his* leisure, for whom, once on a time, you carefully brushed up all your stores of knowledge; and an utter oblivion of the personal politeness which most well-conducted people think due to a stranger. Pity such things are kept, like your choicest preserves and *bonnes bouches*, merely for strangers. None can place too much value on domestic warmth of politeness, unmingled, of course, I mean, with hypocrisy or shallow words. Kindness might be a better word, perhaps, for what I mean, for where there are kind hearts, there is almost certain to be a certain suavity of manner. But this etiquette of the heart you keep, like your best clothes, for company; never thinking that everyday use is your true polish, not merely for the baser metals, but even to keep bright gold itself.

Regard these things in a higher light than as mere everyday trifles; though, granting they are so, need I repeat the trite quotation, that 'trifles make up the sum of human things.' True enough, if stale enough, that proverb; for home, domestic love, joy, happiness, all hang on a series of well-directed trifles, and small

is her chance of happiness, sisters, who sees fit to neglect or overlook them entirely.

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Biographies of Distinguished Scientific Men. By François Arago, Member of the Institute. 8vo, 608 pp. London: Longman & Co. 1857.

THREE FAMOUS MATHEMATICIANS.

My father having gone to reside at Perpignan as treasurer of the mint, all the family quitted Estagel to follow him there. I was then placed as an out-door pupil at the municipal college of the town, where I occupied myself almost exclusively with my literary studies. Our classic authors had become the objects of my favourite reading. But the direction of my ideas became changed all at once by a singular circumstance, which I will relate.

Walking one day on the ramparts of the town, I saw an officer of engineers who was directing the execution of the repairs. This officer, M. Cressac, was very young; I had the hardihood to approach him, and to ask him how he had succeeded in so soon wearing an epaulette.

'I come from the Polytechnic School,' he answered.

'What school is that?'

'It is a school which one enters by an examination.'

'Is much expected of the candidates?'

'You will see it in the programme which the government sends every year to the departmental administration; you will find it, moreover, in the numbers of the journal of the school, which are in the library of the central school.'

I ran at once to the library, and there, for the first time, I read the programme of the knowledge required in the candidates.

From this moment I abandoned the classes of the central school, where I was taught to admire Corneille, Racine, La Fontaine, Molière, and attended only the mathematical course. This course was intrusted to a retired ecclesiastic, the Abbé Verdier, a very respectable man, but whose knowledge went no farther than the elementary course of La Caille. I saw at a glance that M. Verdier's lessons would not be sufficient to secure my admission to the Polytechnic School; I therefore decided on studying by myself the newest works, which I sent for from Paris. These were those of Legendre,

Lacroix, and Garnier. In going through these works, I often met with difficulties which exceeded my powers; happily, strange though it be, and perhaps without example in all the rest of France, there was a proprietor at Estagel, M. Raynal, who made the study of the higher mathematics his recreation. It was in his kitchen, whilst giving orders to numerous domestics for the labours of the next day, that M. Raynal read with advantage the 'Hydraulic Architecture' of Prony, the 'Mécanique Analytique,' and the 'Mécanique Céleste.' This excellent man often gave me useful advice; but I must say that I found my real master in the cover of M. Garnier's 'Treatise on Algebra.' This cover consisted of a printed leaf, on the outside of which blue paper was pasted. The reading of the page not covered made me desirous to know what the blue paper hid from me. I took off this paper carefully, having first damped it, and was able to read underneath it the advice given by D'Alembert to a young man who communicated to him the difficulties which he met with in his studies:—'Go on, sir, go on, and conviction will come to you.'

This gave me a gleam of light; instead of persisting in attempts to comprehend at first sight the propositions before me, I admitted their truth provisionally; I went on further, and was quite surprised, on the morrow, that I comprehended perfectly what over-night appeared to me to be encompassed with thick clouds.

I thus made myself master, in a year and a-half, of all the subjects contained in the programme for admission, and I went to Montpellier to undergo the examination. I was then sixteen years of age. M. Monge, junior, the examiner, was detained at Toulouse by indisposition, and wrote to the candidates assembled at Montpellier that he would examine them in Paris. I was myself too unwell to undertake so long a journey, and I returned to Perpignan.

There I listened for a moment to the solicitations of my family, who pressed me to renounce the prospects which the Polytechnic School opened. But my taste for mathematical studies soon carried the day; I increased my library with Euler's 'Introduction à l'Analyse Infinitésimale,' with the 'Résolution des Equations Numériques,' with Lagrange's 'Théorie des Fonctions Analytiques' and

'Mécanique Analytique,' and finally with Laplace's 'Mécanique Céleste.' I gave myself up with great ardour to the study of these books. From the journal of the Polytechnic School, containing such investigations as those of M. Poisson on Elimination, I imagined that all the pupils were as much advanced as this geometer, and that it would be necessary to rise to this height to succeed.

From this moment, I prepared myself for the artillery service—the aim of my ambition; and as I had heard that an officer ought to understand music, fencing, and dancing, I devoted the first hours of each day to the cultivation of these accomplishments.

The rest of the time I was seen walking in the moats of the citadel of Perpignan, seeking by more or less forced transitions to pass from one question to another, so as to be sure of being able to show the examiner how far my studies had been carried.*

* Méchain, member of the Academy of Sciences and of the Institute, was charged in 1792 with the prolongation of the measure of the arc of the meridian in Spain as far as Barcelona.

During his operations in the Pyrenees, in 1794, he had known my father, who was one of the administrators of the department of the Eastern Pyrenees. Later, in 1803, when the question was agitated as to the continuation of the measure of the meridian line as far as the Balearic Islands, M. Méchain went again to Perpignan, and came to pay my father a visit. As I was about setting off to undergo the examination for admission at the Polytechnic School, my father ventured to ask him whether he could not recommend me to M. Monge. 'Willingly,' answered he; 'but, with the frankness which is his characteristic, I ought not to leave you unaware that it appears to me improbable that your son, left to himself, can have rendered himself completely master of the subjects of which the programme consists. If, however, he be admitted, let him be destined for the artillery, or for the engineers; the career of the sciences, of which you have talked to me, is really too difficult to go through, and unless he had a special calling for it, your son would only find it deceptive.' Anticipating a little the order of dates, let us compare this advice with what occurred: I went to Toulouse, underwent the examination, and was admitted; one year and a-half afterwards I filled the situation of secretary at the Observatory, which had become vacant by the resignation of M. Méchain's son; one year and a-half later, that is to say, four years after the Perpignan 'horoscope,' associated with M. Biot, I filled the place, in Spain, of the celebrated academicien who had died there, a victim to his labours.

At last the moment of examination arrived, and I went to Toulouse in company with a candidate who had studied at the public college. It was the first time that pupils from Perpignan had appeared at the competition. My intimidated comrade was completely discomfited. When I repaired after him to the board, a very singular conversation took place between M. Monge (the examiner) and me.

'If you are going to answer like your comrade, it is useless for me to question you.'

'Sir, my comrade knows much more than he has shown; I hope I shall be more fortunate than he; but what you have just said to me might well intimidate me, and deprive me of all my powers.'

'Timidity is always the excuse of the ignorant; it is to save you from the shame of a defeat, that I make you the proposal of not examining you.'

'I know of no greater shame than that which you now inflict upon me. Will you be so good as to question me? it is your duty.'

'You carry yourself very high, sir! We shall see presently whether this be a legitimate pride.'

'Proceed, sir; I wait for you.'

M. Monge then put to me a geometrical question, which I answered in such a way as to diminish his prejudices. From this he passed on to a question in algebra, to the resolution of numerical equation. I had the work of Lagrange at my fingers' ends; I analysed all the known methods, pointing out their advantages and defects: Newton's method, the method of recurring series, the method of depression, the method of continued fractions, all were passed in review; the answer had lasted an entire hour. Monge, brought over now to feelings of great kindness, said to me, 'I could, from this moment, consider the examination at an end. I will, however, for my own pleasure, ask you two more questions. What are the relations of a curved line to the straight line which is a tangent to it?' I looked upon this question as a particular case of the theory of osculations which I had studied in Lagrange's '*Fonctions Analytiques*.' 'Finally,' said the examiner to me, 'how do you determine the tension of the various cords of which a funicular machine is composed?' I treated this problem according to the method expounded in the

'*Mécanique Analytique*. It was clear that Lagrange had supplied all the resources of my examination.

I had been two hours and a-quarter at the board. M. Monge, going from one extreme to the other, got up, came and embraced me, and solemnly declared that I should occupy the first place on his list. Shall I confess it? During the examination of my comrade, I had heard the Toulousian candidates uttering not very favourable sarcasms on the pupils from Perpignan: and it was principally for the sake of reparation to my native town that M. Monge's behaviour and declaration transported me with joy.

Having entered the Polytechnic School, at the end of 1803, I was placed in the excessively boisterous brigade of the Gascons and Britons. I should have much liked to study thoroughly physics and chemistry, of which I did not even know the first rudiments; but the behaviour of my companions rarely left me any time for it. As for analysis, I had already, before entering the Polytechnic School, learned much more than was required for leaving it.

I have just related the strange words which M. Monge, junior, addressed to me at Toulouse, in commencing my examination for admission. Something analogous occurred at the opening of my examination in mathematics for passing from one division of the school to another. The examiner, this time, was the illustrious geometer Legendre, of whom, a few years after, I had the honour of becoming the colleague and the friend.

I entered his study at the moment when M. T——, who was to undergo his examination before me, having fainted away, was being carried out in the arms of two servants. I thought that this circumstance would have moved and softened M. Legendre; but it had no such effect.

'What is your name?' he said to me, sharply.

'Arago,' I answered.

'You are not French, then?'

'If I was not French I should not be before you; for I have never heard of any one being admitted into the school unless his nationality had been proved.'

'I maintain that he is not French whose name is Arago.'

'I maintain, on my side, that I am French, and a very good Frenchman, too, however strange my name may appear to you.'

'Very well; we will not discuss the point farther; go to the board.'

I had scarcely taken up the chalk, when M. Legendre, returning to the first subject of his preoccupations, said to me, 'You were born in one of the departments recently united to France?'

'No, sir; I was born in the department of the Eastern Pyrenees at the foot of the Pyrenees.'

'Oh! why did you not tell me that at once? all is now explained. You are of Spanish origin, are you not?'

'Possibly; but in my humble family there are no authentic documents preserved which could enable me to trace back the civil position of my ancestors: each one there is the child of his own deeds. I declare to you again that I am French, and that ought to be sufficient for you.'

The vivacity of this last answer had not disposed M. Legendre in my favour. I saw this very soon; for, having put a question to me which required the use of double integrals, he stopped me, saying, 'The method which you are following was not given you by the professor. Whence did you get it?'

'From one of your papers.'

'Why did you choose it? Was it to bribe me?'

'No; nothing was further from my thoughts. I only adopted it because it appeared to me preferable.'

'If you are unable to explain to me the reasons for your preference, I declare to you that you shall receive a bad mark, at least as to character.'

I then entered upon the details which established, as I thought, that the method of double integrals was in all points more clear and more rational than that which Lacroix had expounded to us in the amphitheatre. From this moment Legendre appeared to me to be satisfied, and to relent.

Afterwards, he asked me to determine the centre of gravity of a spherical sector.

'The question is easy,' I said to him.

'Very well; since you find it easy I will complicate it. Instead of supposing the density constant, I will suppose that it varies from the centre to the surface according to a determined function.'

I got through this calculation very happily: and from this moment I had entirely gained the favour of the examiner. Indeed, on my retiring, he addressed to

me these words, which, coming from him, appeared to my comrades as a very favourable augury for my chance of promotion: 'I see that you have employed your time well: go on in the same way the second year, and we shall part very good friends.'

In the mode of examination adopted at the Polytechnic School in 1804, which is always cited as being better than the present organisation, room was allowed for the exercise of some unjustifiable caprices. Would it be believed, for example, that the old M. Baruel examined two pupils at a time in physics, and gave them, it is said, the same mark, which was the mean between the actual merits of the two? For my part, I was associated with a comrade full of intelligence, but who had not studied this branch of the course. We agreed that he should leave the answering to me, and we found the arrangement advantageous to both.

HOAXING A PROFESSOR.

As I have been led to speak of the school as it was in 1804, I will say that its faults were less those of organisation than those of personal management; for many of the professors were much below their office, a fact which gave rise to somewhat ridiculous scenes. The pupils, for instance, having observed the insufficiency of M. Hassenfratz, made a demonstration of the dimensions of the rainbow, full of errors of calculation, but in which the one compensated the other, so that the final result was true. The professor, who had only this result whereby to judge of the goodness of the answer, when he saw it appear on the board, did not hesitate to call out, 'Good, good, perfectly good!' which excited shouts of laughter on all the benches of the amphitheatre.

When a professor has lost consideration, without which it is impossible for him to do well, they allow themselves to insult him to an incredible extent. Of this I will cite a single specimen.

A pupil, M. Leboullenger, met one evening in company this same M. Hassenfratz, and had a discussion with him. When he re-entered the school in the morning, he mentioned this circumstance to us. 'Be on your guard,' said one of our comrades to him; 'you will be interrogated this evening. Play with caution, for the professor has certainly prepared some great difficulties, so as to cause laughter at your expense.'

Our anticipations were not mistaken.

Scarcely had the pupils arrived in the amphitheatre, when M. Hassenfratz called to M. Leboullenger, who came to the board.

'M. Leboullenger,' said the professor to him, 'you have seen the moon?'

'No, sir.'

'How, sir! you say that you have never seen the moon?'

'I can only repeat my answer—no, sir.'

Beside himself, and seeing his prey escape him, by means of this unexpected answer, M. Hassenfratz addressed himself to the inspector charged with the observance of order that day, and said to him, 'Sir, there is M. Leboullenger who pretends never to have seen the moon.'

'What would you wish me to do?' stoically replied M. Le Brun.

Repulsed on this side, the professor turned once more towards M. Leboullenger, who remained calm and earnest in the midst of the unspeakable amusement of the whole amphitheatre, and cried out, with undisguised anger, 'You persist in maintaining that you have never seen the moon?'

'Sir,' returned the pupil, 'I should deceive you if I told you that I had not heard it spoken of, but I have never seen it.'

'Sir, return to your place.'

After this scene, M. Hassenfratz was but a professor in name; his teaching could no longer be of any use.

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Studies on Secret Records, Personal and Historic. With other Papers. By Thomas De Quincey. Crown 8vo, 334 pp. Edinburgh: James Hogg & Sons. London: Groombridge & Sons.

THE CHARACTER OF JOSEPHUS.

The other historic person on whom I shall probably be charged with assault and battery is Josephus. And the impartial reader, who knows but slightly or not at all what it is that this felon has been doing, is likely enough to think that I have shown a levity and hastiness of resentment not warranted by the notoriety of his life. It is remarkable that few of us know the possible strength of our patriotic sympathies, and how much it is that we could do and could hazard for our own dear, noble country, if danger or calamity should besiege her. Seen always under calm and gentle sunshine, this natal land of ours forms an object

that would be thoroughly transfigured to our hearts, and would wear a new life, if once she were thrown into impassioned circumstances of calamity, not by visitation of Providence, but by human wrongs and conspiracies. *Vendidit hic auro patriam*, is the dreadful category which Virgil has prepared in the infernal regions for traitors such as this Jew; for I suppose it can make but slight difference in any man's estimate that the Jew did not receive the bribe first, and then perpetrate the treason, but trusted to Roman good faith at three months after date. But this Jew did worse. Many have been the willing betrayers of their country, who would have spurned with fury an invitation to join in a gorgeous festival of exultation, celebrating the final overthrow of their mother-land, and the bloody ruin of their kindred, through all their tribes and households. There is many an intelligent little girl, not more than seven years old, who, in such circumstances, and knowing that the purpose of the festival was to drag the last memorials of her people—its honours, trophies, sanctities—through the pollution of triumph, would indignantly refuse to give the sanction of so much as a momentary gaze upon a spectacle abominable in all Hebrew eyes. And if, in such a case, she could descend to an emotion so humiliating as curiosity, she would feel a silent reproach fretting her heart, so often as she beheld upon a Roman medal that symbolic memorial of her desolated home—so beautiful and so pathetic—*Judea figured as a woman veiled, weeping under her palm-tree*; Rachel weeping for her children. But this Josephus, this hound—hound of hounds, and very dog of very dog—did worse; he sat, as a congratulating guest, offering homage and adoring cringes, simpering and *ko-tooing*, whilst the triumphal pageant for Judea ravaged, and for Jerusalem burned, filled the hours of a long summer's day, as it unfolded its pomps before him. Nay, this Jew achieved a deeper degradation even than this. But for *him*, when it was asked of the conquerors, Where is the conquered race? what has become of *them*? it must have been answered, All slain or captives. And that result is a mode of military triumph, even for the conquered. But through the presence of Josephus, a solitary man of rank, all this was transformed: a Jewish grandee, sitting on terms of amity amongst

the victors, and countersigning their pretensions, had the inevitable effect of *disavowing* all his humbler countrymen; from heroes they become mutineers; and in an instant of time, the fiery struggle of the ancient *El Koda* against the 'abomination of desolation, standing where it should not'—i. e., the Roman banners, expressing the triumph of an idolatrous nation, insolently hoisted aloft in the temple of Jehovah—was transfigured, through this one man's presence, into a capricious, possibly an ungrateful, rebellion.

Did this carrion find a peaceful grave?

THE ESSENES.

One aspect of Josephus and his character occurs to me as interesting—namely, when placed in collision with the character so different, and the position so similar, of St Paul. In both these men, when suddenly detained for inspection at an early stage of their career, we have a bigot of the most intractable quality; and in both the bigotry expressed its ferocity exclusively upon the Christians, as the new-born heretics that troubled the unity of the national church. Thus far the parties agree; and they agree also in being as learned as the limitations of their native literature would allow. But from that point, up to which the resemblance in position, in education, in temper, is so close, how entirely opposed! Both erring profoundly; yet the one not only in his errors, but by his errors, showing himself most single-minded, conscientious, fervent, devout; a holy bigot; as incapable of anything mercenary then, of anything insidious, or of compromise with modes of self-interest, as after the rectification of his views he was incapable of compromise with profounder shapes of error. The other, a timeserving knave, sold to adulation and servile ministrations; a pimp; a liar; or ready for any worse office, if worse is named on earth. Never on any human stage was so dramatically realised, as by Josephus in Rome, the delineation of our English poet:

* * * * *

'A fingering, meddling slave;
One that would peep and botanise
Upon his mother's grave.'

Yes, this master in Israel, this leader of Sanhedrims, went as to something that he thought a puppet-show, sat the long day through to see a sight. What sight? Jugglers, was it? buffoons? tumblers? dancing-dogs? or a reed

shaken by the wind? Oh no! Simply to see his ruined country carried captive in effigy through the city of her conqueror—to see the sword of the Maccabees hung up as a Roman trophy—to see the mysteries of the glorious temple—to see the Holy of Holies (which even the High Priest could enter only once in the year), by its representative memorials, dragged from secrecy before the grooms and gladiators of Rome. Then, when this was finished, a woe that would once have caused Hebrew corpses to stir in their graves, he goes home to find his luxury, his palace, and his harem, charged as a perpetual tax upon the groans of his brave unsundering countrymen, that had been sold as slaves into marble quarries: *they* worked extra hours, that the one sole traitor to Jerusalem might revel in honour.

When first I read the account of the *Essenes* in Josephus, I leaned back in my chair, and apostrophised the writer thus:—'Wicked Joseph, listen to me; you've been telling us a fairy tale; and, for my part, I've no objection to a fairy tale in any situation; because, if one can make no use of it one's-self, always one knows a child that will be thankful for it. But this tale, Mr Joseph, happens also to be a lie; secondly, a fraudulent lie; thirdly, a malicious lie.' It was a fiction—not at all of ignorance or error, but of hatred against Christianity. For I shall startle the reader a little when I inform him that, if there were a syllable of truth in the main statement of Josephus, then at one blow goes to wreck the whole edifice of Christianity. Nothing but blindness and insensibility of heart to the *true* internal evidence of Christianity could ever have hidden this from men. Religious sycophants, who affect the profoundest admiration, but in their hearts feel none at all, for what they profess to regard as the beauty of the moral revelations made in the New Testament, are easily cheated, and often *have* been cheated, by the grossest plagiarisms from Christianity offered to them as the pure natural growths of paganism. I would engage to write a Greek version somewhat varied and garbled of the Sermon on the Mount, were it hidden in Pompeii, unearthed, and published as a fragment from a posthumous work of a Stoic, with the certain result that very few people indeed should detect in it any signs of forgery. There are several cases of that nature actually unsuspected at this hour,

which my deep cynicism and detestation of human hypocrisy yet anticipates a banquet of gratification in one day exposing. Oh, the millions of deaf hearts, deaf to everything really impassioned in music, that pretend to admire Mozart!—Oh, the worlds of hypocrites who cant about the divinity of scriptural morality, and yet would never see any lustre at all in the most resplendent of Christian jewels, provided the pagan thief had a little disguised their setting. The thing has been tried long before the case of the *Essenes*; and it takes more than a scholar to detect the imposture. A philosopher who must also be a scholar is wanted. The eye that suspects and watches is needed. Dark seas were those over which the ark of Christianity tilted for the first four centuries; evil men and enemies were cruising, and an Alexandrian Pharos is required to throw back a light broad enough to search and sweep the guilty secrets of those times. The Church of Rome has always thrown a backward telescopic glance of question, of doubt, and uneasy suspicion, upon those ridiculous *Essenes*, and has repeatedly come to the right practical conclusion—that they were, and must have been, Christians under some mask or other; but the failure of Rome has been in carrying the Ariadne's thread through the whole labyrinth from centre to circumference. Rome has given the ultimate solution rightly, but has not (in geometrical language) raised the construction of the problem with its conditions and steps of evolution. Shall I tell you, reader, in a brief, rememberable form, what was the crime of the hound Josephus, through this fable of the *Essenes* in relation to Christ? It was the very same crime as that of the hound Lauder in relation to Milton. Lauder, about the middle of the last century, bearing deadly malice to the memory of Milton, conceived the idea of charging the great poet with plagiarism. He would greatly have preferred denying the value *in toto* of the 'Paradise Lost.' But, as this was hopeless, the next best course was to say—Well, let it be as grand as you please, it is none of Milton's. And, to prepare the way for this, he proceeded to translate into Latin (but with plausible variations in the expression or arrangement) some of the most memorable passages in the poem. By this means he had, as it were, melted down or broken up the golden

sacramental plate, and might now apply it to his own felonious purposes. The false swindling travesty of the Miltonic passage he produced as the undoubted original, professing to have found it in some rare or obscure author, not easily within reach, and then saying—Judge (I beseech you) for yourself whether Milton were indebted to this passage or not. Now, reader, a falsehood is a falsehood, though uttered under circumstances of hurry and sudden trepidation; but certainly it becomes, though not more a falsehood, yet more criminally and hatefully a falsehood, when prepared from afar, and elaborately supported by fraud, and dovetailing into fraud, and having no palliation from pressure and haste. A man is a knave who falsely, but in the panic of turning all suspicion from himself, charges you or me with having appropriated another man's jewel. But how much more odiously is he a knave, if with no such motive of screening himself, if out of pure devilish malice to us, he has contrived, in preparation for his own lie, to conceal the jewel about our persons! This was what the wretch Lauder tried hard to do for Milton. This was what the wretch Josephus tried hard to do for Christ.

THE ROMAN JUDICIAL SYSTEM.

This would require a separate volume, and chiefly upon this ground—that in no country upon earth, except Rome, has the ordinary administration of justice been applied as a great political engine. Men, who could not otherwise be removed, were constantly assailed by impeachments, and oftentimes for acts done forty or fifty years before the time of trial. But this dreadful aggravation of the injustice was not generally needed. The system of trial was the most corrupt that has ever prevailed under European civilisation. The composition of their courts, as to the *rank* of the numerous jury, was continually changed: but no change availed to raise them above bribery. The rules of evidence were simply none at all. Every hearsay, erroneous rumour, or atrocious libel, was allowed to be offered as evidence. Much of this never could be repelled, as it had not been anticipated. And, even in those cases where no bribery was attempted, the issue was dependent, almost in a desperate extent, upon the impression made by the advocate. And finally, it must be borne in mind, that there was no presiding *judge*, in our sense

of the word, to sum up, to mitigate the effect of arts or falsehood in the advocate, to point the true bearing of the evidence, still less to state and to restrict the law. Law there very seldom was any, in a precise circumstantial shape. The verdict might be looked for accordingly. And I do not scruple to say, that so triumphant a machinery of oppression has never existed—no, not in the dungeons of the Inquisition.

THE MORALITY OF EXPEDIENCY EMPLOYED BY ROMAN STATESMEN.

The regular relief, furnished to Rome under the system of anarchy which Cæsar proposed to set aside, lay in seasonable murders. When a man grew potent in political annoyance, somebody was employed to murder him. Never was there a viler or better established murder than that of Claudius by Milo, or that of Carbo and others by Pompey, when a young man, acting as the tool of Sylla. Yet these, and the murders of the two Gracchi, nearly a century before, Cicero justifies as necessary. So little progress had law and sound political wisdom then made, that Cicero was not aware of anything monstrous in pleading for a most villanous act—that circumstances had made it expedient. Such a man is massacred, and Cicero appeals to all your natural feelings of honour against the murderers. Such another is massacred, on the opposite side, and Cicero thinks it quite sufficient to reply, 'Oh, but I assure you he was a bad man—I knew him to be a bad man. And it was his duty to be murdered, as the sole service he could render the commonwealth.' So again, in common with all his professional brethren, Cicero never scruples to ascribe the foulest lust and abominable propensities to any public antagonist; never asking himself any question but this, Will it look plausible? He personally escaped such slanders, because, as a young man, he was known to be rather poor, and very studious. But in later life a horrible calumny of that very class settled upon himself; and one peculiarly shocking to his parental grief; for he was then sorrowing in extremity for the departed lady who had been associated in the slander. Do I lend a moment's credit to the foul insinuation? No. But I see the equity of this retribution revolving upon one who had so often slandered others in the same malicious way. At last the

poisoned chalice came round to his own lips, and at a moment when its venom reached his heart of hearts.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

At a very early age commenced my own interest in the mystery that surrounds Secret Societies; the mystery being often double—1. *what* they do; and 2. *what* they do it *for*. Except for the prematurity of this interest, in itself it was not surprising. Generally speaking, a child may *not*—but every adult *will*, and must, if at all by nature meditative—regard, with a feeling higher than vulgar curiosity, small fraternities of men forming themselves as separate and inner vortices within the great vortex of society; communicating silently in broad daylight by signals not even seen; or, if seen, not understood except among themselves; and connected by the link either of purposes not safe to be avowed, or by the grander link of awful truths which, merely to shelter themselves from the hostility of an age unprepared for their reception, are forced to retire, possibly for generations, behind thick curtains of secrecy. To be hidden amidst crowds is sublime; to come down hidden amongst crowds from distant generations is doubly sublime.

The first incident in my own childish experience that threw my attention upon the possibility of such dark associations, was the Abbé Baruel's book, soon followed by a similar book of Professor Robison's, in demonstration of a regular conspiracy throughout Europe for exterminating Christianity. This I did not read, but I heard it read and frequently discussed. I had already Latin enough to know that *cancer* meant a crab; and that the disease so appalling to a child's imagination, which in English we call a cancer, as soon as it has passed beyond the state of an indolent schirrous tumour, drew its name from the horrid claws, or spurs, or roots, by which it connected itself with distant points, running underground, as it were, baffling detection, and defying radical extirpation. What I heard read aloud from the abbé gave that dreadful cancerous character to the plot against Christianity. This plot, by the abbé's account, stretched its horrid fangs, and threw out its forerunning feelers and tentacles, into many nations, and more than one century. That perplexed me, though also fascinating me by its grandeur. How men, living in distant pe-

riods and distant places—men that did not know each other, nay, often had not even heard of each other, nor spoke the same languages—could yet be parties to the same treason against a mighty religion towering to the highest heavens, puzzled my understanding. Then, also, when wickedness was so easy, *why* did people take all this trouble to be wicked? The *how* and the *why* were alike incomprehensible to me. Yet the abbé, everybody said, was a good man; incapable of telling falsehoods, or of countenancing falsehoods; and, indeed, to say *that* was superfluous as regarded myself; for every man that wrote a book was in my eyes an essentially good man, being a revealer of hidden truth. Things in MS. might be doubtful, but things printed were unavoidably and profoundly true. So that, if I questioned and demurred as hotly as an infidel would have done, it never was that by the slightest shade I had become tainted with the infirmity of scepticism. On the contrary, I believed everybody as well as *everything*. And, indeed, the very starting-point of my too importunate questions was exactly that incapacity of scepticism—not any lurking jealousy that even part might be false, but confidence too absolute that the whole must be true; since the more undeniably a thing was certain, the more clamorously I called upon people to make it intelligible. Other people, when they could not comprehend a thing, had often a resource in saying, 'But, after all, perhaps it's a lie.' I had no such resource. A lie was impossible in a man that descended upon earth in the awful shape of four volumes octavo. Such a great man as *that* was an oracle for me, far beyond Dodona or Delphi. The same thing occurs in another form to everybody. Often (you know)—alas! too often—one's dear friend talks something, which one scruples to call 'rignarole,' but which, for the life of one (it becomes necessary to whisper), cannot be comprehended. Well, after puzzling over it for two hours, you say, 'Come, that's enough; two hours is as much time as I can spare in one life for one unintelligibility.' And then you proceed, in the most tranquil frame of mind, to take coffee as if nothing had happened. The thing does not haunt your sleep: for you say, 'My dear friend, after all, was perhaps unintentionally talking nonsense.' But how if the thing that puzzles you happens to be a phenomenon in the sky or the clouds—

something said by nature? Nature never talks nonsense. There's no getting rid of the thing in that way. You can't call *that* 'rignarole.' As to your dear friend, you were sceptical; and the consequence was, that you were able to be tranquil. There was a valve in reserve, by which your perplexity could escape. But as to nature, you have no scepticism at all; you believe in *her* to a most bigoted extent; you believe every word she says. And that very belief is the cause that you are disturbed daily by something which you cannot understand. Being true, the thing ought to be intelligible. And exactly because it is *not*—exactly because this horrid unintelligibility is denied the comfort of doubt—therefore it is that you are so unhappy. If you could once make up your mind to doubt and to say, 'Oh, as to nature, I don't believe one word in ten that she utters,' then and there you would become as tranquil as when your dearest friend talks nonsense. My purpose, as regarded Baruel, was not tentative, as if presumptuously trying whether I should like to swallow a thing, with an *arrière pensée* that, if not palatable, I might reject it, but simply the preparatory process of a boa-constrictor lubricating the substance offered, whatever it might be, towards its readier deglutition, under the absolute certainty that, come what would, I *must* swallow it, that result, whether easy or not easy, being one that finally followed at any rate.

The person who chiefly introduced me to Baruel was a lady, a stern lady, and austere, not only in her manners, which made most people dislike her, but also in the character of her understanding and morals—an advantage which made some people afraid of her. Me, however, she treated with unusual indulgence; chiefly, I believe, because I kept her intellectuals in a state of exercise, nearly amounting to persecution. She was just five times my age when our warfare of disputation commenced—I being seven, she thirty-five; and she was not quite four times my age when our warfare terminated by sudden separation—I being then ten, and she thirty-eight. This change, by the way, in the multiple that expressed her chronological relations to myself, used greatly to puzzle me; because, as the interval between us had diminished, within the memory of man, so rapidly, that, from being five times younger, I found myself less than four times younger, the natural infe-

rence seemed to be, that, in a few years, I should not be younger at all, but might come to be the older of the two; in which case, I should certainly have 'taken my change' out of the airs she continually gave herself on the score of closer logic, but especially of longer 'experience.' That decisive word 'experience' was, indeed, always a sure sign to me that I had the better of the argument, and that it had become necessary, therefore, suddenly to pull me up in the career of victory by a violent exertion of authority; as a knight of old, at the very moment when he would else have unhorsed his opponent, was often frozen into unjust inactivity by the king's arbitrary signal for parting the tilters. It was, however, only when very hard pressed that my fair (or rather brown) antagonist took this *not* fair advantage in our daily tournaments. Generally, and if I showed any moderation in the assault, she was rather pleased with the sharp rattle of my rolling musketry. Objections she rather liked; and questions, as many as one pleased, upon the *pourquoi*, if one did not go on to *le pourquoi du pourquoi*. That, she said, was carrying things too far: excess in everything she disapproved. Now, *there* I differed from her: excess was the thing I doated on. The fun seemed to me only beginning, when she asserted that it had already 'overstepped the limits of propriety.' Ha! those limits, I thought, were soon reached.

But, however much or often I might vault over the limits of propriety, or might seem to challenge both *her* and the abbé—all this was but anxiety to reconcile my own secret belief in the abbé with the strong arguments for not believing; it was but the form assumed by my earnest desire to see *how* the learned gentleman could be right, whom my intense faith certified beyond all doubt to *be* so, and whom, equally, my perverse logical recusancy whispered to be continually in the wrong. I wished to see my own rebellious arguments, which I really sorrowed over and bemoaned, knocked down like ninepins; shown to be softer than cotton, frailer than glass, and utterly worthless in the eye of reason. All this, indeed, the stern lady assured me that she *had* shown over and over again. Well, it might be so; and to this, at any rate, as a decree of court, I saw a worldly prudence in submitting. But, probably, I must have looked rather grim, and have

wished devoutly for one fair turn-up, on Salisbury Plain, with herself and the abbé, in which case my heart told me how earnestly I should pray that they might for ever floor *me*, but how melancholy a conviction oppressed my spirits that my destiny was to floor *them*. Victorious, I should find my belief and my understanding in painful schism: since my arguments, which I so much wished to see refuted, would on that assumption be triumphant; on the other hand, beaten and demolished, I should find my whole nature in harmony with itself.

The mysteriousness to me of men becoming partners (and by no means sleeping partners) in a society of which they had never heard; or, again, of one fellow standing at the beginning of a century, and stretching out his hand as an accomplice towards another fellow standing at the end of it, without either having known of the other's existence—all *that* did but sharpen the interest of wonder that gathered about the general economy of Secret Societies. Tertullian's profession of believing things, not *in spite* of being impossible, but simply *because* they were impossible, is not the extravagance that most people suppose it. There is a deep truth in it. Many are the things which, in proportion as they attract the *highest* modes of belief, discover a tendency to repel belief on that part of the scale which is governed by the lower understanding. And here, as so often elsewhere, the axiom, with respect to extremes meeting, manifests its subtle presence. The highest form of the incredible is sometimes the initial form of the credible. But the point on which our irreconcilability was greatest respected the *cui bono* (the ultimate purpose) of this alleged conspiracy. What were the conspirators to gain by success? and nobody pretended that they could gain anything by failure. The lady replied—that, by obliterating the light of Christianity, they prepared the readiest opening for the unlimited gratification of their odious appetites and passions. But to this the retort was too obvious to escape anybody, and for me it threw itself into the form of that pleasant story reported from the life of Pyrrhus the Epirot—namely, that one day, upon a friend requesting to know what ulterior purpose the king might mask under his expedition to Sicily, 'Why, after *that* is finished,' replied the king, 'I mean to administer a little cor-

rection (very much wanted) to certain parts of Italy, and particularly to that nest of rascals in Latium.'—'And then —,' said the friend: 'And then,' said Pyrrhus, 'next we go for Macedon; and after that job's jobbed, next, of course, for Greece.'—'Which done —,' said the friend: 'Which done,' interrupted the king, 'as done it shall be, then we're off to tickle the Egyptians.'—'Whom having tickled,' pursued the friend, 'then we —': 'Tickle the Persians,' said the king. —'But after that is done,' urged the obstinate friend, 'whither next?'—'Why, really man, it's hard to say; you give one no time to breathe; but we'll consider the case as soon as we come to Persia; and, until we've settled it, we can crown ourselves with roses, and pass the time pleasantly enough over the best wine to be found in Ecbatana.'—'That's a very just idea,' replied the friend; 'but, with submission, it strikes me that we might do *that* just now, and at the beginning of all these tedious wars, instead of waiting for their end.'—'Bless me!' said Pyrrhus, 'if ever I thought of *that* before. Why, man, you're a conjurer; you have discovered a mine of happiness. So, here, boy, bring us roses and plenty of Cretan wine.' Surely, on the same principle, these French Encyclopédistes, and Bavarian Illuminati, did not need to postpone any jubilees of licentiousness which they promised themselves to so very indefinite a period as their ovation over the ruins of Christianity. True, the *impulse* of hatred, even though irrational, may be a stronger force for action than any *motive* of hatred, however rational or grounded in self-interest. But the particular motive relied upon by the stern lady as the central spring of the antichristian movement, being obviously insufficient for the weight which it had to sustain, naturally the lady, growing sensible of this herself, became still sterner; very angry with me; and not quite satisfied, in this instance, with the abbé. Yet, after all, it was not any embittered remembrance of our eternal feuds, in dusting the jacket of the Abbé Baruel, that lost me, ultimately, the favour of this austere lady. All *that* she forgave; and especially because she came to think the abbé as bad as myself, for leaving such openings to my inroads. It was on a question of politics that our deadliest difference arose, and that my deadliest sarcasm was launched; not against herself, but against the opinion and party which

she adopted. I was right, as usually I am; but, on this occasion, must have been, because I stood up (as a patriot, intolerant to frenzy of all insult directed against dear England); and she, though otherwise patriotic enough, in this instance ranged herself in alliance with a false anti-national sentiment. My sarcasm was not too strong for the case. But certainly I ought to have thought it too strong for the presence of a lady; whom, or any of her sex, on a matter of politics in these days, so much am I changed, I would allow to chase me, like a football, all round the tropics, rather than offer the least show of resistance. But my excuse was childhood; and, though it may be true, as the reader will be sure to remind me, that she was rapidly growing down to my level in that respect, still she had not quite reached it; so that there was more excuse for me, after all, than for *her*. She was no longer five times as old, or even four; but when she would come down to be two times as old, and one time as old, it was hard to say.

Thus I had good reason for remembering my first introduction to the knowledge of Secret Societies, since this knowledge introduced me to the more gloomy knowledge of the strife which gathers in clouds over the fields of human life; and to the knowledge of this strife in two shapes, one of which none of us fail to learn—the personal strife which is awakened so eternally by difference of opinion, or difference of interest; the other, which is felt, perhaps, obscurely by all, but distinctly noticed only by the profoundly reflective—namely, the schism (so mysterious to those even who have examined it most) between the human intellect and many undeniable realities of human experience. As to the first mode of strife, I could not possibly forget it; for the stern lady died before we had an opportunity to exchange forgiveness, and *that* left a sting behind. She, I am sure, was a good forgiving creature at heart; and especially she would have forgiven *me*, because it was *my* place (if one only got one's right place on earth) to forgive *her*. Had she even hauled me out of bed with a tackling of ropes in the dead of night, for the mere purpose of reconciliation, I should have said, 'Why, you see, I can't forgive you entirely to-night, because I'm angry when people waken me without notice; but to-morrow morning I certainly will; or, if that won't

do, you shall forgive *me*. No great matter *which*, as the conclusion must be the same in either case—namely, to kiss and be friends.’

But the other strife, which perhaps sounds metaphysical in the reader’s ears, then first wakened up to my perceptions, and never again went to sleep amongst my perplexities. O Cicero! my poor, thoughtless Cicero! in all your shallow metaphysics, not once did you give utterance to such a bounce as when you asserted, that never yet did human reason say one thing, and nature say another. On the contrary, every part of nature—mechanics, dynamics, morals, metaphysics, and even pure mathematics—are continually giving the lie flatly by their facts and conclusions to the very necessities and laws of the human understanding. Did the reader ever study the ‘Antinomies’ of Kant? If not, he *shall*; and I am the man that will introduce him to that study. *There* he will have the pleasure of seeing a set of quadrilles or reels, in which old Mother Reason amuses herself by dancing to the right and left two variations of blank contradiction to old Mother Truth, both variations being irrefragable, each variation contradicting the other, each contradicting the equatorial reality, and each alike (though past all denial) being a lie. But he need not go to Kant for this. Let him look as *one* having eyes for looking, and everywhere the same perplexing phenomenon occurs. And this first dawned upon myself in the Baruel case. As nature is to the human intellect, so was Baruel to mine. We all believe in nature without limit, yet hardly understand a page amongst her innumerable pages. I believed in Baruel by ne-

cessity, and yet everywhere my understanding mutinied against *his*. Superstitiously I believed the aggregate of what he said: rebelliously I contradicted each separate sentence.

But in Baruel I had heard only of Secret Societies that were consciously formed for mischievous ends; or if not always for a distinct purpose of evil, yet always in a spirit of malignant contradiction and hatred. Soon I read of other societies even more secret, that watched over *truth* dangerous to publish or even to whisper, like the sleepless dragons that oriental fable associated with the subterraneous guardianship of regal treasures. The secrecy, and the reasons for the secrecy, were alike sublime. The very image, unveiling itself by unsteady glimpses, of men linked by brotherly love and perfect confidence, meeting in secret chambers, at the noontide of night, to shelter, by muffling, with their own persons interposed, and at their own risk, some solitary lamp of truth—sheltering it from the carelessness of the world, and its stormy ignorance; *that* would soon have blown it out—sheltering it from the hatred of the world; *that* would soon have made war upon its life—all this was superhumanly sublime. The fear of those men was sublime; the courage was sublime; the stealthy, thief-like means were sublime; the audacious end—namely, to change the kingdoms of earth—was sublime. If they acted and moved like cowards, those men were sublime; if they planned with the audacity of martyrs, those men were sublime—not less as cowards, not more as martyrs; for the cowardice that appeared above, and the courage that lurked below, were parts of the same machinery.

TITAN.

WHICH?

OR,

EDDIES ROUND THE RECTORY.

CHAPTER I.

'I could wish no surer index of character, especially a woman's, than to read a letter from her pen: not morbid sensibilities, in a romantic effusion from one young lady to another, or from one everyday acquaintance to another; but domestic delineations, in the genuine outpourings of affectionate hearts, from sister to sister, or sister to brother, mother to daughter, or daughter to mother. Some of these I have more than once chanced to see, and can safely say no volume of feminine experience ever printed could be compared with them.'

NOTES ON MEN AND MANNERS IN THE OLD COUNTRY.

Letter from Mrs Burleigh, of Burleigh Priory, to her Daughter, Mrs Brown, of Barnby, Yorkshire.

LANDERIS, May 12, 18—.

MY DEAR JANE,—Time flies away so rapidly here, that with all my exertions, rising early, and going to bed late, I can never get through a third of the business I have to do, to say nothing of letter-writing, which I confess absorbs much time.

You can well understand all the trials and anxieties which must daily fall to the lot of the female head in every family. I am a slave to mine, and some day the world will know it. If I were gone, it is hard to say what the house would come to. I declare to you, what with Henry's extravagance, your father's obstinacy about the farm, as well as about everything else, the difficulty of making a proper show where the girls are concerned, and managing the house on the small means I have at my command, it is wonderful I am alive and as active as I am, though indeed I am gone to a skeleton, fit for my shroud.

There has been a famine of news here all the spring; the weather and the crops are dull to talk of for ever. But here I may as well tell you, that, after all I said, your father put tur-

nips in the large field (serve him well if they turn out badly); but this is a digression. We have now plenty of conversation; for the new clergyman and his family are arrived at the Rectory. Of course, the world and his wife will call, and entertain them too, which will be pleasant for our girls; in this way, at least, they are quite a godsend. The party comprises the Rev. Dr Wyndham, his wife, two grown-up daughters, and two little ones, about the sizes of the Simpsons. I cannot think what this parish wanted with more girls; dear me, we have enough already: a few young men would be more acceptable. But I suppose we have all our trials to bear, and I cannot help this one, or I would. They were all in church yesterday for the first time. Dr Wyndham preached a very good sermon, and his daughters wore decidedly pretty straw bonnets; talking of which brings me near home. I have ordered bonnets at Miss Manly's for Sarah and Fidelia, of pink crape, with little curly feathers at the sides, to be made after a Paris pattern. Vastly pretty they will be, I have no doubt, and so be-

coming, especially to Sarah. I have got my green silk dress turned, and it looks wonderfully well.

You ask about the Herberts. John is still in India, and Vernon somewhere on the Continent, I do not know where. Old Newton is the only one at Landeris, and you can well imagine the amount of information she would give. She is twenty times crosser than ever. Would you believe it? the nasty old creature would not let me cut a few sprays of japonica off the wall one day last week, when Sarah was in such distress for some to put on her dress and in her hair when going to Oaklands. Of Vernon Herbert I always thought, and ever will, too, that he could not endure this neighbourhood since your marriage. I shall never forget the look he had the first time I saw him afterwards; he was the most awfully-cut-up man ever was seen. Mrs Selwyn has decided on living in the village, and she has moved into the little cottage on the Fernley Road. What a fool that woman has proved herself all her life! Dear heart, if I were a widow, I would live at a watering-

place—there would be some fun there—instead of in this dull old town. Dr Price has bought a new phaeton. Now what can he want with it? I am sure the old one was good enough for a single man, though the new one is a very genteel and pretty turn-out. I am sorry to hear little Patty's eyes continue so weak: camomile tea and a green veil are considered excellent remedies. How did Johnnie's socks fit? It would be foolish to knit any more if he has outgrown that size; do not forget this when you next write: you had best send me one of those he wears for a pattern. I have kept my letter open to the last moment, hoping that the girls would be home, that I might ask them the name of the place those Wyndhams come from, for I forget it. You know I never could recollect names of places. It is some large manufacturing town, I know; but no matter, I can tell you again; and will now close, substituting kisses for yourself and the children from your affectionate mother,

PATRICIA BURLEIGH.

P.S.—Did you know the brown horse was sold?

ANOTHER LETTER.

This one from Margaret Wyndham to her Cousin, Edward Celbridge.

LANDERIS, May 12, 18—.

MY DEAR EDWARD,—As we are now a little settled here, I am able to give you some account of ourselves and our doings. I know Frances has written you several times; yet, remembering of old a propensity she had to treating of the inner life to the exclusion of the outer, it remains for me to give you some idea of us as we are to be seen and heard of in Landeris Rectory day and daily. We are all very happy, and quite contented, generally rather idle, the kind of idleness Willis writes of; you remember it begins, 'the rain is playing its soft pleasant tune fitfully on the skylight.' We enjoy our complete change of life extremely—being so much separated during late years has made us only value each other's society the more.

We pass the days according to individual taste: mamma's employments during her leisure moments are, first, feeding a flock of chickens she found

it incumbent on her to purchase at once on her arrival, and, secondly, cutting innumerable slips of plants, and setting them in most extraordinary localities; but truth must be told, they are not in as flourishing a condition as she seems to expect. As for papa, it is difficult to say what peculiar bias his recreations take; farming I think will carry the present day at least. 'He is out-of-doors all day long, and as I write, I can see him sauntering up the garden, in what we used in Ousely long ago to call the 'country-parson style,' namely, the hat drooping over the back of the head, often indeed almost touching the coat-collar behind.

Frances and I are particularly busy fitting up our own bedroom 'to fancy.' Your book-shelves were the first article put in its place. And very well they look, only Frances has a bad habit of rearranging the books incessantly, which I am obliged to discourage, and very often to administer a reprimand.

Do not be uneasy about her; she is very composed and tolerably cheerful, and, though we all know she feels strongly, much does not appear. I give her plenty of employment, and do not allow too long for saddening reflections. So cheer up, dear Edward; "to-morrow" must come one day, and be assured, when it comes, there will be no mistake about its being the "right one." You must soon try to get leave of absence to come and see us, and then you can better understand all about this place, of which in the meantime I must try to give you some idea.

It is perfectly charming in point of scenery; of society I can say nothing, for though there are a good many gentlemen's seats dotted over the country, as yet we have had no visitors.

Now for our house, which is picturesque, grey, and old.

"Across its antique portico
Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw."

It is almost a house with seven gables, only for one wing, which has been added in modern times, with larger windows and loftier ceilings. The older portion has funny wainscoted rooms, with out-of-the-way doors, leading into out-of-the-way passages, or up steep stairs into bedrooms full of corners and queer presses, some of the rooms having sloping roofs, some without, some with narrow casement windows, and others (in the newer part) large and bayed. I must not forget the view

from our own window; it is perfectly enchanting. First peep down into our garden—flower-beds and fruit-trees are sloping down to a river which divides our grounds from those belonging to a very fine house on the other side, Landeris Hall, the manor-house of this parish. Behind the dwelling stretch old woods for many miles; farther, blue mountains; and behind them, though out of sight, still within a day's journey, is the sea. Our house might have served as a model for one of those in Mrs Sherwood's childish story-books, and as to 'the Hall,' it is the perfection of a 'story-house.' At this moment there is exactly the orthodox amount of blue smoke curling out of one chimney, for the house is almost uninhabited, the family living abroad.

If contemplation of the beautiful improves and cultivates the taste (as Ruskin affirms), it is well for us, for we do require some compensation for the loss of the cousin tutor of our town-life. We miss you sadly one and all; at meals, papa becomes decidedly pathetic, and mamma as dolorous as need be; to this add Frances, and not unfrequently 'gouttes d'eau' from Rose and Lucy, and you will see how much I have to do, to keep them all moderately cheerful at those times when your shadow comes across us all. I hear the trotting of the post-boy's pony, so must conclude, with the best and kindest love of, dear Edward, your ever affectionate cousin,

MARGARET WYNDHAM.

CHAPTER II.—MORNING VISITERS AT THE RECTORY.

'I was in company with men and women,
And heard small talk
Of little things,
Of poor pursuits,
And narrow feelings
And narrow views,
Of narrow minds.'—SWEDISH TRANS. F. BREMER.

'Whose house is that I see?
No, not the county member's with the vane;
Up higher, with the yew-tree by it, and half
A score of gables?

James. That's Sir Edward Head's,
But he's abroad.'—TENNYSOON.

The last letter was but finished, the ink of the signature was still wet, when a little head appeared at the door.

'Margaret and Frances, mamma sent me for you. There is a lady in the drawing-room you are to come and see.'

'Who is she, Lucy?'

'I do not know; a visiter, I suppose. She asked for you.'

'And we were so snug here; it is too provoking. Where are the envelopes, Margaret?'

'Please do not be long in going,' said Lucy; 'mamma looked in a hurry.'

Margaret, I can fold and seal your letter for you.'

'What do you mean by mamma looking in a hurry?'

'The lady talked so fast, and so loud. I am sure you are wanted to help poor mamma; that is the loudest woman I ever heard.'

'Did you hear her name?'

'I think mamma read "Miss Jones" off a card, but I am not sure. She must live very near this, for she talked of the church, and of seeing papa going every day to the post-office. She is not pretty, and has a dried-up face like Aunt Mary's.'

'I wish she had put off her visit till a little later,' said Frances, rising to go down-stairs, 'for I had another letter to finish. Some old maid, of course, coming to inspect us all. I wonder if ever there was such a thing as a village without one or more old maids in it?'

'Take care,' said Margaret; 'you do not know what I may come to be. No reflections on old maids.'

'Be a pleasant one, then, and do not pay visits when you are not wanted—before people are well into a new house.'

'Social duties, as papa says—visitors and visiting.'

'My daughters, Miss Jones,' said Mrs Wyndham, as they entered the drawing-room.

'Indeed,' was the lady's reply, as she sprung from her seat, and dashing across the room, extended a hand to each young lady. She was an old maid, no mistaking one of the genus; not one of the quiet unobtrusive class, whose presence is like a cool shadow on a hot summer day, but one of those tiresome, forward, fussy bodies, who push themselves in everywhere, and who love above all things to hear themselves talk.

'How do you do, Miss Wyndhams both? I am so happy to make your acquaintance. Such a pleasure; was so afraid you might be out; had heard you were early walkers; wanted so much to introduce myself to you all; am quite determined we shall be all the greatest friends possible, in the shortest possible time. Indeed, yes, indeed, you cannot think how I have been looking forward to this day for ever so long a time back. Allow me

to express my heartfelt gratification, Miss Wyndham.'

All of this delivered in a most rapid, energetic manner, caused the voluble lady to pause for breath, and leave a space for Margaret to give in return a kind of indistinct murmur; which, being of a sanguine temperament, Miss Jones interpreted as a reciprocatory sentiment; and quite pleased, she dashed on as follows:—

'Just as you came in, Miss Wyndham, I had been telling your mamma how delighted every one here was to hear our new rector had a family (Mr Cooper, our late one, was a bachelor); they would be such a delightful addition to our little social circle here, quite an acquisition, for we Landerisians (if I may use the expression) are such social people—tea parties, walking parties, working parties, picnic parties, visiting parties, all succeeding each other the whole year round; one never can be dull here, so animated, so cheerful, such perfect unanimity as exists. Indeed, the place might have served to give the idea of 'Rasselas' to Dr Johnson, only I did not know it in his time, and I could not venture to say if it was as pleasant in those days; all I know is, that nothing could be more like now; only there is no foolish young man wanting over the mountain—they have rather too much sense for that. You see it is so different from a large town, where no one cares what becomes of you; every one is so wrapped up in their own concerns, they have no sympathies to spare for the "children of one common parent," as some one says, I forget now who it was. But I would like to tell you an anecdote to illustrate this; quite a true one, I can assure you, for I was the principal on the occasion myself. It is not like a great many capital stories one hears told by such dreadfully commonplace people, as if such nonentities ever could have met with such an adventure, the absurdity, while if they had made themselves out the actor in some more moderate tale, probably half the company would be taken in; but what I am going to tell you really happened. I was once on a visit at Leeds, and I had taken with me such a pet of a little King Charles dog. What a beauty he was, Remus, as

I called him; you never saw a greater love than he was; but one day he got out of the door somehow, and ran down the street, and how it happened, of course, no one can say: whether the poor dear was bewildered by the noise in the streets, and run down, or picked up, or milled into sausages, or what, I cannot say; all I know is, that from that day to the present I never saw or heard anything more of him; and such a love of a collar as he had on too. I'll never look upon his like again.'—(Query, dog or collar.)

'What ——' began Margaret.

'Oh,' interrupted Miss Jones, 'that is not all; the worst is still to come. A lady who lived in the next house had met him turning the first corner, and did not take the trouble of even turning him towards home, and actually never told me until a week after, when I had spent half-a-guinea in advertising.'

'How distressing!' said good Mrs Wyndham, in a sympathising tone of voice; whether alluding to the dog, the lady, or the half-guinea, history saith not.

'It would have been so different here,' resumed Miss Jones, pathetically; 'every gentleman in the country would have been up about my darling little Remus. That odious Leeds, I never can bear the name of it since. It has given me a complete prejudice against large towns, and indeed, I may say against the inhabitants too, so cold, so selfish, so unfeeling. I think living in one quite enough to destroy all kindly feelings towards one's fellow-creatures, and deaden all sociability, indeed I ——. But I beg your pardon, Miss Wyndham; after all I have said, how stupid to forget that I heard you had lived in a town all your life. Pray excuse me — you will think I was deliberately insulting you. But am I correctly informed? Did you live in a large town?'

'Sometimes in town, sometimes in country; always in one or other,' said Frances, with a twinkling eye.

'How unfortunate I was to make such remarks, but you know that when strangers meet for the first, knowing nothing of each other's previous history, these things often occur. In-

deed, I have known duels fought about foolish words.'

'Foolish, indeed,' said Margaret; 'but I do not think any one justified in taking offence where none is meant, or taking general opinions as applied to themselves individually.'

'Quite true, Miss Wyndham. Pray, may I inquire which of you is *Miss* Wyndham? which is the elder? I should be very much puzzled, when I went home to-day, if any of my friends should ask me whether the young lady with the bright brown hair and eyes, or the one with the extremely gentle expression of countenance, were she.'

'It is a comfort, I am sure, to our friends,' said Frances, 'that we have these distinguishing features of hair and eyes.'

Miss Jones stared at her a moment, uncertain whether the present brightness of those eyes did not proceed from a little love of mischief, of which the owner possessed a good share, or whether the extremely gentle countenance did not express a little, very little, scorn; at any rate she thought it better to cease sounding for family information, though she much desired some; trusting to time and chance to unravel the family records. There was a little pause, to consider what course she should next steer, which gave Margaret space to edge in a remark.

'You think we shall be pleased with this neighbourhood?' she said, in rather a stately tone.

'Like! bless me, it would be odd indeed if you did not. It is a curious fact, but nevertheless it is one, that all strangers show reluctance at first to come and reside here, and are sure almost to break their hearts at leaving. I ought to know something of it, I have lived here twenty—ahem—I mean my mother has, and I am sure we can both bear testimony to the happiness we have enjoyed in it. For my part, I often tell mother, it would not be of the slightest use any one making proposals of marriage to me, if they asked me to live elsewhere; that she must get a clause inserted in the settlements that Landeris would still be my place of residence. Now, to give you an idea of the pleasant kind of society we have

here, if the morning be wet, I send Sally (that is our maid) up the street to knock at some friend's door, and I slip on my clogs, take an umbrella, and my work-basket, and run in, and we have such a pleasant morning's chat, sewing and talking in such a nice cosy manner, or, if we have nothing very particular to do—I mean work—or no engrossing topic of conversation, we have a rubber of whist, which is very pleasant; and I am certain, Mrs Wyndham, no one could see any objection to that. Now in that nice book of Bulwer's, 'My Novel' (of course you have read it), Parson Dale and his wife, and the squire and his, made it a regular practice, when they spent an evening together, to have their rubber, and that, I have often heard said, is a "model book," and all the people in it "characters," which all good people know means they are to be imitated, though not, I daresay, including Mr Randal Leslie, who was nothing to boast of in the way of goodness. For my part, I think the very name significant; it was smart of Bulwer to make a Leslie the black sheep. Depend upon it, Sir Edward is a smart fellow.'

'I scarcely understand your allusion,' said Frances, who had looked much amused while listening to the foregoing programme of morning hours.

'Don't understand! Why, the Leslies, to be sure. One of the longest things I can remember, is an old Irishman who used to come to my father's when I was a child; he always sung one unvarying song, and one line I never forgot—"Oliver Cromwell and Leslie Foster." You may be quite sure he never was classed with Old Noll for nothing. There is an old saying would assert well with the song—"show me your company, and I will tell you who you are."'

'You mean Cromwell as being bad company?'

'Certainly; there is no mistake as to his crimes, I am certain.'

'You are not one of those, then, who adopt Carlyle's view of his character.'

'Not I; I think it is one of the humbugs of the present day.'

'Scarcely confined I would say to the present day; in his own time he had partisans, who would have de-

fended him as warmly, though not perhaps with as cool a judgment, or with such talent. It appears to me as if there were a great difference of opinion about the aforesaid Oliver.'

'That I grant you to a certain extent; but, as to Carlyle or that school of writers, don't you ever fancy they believe a word of those extremes they put in print; not they; it is just for opposition sake. It is just the way some emigrant from the Old World goes and makes a settlement in the "Far West," and founds some new sect, with religious opinions that no one else ever heard of before—Mormonites, or New Lebanonites, or Jansenists, or Shakers, or some equally absurd name; the same principle that made Horace Walpole attempt the defence of Richard the Third. The thing is preposterous. I have no intention of believing what they allege, so I never read their books; I do not wish to damage my principles, and I hate those foolish questions that parties split up about, what they call "vital questions," or "conscientious scruples." I highly disapprove of party spirit, and people have no business with such irritating ideas.'

'But do you not think, when it comes to a question of right and wrong, which is generally the case when there exists what you call "party spirit," that one ought to exercise their reasoning faculties, not take things on trust? Indeed, I go farther: I think any one culpable who passes by a doubtful point, without trying to obtain a "right judgment." Our minds were given us surely for such a purpose. What is not right must be wrong; I hold there is no medium.'

'I am afraid you are prejudiced.'

'I hope not. To avoid that evil, I generally read both sides of a question before making up my mind. It is a kind of test. Besides, if one meets with an adversary in opinion at any time, knowing their ground is half the battle.'

'How warlike you talk. I think people ought to live in peace, and not interfere with each other's opinions, but go their own way; perhaps they are as right as you. Live and let live, that is my motto.'

'I am far from wishing to prevent any one living,' said Frances, laugh-

ing, 'but I would like to put truth as much in their way as possible. As to living in peace, I fear it can never be; from Cain and Abel to our time, strife has been and will be sure; if one could only make it the strife for what is right—I am back to my first remark: "what is not right must be wrong." Certainly one person cannot do much, but that is no release from responsibility. Do you know Longfellow's lines?—

"All common things, each day's events,
That with the hour begin and end,
Our pleasures and our discontents,
Are rounds by which we may ascend.
We have not wings—we cannot soar;
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees—by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time."

'My dear Miss Wyndham, pray don't run off with what I have said; really you go quite too fast for me to follow you. "Peace and good-will to men" is my great text, and I hope I have been given grace enough to live up to it. Poets are no great judges of common everyday matters; they live in an ideal world quite. Leaving out some rather oldfashioned ideas in the New Testament, about having two coats, and that sort of thing, I rather prefer it as my guide, instead of your new lights that have sprung up so recently in the western world, "mush-room poets," as Mr Cooper, our late rector, called them. Take care, Miss Wyndham, yours does not turn out to be one of the poisonous fungi! Hi! hi! hi! Such a man (Mr Cooper, I mean) for learning, but he loved the poets and writers who had stood the test of centuries, dreamed of Chaucer by day, and meditated, I verily believe, on St Chrysostom at night. They must have been always in his mind, for he quoted more learned old divines in his sermons here than I could enumerate from this until sunset, older, for all I know, than any of the patriarchs. I am glad he is not moved farther away from this, only ten miles. Have you met him yet, Mrs Wyndham?'

'I have not. Dr Wyndham mentioned having met him when he was first down here looking at the house.'

'I have no doubt you will all be greatly pleased with him: he is so agreeable in company, quite descends

like the heathen deities of old to mingle with mortals. Indeed he always suggests to me when I look at him some mythological hero; quite a Roman face, a little, *very* little of the Brutus expression in it, just sufficient to preserve the character. Some people call him stern, but that is only at first; one loses the idea on a nearer acquaintance. You will soon see him, and you can judge for yourselves; he will be over here to call shortly, so will all the rest of the neighbourhood: you will have some visitors to-day, if I am not mistaken, and each successive day, it is probable, for some time. Mrs Burleigh of "the Priory" is coming to-day; do you know her by appearance?'

'No, indeed,' said Mrs Wyndham; 'I do not know one individual in the parish from another; but in time I hope we shall.'

No! then, in that case, the very best thing I can do will be to enlighten you as to the who, and what, of the people you are likely to see—it may smooth the way to better acquaintance.'

'You are very kind.'

'Let me see: I shall begin with Landeris Hall; there it is across the water. Though I am giving it the precedence, I need not, for it may be long enough before you see any of that family. They are scattered abroad on the face of the earth, as we say of the Jews—India, Italy, and Canada; no one lives there now but care-takers. That place is the property of old Mr Herbert's eldest son, who got it after his mother's death, during his father's lifetime, according to a marriage settlement. The old gentleman, as we style him, though he is not very old, married a daughter of the late Earl Granby; this property was hers, and at her death, four or five years ago, Mr Vernon Herbert got it. There is one other son, John, who holds a government appointment in India. He went out two or three years ago. Since Lady Charlotte Herbert's death they have never lived here: the father took some state appointment in Canada, and the owner, Mr Vernon, only makes flying visits, here to-day and away to-morrow, never giving time for any show of civility towards him. He always calls to see Mrs Selwyn, but she

never speaks of it till he is gone, and that, you will say, is full late. The young man is rather misanthropical; has a strong dislike to society; looks as if he spent all his leisure moments reading novels of a dark, mysterious character, fancying himself the hero of them all. But you do not know who Mrs Selwyn is. I must tell you of her. She was the only daughter of Mr Harlowe, who held this living previous to Mr Cooper's coming. She married old Jones Selwyn, who drank himself to death about a year after Mr Harlowe's. She was left with one little girl; such a sweet innocent creature as Nannie Selwyn is. Her pretty mamma has a good many admirers, but she looks coldly on them all. I know of her having had several most advantageous offers, but she is a regular simpleton. Mr Cooper offered, I know; and admiring her greatly, he counted on her love for her old home being an inducement to her to accept him. But rectory and rector she would not hear of, and it is suspected that was what made him so anxious for an exchange, to get away from this place. Then there is Dr Price, who almost breaks his neck running after her (speaking figuratively, of course); but she looks askance at him too. The doctor is a nice fellow, very good-looking, agreeable, and gentlemanlike, in a capital practice, drives a good horse, gives you the pleasantest medicine in the world if you are ill, and well or ill, the latest news in both town or country. To sum up all, the doctor is absolutely necessary to our town; I do not know what we would do without him. He would be a capital match for any one. I heard he once admired Miss Julia Beckford, but her uncle the colonel, to whom he gave some intimation of his state of mind, was very angry, and swore at poor Price for not knowing his place better, as if it was any sin to lose his heart to the young lady. But the Beckfords are just eaten up with pride. It would occupy me ten days to tell you of one-half their airs and impudences. I mean, when I know Dr Wyndham a little more, to ask him, whenever he sees the Beckfords in church, to give a touch-up in the sermon about pride. There are the father, mother, two daughters (one is away

from home just now), and the uncle I spoke of. Now these young ladies are so highly educated, so highly finished, such high artists, such high musicians, and high riders, or rather flyers, and finally so highly connected, that forsooth, though they honour us with an occasional call, they deem themselves conferring a high compliment, and profess intimacy only with the county families. Pshaw, it makes one sick to think of their proud ways. They are undoubtedly wonderful musicians—sing, play, and that sort of thing. But what of that? one could hear as good as theirs in any concert-room in London for a shilling any morning in the week, and no compliment considered, except on your part for attending. They perfectly swear by Sir Henry and Lady Clare, fall down and worship the whole Granby family, hunt poor Mr Henry Duckett to the death, sigh and flirt with Sir Stephen Norris and his brother;—but I must really tell you of the Norrises; they are the most eligible people I know for you, young ladies. They live here almost all the year round, not disappearing annually into that aristocracy sink, "the Continent," as so many people do. They are both bachelors, with independent fortunes! They are what is called "their own father and mother," having no one's consent to ask but the lady's, before perpetrating matrimony.

Look out of the window, that end one; there, towards the right, appearing out of the trees, you will see two chimneys; those are the Norrises. Why do you smile? Of course, I mean the chimneys of their house. It belongs to Sir Stephen; and Mr Robert, who is the younger, lives with him. Mr Robert is such a nice young man, so very good-natured and pleasant, always ready to do anything asked of him, short of popping the question. But I daresay some day or other he will be ready to do that also. He is about the medium height; not what you would call regularly handsome, but very tolerable in his general appearance; his hair is what is called in books "Saxon." Now I may not be just the most competent person in the world to give an opinion, not having lived in the time when, as that sweet little poem says,

"In England the Saxons once did sway."

I think it a matter for little wonder that their line of kings ceased in England as soon as it did, if they at all resemble their descendants, any that I have ever met with.

'Has it ever struck you, Miss Wyndham, that gentlemen who had these peculiar, flaxen-coloured locks were in every instance men of less understanding, less ability, less firmness, and undoubtedly less common sense, than those who were of a darker hue? I am quite convinced of it: even the red-haired Norman is a far more preferable specimen of the human race.'

'Indeed, Miss Jones, the idea is so new, I cannot venture to give an opinion. I must call over a mental muster roll of all my gentlemen acquaintance first; it is such a sweeping condemnation, that charity forbids me to acquiesce too hastily.'

'Certainly not! take as long as you will to consider the matter, I never force any one to receive *my* opinions; but, long or short, you will come round to mine in the end. But I must be moving. Will you present my mother's compliments to Dr Wyndham, that as we have no gentleman at present at home to call upon him, we hope he will take the will for the deed, and come to see us as often as he can? My mother also desires her compliments to you, Mrs Wyndham; she regrets extremely her inability to wait upon you herself; but the distance is too great for her to walk, and we have ceased keeping a conveyance. She is so nervous, she cannot endure to be driven by a servant, or at least an ordinary one, so she is quite at the mercy of our acquaintances. Mr Cooper was so kind; Brocket, his man, was so faithful, so trustworthy; and when Mr Cooper was not able to call for her himself, he used to send Brocket and the phaeton for her; indeed, in that way, Mr Cooper's removal was a sincere loss to her. I know not what we shall do. But I hope you will soon call and see her. My sister desired her apologies; she is suffering from such a bad cold at present—and a cold in summer is so difficult to be got rid of. I miss her so much when she is ill. I have no one to walk with; which reminds me of another peculiarity in this neighbourhood. It is a species of

Noah's ark, for all the people hunt in couples. There are, my sister and myself; the two Miss Beckfords; the two Miss Burleighs; two pairs of Miss Whittlefields; the two Mr Norrises; and, though last, not least, the two Miss Wyndhams. How well your flower-beds are looking, Mrs Wyndham, and the monthly roses, too. Good-morning! Mrs Wyndham; pray don't forget my respects to the doctor. Good-morning! Miss Wyndham. Do you think there is any appearance of rain? Don't stir, I beg; good-morning.'

And having fired her last volley, Miss Jones departed. Frances stood for a few seconds, watching her retreating figure appearing and disappearing among the elm-trees down the avenue, till the last glimpse seen, she laughed loud and merrily.

'Why, Frances,' said her mother, inquiringly, 'what amuses you now?'

'Our visiter, mamma; I wonder if she is an ordinary specimen of papa's new flock! How she talked, and what she talked! O Margaret! if the rest are like her, I foresee we shall have a great deal of amusement in the study of their characters. Were you not sadly inclined to laugh several times at the queer things she said?'

'Now, my dear Frances,' said her mother, 'you have a little propensity to satire, I know, and I beg you will not indulge in it at the expense of our new neighbours. The world is full of good people, if we were not so childishly taken by the outside, that we often forget to look for the kernel. Indeed, from what your papa has told me, the people are inclined to meet him very kindly, and I do say, we owe the world a great deal of forbearance about people's failings, if it is for nothing else than to show some little gratitude for all the blessings we have. Though we are not very rich, we have been permitted to spend another portion of our lives together, and it is clearly a duty to judge mercifully of our neighbours' foibles. We never deserved so many blessings. Did you see my garden scissors?'

'No, ma'; but I am certain I see two young turkeys moving in the long grass.'

'Ah! their legs will be broken before I can reach them;' and off went Mrs Wyndham full charge after the

turkeys, evidently persuaded in her own mind that these troublesome little animals were one of the blessings of a country life, and as such, should be duly appreciated.

In the meantime, Miss Jones had walked rapidly towards the village, burning with eagerness to discharge her information-guns at every man, woman, and child she met. Had she not been the first to storm the clerical citadel? had she not talked with the garrison? could she not give the first information as to their numbers, and a great deal more besides in little points connected with the inhabitants?

Only those who are acquainted with a town like Landeris can understand the excitement, the curiosity, the speculation, caused by the advent of a new inhabitant. Only one who has lived in such a town (for their name is Legion) can understand how little will suffice to set every tongue in motion.

Now the coming of a new clergyman may seem a common, everyday occurrence. Do we ever lift a newspaper, that, under the head of 'The Church,' we do not see that from half-a-dozen to a dozen clergymen have been promoted to, or resigned, or accepted various posts throughout the kingdom; and it reads as if it were a very little thing indeed. Some eight or ten words contain the whole, and yet it would be as impossible to number the stars as to foretell the various thoughts and feelings, producing such various scenes and actions, as may be called forth by the pastor's daily, weekly, and hourly ministrations. One day in every seven the clergyman becomes the most prominent individual—the day on which the first commandment given to man in Paradise leaves leisure, and the ears open for the receptacle of words which the wise man tells us, 'when spoken in due season, how good are they;' words which, if put rightly, with the right blessing of the Most High, will ring out again, gloriously and joyfully, not only in the next six days' toil and trouble, but through 'ages yet unborn.'

Is it, then, a little thing the coming of one among these people? Is his post so unimportant, his influence so light, that we should call it a thing of no moment? Oh no; God forbid!

In saying all this, I do not mean

that this feeling was what produced the commotion in Landeris on this occasion. One or two may have had a few passing thoughts such as these, but the majority were 'mentally near-sighted;' and when that is the case, I am afraid there is no optician in all the world who could supply the want that nature left, and education failed to supply.

Every one in the world requires some object of interest in life, women as well as men; and the formation of character depends in no slight degree on what that object may have been during early years—the time when (there admits no second opinion) habits of thought and action are most easily formed. Those who have health, wealth, and friends in superfluity, must find different objects from those who have a scanty supply of any of the three. The first have means at command to procure change of scene and occupation, which prevent them centring all their ideas on one focus. From pure ignorance of the wants of others, this class is more frequently a selfish one than that of a lower social order, whose struggle year after year for life—life to be merely sustained—is all their toil can compass; and yet they are unselfish in the midst of all. People who never knew, from the cradle to the grave, one hour of self-gratification, can still find time to stretch out a hand to help some one more weary than themselves. Feeling begets feeling; and while each year sees some grown more narrow-hearted, more self-centred, the sphere of interest of others is widening, stretching to hundreds to whom even sympathy is grateful. This is a noble class: as such I have ever found it; but there is a third, or rather a medium one, who are not rich enough to command the occupations and interests of the wealthy, nor poor enough to make their daily struggle absorbing—a numerous class, who feed the fire of their minds with petty deeds and frivolous words; who regard each passing event as important according to the food it yields their babbling tongues; who live, like the great fishes, by preying on the smaller fry; and to this cormorant class, I am forced to confess, many of the Landerisians belong.

CHAPTER III.—A HOME GLIMPSE OF OUR NEW ACQUAINTANCE.

'Actions, looks, words, steps, form the alphabet by which you spell characters.'—LAVATER.
'Frivolous curiosity about trifles, and laborious attention to little objects, which neither require nor deserve a moment's thought, lower a man, who from thence is thought (and not unjustly) incapable of greater matters. Cardinal de Retz very sagaciously marked out Cardinal Chigi for a little mind, from the moment he told him he had wrote three years with the same pen, and that it was an excellent good one still.'—LORD CHESTERFIELD.

It was my first intention to have given the reader at once a glimpse of several others of Dr Wyndham's parishioners who made their first calls at the Rectory that sunny Monday morning—to introduce them to the public as they were first introduced to the Wyndhams; leaving each party to speak for themselves, and thus allow the discerning stranger to draw his own conclusions. This design has, however, been abandoned, it having been deemed advisable to follow the steps of Miss Jones, as she wended her way towards the village. Good Miss Jones, have you considered where you will go first? This may seem a light matter, one of but slight importance to the world at large; but if any one would deem it so, it is respectfully insinuated here that this is not the case; it was most important. It was necessary that the world she moved in should know that she had been before them and all others in obtaining information about the new family—not alone that she should be first, but that they should know she had been so. On she walks, eagerly and determinedly.

First house, Mr Simpson's (banker). My dear Miss Jones, you need scarcely knock at the door, for Mrs Simpson has seen your approach from her bedroom window, as she and her very promising young family are preparing for a series of morning calls, among others, on the 'Wyndhams.' So the servant says, 'Not at home.' Oh, short-sighted Mrs Simpson! Miss Jones is often very tiresome, often very curious, often very intrusive; but what have you not lost to-day? Several volumes of observation, with an encyclopædia of notes—authoress and arranger, the fair Matilda herself. I know you are a learned lady—that is, as the ladies in this place go; that learning to the amount of a large sum annually had been put into your head during your youthful years by your exultant parents; and yet, withal, I have heard you very often complain

of the annoyance of meeting strangers —'they are so hard to talk to;' and it would have been a vast relief to have heard from your friend 'what they talked about.' But you did not know, and now it is too late. I once heard of a German doctor, who wrote a work in five volumes, to prove that the human mind was so constituted by natural infirmities, that once in every seven days man did one foolish act, and once in every twenty-four hours said one foolish thing. It may be true or not: I am not competent to judge; for if it is, I must be one of those extravagant individuals who are always exceeding their allowance; and never having read the book, I cannot tell whether the doctor devoted any chapters to this class or not. I believe he says that a portion of common sense is divided among a certain number of people—unevenly, it is true; but this is necessary, to account for the deficiency in some, and superabundance in others; for some one must be in want, if you have more sense than your neighbours. My object, in mentioning the matter here, was to adduce some comfort for poor Mrs Simpson. Cheer up, good woman! At the worst, your deeds are franked for a week, and you have nothing to fear from your unruly member for another day and night; that 'not at home' to Miss Jones has done it all.

Meanwhile Miss Jones goes on, until she stops before a pretty cottage. She opens the gate, and walks boldly up to the drawing-room window, which, being open, admits of a clear view of the interior. A young, almost childish-looking lady, in a widow's dress, is sitting beside a sofa, watching earnestly a little child, who is sleeping on it. Sunny-looking curls were hanging partly over her cheeks, which were burning with two crimson spots. There was no mistaking how very ill the child was: the look on the lady's face alone would have told that.

The darkening of the window made her turn round, and on meeting the

intruder's gaze, she sprang up hastily, with a warning gesture for silence, and hurried to the door, fearing her visitor might address her through the window, and by her voice disturb the little sleeper.

'How do you do, Mrs Selwyn? How is your little one to-day?'

'Very ill—no better.' The poor mother's eyes were full of tears as she spoke. 'She has not slept all night, tossing from side to side, so restless and feverish, and moaning incessantly. I brought her to the sofa, to try if the change would be of any use, and the cool air seems to have soothed her. She is sleeping quite soundly. I hope it may do her good—it is so many nights since she has had a good sleep.'

How many nights it was since she had slept herself she did not say; but how little thought was given to that!

'Perhaps it may,' said Miss Jones. 'Has Dr Price seen her to-day?'

'Yes, but he merely shook his head, and said, if I found she wandered at all, to send over for him; and he looked so grave, I had no courage to ask him anything more.'

Matilda looked rather discomfited. She had called for the purpose of enjoying a little gossip with the pretty widow, and, even had she had the want of feeling to introduce indifferent matters at such a time, she saw it would be an appeal to deaf ears. Mrs Selwyn's world was in the drawing-room that day.

Miss Jones tried a few more conventional remarks on the subject of the child; but they were from the lips, and a spring with such a shallow source must soon cease to flow. Mrs Selwyn's manner, though perfectly well-bred, as every innate lady's must be, showed so clearly her impatience to return to the drawing-room, that the visitor saw she must either relinquish her first intentions, or introduce the subject at once; and the last course being undoubtedly the pleasanter, she brought it forward at once, and after some preliminary remarks, went on to say—

'I like the Wyndhams very much. They all seem very agreeable, pleasant people. The girls are both in appearance particularly plain; but still they looked nice, they were so well-dressed, and spoke so well. We have become

the greatest friends just at once. I am sure they will prove quite an acquisition. They have the house very neat. They seem to have a great quantity of books, for I saw some great chests in the hall as I went, in, and I said to the servant, perhaps I was come too soon, that they were not settled enough to see visitors. She said, "Oh yes; it was only her master's books, the young ladies had not had time to arrange." Ann could not go with me, so I was alone; and I saw Mrs Wyndham and two grown-up daughters, and two others who will soon be on the high road to promotion. Mrs Wyndham seems a lady-like person. The doctor was not within, so I missed him; but I liked him very much on Sunday. I believe you did not hear him, but I hope you soon will. Oh, he touched up hypocrites famously! But did I not tell you before of that? Were you out to-day? No! Then perhaps you will walk with me to the Priory? How stupid I am growing! I should have remembered you could not leave little fairy indoors. Good-morning, Mrs Selwyn. I may take a few roses, I am sure. My mother is so fond of them, she will quite enjoy a few fresh ones.'

The morning had by this time advanced to mid-day, and was so far on the verge of eventide, that Miss Jones judged it best to turn her steps homeward, where she knew that one inhabitant at least would receive her intelligence, and devour the particulars, with avidity. I do not mean her mother, for she was one of the most placid, dozing nonentities of old ladies ever met with. The ruling passion of her life was the practice of economical housekeeping; and, save a new receipt for some cheap dish, or a rise in the markets, nothing seemed to stir old Mrs Jones from her easy-chair (mentally as well as corporeally easy), while she allowed her daughters full control over their words and actions. How far this system had produced beneficial results, is left for the readers to form their own judgment. It was to her sister Ann that Matilda looked for sympathy and assistance in minor matters, and to her she hastened, as she sat with her mother at work in their little drawing-room, the windows of which commanded a first-rate view of a first-rate shop, and one

or two first-rate houses of one or two first-rate people, in a first-rate street of Landeria. It is therefore a matter of small wonder that Miss Jones considered herself entitled to the use of the adjective so often applied above, at all times and seasons, in connection with herself and her family.

She entered the room, and untying her bonnet-strings, in order to assist her rapid delivery, literally disgorged the information she had that morning collected, for the edification of her mother and sister; to sum up all, nothing was left unsaid that could be said in a short space of time, and she finished up with a scream at the old lady.

'And, ma', I hinted at them taking you out to drive; but it didn't take; they are every one as dull as there is any need for, not one individual looked as if she understood what I meant to be at.'

'Very likely not; but, indeed, my dear, I did not expect they would do anything of the kind; Mr Cooper was quite different. Of course, Matilda, any little civility he ever showed us was on Ann's account; this is a totally different matter;' and Mrs Jones knit on, quite unmoved, until a burst of passion from Ann caused her to suspend her labour, and look inquiringly from one daughter to the other.

'Don't name him ever with me, if you please, ma'; it is really more than I can bear; though I have long since given him over as impracticable, it is enough to rouse Job, to think of all I have done, and all I have gone through, on his account, and, after all, to find the Rock of Gibraltar would be as easy to move; after I had done all in the power of a woman to do, to find myself left here in this odious dull house, with nothing to divert one's thoughts from the whole affair, but Matilda satirising the whole population, and even their dogs and cats, for her own amusement. In all the world, in every circle of society, there is not, cannot be, a more miserable, despicable creature than a disappointed woman, the jest of one sex, and the scorn of the other, a hatred to herself, and a burden to her friends. I never read in any paper of a woman committing suicide, but the thought comes over my mind at once that "canker-worm" should be the verdict of the coroner's jury; it is that, and nothing else, call it by what name they may.

'Oh, Ann! Ann! think what you are saying.'

'I do think; I have thought of it often enough, and long enough, God knows; and what is more, that odious Mrs Selwyn is the cause of my failure. How cordially I detest that woman! I hate the sight of her ninny face; I cannot endure the sound of her voice! Oh! if anything or any person could or would take her out of the parish, how thankful I would be. I wish she would marry a knife-grinder, or a Methodist preacher, or a travelling tinker, any itinerant trade that would remove her hated presence.'

'I declare, Ann,' said Mrs Jones, 'you are quite beyond my comprehension to-day. What failed? You are a profound problem.'

'What failed? Why, Matilda knows I moved heaven and earth to please Mr Cooper. I taught in the Sunday School; I gave up dancing, and wore high dresses; I sang in church, and read the responses; I cut out for the Clothing Society; I got all the parish blankets washed, and oversaw the doing of them myself; I cut all the school children's hair, and banded my own; I got up a memorial asking for a course of sermons on the 'Lives of the Fathers', because I knew he had a series ready written on hand; I—I —' And here, between spite, and passion, and overcharged feelings, all combined, Ann burst into tears, while Mrs Jones, who hated all 'scenes' on principle, took the opportunity to slip unperceived out of the room.

During these remarks Matilda walked to the window, and commenced drawing the sun-blind up and down with an earnestness that would have led a looker-on to suppose that her well-being for days to come depended on her success in fixing the tassel in the exact centre of a particular pane of glass, accompanying her labour at intervals with various admonitory and remonstrative remarks to her sister, who still sobbed hysterically on the sofa.

'I am sorry I have no taste for private theatricals, Ann; such admirable acting is quite thrown away; your audience is far more select than numerous. There is a certain degree of tragedy that amounts to comedy. Pray, bring out a handful of the bands, and the whole scene will be complete;

it is a pity, I grant, that you did not get the clerical bands, or the banns either! Ha! ha! Let me know when you have finished, as I have something rational to say. By the way, there is Annette Holmdon on the other side of the street; she is gone into the Manlys'.

'Oh, Matilda, how can you talk so, when you ——'

'Talk how? I am astonished at your blind folly; the idea of blaming poor Mrs Selwyn for what you did yourself, through the lady for whom you designed the honour of being your sister-in-law. Don't you remember the day Miss Cooper advised home-knit Angola stockings as the best for winter wear, and you gave a laughing glance at me? I know she observed you; and I thought at the time what folly it was of you, when you knew I was not in the habit of letting such jokes pass unobserved. She was not blind, whatever you may be now; and depend upon it, she, and no other, was the motive-power against you.'

'Blind I may be, but dumb I am not.'

'I can testify to that.'

'And I will say you are the most heartless, unfeeling sister ever any one had; you have no more heart than the poker, and you think every one else ought to be the same; you deserve some time to be made to feel a deeper blow than you ever knew before. I wish most sincerely that Dr Price would go and marry Mrs Selwyn; we should then see what you would do without your *chevalier errant*.'

'You are pleased to be even more absurd to-day, Ann, than I ever remember you to have been in all your life before. Do not for one moment deceive yourself that I have any latent designs on *Monsieur le Physicien*; I hope I have more sense; but he is very useful to me; he brings me a

world of information, is in fact necessary to me at present; and, to sum up all, he is amusing; and you cannot but allow that that in itself would suffice. I advised those Miss Wyndhams to set their caps at him, telling them how very eligible he was, and all that sort of thing. If they but do it, I will be content, perfectly; it would be high fun. To tell you the truth (this is under the rose), I do not think we will have much comfort with these people. One cannot make them out just in one visit, but I mistake greatly if they are not very stand-off kind of people, that one never would feel quite intimate with; and any advances I made towards family inquiries were received in a most discouraging way, as if they did not choose to give one any information. They are far better suited for the Beckford clique than for ours, though we must prevent that, if we can. We are much nearer them, and we will not leave any civility untried. It is a good thing to have the key of the postern gate of Castle Clericus; we have found it useful before this. I was very sorry you would not come with me to-day; in my opinion, you are keeping up a very unnecessary fuss about your wounded feelings. There were so many things I had intended to say to the Wyndhams, and I only remembered them on the way home. If now, for instance, I had said something about my brother, the artillery officer, that would have sounded well, or about my sister, Mrs Compton of Compton Rising, that would have at once conveyed the impression that we were people of some consequence.'

'It would, but we will have other opportunities.'

'We must make the old lady give a party for them, whenever they make their call. I hope that will be soon, for I *do* like being first in the field.'

CHAPTER IV.—A FEW MORE MORNING VISITERS.

'It is the mynd that maketh good or ill,
That maketh wretch or happie, rich or poore;
For some, that hath abundance at his will,
Hath not enough, but wants in greatest store;
And other, that hath little, asks no more,
But in that little is both rich and wise;
For wisdom is most riches.'—SPENSER.

'The extreme pleasure we take in talking of ourselves, should make us fear that we give very little to those who listen to us.'—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

'Now, Annette, you must tell me who are in the room, and do every- thing that is polite for both of us; you must be more than my eyes to-day.'

'I will try, dear grandmamma.'

'I do not think so much about being blind, when I have nothing to do out of the usual course of events; but going to see these strange people tries me not a little. I am better among home folks.'

'I hope they will soon be home folks to us, that you may get over that feeling. Do not forget we were both determined to like Dr Wyndham and his family very much; you know we agreed upon that, after we came from church yesterday.'

'I remember it, little woman, and that this visit to-day was my own proposition, too; but when you are as old as I am, you will know what it is to dislike meeting strangers. I pray you may never be helpless as I am; what makes it worse to me, going into any company, I grow quite nervous.'

'We might sit down and rest here for a little. But, grandmamma, you must think of those mild faces I told you of, and not be afraid of them.'

'Ah, child! you must not think I complain; but there are times when I feel my blindness very keenly.'

The old and young lady—seventy and seventeen—sat on a felled tree in Landeris wood. It was a shorter way to the Rectory from the village, and so much pleasanter: along the road, the May sun was strongly beaming; here in the woods it fell softly through the pleasant green foliage, and the branches

'Waved their long arms to and fro,
And where the sunshine darted through,
Spread a vapour soft and blue,
In long and sloping lines.'

The bright green moss springing under foot was a lovely change from the parched footway of the commoner road, and as the birds carolled joyfully overhead, and merry squirrels swung themselves from bough to bough, even a blind lady of seventy years of age might be tempted into the belief she had over-reckoned the days of her pilgrimage. Mrs Holmdon's had been a long one, though not all the days of it so dark as the latter ones had been. Her blindness was of later years; a long illness, the result of attendance on the death-bed of a beloved daughter, had brought her almost to the brink of the grave,

and so injured the nerves of the eye, that sight was gone for ever, almost before the physicians had perceived it in danger. With her lived the light, really, not figuratively, of her old age—her grand-daughter, Annette Holmdon, a fresh, joyous, loving girl, who lived but for her aged relative's comfort, and thought no day so well spent, as when some little incident in it had given the old lady gratification.

Presently they reached the Rectory, and were shown to the drawing-room. Mrs Wyndham and her daughters were there. Dr Wyndham had called the attention of his wife and daughters to Mrs Holmdon, the previous day; he had heard of her, and on relating what he knew to his family, they were naturally enough prepared to regard the grave, quiet, blind old lady with no small interest—they recognised her at once as she approached the house.

Mrs Holmdon's nervousness vanished at once under the gentle reception of her hostess, whose quiet tact set all her apprehensions at once to rest. Miss Holmdon took her seat beside Miss Wyndham's work-table, and conversation flowed freely on all sides.

'Did you find it very warm, Miss Holmdon? you walked all the way from the village?'

'We did, but we came through the wood, which made the distance shorter, as well as pleasanter.'

'I did not know there was a way through the wood.'

'Not a public one; but the Herberts are good enough to allow grandmamma to use the path when she chooses, and when the family are from home we often do so.'

'It is a fine wood.'

'You should walk through it, to see its beauties; there are oaks there that were full-grown at the time of the Wars of the Roses, besides some trees of a size that might seem fabulous if I mentioned them.'

'Like Walter Scott's woods; I mean those in his novels.'

'Quite. Oh, they are royal trees!'

'How much the view we have from our windows owes to the said trees! the green of the pine is so fresh, and the oaks are so luxuriant.'

'Are you fond of the country?'

'Passionately; and where there is

such loveliness all round as there is here, it is Paradise.'

'Then you will come to love this place before long. It is a quiet spot, and so retired, that people must learn to look within themselves for their pleasures, and not be dependent on public amusement; of that there is none here, unless you except the usual gossip of a country town.

'We are willing to do without such excitement as that,' said Frances. 'If you knew the sense of repose that steals over one after the bustle of a large town, when down in some quiet nook by the river side, you would know what a luxury peace is. I have hardly begun to believe it real yet.'

'You will have time enough for that. I am very glad you like that sort of life, for there are not many people here who do, and my chief pleasures are found in such quietness as you speak of.'

'Yes,' said Mrs Holmdon, in reply to a remark of Mrs Wyndham's, 'I know your house very well; I know every point in the view; except you have changed the forms of the flower-beds, I know them too. I was not always blind; it has been a thing of late years; and God has spared some senses to a most merciful extent, and my memory is unimpaired. I knew this house in Mr Harlowe's time. His wife had been an old friend of mine, and I always looked upon her daughter, now Mrs Selwyn, as an especial charge, after my own children were grown up, and gone out into the world.'

'Does not Mrs Selwyn live in this neighbourhood still?'

'She does; but her marriage was one I never liked, and though we are good friends, still she is shy of me, and no longer the child she used to be to me. May I ask to whom my grand-daughter is talking just now?'

'To my two daughters.'

'Are they grown up?'

A genial laugh from the three young ladies, at some brilliant sally from Frances, almost covered the reply, 'They are.'

'I am so glad to hear Annette laugh in that gay way, it is more suitable to her years than the monastic life she leads with me; but she persists that she likes it, and I dread any change

so much, that I cannot bear to hear it named between us.'

'It must be a great matter to you to have such a companion?'

'Yes; during the illness in which I lost my sight, Annette having heard of my calamity came to me, and in spite of remonstrances from uncles and guardians, has been my eyes, hands, and comforter ever since. I thought I was alone in the world, but God sent my little girl in time to show how wrong my murmurings were. I had sadly neglected her all her life, but she did not do so by me; and though she might have had a gay and happy home with her uncle, she gave up all for me. God bless her.'

'He will,' said Mrs Wyndham.

'She has no companions of her own age here, and I am quite hopeful that meeting with your daughters will be a new source of amusement to her; she wants such society sadly.'

'I may say much the same for my daughters; it will be some time before we can be otherwise than strangers here.'

'Nevertheless, I think you will like it; the people are very kind and courteous to strangers, as well as to each other, with not more than the usual peculiarities of country society. People who live in small villages are pretty nearly the same all over England, Ireland, and Scotland; their idiosyncrasies are directed pretty much by the habits and customs they have been educated in.'

'I daresay, and there is so very little to change these, that in such a place as this the same tone insensibly creeps over a community: the young inherit it from the old, and where, as in this case, the scene lies out of the commercial track, changes come few and far between.'

'Will you tell Dr Wyndham how glad I should be to know him? when he has time, if he would look in on me even for a few minutes. I rarely walk so far as this now, I am not young enough for that; but, if you knew how I missed my dear Mr Harlowe since his death, and how Dr Wyndham's earnest words and voice brought him before me yesterday, you would understand the longing which brought me here to-day, to know something more of you all. The words

of his sermon were like a gentle shower on parched ground; you could scarcely know how very dearly they came to me.'

Soon after they took their leave, and silence fell on the little group in the Rectory drawing-room. It was abruptly broken by Lucy, who called through the window:

'Mamma, mamma, here is a lady coming up the avenue, and a great many children.'

'Very well, run away, Lucy.'

It was Mrs Simpson, with her interesting young family, coming to pay their *devoirs*. Mrs Simpson, be it recollected, was a lady mentioned in a former chapter, whom Miss Jones found 'not at home.' She is what all theoretic people would term 'a fond mother,' a genus of which every one forms their own conception, but in the present case it is perhaps as well to say no more about what that is, and at once delineate Mrs Simpson. Never was there such a restless woman as Mrs Simpson; never was a woman so overworked and so undervalued, all through the indefatigable exertions she made to bring up her family properly and becomingly, as became the children of such parents, as became such children themselves, and as became their position in society. It is not surprising that a mother of such a character should be always encompassed with difficulties, and should be subject to more than the usual portion of trials allotted to human beings on this terrestrial sphere. Many she had, and ceaselessly they worried her. With regard to these annoyances, she never allowed concealment, 'like a worm i' the bud,' feed upon her damask cheek, for they all came candidly forth in conversation with her friends—none were withheld. This arose partly from the fact that she never talked of anything else but her children: their health, their education, their habits, their manners, their sayings, their doings, were all the fruitful themes for her discourses; she thought of nothing else herself, and so fancied every one else should be as interested as she was in their peculiarities. She bored everyone she met with an inexhaustible fund of anecdotes about them, and fancied witticisms, which were the horror of every bachelor, young and old, ay, and

many a benedict, too, among the circle of her acquaintance:—long stories, in which her auditor generally missed the point entirely (when there was one), and worse still, often laughed convulsively at the preface to the tale, under the false impression that the story had reached a climax, and only brought to a sense of their mistake by the never-failing recurrence of the words, 'But, Mr —, wait until you hear this;' just as if the unfortunate victim had the slightest chance of making his escape. Far from that; he had just to await his fate as the Turks do, and surrender himself with the best grace possible to this species of martyrdom, without even the consolation that, after his death, he would be immortalised by George Fox in a good quarto volume, with harrowing prints to match. There was nothing for it but patient resignation; and all that could be gained from it was a little experience to be more cautious on another occasion, and not accept any more spider's invitations to 'walk into the parlour.'

Mrs Wyndham's case was not to be an exception to the general rule. Mrs Simpson seated herself, and they talked of the weather, and ploughing, and the country, and all the usual etceteras of a morning's visit in the country; but all this did not satisfy Mrs Simpson. Before many more minutes elapsed, she had reached her favourite theme.

'Ah yes, my dear madam, I quite agree with you: this place is very delightful; air most salubrious, roads good, provisions cheap, society charming, posts regular, the fashions early, good church, attentive sexton, good town-clock, new weathercock, everything to make us healthful and happy; but I find one very great drawback to living in Landeris, though, in consequence of my husband's business, we unfortunately have no choice of places of residence. I find it very backward in opportunities for instruction. There is really no possibility of procuring means for the education of young people. Indeed, ma'am, you will find it very difficult to get teachers here for your younger daughters.'

'They are still so young,' said Mrs Wyndham.

'My dear madam,' said Mrs Simp-

son, 'we must always be instructing them—from their cradles, I may say; children are never too young to be taught something—system, if it is nothing else. We have Scripture abundantly for that: "Train up a child," &c., and "In the morning sow thy seed." Surely that refers to education?'

'Possibly, but to more than that. I take it in a much wider sense; but I am sure you are right about training children early in what is right. Early efforts are, without doubt, the best thing to "keep them from the evil."'

'Ah, true indeed! Every Christian mother must know that. It is a troublesome world, Mrs Wyndham. Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards.'

'Yes,' thought Mrs Wyndham, "and the grave is not its goal." I wonder if you would understand me if I said that?' But it was quite evident she decided against saying it, for she asked immediately, 'Is this your youngest child, Mrs Simpson?'

'No, ma'am; I have two more at home younger than any you see here. But Belinda is pretty well grown for her age. Stand up, Linda, and let Mrs Wyndham see what height you are. She is just turned five; do you think her tall?'

'According to the general standing of children, I should say she was.'

'Now, what age is your youngest, Mrs Wyndham?'

'She is eight, but she is small. She was never a very strong child. My other little one is nine.'

'Now, how are you to have them taught? I am sure I cannot advise you in any way, for I am so badly off myself in that way. I suppose, though, that, coming from a large town, their education is pretty far advanced?'

'Really,' said poor Mrs Wyndham, looking puzzled, 'I do not know. Their sisters teach them. I have not thought of asking anything about them for a long time.'

'Then you don't superintend their studies yourself?'

'Not I.'

'I always do so with my children; and indeed it is well I do, for governesses in general are such a dreadful race, that one requires to be all alive

with them, they do worry one so horribly. By the way, could you tell me of one that would suit me just now? The English education of the elder ones is so advanced, I am more anxious about accomplishments.'

A negative was the answer from Mrs Wyndham to this query, and the other lady went on:

'With all my anxiety, and the most indefatigable efforts, they do not get on as I would wish them. Whether it is that there are so many in the schoolroom, or the children slow, or the governesses want "mind," I cannot tell. I am greatly inclined to think the last has a great deal to do with it. Such trials as I have undergone from them I really cannot describe to you. I get one after another, but there is always some fault I am obliged to part with them for. For instance, I had one who professed to teach on the Pestalozzian system, and to this day I have not the slightest idea what she meant by it; but she corrected the exercises by the keys, and was such an awkward young woman, that I vow Jane was becoming quite sheepish. I was anxious to counteract this, if possible; and as I heard the Irish were a lively people, with rather a sprightly manner, I got over a Miss O'Dowd, and I never was badly off until then. Such a low, vulgar wretch, that called "my" "moih," and "London" "Lawndon," and gave them such bad habits of all kinds! Then the teaching of music—she had a system for this (they have each a system for some one thing or the other); and like an idiot I sent to "Daublin," as she termed it, for some machine which you screw on the piano, all made of brass and mahogany, which is to teach you quickly; and you get your hands into little places like stocks, only intended for the fingers, and in this way you play; and after all the money I paid, I found you could not make it play 'God Save the Queen,' if you died for it. So there was all my money, several guineas, thrown away; for the next teacher I got had never even heard of it. Jeanette, do you remember the name?'

'Chyroplast, mamma.'

'Yes, I believe that is it. Well, the next treasure I got professed to teach languages on the Hamiltonian

system. So I had to spend such a sum on the books for it; and her successor told me Hamilton was quite exploded, that nothing was taught now but Ollendorff. So Ollendorff's were written for, and a pretty sum they cost me too; and now they are almost useless, for that one is gone, and I do not understand the plan myself. I was educated on De Porquet's method. Pray, what would you advise me to do?

Mrs Wyndham looked a little puzzled how to reply, for Mrs Simpson's experience seemed so far beyond anything she had ever personally encountered, that she felt but ill qualified to offer any suggestions; so she contented herself by saying, 'It is a difficult matter, no doubt.'

'Ah yes,' replied the afflicted lady; 'I am miserable about the matter. I assure you I lose my sleep at night thinking about it. What is to become of my seven children who are old enough for the schoolroom, to say nothing of the two in the nursery, who will not be ready for some years yet for a regular course of lesson-books, though I am sure I teach them all I can? The baby is a very clever child; he can tell all the animals as I name them in the illustrated account of the Deluge that hangs on the nursery-wall; for instance, when I say "ass" or "dog," he will point towards them, and more than once he has been heard both to bray and bark. He knows Sunday morning, too, quite well, and makes signs to the nurse to put on his scarlet shoes. Fancy that, and the little dear only ten months old on last Friday!'

'Indeed,' said Mrs Wyndham.

'But these things will surprise you less when I tell you that he could blow a tin trumpet when only six months old, so loud and shrill, too, as on one occasion to awake his three brothers, who slept in an adjoining room. Little Eckworth, his next brother, is a most remarkable child: he is just turned two, but his knowledge of Scripture history is quite surprising. He can stagger across the room in such a funny way, to show you the way Balaam's ass crushed his master's foot against the wall; but the taste he shows most strongly developed is for colours; he has quite an artist's eye for discriminating; for instance,

he will call blue "blue," and point up to the "sky;" and when he is out-of-doors, he will say "green," and look at us to say "fields."

A great deal more to the same effect said Mrs Simpson, which was probably more interesting to herself than to either Mrs Wyndham or the reader; while Frances sat at the other side of the room, trying to get up some conversation with the elder girls. Their morose taciturnity and downright stupidity might have daunted any one not determined, as Frances was, to make the best, and take the most amusement possible out of every incident, untoward or otherwise, that presented itself to her; in the present case, save for occasional monosyllables as replies, it was rather a one-sided conversation, such a one as people are driven to with *garuche* school-girls, whose every intellect has been expended on roots of verbs and ologies.

'Do you dance?'

'Yes.'

'Are you fond of it?'

'I am not;' with a jerk of her head towards her sister, and a strong accent on the first word.

'Do you like to read?'

'No.'

'Perhaps you prefer working?'

'No.'

'Walking?'

'No.'

'Drawing?'

'No.'

'Music?'

'No.'

And at every 'No' she raised her voice a note in the scale, till, having come to a pretty high pitch, she broke forth—'Let me alone, I say.'

Frances did so, and turned round to Cornelia, the next sister, with rather an amazed look. Cornelia explained, with a toss of the head, 'Jane only likes to sleep; I like all those things you have mentioned.'

'No, you don't,' said Jane.

'I do,' said Cornelia.

'Indeed, Miss Wyndham, she talks before strangers that way; it was only this morning she wished she were a ploughman's daughter, that reading and spelling would be considered sufficient.'

'Such folly,' was the courteous reply; 'Miss Wyndham knows better than to believe such a story.'

'You did say it when you missed your Euclid.'

'You missed yours,' retorted Cornelia.

'If I did, I do not care; I do not want to set up for a blue-stockings.'

'Did I say I wanted?'

'No; but you are inferring it.'

'I am not.'

'Yes, you are.'

Here Frances interposed, with an album, hoping to restore the excited sisters to pacificatory measures. But at this juncture Mrs Simpson, having

brought her valuable remarks to a conclusion, rose to go, bearing with her the 'olive' branches, though the name is only used as being a customary term, and not because the Miss Simpsons dwelt under its shadow.

Indeed, we question much whether the cultivation of abstruse learning is one calculated to draw out home affections. An over-educated woman is as bad as an under-educated one, as may be partially exemplified in the cases of Miss Jones and the late visitors.

CHAPTER V.—'COMING EVENTS,' OR AN EVENING PARTY FORESHADOWED.

'Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman.'—SHAKESPEARE.

'The world is the book of women; whatever knowledge they possess is more commonly acquired by observation than by reading.'—ROUSSEAU.

'MY DEAR MRS SELWYN,—Mamma has invited Dr Wyndham and his family to spend Thursday evening with us, and they have promised to come. Now, though we all know your retired habits, we cannot but hope that, on an occasion like the present, you might be induced to break through your rule, and give us the pleasure of your company; and since little Nannie is so far convalescent that you could leave her for a few hours without anxiety, there would be nothing to detain you at home. Like a good creature, pray stretch a point for once to oblige my mother, and yours most affectionately, MATILDA JONES.'

'Yours most affectionately, Matilda Jones,' repeated the widow, mechanically, and she pondered a moment as she read to the end of the note. She was not thinking should she go or not; the contingency had not crossed her mind; she was merely considering should she write a note, or call and explain her intentions to the kind old lady, who had more than once stood her friend in trifles. She decided at length on answering the note in a polite manner, and then paying her devoirs to Mrs Jones, at the hour she knew her daughters generally selected as their walking one. So she wrote an apology, and despatched the little maid with it, while she still sat musing before the desk. It was not that she wished to go to the party; not that; but she had a great desire to see these Wyndhams. Confined to the house by her little girl's illness, she had never met with them anywhere; and

being rather a shy little woman in her manners, she did not like to call before they knew something of her, in order that she might not feel obliged to throw in little hints as to who she was, &c., which the poor innocent body fancied would be quite necessary; and yet she wanted to know them. It was not to her as to many people a mere matter of gossip, seeing and knowing the Wyndhams. There was a tie linking her to them that no others had—memory; memory of the happiest period of her life—childhood—spent within the walls they now called theirs. Were she to live a hundred years, she could never fail to turn with interest to the old home. Even occupied by strangers, it was dear to her; every tree, every flower, seemed to have sprung up with her own growth, so interwoven were they with the past, with every glad and happy thought she had ever had; and always with the mention of the Wyndhams' names came a sort of longing to know if they were such as she could look at with pleasure, enjoying all the dear old haunts—if they would prize them as she had done. As she sat before the desk, she thought of its last occupants, how she had hoped for some of the sympathy her own experience of the sacred calling led her to expect when they came, and how bitterly she had been disappointed in them. That dry, stern, unbending Mr Cooper, and his still drier, more unbending sister, who never in all her life had ever taken any plea in palliation of an offence from any poor err-

ing mortal, as if any one is so set beyond sin in this world as to be entitled to hurl the first stone. Mrs Selwyn had a most unconquerable dread of both brother and sister; the latter, because her rule through life always was, 'to speak the truth at all times,' which, though a good theory, requires judiciousness in reducing to practice, for who knows if their truth, as they are pleased to call it, is the same truth held by others, and that in fancied zeal for the truth you do not in reality become impertinent? Mrs Selwyn's dislike extended also to this lady's brother, though he had paid to her the highest compliment a man can pay a woman. Something in his manner of proffering it utterly completed her sentiments of repugnance, and from that time it had been her quiet study to avoid meeting them as much as possible. He had come to Landeris fresh from the classics of a many-yeared cloister life; the formality of a college tutor still imbued every thought and word of his present life. True, in his own stiff, cold way, he loved her, but not she him; and is not that a true woman's argument?

To her even his sermons wanted the glad, joyous tidings that her father's ever seemed to bring; the change might be in herself, but still she did not like the Coopers; and very glad she was when Mr Cooper's exchange was made, and a course of events arose which ended in Dr Wyndham being settled in Landeris Rectory. From gloomy views of the old home in these people's time, her mind travelled still farther back, to the bygone days of her own childhood, when every Saturday, through the long summer days, she hushed her doll to sleep under the shade of the weeping-willows, watching her father pacing up and down the terraces, book in hand, gathering inspiration from the all-marvellous works of God. Or she saw him through the open window of the same study (how well she knew that room) reading or writing; the long stream of sunlight lighting on his silvery hair, and the tame sparrows hopping to the window for the crumbs the little girl had been taught to gather each morning for them from the breakfast-table. While the bees hummed as they flew from flower to flower in the gay flower-knots, the light breeze

passing them by carried the murmur of one to break the silence in the room, and the perfume of the flowers to refresh the student within, and finally passing out again, would

'Turn over the leaves of the hymn-book
That on the table lay.'

And all had passed away; and other years, too, without such pleasant, even though mournful, reminiscences, years of married life, few in number, though many in tribulation—many, inasmuch as she seemed to have lived a lifetime, and grown years older in the first few months. In how few words we hear people speak every day of some of their friends' sorrows, and how much to the friends was the time those events occurred. For instance, 'their circumstances became very bad, and the daughters had to go out as governesses.' Did 'the daughters' find the years glide smoothly on as those few words glided one after another? If you know such you can ask them, or, if not, suppose yourself in their place, and see how you would agree with all the concomitant circumstances. Not well. Be it understood, however, I do not blame the world for making their remarks in as few words as they please, but I would like them to feel a little more when they utter them. Well, we suppose, in the present case of the little widow, that more than one busy tongue had informed the Wyndhams, 'Mr Selwyn married his wife when she was little more than a child, and thought she was obeying her only parent to the best of her ability, but suddenly she found herself a woman, with a fair chance of having her heart broken by a most unworthy husband.' Poor child, respect for the memory of the dead alone prevented her putting into words the spirit of a resolution often half made in her secret heart: 'My child shall not marry, if I can prevent it, until she is grown up.'

An hour or two after the despatch of the note, she was sitting with Mrs Jones, good-humouredly sympathising with the old lady's hopes and fears respecting her coming festivity, which was quite an event in the quiet old soul's existence. Mrs Selwyn received her friend's thanks for an obliging offer to contribute a loan of any requisite article, should the Jones' resources fall short. Suddenly the vi-

siter's eye caught the figures of 'the girls,' as the mother usually denominated them, crossing the street towards their own house, in company with Miss Wyndham and one of her young sisters; and it was evident that a smart summer shower just falling was the cause of all the young ladies seeking the house.

'Dear me, Miss Wyndham, and little Miss Rose, actually coming in, and I had just taken off my clean cap; the girls will be so angry with me.'

'Would you,' said Mrs Selwyn—'would you, Mrs Jones, be so good as to introduce me to Miss Wyndham?'

'Oh yes, my dear, certainly;' and the ladies entered.

The introduction was soon over, and they had taken seats to watch the progress of the rain.

A great many people who are physiognomists by nature, can discern in a very short space of time the characters of those they meet; people who have never had access to a volume of Lavater, or given any study to Combe or Spurzheim. There is a something, not just definable by rules or orders, a something that shows an affinity or the contrary between individuals. Mrs Selwyn, though not overburdened with clever penetration, or having the slightest particle of feminine diplomacy, had still a fund of good sense, and what is a very desirable accompaniment, good feeling, which stood her in good stead of many more brilliant qualities. She had seen very little of the world; her experiences of character were drawn chiefly from the narrow circle of the Landeris inhabitants, her ideas of perfection were drawn on a similar scale, and it cannot be much wondered at if she felt a little distrust of her own judgment, when she found any of her ideals in danger of being dethroned, as in the present case, when she felt quite ashamed of the Jones' trio, who had joined their forces for the purpose of eliciting as much information as possible from Miss Wyndham during her visit, by a series of well-directed questions, such as, 'Were you at the Great Exhibition?' 'Were you living near London then?' 'Where were you living at the time of the last French Revolution?' 'Were you ever on the Continent?'

To which, and all similar ones, Margaret returned polite but evasive an-

swers. She had no idea of having things wrung from her in that way, though it was only that morning she had chatted over all manner of past scenes in her own and her family's life with the gentle Mrs Holmdon and her niece Annette. But her proud spirit rose at the present attack, and she determined not to submit tamely to such social Thuggism. Mrs Selwyn sat watching her attentively, her amusement increasing each moment, as some homethrust was ingeniously parried by Miss Wyndham, whose colour rose with her indignation; the widow's eyes sparkled with satisfaction at seeing the assailants almost baffled by the well-directed defence. Each moment, too, Mrs Selwyn's sympathy increased for the young lady, and her respect for her hostesses gradually declined. 'I wonder,' thought she, as she still watched Margaret's face, 'how Matilda can call that face "decidedly plain." It certainly is not perfect in form, according to classic rules. Some parts are, like my own, a little out of proportion; but I like it much—so much variety in the changing expression, and eyes that one can look a long way through. They do not sparkle as Matilda's do, it is true; but what a pleasant repose there is in them. Perhaps those are what one hears talked of as "spirituelle." They remind one of what Mr Collingwood said of Kate Howard's eyes in 'Dollars and Cents,' when he compared them to the channels of the Bermuda Islands. What a pleasing voice, too, she has. I do not feel the least afraid of her, and I will speak boldly, while I have such a good opportunity.'

'Miss Wyndham, would you be so good as to present my apologies to Mrs Wyndham for having been so tardy to call upon her? It must seem very unfriendly, coming from one who is herself the daughter of one of Dr Wyndham's predecessors, to think that she should be the last to welcome her into a new parish; but I assure you the omission was quite involuntary on my part, and was caused by the severe illness of my little girl, which for a long time has kept me a close prisoner to the house. Even yet I cannot leave her but for a short time, while she takes a sleep.'

'We were sorry to hear from Miss Jones, Mrs Selwyn, how much anxiety

you had suffered about her. Without personally knowing you, we sympathised most heartily with you; principally, I think, because my little sister—she who is sitting there—was just recovering from an illness very similar before we removed here. You know the old truism about "fellow-feeling." Do you find your little daughter gaining strength?

'Very slowly. I am often almost inclined to despair. Nothing seems to do her good. I try to think of the Great Physician; but even with that I often despond.'

And, poor little soul, she plunged immediately into a particular detail

of the progress and symptoms in little Nannie's case, prompted equally by the kind eyes and gentle, feeling answers of her listener.

'The girls,' as their mamma always said, were uncommonly annoyed at this monopoly of their visiter, and, in their pity for themselves losing such a golden opportunity for pushing their acquaintance, fancied they were pitying Miss Wyndham, in not believing any one could be interested in what they called 'the widow's twaddle.' They felt inexpressibly relieved when the striking of a timepiece reminded 'the widow' she should be at home; and the shower being over, she set out.

(To be Continued.)

FRENCH ROMANCE:

NOTES ON THE PRESENT REACTION IN FRANCE AGAINST THE UNHEALTHY ROMANCE LITERATURE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

THERE have been four distinct periods of French literature, each characterised by its own subjects, its own speciality of form, and by circumstances worthy of note in the lives and position of the individuals forming those remarkable schools of letters. First of all, the old literature—that is to say, the prose writers who preceded the age of Louis XIV., and the poets who preceded Malherbe. This period is full of the most charming narrations. Need we mention Froissart, Phillippe, Du Comines, and their successor and rival in reputation, Mezeray. Quaint candour, directness and simplicity of intention, is the great characteristic of this literature, notwithstanding a certain slowness and circumlocutionary expression. Montaigne also belongs to this school, although not a narrator; and if we were asked what English writers reminded us most of the simplicity of thought, but prosy plenitude of form, of the early French narrators, it would be such men as Clarendon and Defoe, as contrasted with the wits of Queen Ann, and the rhetoricians of the age of George III. In poetry, Ronsard, Marot, and others, distinguish themselves by that fresh observation of nature, and that dreamy lyricism, of which no traces are to be found in the Boileaus and Voltaires. But in France, as with us, people have

now gone back with delight to those older writers, whom the self-styled classics denominated barbarians, and looked upon as dead: the nineteenth century has, indeed, been the resurrection of the sixteenth.

It cannot be said that the literature of the age of Louis XIV., the second of the periods we allude to, has gone down, for its excellence is too incontestable. Boileau has sunk a peg or two; but such acuteness of thought, such consummate mechanism of versification, and, above all, such concision, such absence of all loose and flabby writing, cause his works to be still read with great satisfaction. Racine, an immortal poet, with whose works every living scholar is acquainted, has not only lost his hold on the popular mind, except by the mere prestige of his name, but even amongst the most fastidious classical scholars efforts have been made, with great success, to show the historical inaccuracy of his pictures of Greek manners. The woman of the tragedies of Racine is the woman of Christendom, chivalry, and love; whereas the woman of the real Greeks was that household commodity, that automaton of domestic convenience, such as the woman of the Levant now is; who never ate with strangers, or, if she did so, fell into the class of the courtesan. It was not the

Greece of Sophocles and Euripides that Racine gave us, but a Greece accommodated to the court of Louis XIV. We mention these erudite cavils, to show how the French now criticise the quondam gods of their idolatry. What an amount, then, of incontestable beauty of thought and language stands good against the aqua-fortis of this scepticism of the romantic school.

As for Molière, rare and incomparable genius, he is claimed by both. His supreme excellence as a wit, humorist, and moralist, are as undisputed as the light of the sun or the saltiness of the sea. The romantic blast has blown over his head without turning a hair. In fact, painting with fidelity the society of that period, none of the objections urged by the romanticists against the classicists apply to him; let us also add, that the more masculine power of Corneille, who cared less for the chiselling of verses than for the robust outlines of the stronger passions, has lost little of its reputation. Corneille's form is no longer imitated, but the substance is of such strength as to cause the form to be overlooked.

The third great period of French literature is that of the Encyclopædists. Voltaire continued the admiration of Racine, not only by his brilliant critical writings, but by his own tragedies, which now experience a fate merited by the imitation of an imitator. Racine's tragedies are still read by persons of taste; Voltaire's are not even perused at all. In spite of many clever verses, the most brilliant and pernicious journalist that ever lived was no poet, still less a dramatist. The perspicuous familiarity of his historical writings are still the delight of the public, and his style in general, from its total freedom from that bombast and amplification which infected the revolutionary literature, is classical in the best sense of the word.

The age, in fact, was not one of poetry, but of microscopic analysis and scientific development. The low materialism of that age has since been replaced by a higher and sounder philosophy; but the zeal of scientific investigation, which marked that period, must always be regarded as a marvellous explosion of human intelligence, although we think with Pascal

and Vauvenargues, that the greatest thoughts come from the heart by the deductive alchemy of our nobler reason. We find combined in Buffon the naturalist and the prose poet. Diderot, however dreary his theology, was the true founder of the modern school of the criticism of literature and high art, and D'Alembert's general introduction to the sciences, at the beginning of the Encyclopædia, brought forth the *bon mot*, that Perrault's colonnade of the Louvre, and Dellombert's introduction, were the two best façades produced by French genius.

The philosophic revolt was followed by the political revolution, which was followed in its turn by the fourth period of French literature;—the romantic reaction begun by Chateaubriand and Madame de Staël, under the influence of the Schlegels. This romantic revolt lay in the nature of things. The Corneilles and Racines lived, moved, and had their being, in the element of classical literature. Corneille read Sophocles for his amusement, in the original, just as we have Dickens, Thackeray, Bulwer, and Macaulay for our daily literary fare. Charming as La Bruyere is, it is quite clear that the classics defrayed the expenditure of the raw material of thought, and no inconsiderable amount even of the form. In short, the classic period was somewhat of a brilliant trading on borrowed capital.

It was the tremendous convulsion of the revolution that shattered the whole edifice of classical imitation. What were all the adventures related by Plutarch, compared to those of the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth century? The first volumes of Lamartine consigned the whole of the classical poets of the empire to oblivion. Romanticism was, in fact, simply the cessation of borrowing from two defunct nations, whose religion and manners differed radically from our own. Frederick the Great had scarcely written the last of his French verses in his usual woful orthography, when the production of Götz von Berlichingen made all Germany ask, what occasion there was to continue Pan and Apollo in the niches of the German Walhalla, or worship the genii of Paris and Versailles, when those of old Teutonia were buried under the mould of cen-

turies. In our own country, the poetry and prose of Scott showed that the legends and manners of Britain were most proper materials for the new literature. These extraordinary works had a great effect in France, so as, in fact, to revolutionise the literature of imagination in that country. The 'Cinque Mars' of Alfred de Vigny, and the 'Notre Dame de Paris' of Victor Hugo, are evidently inspired by Scott, although the latter work, able as it is, has none of the healthful ease and repudiation of the exaggerated which we find in the Scottish prototype.

But the revolution did not stop here, and the romantic reform progressed rapidly into a literary 1793; and, in fact, the spectacle presented by the imagination of a George Sand, a Balzac, and a Eugene Sue, as well as others, is that of a complete moral anarchy, being an entire contrast to the strict tone of the English romance literature during the same period. We are willing to admit that the amount of humour, invention, observation, and brilliant technical painting in these works is truly extraordinary. It is only to be the more regretted, that the philosophy which tinges most of them is directly derived from the sensual philosophy of a Helvetius, a Holbach, a Volney, a Destutt Tracy, and a Bentham.

Whatever excesses the modern romantic school of France may have committed, it is impossible to deny the large amount of original genius which has been poured from abundant fountains over the first half of our century. Inundation and devastation there has been, but withal such a current of genius as has furrowed a channel for itself, the traces of which will not soon be obliterated. Need we mention the delicious works of Madame de Staël, who revealed to France the genius of Germany; or Chateaubriand, who, in spite of a false inflation of style, and a vanity of the most inconceivable puerility, is full of noble thoughts; or Lamartine, who is a poet not only in poetry and prose, but, alack too for his country, also in politics. We need not prolong this list of names belonging to the high and moral literature, which are sufficiently familiar to the public. Histories have been produced graphic as Suetonius, others profound as Tacitus. The writings of

Guizot are as well known in this country as in France, and are, perhaps, more congenial to our northern taste, than to the more vivid sensibilities of a nation of wits and rhetoricians. The highest historical and didactic literature, in fact, of the France of the nineteenth century has been comparatively irreproachable; but three-fourths, at least, of the romance literature make us regret the divorce of genius from decorum. Paul de Kock, for instance, surpasses every writer, ancient and modern, in the power of producing laughter; Smollett, Hook, and Dickens, do not even approach him; and yet, we constantly ask ourselves, would he not have doubled both his reputation and his profits, by less highly-coloured scenes? There is a great deal in the tone of Paul de Kock that is fresh, hearty, and kindly. What an infinity of pleasant town and country characters, eccentric occasionally, but mostly natural and sympathetic, he has presented in his countless pictures, indicated pleasantly, and not analysed, painted, shown up, drawn out, and drawn in, as Dickens is now doing so wearily and exhaustively. Paul's moral is frequently sound, his sympathies are generally on the side of truth, frankness, simplicity, generosity, and all the kindlier feelings; and yet there is scarcely one of his novels which does not contain some scene or incident which no London publisher would print, except under the penalty of the exclusion of the work from family reading. This is the more to be regretted in a writer whose pathos is as remarkable as his humour, inasmuch as his objectionable matter springs evidently from levity and thoughtlessness, and not, as in the case of George Sand, Balzac, and Eugene Sue, from a deliberate design to aid in the revolt against the principles of Christianity, and the whole constitution of society.

The same levity is in a less degree visible in the works of Alexander Dumas, the most prolific of the French writers of romance, even after the fullest deduction made by critics from the totality of his productions by his peculiar mode of working—i. e., the drawing up of a plan which others work out, and which he afterwards retouched. In the case of Maquet, and other able workmen, he did not

retouch at all. But in several other French romance-writers levity is a word we cannot pronounce; moral anarchy pervades the whole of the system, and this we will treat in detail.

It is more particularly a work which has received the first prize given by the French Institute for the best essay on the Influence of Contemporary Literature on the manners of the age, that has excited the most attention on the unsound morality of the Modern French School of Romance, and will form the text-book for the concluding part of this little essay. This work of the successful competitor, M. Eugene Poitou, is in many respects open to criticism; from the first page to the last, he sees no literary merit in the whole of these works, and is often much too ready to set down the sentiments put in the mouths of characters as those of the author. According to this mode of treatment, Shakspeare and Scott might be made out to be the apologists of murder, rebellion, lust, rapine, and fanaticism. But, with ample deduction on this score, the author has upon the whole made out his case that a large proportion of this modern French romance literature is unhealthy, and that in hundreds of cases, even when nothing positive can be urged against the morality propounded, there is so much exaggeration, and such persevering portraiture of the dark side of human nature, as to violate good taste and the canons of sound art.

The result of the materialism of the eighteenth century in the French romance literature is, that all the worst crimes are excused by a sort of blind fatality, which seems to deny the moral liberty of man. In the celebrated 'Lelia' of George Sand, we find the Deity made out to be the author of evil. 'You ask me,' says Lelia, 'if I know the spirit of evil. The spirit of evil and a spirit of good are one and the same, that is to say, God. It is the unknown and mysterious will which is above all wills. Good and evil are distinctions which we have created. God knows no more of them than of happiness or misfortune.' M. Poitou then asks, 'What is your God but a monstrous and contradictory conception, for in ascribing to

him the identity of good and evil, of order and disorder, of just and unjust, we have an absurdity. Preserving the one God, we abolish the idea that it conveys.'

The natural consequence of the abolition of the idea of a superintending Providence, of an all-just and omnipotent Deity, and of the idea of liberty, is necessarily a moral anarchy, so that we find suicide excused. Accordingly we find reproduced in Jacques the sophistry of Rousseau — 'When the life of a man is hurtful to any one, a burden to himself, and useless to all, suicide is a legitimate end which he can accomplish, if not without regret at having lost his life, at least without remorse at having ended it. Such are the words which we find in 'Jacques,' by George Sand. And by another writer, M. Luchet, in 'Frere et Sœur,' we find the sentiment that suicide is only a crime if it destroys anything useful, or robs any one. In 'Indiana,' we find put into the mouth of Ralph a sentiment which Madame Sand's defenders may say is not hers, but that of the character; yet, when we find that the whole of a writer's productions bear the stamp of personality, as distinct as those of Rousseau and Byron, and completely opposed to the impersonality of a Shakspeare, a Goethe, and a Scott, it would be very difficult to persuade the reader that Madame Sand, when she wrote this, did not share the opinion of Ralph, when he says, 'The God whom we adore has not destined man to so much misery, without giving him the instinct of relieving himself, which in my opinion constitutes the principal superiority of the man over the brute; that is to say, the comprehension of the remedy to all his evils. This remedy is suicide.'

The consequence of this law of fatality which is set up is, that the greatest violations of the moral law pass with impunity; it is called yielding to the attraction of an inevitable destiny. 'I have combated my passions,' says Lucrezia Florienzo; 'if I have done well or ill, I have been punished and recompensed by these passions themselves.' This is in fact simply the morality of Helvetius and Volney, and which has been reproduced by our own British materialists in various shapes; hostility to Chris-

tianity being generally artfully disguised.

There is, moreover, an essay literature in addition to the romance literature, where the defenders of the materialist school cannot assert that the sentiments we have alluded to are not to be criticised because they are spoken by the personages of a romance. Such a work is the *'Physiologie du Mariage'* of Balzac, and the opinions are reproduced in various of his novels. Balzac flippantly maintains that Scott did not know the female human heart, but it must be remembered that Scott painted woman as he knew her—that is to say, the woman of British domestic life—to be the rule and not the exception; acquainted with her domestic duties and obligations, and acting up to them. On the contrary, we make bold to say it would be a libel on French society, as far as we know it, to pronounce the wives and the mothers of France to be such as those depicted by M. de Balzac in his numerous romances; for which their acute observation on many points, and their powerful painting, have procured a wide European reputation.

The French drama has been equally pernicious in removing the landmarks of good and evil. We do not speak of the innumerable vaudevilles of M. Scribe and his collaborateurs, which are almost always highly amusing, and generally inoffensive; we speak rather of the melodramas of Victor Hugo and other writers, the most remarkable of which have been translated for our Surrey-side theatres, and have had amazing runs, with no possible benefit or instruction to the rising generation—quite the reverse.

This confusion of the landmarks of good and evil came, as we have already stated in the first part of this article, with the second period of the so-called romantic school, which went to the revolutionary extent of dismissing not only the unities, but even decorum itself. Whoever remembers the dramas of Victor Hugo must admit an utter exaggeration, and a constant effort to reproduce types of the most hideous eccentricity, in which noble and base sentiments, actions revealing strength of mind and pusillanimity, self-sacrifice and calculating egotism, are all jumbled up together. 'In Lu-

crezia Borgia,' for instance, we have maternal love placed in the heart of a poisoner. In *'Angelo,'* we have sublime devotion in an abandoned character. In *'Le Roi's Amuse,'* we have paternal heroism in the livery of a court fool.

'No doubt,' says M. Poitou, 'the human mind is full of abysses and contrasts; no doubt generous inspirations are found in souls devoted to evil. But human nature does not admit this monstrous alliance of supreme virtue with supreme corruption. It is not a matter of mere eccentricity, but of moral impossibility; at a certain depth in evil we no longer find virtue, just as in impure caverns flame cannot live beyond a particular point.' Another eminent French moralist and writer—M. Saint-Marc-Girardin—contrasts the modern and ancient drama with the greatest felicity, by pointing out that, in the ancient drama, a single bad passion was sufficient to destroy a man—an austere lesson, which ought to inspire the individual with scrupulous caution against the entrances of evil; but the moral lesson of the modern French drama is, that a single good quality can excuse many vices. A virtue cannot be enforced by associating it with the wicked; and a single virtue, such as that of maternal love, does not, and cannot, palliate the crimes of a Borgia. Fleur de Marie, the prostitute of the *'Mysteries of Paris,'* preserving her virgin candour and simplicity of heart in the midst of the dangerous classes of society, is simply an impossibility.

These dramas have been the parents of a multitude of others more modern. Take, for instance, the *'André Gerard'* of M. Victor Séjour; in which we find a poor and virtuous workman committing a robbery to feed his children. Brutus sacrificed his son for a great principle, but here we find every sound principle sacrificed for the sake of the family. In this case we find egotism enthroned; a man gratifies his own philoprogenitiveness, with utter disregard of the rights, interests, and feelings of others. On the subject of the prevailing disposition to throw a rose-colour on the repentant prodigal or Magdalene, we ought not to forget an admirable sentence of Bossuet:—'Let us not always

talk of the penitent sinner and the returned prodigal. This faithful and obedient eldest son, who always remained with his father, and showed the submission of a good son, is also deserving of eulogy for his perseverance.'

We may now quote from M. Poitou his opinion of Eugene Sue and Frederic Soulié:—

'Thus, one of our most celebrated romance-writers, M. Eugene Sue, had undertaken, in his first works, to celebrate the triumph of evil here below; vice everywhere happy and honoured; virtue always despised and oppressed. This was justified by the strange reasoning, that the better the incompatibility of virtue and happiness are established in this world, it is the more easy to prove the necessity of a future life, in order to re-establish the balance. This may be good in pure logic, but it cannot hold good against the impressions of the imagination. Why make vice more fortunate and virtue more difficult than they are in reality? Frederic Soulié disputes with M. Eugene Sue the domain of the horrible. It is always the same story under different titles, the same picture in varied frames; that is to say, the world painted like a brigand's cave, and society represented as composed of rascals and dupes, victims and executioners. All the women are adulteresses, and all the men vile or ferocious.'

The author then goes on to show, after the passage which we have condensed, that a man's happiness and social esteem correspond with the extent of his corruption, while the amount of his misery is the barometer of his virtue. In short, the real moral inculcated is success in acquisition, no matter by what means; a different moral may be professed, but that is the moral practically enforced by all this expenditure of imagination; and this remark is applicable to a very large number of the dramas produced at the Boulevard theatres, many of which have been translated into English.

There can be no doubt that the socialist doctrines, which threw down the French Government in 1848, had their extension greatly aided by the literature of imagination. Thousands who never open a didactic work, or read a line upon political economy, have not the same repugnance to pore

over an exciting romance, in which the poor are held up to admiration, the rich tolerated, and society or the government held to be responsible providers of work for the poor. M. de Balzac, even without any serious intention, perhaps, to overthrow society, lent himself to these theories. 'Society,' says he, 'has insensibly arrogated to itself so many individual rights, that the individual finds himself obliged to combat society.' In a celebrated drama, called 'The Brigand and the Philosopher,' by M. Pyat, now or lately a refugee in London, we find a personage saying, in excuse for his crimes, 'Society has treated me as an enemy, and I have treated society as an enemy.' No doubt it will be said that these are the maxims of an imaginary personage. It is nevertheless true that a government was overthrown by the socialist party. The French of the humbler classes had been worked upon by this description of literature, and the political followed the moral anarchy. In the eighteenth century religion had been attacked, but in the nineteenth the principles of property and of the family were the objects of a series of most determined assaults.

It was particularly the half-instructed class that were drawn within the vortex, and being mediocre in their attainments, were both sceptical and presumptuous. Some of these took their opinions from the journals, but a great many were also formed by the romances of the kind we have described. The Boulevard theatres also treated social questions after their own fashion; and Poitou mentions, as a curious fact, that whenever any of those dramas came out which were full of declamations against the privileges of the rich, the injustice done to the poor, and the tyranny of society, the police of the quarter were always obliged to be on the alert, so eagerly were these plays run after by the public, ready to transport into the domain of reality what on the stage was mere declamatory fustian.

A favourite theme with all those romancers and dramatists was, that talent was crushed by *society*. Stello, the poet, is made by M. Alfred De Vigny to say, 'that of the three forms of power possible—absolute monarchy,

constitutional monarchy, and the republic—the first fears the man of talent, the second despises him as useless, and the third hates him as an aristocratic superiority.' To this M. Poitou answers, by pointing out that the Athenian democracy, the Augustan age of Rome, and that of Louis XIV., were not unfavourable to talent, and then he asks when letters had a more brilliant career than in our age, when poets and editors became peers of France; 'the Muses,' adds he, 'no longer go on foot.'

As to the 'culpable carelessness' of society, by which, according to M. Eugene Sue, the innocent are pushed into vice through poverty 'inevitably,' it is undeniable that this entirely does away with the doctrine of human liberty and responsibility. That excessive poverty may sometimes be urged in palliation of vice is too true, but this doctrine of making it out to be 'inevitable' constitutes a complete excuse for vice, and, in fact, implies total absolution from blame. All this is entirely destructive of individual responsibility, and therefore appears to be moral teaching of the most pernicious school. To absolve individuals from the effort to live honestly and virtuously, and to impose duties which cannot be performed on that visionary impersonality called 'society,' is as immoral as absurd.

The actual constitution of the family has not been spared in these attacks. Because there are some abuses in families as at present constituted, there is a writer who would have it abolished altogether, and our young brought up in Spartan fashion at the public expense, forgetting that public board and education in Sparta, which was at best a large village, did not necessarily extinguish the principle of family affection; but that, in large communities such as ours, such extinction is as complete as in the case of foundlings. In this novel of M. Augusté Luchet, one does not know what he would be at. He makes out his mother to be the victim of the law of marriage. In short, such newfangled philosophers are for the abolition of an institution that may have some abuses, without enabling us to judge of what they would put in its place. M. Luchet, in his epilogue, which is

not to be confounded with the romance, complains that men marked with infamy can bring up their children after their own image; hence 'the tirades about the vicious constitution of the family.' The object of M. Luchet's book he declares to be an attack against the family as a despotic institution; and he believes every humanitarian amelioration impossible, unless the state, when organised democratically, take possession of the young citizens, to bring them up in common, 'according to the direction indicated by the sum of their cerebral faculties.' Without this, society cannot be reformed, for nothing else would throw down the hereditary privileges and egotism of caste. This is logical, after the socialist fashion. Property and the family undoubtedly go together: if one falls, the other can scarcely stand; if the family be abolished, away go heirship and personality. It is clear, from what we have stated, that the most advanced social and political reformer in England is a bigoted conservative, in the opinion of such writers.

It is difficult for us Englishmen to understand how these subversive doctrines could have acquired such strength and intensity in France. It is undoubtedly rather the romance literature than the journals that did the evil. Take one of the most popular novels of George Sand, and we find that in 'Le Compagnon du Tour de France,' Pierre Huguenin says: 'Do you see the rich, without asking by what right they are born happy, and for what crime you live and die in misery? The priests will say that that is God's will; but are you quite sure that that is God's will? We know the contrary. Riches and poverty were established by the cleverness of one set, and the simplicity of the other.' And in another romance by the same author, 'Le Meunier d'Angibault,' we find that 'the money of the rich has not been gained by the work of the poor: it is money robbed; that is to say, the inheritance of the feudal rapines of the rich man's fathers. It is the sweat and blood of the people who have cemented their castles and fattened their lands. It is always the money of the poor, because it has been extorted from him

by pillage, violence, and tyranny.' This equality of rights and equality of enjoyments is sophistry that has often been refuted. Until men are cast in the same mould, it would be a Tantalus labour to attempt to realise them. The work would have to be daily recommenced.

Even if such romances and dramas were to be reproduced in England, their authors would have no influence in our political affairs. Such has not been the case in France. Until the establishment of a military government, which has taken both liberty and license into its own keeping, these men had a very great influence, both in Paris and the provinces; and M. Poitou presents a very curious contrast to the fate of a French man of letters in the career of Byron, who, in spite of his immense popularity, exercised no personal influence at home. England applauded the poet, but condemned the scoffer and ribald. He remained an individual, and never had a school. It has not been so in France. There we find a *school* that for a whole generation has systematically attacked the principles of Christianity, of property, and of the Family; and a large amount of the secondary talents have been absorbed in this pernicious writing. The romance has invaded the whole domain of literature, and it has proved in France not only a powerful method of attracting attention, but has also been the most lucrative department for those who wanted money. Hence the large sums which M. Alexandre Dumas has expended so gaily, and which M. Eugene Sue invested with more prudence. Then the capitalists, finding that the romance was popular, opened for it the columns of the daily journals, and a popular work of this sort at once sent up the circulation of a journal to something prodigious. Hence the art and trick of keeping the public curiosity suspended. In fact, the romance ceased to form part of the general literature of the day, and might be classed with the effects of the melodramatic boards or the surprises of a conjurer. The reading of these productions was no longer confined to the rich, but found its way to the cottage of the labourer, the garret of the seamstress, and the closet of the housemaid.

It cannot be denied that the result was to make all the needy classes dissatisfied with their condition, and, instead of inducing individuals to better their condition by industry and economy, to cause a great increase in the proportion of suicides to the population. Pure infidelity or licentiousness soon repels; but when they are varnished with sentiment, and eked out with a sort of pretension to reconstruct the moral code, the evil is enormously increased. Nor was this romance literature less injurious in promoting suicide. The evil had been begun by the seductive pages of Goethe, and the more namby-pamby reveries of Chateaubriand's 'Réné.' Byron was also a great sinner in this respect, for his works, instead of stimulating man to a healthy activity in the performance of his duties, are apt to lead a weakling to brood over the idea of his being a victim of destiny. 'Man,' says M. Poitou, 'is made for action, not for dreaming.' His imagination has been given to console him, not to conduct him. His sensibility is a momentum, not a rule for him. Action can only be powerful and rich in results, when thoughts are serious and strong. In the ages of faith and enthusiasm, convictions brought out ardent, energetic characters. None of these signs are visible to M. Poitou in modern French society.

At the same time, while condemning the bad literature, he admits that a large band of eminent critics, philosophers, and historians have maintained sound principles, and shed on the second quarter of the nineteenth century a lustre which will not easily be darkened. It is unnecessary to mention such names as those of Villemain, Guizot, Thierry, Lamartine, Barante, and Granier de Cassagnac. M. Thiers, if judged in his ministerial capacity, must be reprehended for a notable attempt, in 1840, to overthrow the laws of nations; but, upon the whole, the morality of the later volumes of his 'History' is sound. Such is our opinion of a writer whom M. Poitou does not name. But, within the sphere of romance, poetry, and the drama, it is interesting to note those whom he contrasts with the class of writers who have brought so unhappy a notoriety on modern French roman-

tic literature. Prominent among these we find Jules Sandeau, in whose creations we find a union of interesting narrative, delicacy of sentiment, and morality of thought. By his side may be placed M. Saintine, M. and Mme. Reybaud. M. Scribe he considers to have painted manners as they are. His moral is not severe, but it would be unjust, thinks M. Poitou, to accuse him of having contributed to the demoralisation of France. At the head of the theatrical reaction in favour of a severe morality may be mentioned MM. Ponsard and Emile Angier. To this list must also be added Edmond About, the author of 'Tolla' and 'Les Mariages de Paris.'

Nor can we close this notice of the novel readers and writers of France, without remarking the very great popularity of the works of Mr Dickens, Mr Thackeray, Mrs Beecher Stowe, Miss Brontë, and, last not least, Hendrich Conscience, who, writing in Flemish for the population of two provinces of Belgium, seems to have saved this vigorous Saxon dialect from a gradual literary extinction, and to have acquired that European reputation which his modesty never led him to anticipate. To be brief, the reaction in favour of a healthier French literature of imagination is strong and unmistakeable. We wish it every success.

CHARACTERISTICS OF NATIONAL PROVERBS.

DEFINITIONS of proverbs, as of poetry, have been frequently attempted, but with comparatively little success. Even the learned in proverbial lore have signally failed in this most difficult task. Ray, for example, delivered his notion of a proverb after the following somewhat ludicrous fashion: 'A short sentence or phrase in common use, containing some trope, figure, homonymy, rhyme, or other novelty of expression.' This definition, if indeed it can claim to be called such, sadly confounds accidental adjuncts with essential conditions. All genuine proverbs are certainly phrases in common use, since popularity alone, as Trench has ably shown, can raise them from the rank of maxims to proverbs; but how many are there, both in our own and other languages, which contain neither trope, figure, homonymy, nor rhyme? Greater men than Ray, however, have similarly failed, and committed a similar mistake, in confounding the accidents with the essence. Proverbs, in fact, can only be satisfactorily described when the outward multiformity is overlooked, and the interior characteristics are prominently unfolded. Thus the Dutch say wisely and well, in sententious phrase, 'Proverbs are the daughters of daily experience.' They are individually 'the wit of one, and the wisdom of many.' And Lord Bacon,

who had a full recognition of their great worth and value as exponents of national genius, manners, opinions, customs, and beliefs, pronounced them to be 'the edge-tools of speech, which cut and penetrate the knots of business and affairs.'

It is a remarkable peculiarity of the best proverbs, that no distinct parentage can be assigned them. They resemble in this respect those fine old songs and airs that seem rather to have floated down upon the world from some higher sphere, than to have been produced by genius musing in solitude. The people claim as their own, cherish, and preserve the 'daughters of daily experience'—the children of unknown parents and forgotten sages. Proverbial sayings, the authorship of which can be distinctly traced, are seldom on the popular lip, and the sententious wisdom of Seneca or Lactantius must yield precedence to the saws of homely herdsmen, and the pungent phrases of nameless wits. Among collections of proverbs we may find embedded such truthful maxims as this by Publius Syrus—'It is cruelty to the innocent not to punish the guilty,' or this other by Anaxagoras—'Men would live exceedingly quiet if those two words, mine and thine, were taken away;' and yet these sayings seldom obtain public utterance, and

certainly find no general currency; while that simple but pithy phrase—'Never look a gift-horse in the mouth,' which is quoted by one of the old Christian Fathers, and the authorship of which is totally unknown, occupies a prominent place in the proverbial literature of all the European nations, and frequently recurs in common conversation. Proverbs of nameless parentage become popular possessions for ever; but those to which the name of the author can be appended are left to adorn the prelections of the learned. Aristotle described the proverbs current in his day as the fragments of an elder wisdom, thereby signifying that the same anonymous character adhered to them then as now. When we consider what their component elements are—when we reflect that they embody human experiences, the thoughts, the feelings, and the sentiments prevalent at a particular period and in certain countries, or common to every land and age, it must be evident that the greater proportion of proverbs have owed their origin to some happy accident, to the felicitous turn of a phrase which lingered in the memory of the hearers, to the careless dropping in conversation of a few words which aptly expressed the popular convictions. No amount of study, or patient effort, or elaborate polish, could have produced the proverbial sayings that are most frequently employed by men in the intercourse of life. They possess that ease, that pointed directness, and that curious felicity of diction, which can only characterise the momentary creations, the unstudied utterances of the mind. They may readily be distinguished from the laboured maxims of writers who affect the sententious form of composition. Words are only breath, when the thoughts they convey vanish, like themselves, into air; but when they compactly express a recognised truth, and come directly home to the hearts and experiences of men, they partake of the eternity of the mind, and the simple saying of a happy mood follows the circuit of the sun, and survives the dissolution of empires. If we reverence the memory of nameless minstrels, whose immortal lays make sweetest music in the heart, we owe no less a deep debt of grati-

tude to the authors of those wise old proverbs, which have been bequeathed as a rich legacy from generation to generation, and transmitted from land to land.

There may be something fanciful in the supposition, but we cannot help thinking that the national proverbs which display the deepest knowledge of the human heart, and manifest the largest experience of life, were first uttered by sage patriarchs, on whose heads appeared the 'blossoms of death.' The valuable counsels they embody and embalm regarding the control of the passions, the guidance of the will, the happiness of industry, and the misery of sloth, the improvement of time, the choice of companions, and a multiplicity of similarly important concerns, are such as the old delight to mingle with their solemn admonitions to the young. Indeed, the wonderful shrewdness—the homely wisdom—the curt, terse expressive phraseology of many proverbs, immediately suggest the idea and the picture of some venerable sire imparting to his children's children the lessons of a long life experience. It is true that a profound knowledge of the human heart, and a full recognition of the demands of duty and the claims of life in matters alike the humblest and the highest, may be possessed by thoughtful-minded men, even in the spring or summer tide of their days, and the recorded proverbial sayings of different nations bear internal evidence that they have been produced by youth and by age, by the learned and the uncultured, by courtiers and by clowns. The great diversity of proverbs is very striking, betokening as it does an equal diversity of position, of habits, of mental characteristics, and of culture on the part of their originators. There is almost as much difference in certain particulars between proverbs found side by side in the same national collection, as there is between the proverbs of countries whose manners, customs, and creeds possess little in common. We find them diversely distinguished for pungent sarcastic humour and grave wisdom; for cold selfishness and the warmth of charity; for poetic bloom and the point of wit; for coarseness of allusion, the utmost

delicacy of feeling, and the purest spirit of refinement. Such and similar contrasted qualities predominate in the proverbial literature of all the European nations. By way of illustration, we may extract a few examples from the rich treasury of Spanish proverbs. How chivalrous must have been the Don Quixote who first uttered the pleasant and delicate phrase: *White hands do not hurt*. What sly humour in the Sancho Panza who thus dexterously hit off the innocent cunning of an amiable wife: *Do you carry the trough, husband, and I will carry the sieve, which is as heavy as the devil*. How thoughtful and patient under suffering the man who embalmed a bitter experience in these simple words: *Whither goest thou, sorrow? Whither I am wont*. What intense selfishness and caution must have characterised him who shaped this unworthy maxim: *Draw the snake out of the hole with another's hand*.* The proverbs of our own and of other languages afford numerous examples of a similar kind; but the illustrations we have given suffice for our present purpose.

In proceeding to compare the proverbial literature of different countries with the anticipation of finding the peculiar character and genius of each nation faithfully reflected therein, one is not a little surprised to discover that so many popular sayings are essentially the same in substance and in spirit. This may especially be asserted of the best known proverbs current among ourselves and on the Continent. By some mysterious process they have transferred themselves from one language to another, and have been everywhere received, not as foreign importations, but as native products. In the greater proportion of cases, this transference has been so happily consummated, the same proverbs reappearing in the finest and tersest idiomatic diction of different countries, that it is impossible to detect the traces of translation, or to discover the language in which they first originated. A considerable number of the proverbs common to the

European nations are, no doubt, of great antiquity, and their sources are hidden in the dim depths of the past; but others bear palpable marks of having sprung from the soil of the modern Christian world, although we cannot point out the distinct region of their birth. The sayings that thus find a home in many lands, and live on the lips of many peoples, are chiefly those which represent broad general features of human nature and experience, and belong to man, not as the inhabitant of any particular country, but as a citizen of the world. The deep influence of Christian doctrines and ideas upon the heart of Europe has also tended much to impart a unity of spirit to modern proverbs, such as we may look for in vain among the popular maxims of the classic age. It is curious to note, that while proverbs transfer themselves from one language to another, and sometimes gain rather than lose by the transference, national songs remain as the peculiar possession and heritage of the people to whom they owed their origin; they never become in any degree or in any proper sense the common lyrical literature of other nations; for by translation they lose both body and soul—the form of beauty and the soul of melody. A true, just thought may obtain as appropriate embodiment in one language as in another; but the trembling, heart-searching touches of song cannot be transferred to alien tongues; and hence it is that the national proverbs which possess a rhythmic movement are precisely those which lose their virtue and their beauty by any attempted translation. *Traditori* are the *Tra-duttori*—traitors are the translators who would try to separate what cannot be sundered.

Before endeavouring to illustrate distinctions of national character, as developed in national proverbs, it may not be uninteresting to exemplify in a few instances the changes that some sayings undergo, and the improvements they receive, by transference into different languages. Thus, the Scottish proverb, *The pat sudna ca' the kettle black*—and of which Burns' well-known lines,

'O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us,'
are but a variation—appears among

* The continental proverbs quoted and translated throughout this article are taken, for the most part, from Bohn's excellent 'Polyglot of Foreign Proverbs.'

other nations in a multiplicity of forms. The Italians have it, '*La padella dice al paiuolo: Fatti in là, che tu mi tigni*'—*The pan says to the pot, keep off, or you'll smutch me.* The Germans say, '*Ein esel schimpft den andern, langohr*'—*One ass nicknames another longears.* The French: '*Le chaudron mûchure la poêle*'—*The kettle smuts the frying-pan.* Again, this English proverb, '*Speak of the devil and he'll appear*'—a proverb which, lightly enough perhaps, expresses the truth that men cannot think or speak about evil without being subject to temptation—occurs in a similar variety of forms. The Dutch say, with characteristic rough vigour, '*Als men van den duivel spreekt, dan rammelt reeds zijn gebeente*'—*Talk of the devil, and you hear his bones rattle.* The Germans: '*Wenn man den Wolf nennt, so kommt er gerennt*'—*Talk of the devil, and his imp appears;* thus only expressing in a different manner the truth contained in that other German proverb: '*Wo der Teufel nicht hin mag kommen, da send er seinen boten hin*'—*Where the devil cannot come he will send.* To guard a man against the absurdity of attempting anything beyond his means and his power, or of spending more money than his receipts, the English say, '*Cut your coat according to your cloth.*' The Germans: '*Strecke dich nach der Decke*'—*Stretch yourself according to your coverlid.* The French: '*Selon le pain il faut le couteau*'—*According to the bread must be the knife.* The Italians (without a figure): '*Noi facciamo la spese secondo l'entrata*'—*We must spend according to our income.* To give another example, there is a proverb, common to all the world and to all time, which, one in substance, but multitudinous in form, exposes the folly of giving to him who already has enough, or of sending articles of merchandise to places where they abound. Γαῦνας εἰς Ἀθήνας—*Owls to Athens*, said the Greeks; *Coals to Newcastle* is the form of the same proverb in English; *Saut to Dysart* in Scotch; *Shells to Saint Michael* in French; *Fir-trees to Norway* in Dutch. To this list may be added that of Trench: '*The Rabbis said, Enchantments to Egypt*'—Egypt being of old esteemed the head-quar-

ters of all magic; the Orientals, *Pepper to Hindostan*; and in the middle ages they had this proverb, *Indulgences to Rome*—Rome being the centre and source of this spiritual traffic.' In cases such as the above, when the proverbs of different nations essentially agree in meaning and in purpose, there is no necessity for imagining, in every instance, an actual transference from one language to another. The circumstances and the conduct, by which they have been suggested and to which they may be applied, are sufficiently common in all countries, and we may, therefore, not unfrequently regard them as native productions, wherever they may be found.

Very interesting, again, it is to observe the likeness in difference that subsists among national proverbs with reference to special topics. Let us take money as an illustration, premising, however, that popular maxims, in dealing with the interests, the passions, and the actions of man, often describe with sarcastic vigour things as they are, and not as they ought to be. Among English proverbs there are many that proclaim the power and virtue of hard cash. Here is one that rings with sufficient clearness: *Money is only monarch.* In the Scotch saying, *Money mak's a man free ilka whar*, there is an outward truth, and an inward falseness, for the man who makes money the measure of freedom is the veriest slave. The French say, '*Argent comptant porte médecine*'—*Ready money works great cures*, a maxim which is emphatically the 'daughter of daily experience'; and no less truthful is that counter-proverb, brief and pithy, '*Argent ardent*'—*Money burns many.* The Italians compare public money to holy water, to which every one helps himself, and they also glorify gold in these words: '*Il danaro è un compendio del poter umano*'—*Money is an epitome of human power.* Solomon said that money answereth all things, and the Portuguese have a proverb of somewhat similar import: '*Dinheiro he a medida de todas as cousas*'—*Money is the measure of all things.* The universal deference shown to men of capital, whatever their social station may be, is exemplified in this Spanish saying: '*A las barbas con dineros*

honra hacen los caballeros'—*To beards with money cavaliers pay respect.* There is much pith in this brief Dutch phrase: 'Geld doet geweld'—*Money is power*; and another proverb in the same language resembles the English one already quoted: 'Geld beheert de wereld'—*Money rules the world.* The Danes thus forcibly announce the potency of the 'almighty dollar': 'Penge tale meer end tolv tingmænd'—*Money is more eloquent than a dozen members of parliament*; and again, in another phrase, they still more strikingly illustrate that prevalent venality which barters truth for gold: 'Een haand fuld af Penge, er stærkere end to hænder fulde af Sandhed'—*One hand full of money is stronger than two hands full of truth.* These proverbs afford plain and melancholy evidence, that, however much the European nations may differ in their political and social condition, they are all, nevertheless, faithful to one worship, and true to one idol. In the same languages we find maxims proclaiming the evils of covetousness and the degradation of wealth-worship, and pronouncing him to be the richest man who, whether his possessions be little or large, is therewith content.

A wonderful harmony of opinion also pervades the proverbs of many nations with regard to woman—a harmony totally unaccountable, when we consider that the universal opinion is none of the best. Divine woman, indeed! Why, she is treated with disrespect, and served up in caustic, sarcastic phrases, even by people the most highly distinguished for their gallantry and their chivalry! The most favourable construction we can put upon this astounding circumstance is, that henpecked husbands, and bilious old bachelors, and hard-grained woman-haters, have, in every instance, been the authors of these malicious maxims. 'England is the Paradise of women,' it has been said. 'Yet is it worth the noting,' says a sagacious commentator on these words, 'that though in no country of the world the men are so fond of, so much governed by, so wedded to their wives, yet hath no language so many proverbial invectives against women.' John Bull, with all his good-humour and love of good cheer, his fondness for domestic

comfort, and attachment to a good wife, must notwithstanding be a testy and irritable old gentleman. Or must we regard the proverbial invectives that abound in the language as only indications of national reverence for the fairer and weaker sex—a reverence so deep that we cannot see 'lovely woman stoop to folly,' intrench herself in crinoline, or indulge in fantastic freaks of fashion, without endeavouring, by a well-meant sarcastic phrase, to win her back to the graces and proprieties of perfect womanhood? This explanation may go for what it is worth, still it cannot by any possibility account for the savage heartlessness of this old English saw: *A dead wife's the best goods in a man's house.* Here is a Hebrew phrase, equally discreditable, which must have been uttered by some cynical rabbi, every inch a Jew: *When an ass climbs a ladder, we may find wisdom in women.* The author of that very vile statement deserved to die the death of Sisera, whom Jael, the wife of Heber, slew with hammer and nail. What say the French, whose days are numbered, and whose destiny is told, not by the stars of heaven, but by the brilliant orbs of woman's eyes? 'Ce n'est rien, c'est une femme qui se noye'—*It is nothing at all, only a woman drowning!* What say the chivalrous Spaniards? 'De la mala muger te guarda, y de la buenna no fies nada'—*Beware of a bad woman, and put no trust in a good one.* Perhaps, however, there may be some just reasons for this wise caution, as Spanish ladies, even the best and loveliest, are changeable in their tastes, and like fresh relays of handsome caballeros. Have the Italians nothing good to say of those dark-eyed, sun-browned beauties who could attract the admiration of Milton, and intoxicate the heart of Byron? 'Donne, asini, e noci voglion le mani atroci'—*Women, asses, and nuts require strong hands.* This is bad enough, but the next is still worse: 'Donne, preti, e polli non son mai satolli'—*Women, priests, and poultry never have enough.* We fly to the Faderland, expecting something of a different stamp; but the Germans are no better than they should be, as this saying testifies: 'Weiber sind unrichtige uhren'—*Women are watches that*

keep bad time. The Portuguese do not wish to be behind their neighbours, and can only falter forth a very suspicious compliment: 'As molheres, onde estao, sobejao, e onde nao estao, faltao'—*Women are supernumerary when present, and missed when absent.* Who could expect anything better than the following from dull, phlegmatic Dutch boors? 'Een huis vol dochters is een kelder vol zuur bier'—*A house full of daughters, is a cellar full of sour beer.* The Danish damsels, too, it seems, like some fair friends nearer home, have got lively tongues, and know how to wag them: 'Alle Qvinder ere gode Lutherske, de prædike heller end de høre Messe'—*All women are good Lutherans; they would rather preach than hear mass.* So voluble, too, is the utterance of all the female Jenkinases and Joneses, from Snowdon to Merthyr Tydvil, that the Welsh have been compelled to say, *Arthur could not tame a woman's tongue*; and yet again, as a necessary deduction from this fact, *A woman's strength is in her tongue.* Here we must close the very offensive list, perfectly satisfied that women are capable of defending themselves against the proverbial invective of the whole world, and of retorting in a style still more caustic and conclusive.

It may afford women some consolation to be told that they suffer in good company. Lawyers, doctors medical and clerical, and certain classes of tradesmen, have not escaped the scathe and sarcasm of popular proverbs. The Italians have an excellent phrase, showing how those who are fond of litigation become the dupes of lawyers: 'Le vesti degli avvocati sono foderate dell' ostinazion dei litiganti'—*Lawyers' robes are lined with the obstinacy of suitors.* This is mild in comparison with the French one: 'La gibecière de l'avocat est une bouche d'enfer'—*The lawyer's pouch is a mouth of hell.* Sharp and comprehensive is the Spanish saying: 'Amigo de pleitos, poco dinero; amigo de medicos, poca salud; amigo de frailes, poca honra'—*Fond of lawsuits, little wealth; fond of doctors, little health; fond of friars, little honour.* Danish lawyers must be low enough in the scale of morality, if we may judge from the following proverb: 'Dyden i Mid-

ten, sagde Fanden, han sad imellem to Procutorer'—*Virtue in the middle, said the devil, when seated between two lawyers.* The Scotch are so much given to litigation, that we might expect them to entertain a favourable opinion of legal gentlemen; but the reverse is the case, for they say, *It's an ill cause that the lawyer thinks shame o'.* Church-going people as they are, too, they must nevertheless have a hit at divines: *It is kittle shooting at corbies and clergy.* The principal duty of the clergy, we always thought, was to try and drive the devil out of men's hearts and homes; and yet what do the Spaniards say? 'Por las haldas del vicario sube el diablo al campanario'—*The devil gets into the belfry by the vicar's skirts.* Sarcastic strokes at the monastic orders abound among European proverbs. The wrath of the whole monkish brotherhood, when one sacred cowl has been insulted, is finely described in this German saying: 'Beleidigst du einem Monch, so knappen alle Kuttenzepfel bis nach Rom'—*Offend one monk, and the lappets of all cowls will flutter as far as Rome.* The Germans have another proverb, narrating in humorous rhyme the jollities of a 'fast' (not fasting) saint:

'Sanct Martin war ein milder man,
Trank gerne Cerevisiam;
Und hat er kein pecuniam
So liess er seine tunicam.'

'Saint Martin was an easy man:
He loved to drink Cerevisiam;
And when he'd no pecuniam,
He left in pledge his tunicam.'

Among men of other professions and conditions who have been maligned in popular proverbs, the miller occupies a very conspicuous place. Strange that a man, usually so white, should be painted so black! The English say, *An honest miller hath a golden thumb*; and the Scotch, *Millers tak' aye the best mouther wi' their ain hand.* A money-grasping man must the miller be, for the Danes aver: *The miller is never so drunk that he forgets to take his dues.* The Germans proclaim his dishonesty in a very strong proverb: *What is bolder than a miller's neck-cloth, which takes a thief by the throat every morning?* The Spaniards have a similar opinion, including other sorts of men, however, in a very sweeping

condemnation: *A hundred tailors, a hundred millers, and a hundred weavers, are three hundred thieves.* The Dutch have a proverb of the same description, but they reprobate bakers instead of weavers. Honesty, in fact, must have sunk to the low level of the country in the Netherlands, as this other saying testifies: *A usurer, a miller, a banker, and a publican, are the four evangelists of Lucifer.* Some men have much to answer for, in bringing down such discredit upon a multitude of honourable callings. It would be easy to extend this branch of our subject; but we must hasten on to eliminate, if possible, a few of the more prominent distinctions of national character and genius, as developed in the proverbs of some of the European people.

In the Italian language there is a large collection of popular sayings; but they possess for the most part little in common with the shrewd practicality and stern Catonic morality of the old Roman maxims. No national collection with which we are acquainted contains so many bad and ignoble proverbs as the Italian. Numbers of them betray the worst spirit of selfishness, suspiciousness, cynicism, treachery, and revenge; and when we reflect that proverbs not only take their form and pressure from the distinctive character of a people, but react powerfully upon that character, heightening its nobleness, or deepening its baseness, it will then be evident what evil influences are at work, tending evermore to increase the demoralisation of the Italian people. If proverbs, inculcating a healthy morality, are the good seed which produces good fruit, unrighteous proverbs may no less truly be characterised as tares sown by the Enemy in the garden of the mind. What effect civil and ecclesiastical despotism, the dismemberment of the Peninsula, and the incessant jars of rival factions, may have had in corrupting the moral sense of the people, and through that their proverbial literature, it were curious to inquire. When a nation is united under a free constitutional government, mutual confidence is created, and generous intercommunion spontaneously flows, from the most perfect individual independence; but

when a country like Italy, inhabited by a population speaking the same language, and possessing the same characteristics, is partitioned into duchies and grand duchies, cantons, states, and kingdoms, each ruled by petty despots, after different fashions, the nobler qualities of the people must inevitably become enfeebled, and distrust, cunning, revengefulness, reign in their stead. The distrust and caution inculcated in this proverb, *Silence was never written down*, may be regarded as a warning to political prisoners immured in Neapolitan dungeons, when about to be subjected to official examination. What an evil spirit of universal suspicion manifests itself in the following: 'Da chi mi fido, mi guardi Iddio; da chi non mi fido, mi guarderò io'—*From those I trust God guard me: from those I mistrust I will guard myself.* Again: 'Chi ha sospetto, di rado è in difetto'—*He who suspects is seldom at fault.* Men are even warned to beware of those who make them presents, as if the gifts of friendship were but evil devices to serve some selfish end. Self-esteem, accompanied with contempt for the rest of the world, is represented as the noblest virtue and the highest happiness. Flattery is eulogised as the first principle in the art of conversation. And here is a rule of life in perfect harmony with such debasing sentiments: 'Con arte e con inganno si vive mezzo l'anno; con inganno e con arte si vive l'altra parte'—*With art and knavery we live through half the year; with knavery and art we live through the other.* There is something also truly diabolical in the spirit of revenge—cool, calculating, sleepless—which pervades many Italian proverbs. Revenge in the Italian heart is the worm that never dies, the fire that cannot be quenched; and the history of the people down to the latest period emphatically proves that such proverbs are only too faithful expressions of the popular spirit, and their direct tendency is to prevent that spirit from undergoing the shadow of a change. One proverb says: 'Wait time and place to act thy revenge, for it is never well done in a hurry.' The coldbloodedness of this inhuman advice is perfectly appalling. It suggests the thought of a man

brooding, by day and night, for weeks, for months, for years, over some real or imagined insult, rolling his revenge as a sweet morsel under his tongue, waiting and watching for his victim, tracking his unsuspecting steps through silent midnight streets and squares, until a favourable opportunity at last occurs, and then from below the assassin's dark mantle the stiletto is hurriedly drawn—a momentary glitter in the pallid lamp-light, a swift, cowardly stab, and the murderer gloats grimly over his prey. The righteousness of revenge is boldly announced; it ranks high among Italian virtues. He who cannot revenge himself is weak, they say; he who will not, is contemptible. Love may die, friendship may fade, but revenge is imperishable; it only gathers a subtler sweetness through the lapse of years, as this other proverb testifies: *Vendetta di cent'anni ha ancora i lattaiuoli*—*Revenge a hundred years old has still its milk-teeth.*

It would be unjust, however, to include all Italian proverbs in a common condemnation. Many of them are wise and just, inculcating honesty and honourable dealing; and some are distinguished for fine poetic beauty, delicate sensibility, and generous sentiments. What deep suggestiveness in this phrase: *Time is an inaudible file*. Here is another beautiful figure: *Good repute is like the cypress: once cut, it never puts forth leaf again*. Truthful, too, is the thought, and striking the comparison, in this proverb: *Curses are like processions: they return to whence they set out*. Slowly, but steadily and surely, the curse comes back upon the heart whence it issued. Such sayings as these, and many more might be readily quoted, redeem the national proverbs of Italy from general censure, and reveal those nobler qualities which their numerous 'dark sayings' tend so much to obscure.

The literature of Spain, barren enough in some departments, is peculiarly rich in ballad poetry and in proverbs. The 'Romancero General' contains upwards of a thousand ballads; and the manuscript collection of proverbs made by Juan Iriarte amounts, it is said, to well-nigh thirty thousand. Spain must surely have given birth to

many a mute, inglorious Cervantes. No one who studies Spanish proverbs can fail to be struck with their variety and their richness. We can only wonder that a nation possessing so many remarkable popular sayings, developing a peculiar idiosyncrasy of character and genius, should have sunk so low, and allowed herself to be outstripped so far in the march of progress. Shrewd, vigorous sense, such as the Spaniards get little credit for now-a-days, humour, staid thoughtfulness, and clear-cutting wit, characterise a large number of their proverbs, and not a few breathe a spirit of chivalry, freedom, and noble independence, akin to that of Bernardo del Cáprio, a hero of the old historic ballads, who, when he entered the palace of Alfonso to upbraid him for his treachery, and the king ordered him to be arrested, laid his hand on his sword-hilt, and said, 'Let no one stir! I am Bernardo; and my sword is not subject even to kings.' There is a proverb, in fact, which embodies this very spirit, and shows that the dignity of the subject equals the majesty of the king: 'El rey va hasta do puede, y no hasta do quiere'—*The king goes as far as he may, not as far as he would*. Here is another, in a similar chivalric vein: 'Posesion, y buena razon, y lanza en puno'—*Possession and good right, with lance in hand*. For thoughtful beauty few proverbs surpass the following, which loses much of its charm in translation: 'Gloria vana florece, y non grana'—*Vain-glory blossoms, and bears no fruit*. This 'gloria vana,' in the form of a stately cavalierism, or pride of race, blooms in not a few of the popular sayings of Spain. Little of the heroic spirit displayed by Bernardo and his three thousand Leonese, when they marched to Roncesvalles, speaks out in the following proverb: *Better they should say 'there he ran away,' than 'there he died.'* During the Peninsular War, many of the Spanish soldados seemed by their conduct to approve of the sentiment expressed in this saying; and indeed they too frequently showed a disposition to *stay away* in the hour of need and danger. In this savage proverb, 'Mataras y matarte han, y mataran á quien te matare'—*Kill, and thou wilt be killed, and he will*

be killed who kills thee—we hear blood calling for blood, and see revenge, like a fire unfolding itself, gathering fierceness as it grows; but there is a passionate headlong fury in the proverb which distinguishes it from the cool vindictive villany of the Italian sayings to which we have already referred. With another specimen we must close our quotations from Spanish proverbial literature: *He who has lost his reputation is a dead man among the living*. This may be applied to nations as well as to individuals, and to no nation in Europe more emphatically than to Spain. Her glory has departed; her age of chivalry is gone; and there seems little probability that she will ever be able to renew her youth, or to recover her lost energies and heroic spirit.

The Germans also possess a very excellent collection of proverbs. We may observe in them a more thorough intermixture of the Christian element than in the popular sayings of Italy and Spain. There is a simplicity, sincerity, and truthfulness about them, betokening soundness of heart and high moral culture. Weighty and solemn are many of the admonitions they contain; the dignity of labour receives due recognition; the domestic virtues are sustained by wise counsels. Compare the Christian spirit of this proverb with the Italian laudations of revenge: '*Rache ist neues Unrecht*'—*Revenge is new wrong*; or this other, in a similar strain: '*Rache macht ein kleines Recht zu grossen Unrecht*'—*Revenge converts a little right into a great wrong*. With how much terseness and truth are the evils of indolence described in the following phrase: '*Mussiggang ist des Teufels ruhebank*'—*An idle brain is the devil's workshop*. How beautifully again are the rewards of industry, both of the mind and hand, expressed in this poetic saying: '*Morgenstunde hat Gold im Munde*'—*The morning-hour has gold in its mouth*. A deep insight into the unconscious hypocrisies and self-deceptions of the human heart speaks out in this brief rhyming sentence: '*Zuviel Demuth ist Hochmuth*'—*Too much humility is pride*. One may sit in the dust with greater ostentation than on a throne. Of this overdone humility, which is

the worst form of pride, the imperial washing-of-feet ceremonial at Vienna may be given as an appropriate illustration. Here is a proverb evidencing high moral culture, and a just perception of those qualities which constitute the noblest form of man: *Piety, prudence, wit, and civility, are the elements of true nobility*. There is an honest heartiness in sayings of a humbler description, and the welfare of the body is not merged in the welfare of the mind. The Germans are said to delight in good cheer—to prolong the pleasure of appeasing the appetite, and some of their proverbs signify as much. Thus: '*Ein gutes mahl ist henkenswerth*'—*A good meal is worth hanging for*. And thus: '*Auf einen guten Bissen gehort ein guter Trunk*'—*To good eating belongs good drinking*. Martin Luther, who was the true German representative man in earnestness, sincerity, truthfulness, was also a genuine representative German in this respect, that he came eating and drinking, and loved the genialities of good cheer.

There is a fine felicity of expression, artistic yet natural, in a large proportion of French proverbs. They abound in alliteration and rhyme—those aids to memory which characterise in a greater or less degree the sayings of all nations. Here, for example, is a well-balanced and pointed phrase: '*Qui ne châtie culot, ne châtie culasse*'—*He that corrects not youth, controls not age*. Here are other two, equally happy in thought and expression: '*Vraie noblesse nul ne blesse*': '*Tout passe, tout casse, tout lasse*.' We leave them in the original, as they lose their peculiar charm by translation. A highly characteristic sprightliness and levity predominates in French proverbs. It is the policy of that people to make the most of everything, and the best of what is bad. Hence they say: '*Avoir des amis en paradis et en enfer*'—*To have friends both in heaven and hell*. With friends beside him, a Frenchman could make himself comfortable anywhere. Here, in brief, is the French philosophy of life: '*Courte masse et long dîner*'—*A short mass and a long dinner*. Patience is not one of their characteristic virtues, and so it is said by them: '*La patience est la*

vertu des ânes'—*Patience is the virtue of asses.* How much wiser is the Dutch saying: *An ounce of patience is worth a pound of brains.* We do not know whether the following proverb may be regarded as a result or a cause of the periodical revolutionary madness of Frenchmen: 'Il vaut mieux être fou avec tous que sage tout seul'—*Better be mad with all the world, than wise alone.* Another saying of theirs is much to the same effect: *One must howl with the wolves*—an advice which it was wisdom to follow during the Reign of Terror. A fine tenderness of poetic beauty, however, will be found in the best French proverbs. Take the following as examples: 'Les belles robes pleurent sur des épaules indignes'—*Rich garments weep on unworthy shoulders*; 'Craignez la colere de la colombe'—*Dread the anger of the dove*; 'Tendresse maternelle toujours se renouvelle'—*Mother's love is ever in its spring.* No translation can do justice to the delicate grace and beauty of this last proverb, exquisite alike in thought and in diction.

The Dutch proverbs strikingly reflect and represent the patient, plodding, persevering habits and character of the people. They glorify patience as much as the Italians glorify revenge. It is with them more than intellect, more than learning. A wise and weighty admonition of theirs runs thus: 'In geluk voorzigtigheid, in ongeluk geduld'—*In prosperity caution, in adversity patience.* They inculcate contentment with little, and the avoidance of extremes. The Dutch are, as a people, accused of selfishness; and some popular phrases, smacking somewhat too strongly of this quality, are to be found in their language. Sufficiently emphatic in its curtness is this declaration: 'Zelf is de man'—*Self is the man.* This sentiment remains substantially the same, with a little modification, in the saying: *Love others well, but love thyself the most; give good for good, but not to thine own cost.* Proverbs of a higher class than we might be apt to anticipate are not uncommon in the Dutch language. What vigour in this sentence: *Put your hand in your conscience, and see if it don't come out as black as pitch.* There is poetry again in this other

phrase: *Darkness and night are mothers of thought.* And no one can dispute the wisdom and insight of the idea embodied in these words: *Who don't keep faith with God, won't keep it with man.*

English proverbs again are distinguished for practicality, for strong moral sense, and vigorous common sense, for sincerity, and the expression of manly independence, for weighty wisdom, and raciness of wit. The numerous jocular sayings that abound in the language are the genuine home-products of 'Merrie England.' Some of these are somewhat coarse specimens of rustic humour and waggery; but all the more natural on that account, and none the less expressive. Wooing and wedding, be sure, have not been forgotten; and even widows are subjected to more than their due share of good-natured banter. The humorous proverbs are highly characteristic, and so likewise are the many proverbial observations concerning agriculture, the weather, and the seasons of the year. They manifest a shrewd, observant spirit, a watchful study of the skyey signs, necessitated by the fondness of the people for agricultural pursuits, and the changeableness of the weather in our northern climate. Some of the general rules laid down, however, are subject to many exceptions; and the prognostics of abundant or scanty crops, of severe or sunny seasons, are often based upon uncertain signs and insufficient evidence. There is a fine touch of natural poetry in many of these rustic sayings, as, for example, in the following: *When April blows his horn, it's good both for hay and corn. Calm weather in June sets corn in tune. When the clouds are on the hills, they'll come down by the mills.* That common saying, *Make hay while the sun shines*, was doubtless a peasant proverb in its origin and first application; but the admonition it contains is equally valuable with regard to all duties, and in all departments of life.

Here is a proverb which must be pronounced thoroughly English: *Hearts may agree, though heads differ.* In no country throughout the world is there more difference of heads, and more genuine agreement of hearts, than in England. Each man, glorying in his independence, has the right to think,

to act, and to argue freely, according to conscience, and hence there are vehement word-battles and infinite contentions on all conceivable topics; but when some great crisis comes, in which the national honour is involved, it is remarkable to observe how differences of opinion are lost in the unanimity of feeling which prevails. Proverbs abound in the language enforcing the necessity and the dignity of labour. Napoleon said that we were a nation of shopkeepers; and here is a saying, accordingly, which may be regarded as a national motto: *Business is the salt of life*. The manly vigour and indomitable determination of the Saxon soul speak out in these words: *Set hard heart against hard hap*. How nobly have our troops in India obeyed this stern injunction, struggling, battling against fearful odds with unparalleled energy and desperate daring.

The character of the Scottish people, too, is as faithfully developed in their national proverbs, as their poetic genius is beautifully embodied in their national songs. Here is Scottish perseverance: *A wee mouse can creep through a great corn-stack*. Here is Scottish 'saving grace': *Keep something for a sair fit*. Here is Scottish grave sagacity: *Laugh at leisure, ye may greet ere nicht*. Here is Scottish religious-

ness: *The grace o' God is gear enough*. Here is Scottish selfishness: *Better learn by your neebor's skaith, than by your ain*. The national habit of 'dram-dramming' comes out in such sayings as these: *Double drinks are gude for drouth*; and *Comes to my hand like the bow of a pint-stoup*.

We cannot close this brief comparison of national popular sayings, without expressing our conviction that the proverbial literature of many lands presents a rich field for study, which will amply reward the most patient investigation. A great polyglot of the best proverbs current among all nations would be a very valuable work. It would show, we are persuaded, that however far men may wander from right and truth—however crooked and unstable may be their ways—yet that the great soul of the world is ever struggling upwards to the light. Unrighteous proverbs there are, and must necessarily be, in all the languages of man, so long as human nature continues what it is; and some nations are more blameworthy in this respect than others; but it is pleasing to observe that the good in general largely preponderate over the evil, and that the deepest utterances of the heart harmonise with the precepts of religion and the ethics of the Christian faith.

ULYSSES THE POET.

I.—THE PRAYER.

Young Ebehard knelt at the Virgin's shrine,
And he cried—'O Mother and Queen divine,
Hear my longings, and grant my prayer!'

While he spoke, a gleaming
And streaming
Of golden light came forth on the air.

And the Mother of God in that light appear'd,
Not by the worshipper there to be fear'd;

The heavens themselves lay on her brow,
And full of lustre,

A cluster
Of roses, such as earth bears not now:

But such as in Eden's garden fair
Dropp'd from their stems of beauty rare,

Down in the dew of the morning skies,
 When God's breath quiver'd
 And shiver'd
 Through the thickets' glancing and tangled plies.
 And the Virgin-Mother to Ebehard said,
 'For the boon thou askest be not afraid,
 I will grant it to thee, and more;
 For thine is a spirit
 Whose merit
 Is boundless--an ocean without a shore.
 Thou askest the crown of wisdom to win,
 In the midst of earth's multitudinous din;
 To hear the eternal music roll;
 To pierce the clouded
 And shrouded
 Essence of all, with a poet's soul.
 Take a pilgrim's staff, and wander away
 Thousands of miles, to the Palace of Day,
 Built in the farthest and hoary East;
 Round which is folden,
 So golden,
 That primal light on which all things feast:
 Which was food and life from remotest time,
 For every age, and for every clime;
 From whose gates the sun and the rosy hours
 Roll round their courses,
 With horses
 Fed on dew from auroral flowers.
 There thou wilt find the gift of song,
 For which thou hast pray'd to me so long;
 Poetry there will descend on thee;
 When she has crown'd thee,
 And round thee
 Lies her omniscience, then think of *me!*'

II.—THE JOURNEY.

Ebehard has left his castle
 By the grape-girt Rhine;
 He has left his noble coursers
 For their lord to pine,
 With their trappings rare and jewell'd,
 With their chains of gold;
 All for love to be a poet,
 Such as was of old!
 Every ancient tried dependant
 He has left behind;
 Youthful page and armour-bearer
 Are by him resign'd;
 Shield, and spear, and glorious tourney,
 What are they to him?
 Onwards o'er the hills he passes,
 Through the forests dim.
 Robed like holy roaming palmer,
 With his sandal-shoon,

By the sun's red light he wanders,
By the waning moon;
Through the glades of Greece advancing
Unto Palestine,
Where Judea's unbelievers
Slew the Lord divine.

There the holy grave he visits;
Craves a blessing down
From the seat of Him who carried
Sorrow's thorny crown;
Gets a glimmer in his visions
Of the Virgin-Queen,
With the God-Boy in her bosom,
'Mid celestial sheen.

To the Father now has risen
That immortal Child:
Though the glories of the Highest
Under him be piled;
Building up His throne perennial
O'er all worlds and powers,
Yet He soothes His human brothers
In their woful hours!

On! and on! and ever onwards,
Lies the wanderer's track;
Still his longings rush before him,
Never looks he back;
Many a kingdom now is printed
With his footmarks deep.
Ebehard! may Christ's good angels
Vigil o'er thee keep!

Wondrous knowledge he has gather'd
From his wondrous toil—
Knowledge gain'd in many a climate,
Gain'd on many a soil;
He begins to look through nature
With clear-seeing eye,
And the universe's meaning
Flashes on him nigh!

And the circle of that knowledge
Ever wider grows,
Till he mirrors in his bosom
Life's consummate rose;
Till the flower of all things, springing
Into form in him,
Sheds a light around his being—
Erewhile bare and dim.

On! and on! and ever onwards,
Lies his weary road;
Many are the gifts and blessings
On his path bestow'd.
Courts of eastern kings and satraps,
Huts of wo and strife—
All are in his soul reflected,
Picture vast of life.

But the Day's fair golden palace,
Whence the sun comes forth,

To enlighten with his glory
 Many-peopled earth—
 Never dawns upon his roamings
 Through remotest East;
 Never cheers his weary labour,
 Now so far increased.

Till at last, worn out in body,
 And worn out in mind,
 For his castle in the Rhineland
 And his friends he pined;
 Cast away his darling project,
 And in deep despair,
 Back his weary footsteps tracing,
 Breathed ancestral air !

III.—THE CONSUMMATION.

Before the Virgin's shrine the wanderer lies,
 His visage scar'd with marks of wo and grief:
 His kingly brow embrowned by eastern skies—
 His soul exhausted, hopeless of relief.

The harp—that at his side with wailing strings
 Seems as to sorrow for its master's fate—
 He strikes; and from its golden spirit brings
 Notes that are tuned to love, and not to hate.

He pours forth to the music of its chords
 A song, wherein the universe appears,
 Clear and transparent through a veil of words—
 Song fitted to delight angelic ears.

He sang of all that he had heard or seen,
 Life's every aspect in the world of men—
 The earth array'd in hope's eternal green,
 With interchange of hill, and lake, and fen.

It was as if on some sublimer place
 The hearer stood, and saw his old abode
 On globe spin round and round through vacant space,
 Kept in its circle by the touch of God.

While o'er its endless varying surface raced
 High shows and wonders of gigantic mould;
 Vast seas by mountains, tombs by castles chased,
 An iron age behind an age of gold.

There through the rose-lit dusk of Persian bowers
 Glimmer'd the whitest limbs of lovesick maids;
 One moment flees—and battle o'er the flowers
 Shoots his red thunderbolts through hell's black shades.

Sudden, the everlasting ocean rolls
 A nation's navies into roaring death;
 Follows some calm lake, where two kindred souls
 Are mirror'd, as they mix impassion'd breath.

Such was the perfect and perennial song
 Which Ebehard pour'd at the Virgin's shrine—
 Of life in pictures sharply-mark'd and strong,
 All glorified by fancy's light divine.

'And why,' he cried, 'hast thou, O Queen of heaven,
 Sent me on such a hopeless pilgrimage ?

Why were such longings to my bosom given ?
Why in a toil so vast did I engage ?

Sudden, a light gleam'd through the shadowy fane,
And like the sweetest music breathed a voice:
'Call not thy pilgrimage or labour vain—
Weep not its consequences, but rejoice !

Thou on thy wandering road hast found the goal,
And not within the Palace of the Morn;
Thy toils have fill'd with poetry thy soul,
For out of travel is the poet born !'

J. J.

Scientific Summaries.

THE FUTURE OF AUSTRALIA.*

ALTHOUGH there are grounds for believing that in the sixteenth century the Portuguese descried lands which, from their position in old MS. maps, must have been Australia, our own great navigator, Cook, was really the first to discover, examine, and describe large portions of the coast of this vast continent.

Afterwards remaining for a long time among the 'terre reclusæ' of the world, this vast region, the interior of which proves to be a worthless desert, now offers to the world the glorious spectacle of four great British colonies or separate governments on its eastern, western, and southern shores, whilst it pours forth on the old countries of Europe a shower of mineral wealth far exceeding in amount anything hitherto recorded in the history of mankind.

Thirteen years have elapsed since, as your president, I dwelt at some length upon an Australian topic, which seemed to me of paramount importance—the retention of Port Essington, and the establishment of other settlements in Northern Australia. Having lived to re-occupy this chair, I will revert to the same theme; whilst I crave your indulgence if I previously engage your thoughts for a few moments on another Australian subject, to which I have also given some attention—the gold produce of those countries.

If New South Wales has exhibited a diminished supply from most of those

tracts which first gave forth their golden abundance, and has only recently been enriched by a small additional quantity derived from a part of Bathurst county, the great coast-chain, bending to the west, and passing from the high level of the Mount Kosciusko of Strzelecki to Victoria, has proved to be charged in certain spots with an amount of gold quite unheard of in any other part of the world.*

The extraordinary rise of the flourishing colony of Victoria is the necessary result of such a vast auriferous produce, and the simple fact, that upwards of 125 tons of gold were sent to Britain in the preceding year, exclusive of local use and exportation to other countries, is so astounding, that a few years ago the mind would have been incapable of measuring the effects which such an enormous addition to the symbol of material wealth might produce upon the destinies of the human race.

Without pretending to statistical acquirements, I formerly ventured to contend that, as the scarcity of the precious metals throughout vast portions of the civilised world had long been a growing evil, and that the hoarding of a substance

* The total produce of New South Wales in 1856 was 138,823 oz., whilst the returns from Melbourne for the same year give the enormous amount of 125 tons 6 cwt. 6 lbs., or a money value of upwards of 12 millions. My distinguished friend Sir Charles Nicholson, formerly Speaker of the House of Representatives at Sydney, informs me that there can be no doubt that gold is surreptitiously disposed of to a considerable extent (by the Chinese especially); so that the actual quantity of the precious metal produced is probably in great excess of that specified in the official tables.

* From the 'Address at the Anniversary Meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, 25th May, 1857. By Sir RODERICK I. MURCHISON, G.C.Sr.S., D.C.L., F.R.S., &c., President.'

so easily hidden as gold would continue, and even increase, in countries having unsettled governments, so it seemed to me that, great as the supply might be, it would not be more than sufficient to meet the demand. The dry river-beds of the Old World had, in fact, to be filled up with the golden stream; and experience has now shown us how long it has taken to fill them, and how inadequately they are yet supplied.

But then comes this question. If the present annual amount of supply from Victoria and California should continue, must not a great depreciation of the precious metal follow? Now the answer must be shaped in accordance with unquestionable geological and statistical evidence. Judging from experience, all gold-veins in the solid crust of the earth diminish and deteriorate downwards, and can rarely be followed to any great depth, except at a loss in working them. Again, as the richest portions of gold ore have been aggregated near the upper part of the original veinstones, so the heaps of gravel or detritus, resulting either from former powerful abrasion, or from the diurnal wear and tear of ages, and derived from the *surface* of such gold-bearing rocks, are, with rare exceptions, the only materials from which gold has been or can be extracted to *great* profit. These postulates, on which I have long insisted, in spite of the opposition of theorists and schemers, have every year received further confirmation, and seem, on the whole, to be so well sustained as matters of fact, that the real problem we have now to solve is, how much time will elapse before the gold of Australia is finally riddled out of these heaps or basins, or extracted from a few *superficial* veinstones?

It would indeed be presumptuous in any one who had not closely surveyed the rich auriferous tract of Victoria to pretend to answer this question; but I beg my associates to understand, that there is a wide distinction between the measurable capacity of the contents of these broken heaps, or rare thin veinstones *in situ*, and those imaginary mountains with bowels of gold of the theorist, the very thought of which has shaken the nerves of so many fundholders. For, it must be remembered that all the accumulations of broken golden materials, or the great sources of supply, have well-defined bottoms. They are, in fact, troughs filled

in with gravel or shingle, the cubical contents of which, when the country has been thoroughly surveyed, can be computed; and though it may never be possible to predicate the amount of ore contained in all parts of such slopes or hollows, yet, judging from the rate of excavation now going on, a good geologist like Mr Selwyn, who is conducting the survey in Victoria, may well be able to give us approximate data as to the probable number of years required to empty out the metalliferous fragments from all those troughs or basins in which they have been detected.

The other sources to which I have alluded, I learn from Mr Westgarth, an intelligent resident of the colony, have, however, of late been worked to some profit. These are the narrow veinstones of quartz rock, two or three feet thick, which at the surface are rich in gold, and which have also been partially worked in California; and so long as the miner is near the surface, these veinstones will unquestionably well repay the cost of working them. When, however, they are followed downwards into the body of the rock, they have usually been found impoverished, either thinning out into slender filaments, or graduating into silver or other ores; so that these insulated thin courses of auriferous quartz—mere threads in the mountain masses—will soon be exhausted for all profitable purposes, when the upper portions shall have been carried out.

But, whatever may be the duration of the gold produce, Victoria has already become a wealthy colony, whose agriculture and commerce have risen to a pitch which will insure her future greatness, even should the period arrive when her rich golden harvests are no longer to be gathered.

Nowhere in the annals of mankind has there been known so wonderfully rapid a rise, as that which has taken place in and around a spot which, surveyed only a few years ago, was first formed into a separate colony in 1837. In each file of the well-written periodicals of Melbourne, we see pregnant proofs that this spot is already one of the great centres of the world's commerce, and is inhabited by an intelligent and advancing people, well worthy of the parent stock.

The latest accounts from Western Australia, given in the detailed explorations of it, as published in our proceed-

ings, afford little hope that our colonists are there to be enriched by mineral wealth; the great saline desert which Sturt tracked from south to north, and Eyre travelled upon coast-wise on the south-west, having been met with at several points by Gregory and Austin. Again, rich as is South Australia in her Barra-Barra copper mines, no material quantity of gold has yet been detected in that colony, notwithstanding some vigorous searches, among which those of Mr Herschel Babbage have recently been brought to your notice.

Turning, then, from that knot of elevations which, forming the background of Victoria, are so prolific in gold, and exploring that long eastern Cordillera which leads from New South Wales to the Gulf of Carpentaria, though we may meet at intervals with an auriferous patch or two to entice the explorer northwards, the real incitement to new settlers is found in the rich soil and the good herbage they fall in with, as they extend civilisation northwards. Thus, from the clear and accurate survey of the vast Peel River settlements by that sound mining geologist, M. Odenheimer, we now know that no valuable amount of gold is to be found there, either in the loose debris or in the solid rocks. Independently, however, of gold, the northern progress of civilisation, as far as skill and energy can aid it, will assuredly be secured upon a solid basis by the present enlightened Governor-General Sir W. Denison.

The exploration of that eastern Cordillera, so long ago undertaken by our enterprising associate, Count Strzelecki, to which I specially directed your attention in 1844, and which has since been carried further out by Leichhardt, Kennedy, and Mitchell, has recently had its northern and north-western offsets brought more definitely into notice by Gregory and his associates. The advanced guard of the colonists has now even crept on so far beyond Moreton Bay, as to be already within about 560 miles of the head of the Gulf of Carpentaria; and judging from the fertile nature of most of the unoccupied lands, the period is doubtless not very distant when our countrymen will reach that great haven, which, penetrating for 500 miles into the continent, will surely, in future ages, be crowded with ships carrying on a great commercial intercourse between Australia

and the Eastern Archipelago, Hindostan, and China.

Looking to that future, and even to our present interests, it was a subject of regret to many of us, that it should have been thought expedient to discontinue the occupation of Port Essington, and to abandon all intention of holding any other station along the northern coast of this vast continent. Unable now to enter upon a consideration of what bay of the eastern side of the Gulf of Carpentaria may be selected as an 'entrepôt,' I have little doubt that the time will soon come, when all minor difficulties will disappear before the energy of British colonists, in their endeavours to connect their Australian possessions with the rich marts of the eastern hemisphere.

In treating this subject, there is, however, another point which seems to me of such incalculable national importance, that I must beg your permission to say a few words upon it. If the idea of forming settlements through convict labour is to be discarded as respects the Gulf of Carpentaria, because the free population of New South Wales is advancing towards that great haven, then let us turn to that noble bay upon the north coast, of which Cambridge Gulf forms the western side, and whose eastern side receives the waters of the Victoria River. First explored by Philip King in 1819, and by Wickham and Stokes in 1839, the basin of the Victoria was recently the scene of the encampment of Gregory, whence he extended his researches southwards to the saline desert, and eastwards to the Gulf of Carpentaria. The real opinion of such an experienced colonist and geographer (whose merits have been already dwelt upon, in conferring upon him our Founder's Gold Medal) is of infinitely greater value than those speculations which would describe the whole of that region, on account of its latitude, as unfit for the settlement of the Anglo-Saxon race! The plain answer to this view is, that on the banks of the navigable river Victoria, the party of Wickham and Stokes were perfectly healthy in 1839; and that recently our countrymen were stationed there for nine months without the loss of a man. Our medallist, Mr Gregory, after a residence of many years in Western Australia, has thus written to his friend, the former governor of that province:—'This portion of Australia far surpasses the western coast both in its ferti-

lity and extent, and its capabilities for settlement. Good harbours are numerous along the coast, and there is abundance of fine country for stock and cultivation.' Again he says:—'The valley of the Victoria far exceeds the best parts of Western Australia both in fertility and extent.'

Let us also hear what Dr Ferdinand Mueller, the botanist of the last expedition, says. This gentleman, who, by his Australian researches, has, according to Sir W. Hooker, placed himself in the front rank of botanists, having collected in tropical Australia about 1500 species of plants, of which 500 are new, thus writes to his friend Mr C. Latrobe, the former Lieut.-Governor of Victoria:—'North Australia, with the exception of the east coast, possesses essentially a *dry Australian*, and not a *moist Indian climate*. *Fevers do not therefore exist*, and we escaped such jungles and swamps as those in which Kennedy's party exhausted their strength. There is abundance of good country in North Australia, and, with access for vessels to the lower part of the Victoria, full scope for the formation of a new colony. But as a new settlement can scarcely be formed in such a remote and certainly hot part of the globe without prison labour, against which the public mind is turned with such decision, and as, without great inducements, the squatters will find it for a long time unprofitable to migrate in this direction, I fear that the pastures of North Australia will yet be left flockless for a long time.'

With such facts before them, it is possible that our government may see that this prolific and healthy region, *so remote, and so entirely cut off by the great interior saline desert from all our established colonies, that no intercommunication can possibly take place*, is, notwithstanding its summer heats, a perfectly fit and proper receptacle for our convicts, whose labour there would completely repay their cost of maintenance. When our prisons are crowded, and crime is rapidly augmenting with our increasing population, it does indeed seem desirable to seize upon such a zone of exile as is here offered, and, by removing worthless characters from our land, render them really useful in occupying the only coast of that continent on which the British flag does not now fly, though it has been there twice unfurled. But I forbear to press

this feature of a topic which can be better handled by politicians; and all I venture to urge is, that, whether by forced or free labour, North Australia should be colonised.

When presiding over you in 1844, and in then expressing an opinion, from the best authority, that if our government would render Port Essington a permanent and independent colony, rich mercantile houses would at once set up establishments there, and freight large vessels to trade with the Eastern Archipelago and China, I wrote in the full conviction, that even if that particular station should be abandoned, because it was exposed to tornados, other sites could be selected in a region which so many experienced naval officers and other authorities have eulogised as offering capacious harbours, and a climate not unsuited to Europeans—lands in which the pastures are magnificent, whilst the sea swarms with the finest fishes.

In the face, then, of these evidences, is the state of indifference of our country to North Australia to continue? Is Britain not to commence the formation of a settlement, whether by penal servitude or free labour, in the fertile basin of the northern Victoria or elsewhere, and thus secure future entrepôts for her commerce? What better guarantees can be had that success would follow, than the fact, that in the worst and most exposed part of this region (Port Essington) a British garrison was in a healthy state for several years, and that in its more southern portion the explorers in two expeditions have equally preserved good health?

Lastly, looking to the future destinies of our country, is it to be forgotten that France has recently taken possession, not only of that New Caledonia which our own Cook discovered and named, but also of the Isle of Pines, where our colonists from Sydney carried on a trade in sandal-wood, and has thus acquired a *point d'appui* on the eastern flank of our largest Australian colony?

Or ought we to close our eyes to the vast importance, not only of securing good harbours of refuge in Northern Australia, but also of there establishing naval stations, which would prove invaluable for steam navigation, and where, in the event of war, our fleets may rendezvous, and thence move directly upon the flank of any enemy who might be operating against our eastern trade and possessions?

In short, it is scarcely possible to point to any region of the globe where British occupation is so imperatively called for, whether as a precaution, or with a view to future commercial interests. Expressing, then, an earnest hope that a settlement may be soon established on the banks of the Victoria, and in the adjacent Cambridge Gulf, and believing that great national advantages must follow, let us trust that, if such a consummation be attained, the proposers of it may not be forgotten, and that it will be remembered that the last North Australian expedition, now happily completed under the direction of Her Majesty's Government, was a child of the Royal Geographical Society.

NORTH AMERICA.

British Possessions.—The gradual advance of civilised man towards the remoter regions of North-western America, has long drawn the attention of geographers to those extensive tracts, still distant from the settled country, which afford an almost undisturbed asylum to the aboriginal population of the continent. It would scarcely be credited that, within the limits of British America, a region including at least 112,000 square miles, extending from the head waters of the Assiniboine River to the foot of the Rocky Mountains, and from the northern branch of the Saskatchewan to the 49th parallel of latitude, our boundary with the United States, has remained almost completely unexplored.

The comparative scarcity of fur-bearing animals in this portion of the territory of the Hudson Bay Company, the warlike character of the Indians, and other causes, have alike contributed to prolong our ignorance of lands which may, at no distant time, become the home of thousands of our countrymen.

Mr Palliser, a traveller, who had already spent a considerable time in the neighbouring districts of the Upper Missouri, and whose adventures as a sportsman form the subject of a popular work, conceived the project of employing two years in the exploration of the tract to which I have referred, along with the adjoining portion of the Rocky Mountains.

Mr Palliser's original intention was, as I have understood, to undertake this journey at his own expense, and with no other companions than those whom he

might engage as voyageurs and hunters to join him in traversing the Indian territory. Having, however, addressed himself to our secretary, his proposal was at once brought before the notice of the Council, by the direction of which it was referred to our Expedition Committee, and fully discussed. In consequence of this, a letter was directed by myself, on the 6th of January, to the Right Hon. Henry Labouchere, the Secretary of the Colonies, in which the Council strongly advocated the exploration of that portion of British North America between the parallels of 49° and 53° N. latitude, and 100° to 115° W. longitude. The chief objects of the exploration were then stated to be—

1. To survey the water-parting between the basins of the Missouri and Saskatchewan; also the course of the south branch of the Saskatchewan and its tributaries.

2. To explore the Rocky Mountains, for the purpose of ascertaining the most southerly pass across to the Pacific, *within the British territory.*

3. To report on the natural features and general capabilities of the country, and to construct a map of the routes.

Mr Palliser's experience, his success in conciliating the good-will and respect of the Indians, and his anxiety to make his journey conducive to the increase of scientific knowledge, pointed him out as well fitted to be the leader; but it was evident that, without the aid of fellow-travellers, trained to accurate research, and accustomed to the use of scientific instruments, no very accurate results could be expected from the expedition.

After considerable discussion, the Lords of the Treasury consented, on the recommendation of the Secretary for the Colonies, to submit to Parliament a vote of £5000 for this purpose, on the understanding that all the collections and results of the expedition should be placed at the disposal of government.

Three scientific gentlemen have been since appointed to the expedition—Lieutenant Blakiston, of the Royal Artillery, on the recommendation of the President of the Royal Society, to conduct the astronomical and physical observations; Mr Bourgeau, an experienced and successful botanical collector, selected by Sir William Hooker, the director of the Royal Garden at Kew; and Dr Hector, a medical gentleman, recommended by

myself, on the score of his geological and zoological acquirements, as well as for his general fitness to contribute to the objects of the expedition. Mr Palliser is, moreover, himself conversant with the use of the instruments which have been supplied by government, and has the advantage of an experienced assistant as his secretary; so that the important object of determining the geographical position of the points visited by the expedition has been amply secured.

The instructions given to Mr Palliser by H.M. Secretary of State, direct that the journals of the expedition, together with the records of the observations, shall be made out in duplicate, and that one copy shall be transmitted to England, from time to time, as opportunities may occur. An assurance was also given that the journal of the expedition shall be regularly communicated to this Society, according as it shall be received at the Colonial Office.

The departure of the expedition was somewhat delayed by the severe illness of Mr Palliser, but he sailed with his companions on the 9th of May, and information has been received of their arrival at New York in good health, and with their instruments in working order.

During the present season it is intended that they should proceed from Fort William, on Lake Superior, to Lake Winnipeg and Fort Garry, examining *en route* some portion of the watershed between Lake Superior and Rainy Lake. From Fort Garry the expedition will pro-

ceed westward to the head waters of the Assiniboine River, and will explore some portion of the country between the southern branch of the Saskatchewan and the boundary of the United States, turning to the northward to winter at Carlton House Fort.

The summer of 1858 is to be employed in traversing the country of the Blackfeet and Blood Indians, between the two branches of the Saskatchewan, tracing the southern branch to the foot of the Rocky Mountains, and in endeavouring to settle the disputed question as to the existence of a practical pass in the chain, between the Kootaine Pass, south of the 49th parallel, and the pass between Mount Brown and Mount Hooker, more frequently used by the servants of the Hudson Bay Company.

Apart from the public interest which belongs to the exploration of a large and important portion of British territory, it is impossible not to anticipate valuable additions to natural science from the united labours of the members of this expedition, and to feel proportional satisfaction that government should have seen the propriety of complying with our recommendation, by fitting it out in an efficient manner.

Let me add, that the establishment of a direct line of intercourse between our Canadian possessions and Vancouver Island, which, being 250 miles in length, contains good ports and valuable coal-seams, is not the least important of the national interests connected with this survey.

WHAT BEFEL MY COMPANIONS;

OR,

MEMORIALS OF THE JOLLY DOGS.

EDITED BY FRANCIS MEYRICK, ESQUIRE.

COFFEE was brought, and our sleepy friend was revived by it: we then rejoined my wife and her sister in the drawing-room. Vernon seated himself by Mrs Poyntz; and Meyrick, after addressing a few words to Miss Herbert, took me aside, and began again to discuss (in the grave tone which came naturally to him when the subject was really a serious one) the sad story we had just heard.

In my quality of host, I instinctively looked round to see how Trench was occupied. To my great surprise, Miss Herbert was entertaining him graciously. Knowing so well as I did the openness of her character, and aware as I was of the strong antipathy she had to the erudite gentleman, I could not indeed, then, at all account for the strange behaviour; but I afterwards learned that it had

resulted from a sermon which my wife, in the full dignity of a matron, had preached to Fanny, on the exceeding sinfulness of quizzing, and the unlawfulness of satirical language. The said homily, being of great eloquence, had, it appeared, brought the dear sinner to repentance, and she in consequence had voluntarily vowed to perform the severe penance she was now inflicting on herself. As it was, I saw that the change in her demeanour was as flattering to Trench as by him too it was unexpected: a few minutes sufficed to bring him into a kind of fascinated state; a few more, and he was talking to his fascinating with a degree of animation and even gaiety, which I had never seen him exhibit before, and really believed him incapable of exhibiting. Poor Fanny! she little knew what she was doing: better far would it have been if she had left things as they were. Not but that my wife had advised her for the best: I myself approved of what Mrs Poyntz had said, when she told me of it that night, as she duly did. 'Well, Anne,' said I then, 'you gave Fanny very sensible advice, and I am glad she profited by it.'

To return: while I listened to Meyrick, and nodded to him now and then, I kept my eyes on Vernon, being anxious to see what effect would be produced on him, when he came to notice the new footing on which it seemed that Trench stood with Fanny. For a time he did not see it, occupied as he was himself with the conversation he was maintaining with my wife. But at last he turned round, and his glance fell on the couple; and then instantly over his features also there passed an expression of surprise. It was, however, of surprise mingled with vexation, disappointment, and even something like disgust; I read jealousy in it too. But as quickly as it came that expression was gone, and he was again exactly as he had been. He was possessed, as I well knew, of great self-command; nor, if such a man sometimes betrays himself for an instant, is it to be wondered at: still less was it to be wondered at on this occasion, for he had been off his guard on one point, and the most perfect self-command will fail at times

when it is taken unawares. I have seen a veteran soldier wince, and even start, at the sudden explosion of a Waterloo cracker; I have seen an unexpected answer from a witness bring a flash of satisfaction, or the contrary, over the hardened visage of the oldest of Old Bailey lawyers.

But I was not the only one to observe Vernon's change of countenance, and the cause of it. Meyrick's quick eye had seen as much as mine had. So, to put a stop to what he probably considered an unpleasant, and indeed unnatural state of matters, he broke off his colloquy with me; and resuming his rattling style, and advancing into the middle of the room, he thus spoke:—'Mr Speaker. Mr Meyrick. Sir, this won't do, you know. Each young man has a young woman, but never a young woman have I, for so I may translate, and also transpose, an excellent Scottish song.' Therefore, I shall take up with music, a heavenly maid. She is not so young as she once was, but she is better than nothing and nobody. First, I shall play the Devil's Sonata, as performed by that favourite of the public, to Corelli, in a dream, on the banjo. Then I shall sing a Patagonian melody; it shall speak for itself. After me, Madame Poyntz and Mademoiselle Herberti will sing a duetto, and then anybody that likes will sing or play what they please. The whole to conclude with a grand concert stuck'—so he pronounced, though he knew better—'by Signor Terencho. Great laughter and cheering. So here goes.'

After this speech, with a grand wave of the hand, he seated himself at the piano, and struck a few horrible discords. Which done, 'That's the celebrated nigger sonata I promised,' said he, wheeling round on the music-stool; 'it is quite worthy of the composer. Now for the song; it is very touching and melancholy; so prepare to weep.' And then, accompanying himself tolerably well, he sang to a truly doleful air—

'There was a man, and he had a calf—
That's half—that's half.
So he took him out of the stall,
And he tied him up to the wall—
That's all—that's all!'

'Bravo! ah, bravo!' cried he, as he concluded with running the back of

a finger over the keys, first up and then down. 'Now Mademoiselle Herberti. Come on!'

The fact is, I believe that the worthy fellow thought himself a sort of minor Theodore Hook.*

My sister-in-law was led to the piano by Meyrick, and her conversation with Trench was thus broken off; the thing Meyrick had desired to effect. She sang; and then my wife sang; and then they sang together; and then Vernon declined to sing; and then Trench declined to sing; and then Meyrick sang some more nonsense. Then we gathered round the fire, and began a general conversation.

'By the way, Mr Vernon,' said Mrs Poyntz, after a little of it, 'you said before dinner that when you saw us in Paris last autumn you were being taken to prison. How was that?'

'Pocket-picking'—suggested Meyrick.

'It was on an absurd suspicion of being concerned in some conspiracy against the king's life,' said Vernon, smiling. 'I had in my lodgings some arms I had brought from different countries, and the foolish porter of the house denounced me. That was all. I easily cleared myself. The thing was annoying certainly, but it is a way they have in France. I guessed, when I saw you, that my friend Poyntz was married, and happily married.'

'An annoying way indeed they have there,' said I. 'But come, tell us something more about yourself, and your wanderings, and your exploits. Give us some idea of what you have been doing, and where you have been, these last few years—some general idea. You went to Algeria from Spain; what then?'

'No, no! another time!' cried Meyrick. 'At present it is getting late. Let us be off. I know you intend to ask us to stay supper, Poyntz; were it only for the memory of the old Jolly-

Dog days. But we don't intend to accept; do we Trench?'

So they all three went, Vernon promising to call on me next day in the Temple.

I strongly suspected at the time what Meyrick intended to do that night; and when he and Vernon came to my chambers next day, which they did together, I found that my suspicions had been well founded. He had got rid of Trench at the corner of the street, and then had carried off Vernon to his lodgings in Bloomsbury; where they had talked over former days (and over bowls of punch in memory of them) till three o'clock in the morning. It was rather selfish of Meyrick.*

'What do you think, girls, of my newly-found friend?' asked I of Mrs Poyntz and her sister, when our guests had gone.

'I like him,' said my wife, emphatically.

'I rather like him too,' said Fanny, somewhat pensively.

It was about a month after this, that I one morning received from Meyrick the note, a copy of which I shall presently give. During that month, Frank and I had frequently consulted together as to what could be done for Vernon, whose circumstances we greatly feared were narrow indeed. But we could think of nothing. 'Poor Philip!' exclaimed Meyrick to me one day, when we were thus deliberating. 'He says he is fit for nothing in this country; and I am afraid it is but too true.'

'And yet what a noble fellow he is,' said I; 'he is good for anything—too good for most things, I fear, as the world goes.'

'He says he has enough to live upon,' returned Meyrick, 'and that an old soldier, such as he is now, needs no more.'

'It may be so,' said I, 'but he must live upon very little then.'

'He says he can keep out of debt,' continued Frank, 'and that is all he cares for. Stay—I have an idea. Is there nothing in the militia that would do for him? There is nothing in it, I am sure, he would not do for. And —'

* Not at all.—F. M.

* This is the only spiteful thing I ever knew Poyntz either write, say, or do. I of course allow it to stand—to stand, that is, as well as a thing without any foundation can. But I protest against the insinuation: I never thought myself another Theodore Hook, still less a minor one. Besides, the song was not improvised, as Hook's were; it was not even original; it is as old as the times of my late great-grandmother.—F. M.

'A bright idea!' interrupted I. 'Perhaps there is something in it, too. But I know nothing about the militia.'

'You should not say that,' rejoined my critical friend. 'A lawyer should know everything, or, at least, he should pretend that he does. However, I, who am no lawyer, am at liberty to confess that I know as little about the matter as you do. But we can inquire.'

'Where?' asked I, smiling.

'I don't know that either, of course,' said Meyrick; 'but we can find that out too; even if we had to write to *'Bell's Life'* about it. I shall ex-cogitate the thing.'

Vernon had gone to live in Somers Town, a locality recommended by Meyrick on account of its cheapness. There our friend had taken a large unfurnished room, with a closet attached to it: in this closet he kept his boots and shoes, his coals, and also a bath, and the rest of his lavatory apparatus: his large room he furnished in the simplest style—the scantiest would probably be the word employed by most people. An iron bedstead and a chest of drawers, four chairs, a large table and a small one—such was nearly his complete inventory, for there were no curtains, no carpet, in short, almost nothing else whatever. A few books, in strong bindings, were ranged on a set of hanging shelves: it will serve to show his tastes when I mention the names of a few among those of them that I took down and looked at the first time I visited him. There was the *'Anabasis'* of Xenophon, not a translation, for he was a very fair classic: a copy of *'Shakspeare'*, in one volume; *'Don Quixote'* (a fine Spanish edition); Burton's *'Anatomy of Melancholy'*; the *'Physiologie du Gout'* of Brillat-Savarin; Goldsmith's two plays, bound together; and an old manuscript, of which I could make nothing, it being in Arabic, as he told me when I asked him. I forget the rest. A small pocket-Bible with silver clasps lay on a chair beside him that morning as I entered; he had evidently just been reading it; but I never saw it again—at least it was only long afterwards that I did, and in other circumstances.

'You don't want for books at any rate,' said I on that occasion, un-

thinkingly; unthinkingly, for otherwise it would have been a brutal speech. 'And they are the choicest of the choice,' I added, hastily.

'You must not, however, suppose that I carried all these books always about with me,' said Vernon, with simplicity, and evidently supposing that I was surprised at the extent of his library. 'I used to take one or two with me at a time, and leave the rest in *depôt* somewhere. Those shelves fit together, and with some other boards I have in that closet there, they make a packing-case. The whole affair was shipwrecked once on its way to me, but I recovered my old friends after all, as you see; and they were not the least damaged, happily.'

But if Vernon's room was so poorly furnished otherwise, the decoration of the wall against which his bed stood was rich enough. Over the bed, and on that wall, was arranged a collection of arms which would have made a show anywhere; and the collection was as various as the way in which he had arranged it was tasteful. Some of these arms, he told me, when I inquired about them, had been presented to him; others, but not many, he had bought; the rest were his spoils of war. Almost all of them had each its story; when I come to speak of Vernon's history while he was abroad, I shall have occasion to notice one or two pieces of this trophy, but I certainly shall not attempt to draw up an auctioneer's catalogue of the whole here. Suffice it to say, that the weapons were of all kinds, and had been brought from several different countries; in number they were perhaps twenty; as regards the value of them it must have been considerable.

I have but one or two other notes to make as to my friend's habitation. On frames in the windows, of which there were three, stood several boxes and pots of flowers, full of promise, if not yet very attractive in appearance: Vernon was very fond of flowers, as I knew of old. At one end of the room lay couched, on a mat, a noble dog of the St Bernard breed, who watched us with grave interest as we moved about the room, swept the floor with his tail whenever we passed near him, and laid down his head upon his paws, when finally we seated our-

selves. On the larger table lay writing materials, a book or two, and bundles of papers neatly tied up, and in an orderly manner arranged; on the smaller stood a loaf of bread and a water-bottle; I had disturbed my friend at his breakfast. As for himself, when I entered, he was pacing the floor in a garment of scarlet, or that had been scarlet. We shook hands, and then, observing my eye attracted by his rather singular dressing-gown, he laughed, and said, 'Don't you recognise it? It is the old red rag.'

And so it was: he had donned the veritable old red gown which he had worn as his academical costume at Glasgow College. 'I have preserved this among other relics,' continued he. 'I have left it here when I went abroad; and ten days ago I reclaimed it, and the rest. I would not part with it for a great deal, and it really makes me young again to strut about in it.'

Such was the style in which Vernon had established himself in London. I have sketched it, because it shows the man. But having done so, I return to the note from Meyrick, of which I have spoken. It ran thus:—

'Great Coram Street.

'MY DEAR FELLOW,—Come and dine with me to-morrow here, to meet Vernon. Mrs Biggs says that dinner will be on the table at six. Do come—in short, no compulsion, only you must. I shall show cause why. Is that good law?—Yours ever,

'FRANCIS MEYRICK.

'P.S.—There will be a Jack-in-the-box. That's why.—F. M.'

Meyrick, as the date of his note shows, lived in that lively, and indeed magnificent, nay fashionable, concourse of bricks called Great Coram Street. One might have been inclined to believe that the instinct of my very wise, though very merry friend, had led him to select the locality with a view to tone down the somewhat florid character of his temperament; or otherwise, and just on the contrary, that his design was to bring it out, if possible, into bolder relief. The fact was, however, that the street had not been of his own choice at all; as will presently be seen.

I have just been describing one in-

terior; by way of companion picture, or rather as a contrasting one, let me describe another. But first let me present a pen-and-ink miniature of Meyrick himself.* So also shall I be naturally led to explain how he came to settle in the backwoods of Bloomsbury.

Francis Meyrick was the second son in a very large family: his father was a country squire, whose squiredom lay in the fair County of Devon. As a younger brother, Frank seemed destined to turn his abilities to account; and as those abilities were far above the average, to good account I feel convinced he would have turned them, if he had only had the chance. But unfortunately, as I think, though certainly he does not, a maiden aunt, whose favourite he was, left him all her money, and so made my gentleman independent. Not in the usual way, however; for with a laudable, and perhaps not unnecessary prudence, which Meyrick—in his laughing way, be it understood—often complained of, the worthy lady had directed that her fortune should be converted into an annuity for him. The consequence of this was, that he had some three or four hundred a-year for life, and could not get rid of it. And on this, after having been once rather severely bitten by Jews, he was content to live; having found on trial, and to his agreeable surprise, that he could live on it very comfortably. 'It is quite easy,' he said at last, 'to live on three hundred a-year or so, when you once know the way.'

After a short experience, one after the other, of Bath, Cheltenham, Paris, and a ruin on the Moselle, in which last domicile he set up as a hermit, he had finally established himself in London, first in the region vulgarly called Belgravia, and then in Great Coram Street, as aforesaid. But every now and then he would run down to Devonshire, and turn the old Hall upside down for a week or two,

* I print what follows about myself, without suppressing or altering a single phrase from the manuscript before me; for, though it cannot of course be altogether agreeable to me that I should thus edit an account, and so minute an account, of myself, I feel that the text is, so to speak, sacred to my care, and not to be sacrificed to please my wishes or my taste.—F. M.

chiefly with laughter. A famous place was that old Hall, and a hospitable! Mrs Poyntz and husband, and Fanny, and the children, too, had, at the time I am writing of, been twice carried off to it by Frank, and no place in all their lives, always excepting their home, have they ever enjoyed more or so much. Such a hearty old place it was! How those two visits became to all of us epochs to date from! What a vision of Paradise it was to the children! How it, and all about it, served them through many years as a standard for everything! 'That's not so nice a pony as the piebald I rode at Meyrick Hall,' my little boy would say. 'When will you take us back to Meyrick Hall, mamma?' his little sisters used to ask, for long.

Meyrick's landlady was named Biggs. Mrs Biggs had been in succession a cook, a housekeeper, a wife, and a mother: she was now a widow, and let lodgings. As a cook, she had been initiated into all the mysteries of her noble art, till a blue-riband of the first class was Mrs Biggs; as housekeeper in a great family, she had moved amongst, or at least near, the best society, so that Mrs Biggs was ladylike though squab; as a wife and mother—she had married the butler—Mrs Biggs had become a model woman in the development of her kindly affections; and now as a widow, with her children all provided for out of the house, she was a model landlady.

This was just the person for Meyrick. Her cookery was of itself a great attraction, for he was no small epicure; and Mrs Biggs, though there was a regular and official functionary in her kitchen, personally directed the important operations conducted there. Her genteel manners—genteel was the word she would herself have used—were a second, and an equal attraction; for Frank, without being very fastidious as to what or whom he came across accidentally, was rather nice as to anything or anybody he was always in contact with. But Mrs Biggs' greatest attraction consisted in her motherly ways: a thousand little acts of thoughtfulness made Meyrick the most comfortable of men: a pleasant smile, a cheerful word, and a ready ear, were to him more pre-

cious than even consummate cookery was: while so highly did he estimate both her discretion and her good sense, that he confided to her things which perhaps he would have told to no one else, and took counsel of her in many matters far beyond her comprehension.

Oddities about Mrs Biggs there were, and not a few of them; but to a man like Meyrick these only recommended her the more: they amused him, and gave him something to talk about: almost every time we met he had a new story for me about Mrs Biggs. But he invariably concluded such with something to her praise, and expressive of his esteem for her; as on one occasion thus:—

'Mrs Biggs is a treasure indeed!' he exclaimed, as that afternoon we were walking together near Hampstead. 'In prosperity she is ornamental as well as useful. She is a comfort and a refuge in adversity. Under her roof I have enjoyed a sane mind in a healthy body. With the knowledge that she would attend to me, I could fall sick in perfect security. She preserves my equanimity; she anticipates my wishes; she replaces my shirt-buttons. She cares for me, Poyntz; she keeps me good, Poyntz. My Biggs to me a kingdom is, and better than a kingdom, for what should I do with a kingdom? She is as efficacious as one hundred wives, Poyntz; and a good wife—like yours, for instance—is worth fifty kingdoms.'

It had been at the time that Meyrick had gone to the Jews that he became acquainted with this excellent lady. She then kept lodgings in a small street at Knightsbridge. Frank, suddenly wakening to a sense of his extravagance, made up his mind, with characteristic decision, to retrench at once, and get clear. Chance, as we call it, led him to the house of the widow. He took one of the two rooms which constituted the upper storey of it, called himself Robinson Crusoe, and told his friends, when he met them, that he had gone to Jericho. Meyrick seldom did things by halves.

He had been there some six months, declining all invitations, and solacing

himself with study,* when his father and mother, and the whole of the family, came up from Devonshire. They came to town triennially, and this happened to be the year for their visit. Frank, who till then had not thought it necessary to grieve his parents by a detail of his circumstances, now disclosed everything in his usual candid way; upon which his father said he was a prodigal son, and a spendthrift, and a true Meyrick; and then the old gentleman paid the true Meyrick's debts. They were not very great, after all, he found—nothing to what he expected to find, when first he heard that they existed.

And Meyrick's mother, anxious about her son in the old-fashioned way, introduced herself to Mrs Biggs, and was delighted with her. 'It would be such a comfort to know that Frank was always in the house of such a respectable person,' said the good lady to her worthy husband.

'But now that he is out of his difficulties, depend upon it he will leave that nice little room; for after all it is a very small one. If we could only get him to stay with Mrs Biggs, I should be so happy!'

'That's it—so should I,' said the old gentleman. 'He may get into a worse scrape than this one, if he has nobody to keep him steady. I think Mrs Biggs is just the very woman to manage him. Don't you think so, Mr Poyntz?'

For Mr Poyntz was present at the discussion—my quality of a married man, added to my known friendship for Frank, making me a very proper person to be taken into council.

The end of all this was as follows: Mrs Meyrick opened diplomatic relations with Mrs Biggs; and Mrs Biggs, on one condition, and after due deliberation, offered to take a larger house at the next term, in which house Mr Frank was to have the drawing-room floor. The one condition was, that Mrs Meyrick should furnish the same. Mrs Meyrick, on her part, undertook to furnish it.

As to Frank, there was no difficulty in getting him to consent to the ar-

* I always think of that time, and that little room, with pleasure. 'O les beaux jours que j'étais malheureuse!' as Sophie Arnould used to say.—F. M.

rangement, though his mother, in her anxiety, expected some. 'My dear mother came to me with a face as long as to-day and to-morrow,' said my friend to me, in telling me about his part of the affair, and supposing me to know nothing about it; 'and she looked so serious and frightened, that I actually thought something dreadful had happened. Yet it was only to say that Mrs Biggs was going to take a larger house, and that they—my father and mother, I mean—would be pleased if I went with her. Bless them both! I would live up the Monument, or along the Tunnel, to please them. Bless them both again!'

So it was settled; and, rejoicing greatly, the good old couple, with their immense family, went back to their dear old Hall, posting to Devonshire by easy stages, in the roomy old family coach, and a hired one of equal dimensions which they had brought with them from Exeter.

'Now, where would you like to live, Mr Francis?' asked Mrs Biggs one day, in pursuance of the scheme. She had come, as she regularly did every morning, to see what he would like for dinner. Note also, that she now and ever after addressed him as Mr Francis, except when she addressed him as Mr Frank. After the gracious, or, as she said, affable way in which his mother had treated her, she felt herself a friend of the family, and entitled to do so. 'Where shall I take a house, Mr Francis?' asked Mrs Biggs.

'Wherever you like, Mrs Biggs,' returned Meyrick. 'So that it is a house with a door to get in by, I don't care where it is.'

Rash were the words; for about a fortnight later, after coming home every lawful day during that period in a state of great physical prostration, and declaring that she was exhausted off her legs, Mrs Biggs one forenoon announced to my friend that she had taken a house in Great Coram Street.

'Great what? Where's that?' asked Meyrick.

'Within one minute's walk of the Foundling Hospital,' said she.

'Eh!' cried Frank, in great dismay; 'you don't mean that? There?'

'Yes I do,' said Mrs Biggs, complacently.

'Near the Foundling Hospital!' exclaimed her lodger. 'The house is not taken? The thing isn't done, I suppose?'

'To be sure it is,' returned the good little woman, in a voice of triumph. 'The thing is done. I have done it. It is done, done, and done!'

'So am I, then,' sighed Meyrick, sinking into a chair. 'Within one minute's walk of the Foundling Hospital! There's a part of the town to live in!'

'You don't mean to go for to say that you don't like it, Mr Frank?' said the poor woman, anxiously, and now for the first time doubtful if her choice of a locality had been judicious. Then another idea flashed across her simple mind. 'Oh, Mr Meyrick!' she cried, 'is the street not respectable? Whatever you do, don't tell me that the street isn't respectable, or you will vanquish me outright. Oh, Mr Meyrick! please—is the street not respectable? Because if it isn't, I wasn't told, and —'

'Oh, it is quite respectable, I dare say,' returned Meyrick, rather bitterly. 'Indeed I have no doubt of it, madam. Make yourself easy on that score. It is only a great deal too—respectable, as you call it. That's just the worst of it, Mrs Biggs.'

'But, oh dear me, Mr Frank, and you are not pleased!' sighed Mrs Biggs; 'and I thought to bewitch you. Oh, what a thousand pities! Oh!'

The poor woman's evident distress disarmed the amiable Frank at once. 'Mrs Biggs,' said he, with assumed solemnity, 'you know my ways. I was joking. The situation, if not bewitching, is at least enchanting. Great Coram Street is the very street I should like—to pass through as quickly as possible. In fixing upon Great Coram Street, you have shown your usual judgment, and your intimate acquaintance with the congruity of adventitious relationships. Within one minute's walk of the Foundling Hospital! Think of that! If I should become a foundling some of these days, I should only have a step to go.'

'Oh, there's no fear of that,' exclaimed Mrs Biggs, brightening up a little. 'How ever could you become a foundling, Mr Francis, so long as your dear pa and ma live in Devonshire?'

'It's all right, Mrs Biggs,' returned Meyrick. 'You are a very sensible woman. "Francis Meyrick, Esq., of Great Coram Street, Brunswick Square," sounds very well, I think. Shake hands, old lady. I am going down to the Temple to see Poyntz. Don't you marry till I come back. Let the chops be chops, and not bend leather, as they were at that place I dined at last week; and send for me if the house takes fire.'

'Oh, there's your fun come back again!' cried Mrs Biggs, with tears of joy in her eyes, for she was now quite reassured. 'But positively, Mr Frank, you did frighten me so! You spoke so queer, and looked so strange, I really and truly thought you did not like Great Coram Street.'

Down came Meyrick to my chambers. 'Within one minute's walk of the Foundling Hospital!' cried he, the moment he entered my room.

'What's the matter now? What do you mean?' I asked.

'That's me,' replied my abrupt friend, as he seated himself, and fell to laughing. And then he recounted his scene with Mrs Biggs.

'But now that I have told you my folly, let me tell you my wisdom,' said he, in continuation. 'I have been meditating, on my way here. My eyes are opened. I have been an ass. Write me down an ass, will you, with that pen. It's all humbug. I have actually been getting into the cant of what the 'Morning Post' calls "fashion"—I who hate all cant and humbug as the Enemy hates holy water. I have been getting incrustated and jappanned all over with affectation. This is a confession, you see; for my eyes are opened—my eyes are opened. I must not live in Bloomsbury, forsooth! It's not fashionable! I am fashionable, I suppose—I, whom the very word sickens. They have been asking me to their houses because I'm clever. A plague of all their houses, say I, chimney-pots and all! I have a great mind to go and ask the eldest daughter of some of them in marriage, just to see what they would say. But I'll take to low life—upon my word I will. No I won't; it's fully as bad.'

'It is my opinion,' said I, when he at last stopped, 'that you are in a passion.'

'Monster!' cried he, 'who ever saw me in a passion?'

'I did,' returned I, 'the other day, when that costermonger was belabouring his donkey, and ——'

'Monster again!' interrupted Meyrick, 'why need you remind me of all my sins? You are a devil's advocate, you are, you barrister you. No, no; my eyes have been opened by that adorable woman Mrs Biggs, and after the term I am to be within one minute's walk of the Foundling Hospital. Mind that, and tell it to everybody. I'll get it engraved on my cards.'

'Do,' said I; 'and since you have taken such an independent fit, you had better also have "no connection with any other concern." It would be original, at least.'

'That certainly would be the ticket,' said Frank, laughing; 'and I have no objections to sport it, if it will please you. Also, after Meyrick, "late Fool." It would be true. Stop! I know what you are going to say—late—perhaps it wouldn't. Never mind; I shall be as wise as you some day, if you don't take care.'

In due time my pleasant though impulsive friend was established in Great Coram Street, and in style. Other lodgers soon came; and once in the house, they remained permanently, for they too found that Mrs Biggs was a treasure. There was a half-pay but childless naval captain and his wife on the ground-floor; a colony of genteel spinsters settled in the upper; Mrs Biggs herself occupied the attics with her household; the first floor was assigned to Meyrick.

That floor was divided into four rooms, rather an unusual arrangement in that part of London, I believe. Two of these were large, and two were small. What Mrs Biggs called the back drawing-room became his bedroom: it was plainly, but very comfortably furnished. Entering from it was his dressing-room: he called it his workshop, because he had a hammer and a chisel or two in it: the walls of it he papered himself, as high as he could reach standing on a chair, with caricatures of all kinds. The corresponding little room to the front he called his dining-room; and he did dine in it when alone, though if any one was with him he found it too

small: the decorations of this refectory were sporting prints of much variety; fishing-tackle, and a hunting-horn; boxing-gloves, foils, and masks. Finally, the front drawing-room was his drawing-room, and a very nice one too. Damask and Kidderminster; a soft sofa and a very easy chair; a cabinet piano and a large mirror—the rest was to match. Bookcases, filled with handsomely-bound inmates, and having some bronzes on the top of them, lined half the extent of the walls. A timepiece, rather too much gilt for my taste, stood on the chimneypiece; a collection of articles, which for want of a better name I may call grotesques, flanked it on either side. A large table in the middle of the room was littered with newspapers and periodicals; two smaller ones were half covered with sundries, such as a chess-board and a flute-case; a vase meant for flowers, but as often empty as adorned with them; a desk, and a quaint box or two, including one for cigars; with other odds and ends, some useful and some not. In the last place, let me say that the walls of this room were relieved by a number of very fair drawings and water-colours. They were all done by Frank's sisters, and he was very proud of them.

Such were Meyrick's rooms—the man himself might so far be guessed from a survey of them; to afford the means for a fuller appreciation of his character, I shall, however, add a few words about his personality.

Frank, as I have already said, was of no profession. He was, however, anything but an idle man about town. On the contrary, he was always one of the busiest men I knew; and that to some purpose, too. There are busy-bodies who are perpetually busy, yet do nothing, after all—drones constantly bustling about with a powerful hum, who nevertheless make no honey. Of such Frank Meyrick was not. All he did, and it was much, was done well, and to the purpose. Only his efforts were frittered away on such a variety of objects, that no one great thing could come of them. Had he ever but learned to concentrate his ability and his activity on a single pursuit, they could not have failed to have told powerfully.

Let me run over his different occupations, or some of them. In the first place, he was something of a literary man. He contributed to reviews and magazines; but his articles were in general much too hastily written, and the sum of the result was something like this, out of ten contributions offered to perhaps as many editors—

One would be accepted, and paid for.

Two would be accepted on the understanding that payment was not to be expected.

Three would be 'declined with thanks.'

And four he would never hear of again.

Next, he wrote letters to newspapers, sometimes signing 'Publicola,' or some such name, sometimes 'Jack o' Lantern,' or a name like that. Now and then, however, he would write a leader for a friend who was taking a holiday; and that style of writing suited his slapdash turn very well, though I scarcely think he could have done the duty regularly. Farther, he occasionally sent a pun or a conundrum to 'Punch.' I am not sure, but it is probable enough, that he was the gentleman sometimes referred to in that spicy miscellany as 'our insane contributor.'

Then he was the secretary of a benevolent society, and the treasurer of a charitable one, and the president of a convivial club. His love of conviviality, I may say, in passing, was a thing he rather paraded; his benevolent and charitable deeds, except those performed in his capacity of treasurer or secretary, he did by stealth, and the full extent of them was known but to himself. I can, however, mention one department in which he excelled, and his doings in which could not be kept altogether secret—he had a wonderful way of procuring situations or employment for deserving young men and women, and for middle-aged and old ones too, indeed.

Then, again, he was a member of the Grotto, and his speeches there were a rich treat—always racy, sometimes eloquent, they were. We used to call him Lord Palmerston on that account. Farther, he was on the free-list of several theatres; and he amply deserved the privilege and repaid the favours, by the judicious assistance and

advice he would offer to manager, and actor, and actress. Strange to say, his counsels, as well as his aid, were almost always acceptable to those professional people; but he was a great favourite, and he had much tact, and a delicate, besides his odd way of doing things.

Sporting, too, or sport and sports, in many various branches, occupied some of his thoughts and time. He would book a bet or two on the Derby and the St Leger, though for no other races, I believe. He visited now and then a pugilistic 'crib,' and knew Ben Caunt, and Jem Ward, and the Tipton Slasher, and such worthies, by sight, though he rather nervously avoided being drawn into making their personal acquaintance, and never could summon up courage to be present at a fight. Then, again, he was a member of the Leander Club, and pulled a tolerable oar; he also professed cricket, and was one of the Marylebone; but, as he had no time to practise, he would not have figured, I suppose, even in an eleventh eleven. Then he was a freemason, and held high office, I have been told, in some lodge. I am not a member of that secret society myself, so I cannot speak from personal knowledge, but I have little doubt that the red-hot pokers with which neophytes are tortured on their initiation were handled and applied by him with diabolical glee, and that the mysteries of the order, whatever they may be, are regarded by him as something very sacred.

He used to make his appearance in the courts of law, too, when any very important case came on, or when any circumstance gave him an interest in one; and more than once I have been on the point of losing my temper or my gravity, when, on rising to speak, I have suddenly caught sight of him near me, looking straight at the opposite wall with a vacant stare; which he was kind enough to assume, he would tell me afterwards, lest any expression on his countenance might disconcert me.

But I believe I have now said enough to show what sort of a man was my good friend, Francis Meyrick.

—
In obedience to Meyrick's summons,

I was before his door at the time he had appointed. Tom, the boy in buttons, responded to my knock, and grinned as I entered. Whatever might be the name of any boy Mrs Biggs engaged, he was invariably called Tom; this was Meyrick's express desire, to save trouble.* Why this Tom particularly grinned that day, I could not imagine at the time; but I did not think proper to examine him on the point. The fact which would have accounted for it was, that, to prevent accidents, Meyrick, as I afterwards found, had cautioned Tom, with the accompaniment of awful threats, not to open his lips to me. I had quite forgotten about the Jack-in-the-box.

I went up-stairs, and was welcomed by Meyrick and Vernon; the latter smiled uncommonly, I thought, but Frank was portentously grave. However, I unsuspectingly seated myself on the sofa; but no sooner had I done so, than two hands, belonging to some one concealed behind it, were suddenly applied to my eyes, and—

'Capitally done!' cried Meyrick.

I was a little startled, but said nothing, and sat still, folding my arms, in token of resignation to my fate.

'Now, who is it?' cried Meyrick, through his merry laughter. 'Hot cockles! all hot! Name—name! Who is it?'

'Jack-in-the-box, evidently,' said I.

'Clever fellow that, after all! Isn't he, Vernon?' said the arch-conspirator.

They teased me a little, and insisted on my guessing whose hands covered my eyes; but I repaid them by naming unlikely people, such as the Duke of Wellington, John Doe, Mr Pickwick, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and similar personages. At last Meyrick said, 'That will do now; let him see.'

So the hands were removed, and, turning round, I beheld little Peterkin, formerly one of the Jolly Dogs, and surnamed Lapdog among them.

'Why, it's Pug! I declare, it's Pug, by all that's funny! Is it really you, Puggie?' cried I, seizing his hand.

'Mr Benjamin Tod Peterkin, if you

please, sir,' said the little fellow, with some dignity, as he came round to the fire. 'Very glad to see you again, however.'

The truth was, that Pug, and its Scottish diminutive, Puggie, were nicknames that had been in days of old bestowed on Peterkin against his will, and to his annoyance. I knew he did not like them, and certainly they would not have been brought up by me again, had I not been taken unawares by his unexpected appearance. However, an apology would have made matters worse: so I said nothing.

I had not seen or heard of this little fellow since we parted at the final supper of the Jolly Dogs, nor even then did I know much about him. His father, I had understood, was a 'writer' in Glasgow,* and Benjamin was his only son: he was 'bumptious,' as we used to say, and rather clever: he had squeezed himself into our set somehow or another: it was, probably, in part for his good-humour, in part through his impudence, and in part from his being, not always intentionally, a source of merriment to us, that he received the honour of admission to our society. This was really all I could have told about him. And what I learned of his subsequent history up to the time of his rising from behind the sofa, may be related, so far as it was purely personal, with almost equal brevity. I heard it during our dinner (which, to use the newspaper phrase, 'was served in Mrs Biggs's best style'), and it was no more than this: at the age of twenty-one he had been called to the bar, or had 'passed advocate,' as they say in Scotland: he consequently now resided in 'the Modern Athens,' otherwise called 'Auld Reekie,' the one and the other of which titles he himself several times assigned to Edinburgh in the course of the evening. He went the Western Circuit, and 'was getting into a good share of

* A 'writer' in Scotland is a kind of attorney. There is a variety of them (and I am told a superior variety) called 'writers to the signet,' or (in Edinburgh) 'double-u-cessa.' I have taken the trouble to make some inquiry on the subject, but I confess that I do not yet know what the 'signet' is to which these gentlemen write. But it is no great matter after all.—F. M.

* The truth is, that Mrs Biggs (rest her soul!) was rather addicted to changing her servants. It was the single fault I had to find with her.—F. M.

business: he was a member both of the Speculative and of the Juridical Societies,* and had passed the chair in one or both of them: he was not married, but intended to be, very soon: he lived in Great King Street, where he would be delighted to see all of us when we came that way: his first wig had cost five guineas, but did not fit him after all, so that he had been obliged to get another: he had been retained in the great case of Robertson against Robertson's Trustees, his father being the Glasgow 'agent' for one of the parties; the case had gone against his clients in the Court of Session, and it having been appealed to the House of Lords, he had been sent up to watch over it, and especially 'to keep the Attorney-General and the Lord Advocate to their work,' those gentlemen being of counsel for the appellants.

The idea of little Peterkin controlling Sir John Campbell, or being considered of the slightest importance by him, was rather rich; but the self-sufficient fellow was perfectly serious in speaking as he did, and plainly imagined that he was keeping Mr Attorney from neglecting the case. He was in truth most amusingly conceited, and, to describe his demeanour in one sentence, he had completely acquired that style which the specimens I have seen of them make me think characteristic of your Edinburgh men. For he was pert, and yet solemn; forward in manner, yet reserved in bearing; opinionative, dogmatic, and detestably prone to argument, yet shy amongst men of the world, and very deferential to people of rank. Also, he was prim.

During dinner Peterkin talked of little else than what was saying and doing in 'the Modern Athens:' he talked, moreover, as if what was said or done there gave law to the world. As thus; 'we think so and so in Edinburgh;' 'it is not thought so in Edinburgh;' 'we intend in Edinburgh;' 'it seems to us in Edinburgh;' 'our opinion in Edinburgh is that;' 'that is all very well, but in Edinburgh;' 'Edinburgh intends;' 'Edinburgh approves;' 'Edinburgh will oppose;' 'Edinburgh has decided.' Then again he spoke of having seen somebody 'in

the House,' and I thought he had been to the House of Commons; but it appeared that he was referring to the 'Parliament House' of 'Auld Reekie,' and that the said 'House' is the large hall which adjoins the courts, and in which advocates assemble, gown and wigged; that it is the Scottish Westminster Hall, in short. Then he told us how he had defended a thief at Glasgow, who was one by 'repute and habit,' as the Scottish criminal law says,* and how he had very nearly got him off; how he had bamboozled a Highland jury at Inverary, with the effect that, the prisoner being accused of 'housebreaking, aggravated by assault,' they had brought in a special verdict of 'Guilty of going in at the window to see the girl,' whereby they drew, from the presiding judge, the reproach that 'he supposed the next thing they would do would be to find him (his lordship) guilty of going in at the inn-door to eat his dinner;' farther, how he had been snubbed by the Justice-Clerk at Stirling. This last story, by the way, made Meyrick ask how he had allowed himself to be snubbed by the clerk; upon which Benjamin laughed loud and long, and then said, 'A clerk! I wish he heard you! He is a judge, sir; the second highest judge in Scotland. But that reminds me of a good story: the Lord Justice-Clerk is a very dignified man, you know; and he was shooting partridges one day in Ayrshire. He went beyond the ground over which he had a right, and got into a turnip field. Up comes a farmer, and "Get oot o' my neeps!"† says he.—"Fellow!" says the Justice-Clerk, "do you know who I am?"—"I dinna know, an' I dinna care," says the man; "oot o' my neeps!"—"Sir! I am the Lord Justice-Clerk!" says the Lord Justice-Clerk.—"What?" says the farmer; "whase clerk? But I dinna care whase clerk ye are—oot o' my neeps!"'

This was not a bad story, and indeed little Peterkin now became very funny. The fact was, that he was really a pleasant enough fellow when

* 'Habit and repute,' I understand from the excellent Scot who has revised these sheets, is the proper shape of the formula.—F. M.

† *Anglice*.—"Get out from among my turnips."—F. M.

* Two debating clubs in Edinburgh, I am told. F. M.

he laid aside the artificial nature he had acquired in Edinburgh, and 'the House' there; for he was a good creature naturally: he was the 'frisky little Peterkin' Meyrick had called him at my house, whenever he gave himself fair play. By his own confession, he greatly dreaded the gossip of the 'Parliament House,' and at home required to be very careful in all his ways; but with us he thought himself pretty safe; and indeed he seemed to think that in London at large he might unbend. And after dinner he did unbend, much to our amusement, and evidently to his own satisfaction. Nevertheless, the slightest allusion to the 'Modern Athens' made him draw in his horns at once, and look as absurdly consequential as if he had been suddenly transported back to 'the House' again. This, however, was only more amusing still. Meyrick, I may say here, had fallen in with him at Baron Nicholson's, or some other judge-and-jury place; whereas Benjamin Tod Peterkin would as soon have danced a hornpipe before a real court, as have shown himself in any tavern of 'Auld Reekie.' He had thought, however, as I have just said, that he was pretty safe in London, and so had ventured to tread such unhallowed ground. It will easily be imagined how horrorstricken he was when Meyrick clapped him on the shoulder there, and with a sepulchral voice whispered in his ear, 'Benjamin Tod Peterkin!' So much by way of introducing this ancient Jolly Dog, and for the purpose of accounting for his appearance at Meyrick's table.

After a most delectable dinner, we came to our nuts and wine. As was to be expected, old days and the Kennel speedily became our topic.

'I never could understand,' said Peterkin, almost as soon as the subject was started, 'why so many of you came to Glasgow from England. How was it?'

'As regards me,' said I, 'it was my late guardian's choice. The worthy gentleman was an old friend of Lord Lansdowne, and Lord Melbourne, and Brougham, and all that set of venerable Whigs; and they, or some one of them, spoke to him once or oftener about their experience of a Scottish college. They were Edin-

burgh men, most of them, I believe—Edinburgh college men, I mean; but my guardian decided for Glasgow, chiefly on account of Sir Daniel Sandford. That is why I went, or rather was sent, to Scotland. I really do not know about the others, unless it be about Trench: he had Scottish relatives, which may account for the thing in his case. Vernon and Meyrick there can speak for themselves.'

Vernon was silent; seeing which, Meyrick said, 'Oh, in my case, too, the thing was simple enough. As I was a younger brother, it seemed at one time that I would have to make money somehow or other, and my honoured father thought it would answer the purpose if he made me a merchant, or something of that sort. Perhaps I might have been a sugar-baker in Bristol; only fancy! But as things have turned out, I have not needed to turn anything of the kind, and to this day I have not the smallest idea what a merchant does, or a sugar-baker either; your merchant sits in a counting-house, I believe; and looks at samples of things, and has ships, and sets of books, and clerks, and all that; and he goes on 'Change and so on; but I really don't know: as for sugar-bakers, I suppose they bake sugar, but I won't be positive; and what the use of baking sugar is, I can't imagine—I never saw any baked sugar. Well, my father probably thought I would acquire a taste for commerce in the atmosphere of Glasgow; at least that is the reason I have usually assigned to myself for his sending me there. But if such were his views, his hopes were not fulfilled; the attempt was a failure.'

'And you, Mr Vernon?' said Peterkin. 'Why did you honour us with your company?'

'I don't know—at least I am not sure,' replied Vernon, rather hastily.

Meyrick and I exchanged glances; the same thought had previously occurred to both of us, namely (and the thing was likely enough), that Vernon had been sent to Glasgow at the instigation of the family from which his new aunt had at last emerged; it was probable enough that it had been thought advisable to get him as far out of the way as possible.

'Do you know anything of any of

the others, Peterkin?' asked Meyrick, anxious I thought to prevent the Lapdog from worrying Vernon with farther questions, as he seemed prepared to do. 'What of Mungo Michael Malcolm, for instance—Lurcher that used to be?'

'I know nothing of that individual,' said Peterkin.

Nor did he know anything of the others whose names Meyrick ran over from memory. Meyrick, I may say, purposely omitted to speak of Ward, nor did Vernon or I point out the omission; as to Trench, he simply told Peterkin that he was in London, reading as usual.

'You have forgotten honest Poodle,' said I, when he seemed to think he had named all of our old companions except poor Marmaduke. 'That was

John Smith, you know, Peterkin; can you tell us anything about him?'

'To be sure I can!' cried Peterkin. 'Anything? Why, I know all about him.'

'Tell us then all about him,' said Meyrick. 'He was, indeed, a good honest creature—simple rather, but honest and good; very honest, very good.'

'You shall hear all about him, if you like,' returned Peterkin, emptying his glass, as if laying in strength to tell a long story.

And a tolerably long story he did tell: I proceed to give the substance of it only; but occasionally I shall endeavour to give an idea of the manner and style which distinguished my learned and eloquent brother, the narrator.

ART AND SCIENCE ABROAD.

AN UNRECOGNISED CRIMEAN FOE.

WHILE the Allied Armies were firing away at their ostensible enemies, the Russians, they little suspected the danger in which their stores of ammunition were placed by the attacks of another alien army, which had stealthily made its way thereto, and which was quietly converting the *munitions de guerre* into *munitions de bouche*. Nor was their invasion even known to the invaded till long after all danger was past; so that we can now look upon the event not only without alarm, but derive from it instruction and amusement.

The first intelligence of the aforesaid invasion that came to our ears was in the shape of a notice issued by the Paris Academy of Sciences, to the effect that M. le Maréchal Vaillant had presented to the Academy several cartridges, the balls of which had been pierced clean through, by some kind of insect, during the sojourn of the allied troops in the Crimea. The cartridges were handed over to M. Duméril, who was asked to examine the specimens, one of which contained the insect, lodged at the bottom of a hole which it had excavated for itself.

In the following week M. Duméril

presented his report, of which, since it contains a compendium of the natural history of *lead-eating insects*, we will give a condensed translation.

'Our honourable confrère,' says M. Duméril, 'has presented to the Academy a very curious observation; namely, that relative to the leaden bullets which had been transpierced by insects. The balls had been enclosed in cartridges for the use of the Imperial Guard during their sojourn in the Crimea. Of those which the Maréchal laid before you, one contained a specimen of the insect in a dried state; but it was easily recognisable as belonging to the order *Hymenoptera*. It was found at the bottom of a cavity which it had bored for itself in the solid lead.'

'Having been charged by the Academy with the examination of these objects, I take advantage of the opportunity to point out several facts which I have met with in the course of my researches, and which satisfactorily prove that insects of various kinds do nibble and perforate metallic substances, not often to nourish themselves, but in order to make a passage from one place to another. Most of

these have belonged to the order *Coleoptera*, possessing strong mandibles, and whose body and elytra had a firm, horny consistence; but in the particular case now before us, I have found, for the first time, the work of perforation performed by a kind of saw, indented and roughened like a file, in lieu of the boring apparatus with which the soft-bodied, cylindrical, elongated members of the *Hymenoptera* are mostly provided. It belongs to that sub-order to which, fifty years ago, I first applied the name of *Serricandæ* (Saw-tails). Although this insect is very rare in Paris, I am sufficiently acquainted with it to be able at once to pronounce it a specimen of the *Urocærata* of Geoffroy, an author to whom I shall have again to make allusion.

But let us first look at a few facts established by the researches of various entomologists, and recorded in their works. In 1833, M. V. Andouin presented to the Entomological Society of France a piece of lead taken from the roof of a building, which lead was full of deep, sinuous cavities, apparently made by the larvæ of *Callides*, which had thus effected a passage to the wood beneath, in which they lodged and nourished themselves. He hazarded an opinion, that perhaps the lead was disgorged in the form of a humour, destined to soften the wood on which the insects fed. In support of his view, he mentioned that M. Emy had seen at Rochelle portions of entire coverings of lead, which had been not only nibbled, but pierced from surface to surface, by the larvæ of these insects.

In 1844, M. Eugène Desmarest, in a notice upon the perforations made by insects in metallic plates, after mentioning several kinds of insects which live and nourish themselves upon ligneous matter, expresses an opinion that it is only in their last or perfect state that they are able to nibble lead. He communicates instances of perforation in plates of lead by the species *Bostricha capucina*, and by some of the *Callidia*, such as that called *couleur de feu* by Geoffroy; and, quoting from Westwood, he mentions the *Callidium bajulus*, which lives habitually in the posts and joists of buildings, and which in this particular case had formed a colony in some

timber subsequently covered with sheet-lead. Now this latter had been nibbled completely through, in order to facilitate the sortie of the young insects in their perfect state.

In 1843, M. Du Boys of Limoges presented to the Society of Agriculture of that town some stereotype plates, which were composed, as he had been informed, of an alloy considerably harder than lead. Nevertheless, these plates had been so nibbled as to spoil the character of the impression. They had, however, been carefully enclosed in several firm envelopes. Unhappily the ravages they had suffered were not perceived till they were submitted to the action of the printing-press. It was then seen that the plates had been perforated in two places by well-rounded holes, about four millimetres in diameter, and fourteen in depth. The insect, in order to make these holes, had made its way through several folds of paper which enveloped the plates, then a first metallic plate, then a sheet of straw paper, afterwards two plates of stereotype alloy, and another sheet of paper, and then met with the stereotype plate, which it had injured only at the surface. All these perforations exactly corresponded, and formed sinuous galleries, such as we sometimes see in wood, when sawn in certain directions.

The same M. Du Boys endeavoured to assure himself, by a physical proof, that certain insects in a perfect state are able to perforate sheets of lead. With this view, he placed in a leaden cup with thin sides a living individual of the species *Callidium sanguinem*, commonly found in our houses during winter, in consequence of its disposition to deposit its larvæ in the wood used for lighting fires. Over this was another leaden cup, containing a second living specimen of the same species. A third cup, inverted, was placed over the whole. Some days after, on separating the cups, he found the middle one perforated, and the two insects within it.

M. Du Boys also reports a chemical experiment no less interesting, in which he endeavoured to determine whether lead was digested and assimilated by these insects or not. He analysed the dried body of one of them, but not the

slightest trace of lead could be found in it.

'When, in 1844, M. Desmarest read his notice to the Zoological Society, M. le Marquis de Brème, President of the *Séance*, exhibited several cartridges, the balls of which had been perforated by insects to a depth of four or five millimetres. The cartridges came from the arsenal of Turin, and had been deposited in barrels of larch-wood, the staves of which were perforated by the same insects; and it is clear that it was after these animals had quitted the wood that they attacked the cartridges, and finally the balls themselves. When the barrel was opened, there was nothing to indicate the presence either of the larvæ or the perfect insects: the fact of erosion was all that could be positively determined by observation. We see at once that this phenomenon has a close analogy to that which our honourable confrère has communicated to us.

'Such are the principal observations that have come to our knowledge. I felt it my duty to relate them before proceeding to the details of that which has given rise to the examination with which I have been charged, and which presents a circumstance altogether peculiar, because the perforation of the balls has been effected by an animal very soft in substance, whose jaws are very feeble, and which has been taken in the act. I dare not say it has been taken in any very flagrant crime, inasmuch as the result at which it aimed was nothing more than its own preservation, and that of the progeny of which it contained the rudiments.

'This insect belongs, as I have already said, to the order *Hymenoptera*, and to the family *Uropristæ*—i. e., to those which have near the tail a prolongation, furnished with a kind of saw. All the individuals of this family come from larvæ, the forms and structure of which are different from those of most other larvæ of the order; and chiefly in this, that in coming from the egg they are complete caterpillars, with six articulated feet, and frequently provided with abdominal appendices. Thus formed, they are capable of going about in search of food and nourishing themselves, while the far greater number of other insects

of the same order come to life in the form of white worms, with very feeble powers of locomotion, and are therefore dependent for nourishment on the instinctive prevision of their parents. It is consequently in the division *Uropristæ* that we must range the individual sent us by M. le Maréchal, while its other peculiarities enable us to determine, with equal certainty, its position in the sub-division *Urocerata*.

'Reaumur, in the sixth volume of his *Memoirs*, has accurately described and figured the boring apparatus of this insect; and Jurine has actually seen it in operation. It consists of a sheath, opening longitudinally, and enclosing a kind of wimble, which is exceedingly hard; it has on each side seven or eight notches, and each projection is formed like an arrow-head. This wimble possesses, besides, several small teeth on its lower side, all set obliquely and regularly along its axis. M. Jurine saw this apparatus at work upon a piece of larch-wood. By a contractile motion of the insect's body, the wimble was urged backward and forward in the manner of a saw. When thrust forward into the wood, it required great force on the part of the insect to withdraw it; and it happened to the observer, that when he attempted to capture the insect in that position, its body tore asunder before the wimble lost its hold.'

In going through this interesting memoir, the reader will have observed, as we ourselves did, that the disappearance of the lead excavated from the plates or bullets is by no means satisfactorily accounted for. To those who have the time for such investigations, it would be worth while to determine whether (1) the lead is merely bitten or rasped off, in which case it would be found about the passages in the form of a dusty oxide of lead; or (2) eaten and digested by the insect, when it would be found probably in its excrements; or (3) assimilated, when it would be found in the ashes of the insect when burned; or (4) escapes in the form of a humour or vapour, without leaving any visible trace: in which case a more extensive and minute investigation would be called for. At present we hear nothing of excrements or debris of any

kind about the passages made by these insects, and to us, therefore, the dis-

appearance of the lead is a profound mystery.

FURTHER RESEARCHES UPON ANÆSTHETICS.

When the anæsthetic properties of ether, chloroform, amylene, and oxide of carbon, were successively discovered, nothing was more natural than that chemists should begin to inquire whether these substances, possessing a common *property*, also possessed any *element* in common, to which that property might be referred. M. Ozanam appears to have been strongly impressed with the idea that such would prove to be the fact, and he has made many experiments, with a view to determine, if such an element existed, what it really was. We have already recorded, in a former paper, that the gentleman just named was the discoverer of the anæsthetic properties of oxide of carbon. It was in extending these researches that he hit upon the following law—namely, that all carbonised bodies, volatile or gaseous, are endued with anæsthetic power. This law he had repeatedly confirmed by his experiments upon the oxide of carbon. In a late memoir he says:—

‘Pursuing the course of my researches, I am able now to demonstrate that *etherised* substances only act anæsthetically after being decomposed, so as to form carbonised gases, and this precisely because they are capable of being so decomposed. In short, if we consider—1. that ether is a substance highly carbonised; 2.

that from the animal etherised carbonic acid gas is exhaled in a quantity double that of one in a normal state; and, 3. that the inspiration of gas not carbonised produces no such augmentation of carbonic acid—we have a right to conclude that in the case of etherisation the production of the additional quantity of carbonic acid takes place at the expense of the only new substance that has been absorbed.’

In other words, when ether is inspired, it is decomposed in the course of circulation; and this decomposition, which is nothing but a species of slow combustion, gives rise to the formation of carbonic acid gas.

Now we know the anæsthetic properties of carbonised gases: the arrest of hæmatose, the paralysis of the nervous system, all the phenomena of insensibility, and finally, apparent or actual death. It is, therefore, evident that it is in this form, which results from its decomposition, ether exerts its stupifying influence upon the nervous system.

What is thus said of ether, may doubtless be said, with slight modifications, of chloroform, amylene, and other anæsthetic agents; each of which, following its own chemical affinities, would decompose so as to form either carbonic acid gas or the oxide of carbon.

VARIORUM.

A commercial enterprise has been set on foot on the shores of the Danube, which bids fair to accomplish more towards keeping open the mouths of that splendid river than all the treaties that were ever written. The enterprise consists in the establishment of a company, on the principle of limited liability, to promote a more rapid and regular communication between the countries and towns in the vicinity of the Danube and its numerous tributaries. A capital of £300,000 is to be raised by means of £10 shares, with a deposit of £1. Barrett, Hoare, & Co. are the London bankers for the company. Lines of screw-steamers will

run regularly between Vienna and the large corn-growing districts to the south and east. Another line will be established between Bashiah and Pesth, and will be chiefly employed in the conveyance of coal, which abounds in that locality. Between Raab and Semlin, arrangements will be made for the carriage of cattle and pigs; and the rich corn-growing districts in the basin of the Lower Danube will be opened up to commercial enterprise by similar means. Facilities for passenger-traffic are also proposed.

As meteorological observations are multiplied, fresh evidence is afforded of the truth of a hypothesis, which

was hazarded many years ago—namely, that the total amount of caloric in the terrestrial atmosphere, notwithstanding the great local variations which almost every one has observed, is at all times pretty nearly equal. Where the heat goes to, when we have an unusually cold season, or whence it is abstracted, when we have an unusually warm one, is, however, as yet a matter of great doubt. Certain coincidences have led to a belief that a close thermometric connection subsists between Greenland and Central Europe; and a letter lately written by Mr Tayler, an engineer residing in Greenland, tends to confirm that belief. The letter having been forwarded to Prince Napoleon of France, was published a short time since in the *'Moniteur.'* It was dated Evigtok, Arksut Fiord, Aug. 12, and states that the last winter in Greenland was the most rigorous known for many years. For some weeks in January the thermometer stood at least 45° below zero, of Fahrenheit's scale; and the snow was very deep. In the spring the sea was almost blocked up with huge masses of ice, and the snow remained unthawed even at midsummer. Nearly five hundred persons died of starvation in the course of the winter. Now all this severity took place in Greenland, while we, in Central Europe, were enjoying one of the mildest winters we have experienced for many years. And it is on record, that when, in 1829, we were suffering from a most rigorous season, the winter in Greenland was very mild indeed. And again, in our cold winter of 1854, it is said that the Greenland winter was anything but severe.

A number of workmen have lately been employed in excavating one of the numerous tumuli which for many years have been known to exist in the vicinity of Brumath, in the department of the Bas Rhin. The work has been undertaken at the instigation of the Society for the Preservation of the Historical Monuments of Alsace. In this tumulus the relics exhumed have not been numerous, but very interesting: among them were a ring, a hatchet, a knife, and some wooden articles, all clearly of Celtic origin. It is inferred by the savans of the district that this tumulus was a Celtic cemetery; and

that the implements discovered are not weapons of war, but that both the hatchet and the knife were employed in their religious sacrifices.

Near the modern town of Azio, anciently Actium, Dr Erlinger, the famous German archæologist, has for some time been engaged in ascertaining the exact locality where the armies of Augustus and Antony, on the opposite sides of the Ambracian Gulf, watched the engagement of their respective navies, and witnessed the ignoble flight of Antony into Egypt. The doctor believes he has determined the precise locality of the camps both of Augustus and Antony; and in exploring the latter is reported to have made some important discoveries.

Such are some of the gains which archæological science has acquired. Meanwhile, it has lost one of its most munificent patrons and votaries in the death of Frau Sybille Mertens-Schaffhausen, a lady who inherited an immense fortune from one of the large banking-houses of Cologne. A great part of this fortune was expended upon coins and medals, her collection of which was one of the most complete in existence. She wrote several learned works on the same subject, and was an intense admirer and promoter of art in all its forms. For some years she has resided at Rome, where she was held in high esteem.

Art has also sustained another loss in the person of Herr Rauch, the German sculptor, who died at Dresden on the 3d of December, in the eighty-first year of his age. The work by which he is best known, and which gave him a European fame, was his colossal statue of Frederick the Great, erected at Berlin; and although his name is by no means so familiar to us as Thorwaldsen, Canova, and some others, critics assure us that this great work entitles him to a rank equal to theirs. He rose to this position from a very low condition of life. His birth-place was in the principality of Waldeck, and his parents were very poor. Hence the neglect of his early education, notwithstanding an obvious manifestation of artistic power even in childhood. It was while holding a very subordinate position in the royal household that his talents first attracted marked

attention. On a certain occasion, we are told, the queen observed the beautiful forms of the confectionery ornaments placed on her table, and among other things noticed a finely-executed bust of herself. On making inquiry as to the origin of these artistic productions, and learning the humble and even indigent condition of their author, she took steps to secure for him such an education as would give him at least a chance of success. Nor was the royal munificence misapplied. After a residence, first at Dresden and then at Rome, he became so famous, that he never wanted for employment of a highly lucrative kind. Much of his time was spent in executing royal commissions; but when without these he employed himself in works which his countrymen were always ready to purchase. Besides the large statue before mentioned, he executed several others of scarcely less merit, as those of Blücher, Greisenau, Zorek, &c.

Meteorology has hitherto made but slow progress as a science, and this has been owing in a great degree to the difficulty of conducting observations simultaneously at stations widely separated from each other, and collecting the results obtained. The electric telegraph will probably do more for the promotion of this important science than any other invention ever made. France has not been slow to avail itself of the facilities thus offered. Meteorological observations are now communicated daily from no less than fourteen different stations, in distant parts of France, to the Observatory at Paris, also from seven stations in foreign countries. In France, the stations are—Paris, Dunkirk, Havre, Mezières, Strasburg, Tonnerre, Brest, Napoleon, Vendée, Limoges, Montauban, Bayonne, Besançon, Avignon, and Lyons. The foreign stations are—Madrid, Rome, Brussels, Vienna, Lisbon, Turin, and Geneva. It is also intended to make use of the Mediterranean telegraph for the same purpose, and collect similar data from Algeria, and, if possible, by means of daily communications. The observations thus transmitted to Paris, together with those of the British Islands, collected at Greenwich, will afford more complete facilities for meteor-

ological deductions by far than have hitherto been attainable.

At a late *séance* of the Paris Academy of Sciences, M. A. Candolle presented the second part of the fourteenth volume of the magnificent work called '*Prodromus Systematis Naturalis Regni Vegetabilis*,' a work commenced by his father, and carried on under his direction, with the aid of sixteen of the most eminent botanists in England, France, Switzerland, and Germany. Altogether there are about a hundred thousand different plants really known. Of these, Professor Lindley names about eighty thousand. In the work of M. De Candolle, not only the plants at present *known*, but those which are presumed to exist on the surface of the globe, and which are supposed to amount to nearly two hundred thousand, will be collected, examined, and described, in the course of its completion.

The strenuous efforts made of late years to depreciate the labours of Dr Jenner, appear to have terminated in a result the very opposite of what his detractors anticipated. In Great Britain, a late blue-book has shown the beneficial results of his system. There probably never was a time when a more rational estimate of the advantages of vaccination prevailed, or a more grateful remembrance of its discoverer entertained. Even in France this feeling is so strong, that a statue is forthwith to be erected in memory of the doctor. It is to be placed in an appropriate spot in the city of Boulogne. Messrs Duméril and Serres have been appointed presidents of the committee for carrying out the object: and among the members of the committee are Messrs Bartlez, Bégin, Berard, and Boyer, all members of the medical profession.

We are happy to be able to state that the yellow fever, which has for several weeks been committing such fearful ravages in the city of Lisbon, and which it will be remembered prevented for a time Dr Livingston from proceeding on his mission to the Portuguese Court, is now abated. The mortality has been fearful, but the number of deaths does not by any means indicate the extent to which the population have suffered.

Science is making its way in our

Australian colonies. The mushroom city of Melbourne has adopted, very lately, three of the greatest improvements science ever contributed towards the civilisation of mankind—railways, gas-light, and the telegraph. By an act of the legislature, the formation of two lines of railway has been authorised: one from Melbourne, through Castlemain to Sandhurst; the second, from Geelong to Ballarat. Gas is already introduced: the streets were illuminated by its agency for the first time on the 12th of August last; when the event was celebrated by the mayor and the inhabitants in true old English fashion. Some disappointment appears to have been felt at the result of the experiment: for, owing to the well-known width of the streets of Melbourne, and the distance of the lamps from each other, the effect was by no means brilliant. The electric telegraph is soon to connect the three capitals—Melbourne, Sydney, and Adelaide.

Early in the present year, a literary project will be entered upon in Russia, from which considerable benefit to the reading classes of that country is expected. It is intended to translate into the Russian language, and publish, some of the best works of England and France. The series will commence with Prescott's 'History of Ferdinand and Isabella,' 'Philip II. of Spain,' by the same author; Grote's 'History of Greece,' and Thierry's 'Norman Conquest.'

The system of literary protection now prevailing between England, France, Belgium, and Spain, has been extended, by the voluntary signature of a treaty on the part of Belgium, between that country and Holland. Belgium at first was averse to these treaties, as the United States now is, and for a similar reason; for Belgium has always been to France what the United States has been to England—a literary piratical foe.

Attention has been called within the last few months to the subject of raw material for the manufacture of coarse textile fabrics, such as cordage, sacking, &c., owing to the increasing demand, and consequent high price, of these materials. During the present century, the sum of £120,000,000 has been paid to Russia alone for flax and

hemp: while half-a-million sterling is paid for a coarse inferior article from India called *jute*. Now, it is stated that in our own colonies in South Africa there are numerous plants growing in great abundance, which furnish a staple of a very superior kind, fit for use in the manufacture of brushes, cordage, paper, stuffing for machinery, and various other purposes. One tree is especially named as yielding material of this sort in great quantity—namely, the *Juncus Serratus*, as it is called by botanists, or Palmet, as called by the natives. Sir W. Hooker states, that, although this tree has never attracted much attention with respect to its properties, it has been known to botanists for many years. It is found in great abundance throughout the whole of the South African peninsula, as well as in the parts adjacent to Cape Town, Algoa Bay, Graham Town, and other African ports. The supply is stated to be almost inexhaustible, and the roads and means of transit safe and easy; so that, if on trial these substances should be found to possess the properties attributed to them, a steady supply—a thing of great importance to our manufacturing population—may be calculated on. Incidentally also the negro population will be improved by constant employment in agricultural pursuits, and the prosperity of the entire community promoted.

The newspapers of France, and then of England, have been actively circulating the report of a supposed discovery, by which gunpowder may be rendered perfectly safe from explosion. The shocking catastrophe at Mayence naturally rendered such a piece of intelligence very pleasing, and General Robert was thought to have conferred a great boon on the world. The method which he proposes, however, was known and practised in England several years ago. It consists in mixing gunpowder with finely-powdered charcoal dust; which mixture, every one who has seen a squib go off knows, does not explode, but whizzes away by degrees. When the pure gunpowder is wanted for use, it is sifted, the fine coal-dust falling through, while the larger grains of gunpowder remain in the sieve. We never heard very defi-

nately why the plan was not generally adopted; but we have reason to believe that the risk attending the proper and careful use of gunpowder was not sufficient to justify so large an outlay of time and labour as was necessary to render it non-explosive.

The application made to the Viceroy of Egypt for permission to convey our troops through his dominions to India has been acceded in the most gracious manner. His Highness not only gave them liberty to pass through his dominions, but promised to convey them in his own private carriages and trucks, and by means of his own engines.

A new comet was discovered, on the 10th of November, 1857, by M. Donati of Florence. According to his observations, its mean time was 7h. 5m. 34s., right ascension $232^{\circ} 8' 59''$, and declination $55^{\circ} 44' 12''$. Its light was very feeble. Its discovery was announced by telegraph, and transmitted to London, Paris, Altona, Berlin, and Vienna. It has since been observed at Rome, Altona, Paris, and Vienna.

The most ancient Greek translation of the Old Testament to be found in the Vatican is just about to be published, by the authority of the Pope. It dates from the fourth, or at least from the early part of the fifth century, and is numbered 1209 in the Vatican library of MSS. To all denominations of Christians, this Codex is considered of the greatest importance. It is said that Cardinal Mai worked upon the forthcoming edition of it for twenty-six years, and the present commission have been engaged upon it three years. The immediate publication of the work has just been authoritatively announced.

The oldest member of the Berlin Academy of Sciences, Dr Grison, died a few weeks since. He is best known to the literary and scientific world by his many mathematical works.

Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt has lately fallen under the strictures of the too censorious, by quitting the privacy to which she retired some time ago, to sing again in public. She has been unwarrantably classed among those catchpenny artistes, who, to promote their own pecuniary interests, have given 'farewell concerts' without end. This is not kind. Madame Gold-

schmidt, in every case that has come to our knowledge since her professed retirement, has sung for the benefit of some benevolent institution, or to aid a fellow-creature in distress. As a professional singer she has retired; as a private lady, she holds herself at perfect liberty to perform acts of charity in the most effective way she can. With these feelings she has been singing at Dresden and Leipsic, and attracting, as on former occasions, immense audiences. The 'Literary Gazette' records the following anecdote:—In one instance her sympathies were aroused on behalf of a young girl, the daughter of an Austrian general. Nobly born, with great musical talent, and urged by family circumstances, Fraulein von Windheim has devoted herself to the art as a profession. Her instrument is one seldom chosen by ladies—the violin—but her skill is great; and to aid her as a stranger in obtaining a hearing, Jenny Lind offered to sing, if she would give a concert. Her benevolence had its reward: the room was crowded to excess.

Ida Pfeiffer, venturing where no man, however valorous, dare to venture, has made her way to Madagascar; from which place she writes, to say she is in good health, and has been well received by the virago queen of that island. Having been invited to court to play on the pianoforte, she gave such high satisfaction, that Her Majesty made her a present of a quantity of fowls and eggs! in acknowledgment of her skill.

The 'New Zealander' newspaper informs us, that at the Auckland Choral Society's third public rehearsal, selections from Haydn's 'Creation,' and Elvey's oratorio, 'The Resurrection and Ascension,' were performed, under the direction of Mr Thomas Brown; and after some remarks on the progress of music in New Zealand, states, that the donation of a good double bass to the Auckland Choral Society would render an essential service to the practice of sacred and orchestral music in that city.

In the neighbourhood of New Jersey, U. S., an attempt has been made to cultivate the plant known to travellers as the 'sweet reed' of China, and denominated by botanists *Holcus sorghum*. According to the 'New

York Times,' the experiment would appear to have been successful, a large quantity of syrup being reported to have resulted from the crop. Doubts are entertained in other quarters as to whether any plant can pay so well for cultivation as the well-known sugar-cane, its copious yield of syrup more than counterbalancing the disadvantages connected with its use. The *Holcus sorghun* has been cultivated for some time in the southern states, and it has been tried in Southern Europe, in the latter case without success.

At Scinde, the extreme west of Hindostan, close upon the sea-board, two fine seams of coal are said to have been discovered. Now that gas-light has been introduced into India, and the railway system is extending, this discovery assumes unusual importance, and will do much towards advancing the social condition of the people, and consolidating our empire in that part of the world.

Since Mount Ararat was found to yield gold, so many adventurers have

flocked thither, that the amount collected averages from fourteen to fifteen thousand ounces a-week.

An American penny-a-liner amuses his readers by an account of the stoppage of telegraphic communication by spiders on one of the lines near New York. On a search being instituted, it was found that the spiders had spun their webs from one wire to another, and the condensation of the fogs and dews upon the spiders' threads had formed a circuit for the electricity, rendering the efforts of the operator fruitless. This would certainly be amusing, if one could forbear inquiring further. But if the wires were insulated by the usual coating of gutta percha, how did the electric fluid pass from the wire through it? And if not, would it not be fairer to charge the mishap upon the carelessness of the engineer, rather than upon the spider—an ingenious little mechanist, for whom we confess a strong predilection. Uninsulated wires on a foggy night would be rendered ineffective by the very posts that support them.

Drawing-Room Troubles.

No. VIII.—THE INADVERTENT MAN.—PART II.

BY MOODY ROBINSON, ESQUIRE.

The Inadvertent Man was one of those
Whose worst disasters hold a happy close;
His strange mistakes, in all their various shapes,
The sequel show'd to be but near escapes,
As if dame Nature, when she made him *gauche*,
Had left good-luck to guard him from reproach.
The troubled 'ends' and blunders that he grew in,
And left him sound, would prove another's ruin;
His fate was like those sea-weed, whose frail forms
Are but more finely fashion'd by the storms;
Or plants unhopeful—uncared for—set aside,
By some strange fortune grow the garden's pride,
Whilst those rear'd up in prudence and delight,
Fade like the woodbine, 'neath the dews of night;
Or like those scenes we undergo in dreams,
When hurl'd from lofty cliffs, 'midst prayers and screams,
To fall through space, all horror, sick with dread,
And wake to find we've tumbled into bed:
And thus we saw his very last reverse,
Though it brought no better luck—it saved him worse.
But still, his friends were anxious he should wed;
They thought how little guides aright the head,

When the man's heart is right; how much affection
Can give an erring judgment right direction.

They knew a lady with a nest of nieces,
Who all were pretty, some with golden fleeces,
All at that age—girls weary of their brothers,
And 'gin to wish, somehow, 'they were another's.'
One was each season fitted out for London,
With a strong hint, her duty would be undone,
If she regain'd the mansion patrimonial,
Without her prospects being matrimonial!
So more than one, who waited 'till the last'
For something 'best,' when time was nearly past,
Accepted quick, as if she were a glutton; for
A man she really didn't care a button for;
Fearing, indeed, the stern, paternal frown,
If disengaged she dared to quit the town.
You'll say these marriages were ill assorted:
One had his choice, although the wife was thwarted.
Then women bend so to the mast they're triced to,
It scarcely seems to matter who they're spliced to.
It's different with a man; unless he takes
The proper one, his life is all mistakes;
His wife may wind about him more and more,
And yet, like ivy, rot him at the core;
May loving yield, without provoking him,
The parasite may yet be choking him.

* * * * *

This aunt had made much sacrifice for nieces,
Not that their coming her expense increases:
When she invited—if taken at her word—
She (fairly) ask'd some trifle for their board;
But then, good thing, her house was rather small,
And so she gave up her companion—all
Her comforts—to clear out in the gallery
For the sweet comer (whom she paid no salary);
She look'd so to their morals and their duty,
Taught them obedience, and the use of beauty;
Not to be lazy—her wants to look about—
To keep their tempers when her own was out—
To be good correspondents—write her letters—
And be attentive to their aunts and betters.
Wishing to form them for their future lives
As humble spinsters, or as pattern wives,
So could these girls with any proper grace
Decline to fill the lost companion's place?
Some did it well, but some quite faded got;
But all ('tis true), e'en those that wedded not,
The first time that they came (d'ye guess the reason?),
Ne'er seem'd to wish a second London season.

This good aunt gave up comforts; the late hours
Her nieces kept, much tried her waning powers:
'Twas all for nieces; good old chaperone,
She never had an invitation, when alone;
I'm glad, poor thing, to say she had rewards,
She sometimes made a pocketful—at cards;
The ball-rooms were so hot, to save her bloom,
She spent the ev'ning in the supper-room;
Late in the ev'ning, oft her ancient flushes
Were far more rosy than her nieces' blushes.

Perhaps you'll think it wasn't quite her part
Not to keep more watch on niece's heart:
She'd grinning say, 'Well, now-a-days, the bye,
A girl can scent a fortune more than I.'
And chose they ill or well, to her the same:
If well, she got the credit—ill, the blame
Was somehow cast upon the hapless bride,
Who could not choose for aunt and self beside.

This good aunt gave up comforts; the young men,
Oft calling—lounging—teased her now and then
(Tis true, they presents gave the maids and pages,
That were accounted in the dole of wages);
For then her niece was happy in love's passages,
When much required in some domestic messages.

Then on her fell (when all was fix'd) beside
The choosing of the outfit for the bride;
For her fair nieces—merely country elves—
Were quite incapable to choose themselves.
I've heard it said, I'm sure she would do so,
She took a good commission on the *trousseau*.

'Twas trying, too, instead of getting hearty
At the seaside, to join a wedding party
Down in the provinces, when retired rest
Would suit the health, a season's toil oppress.
Poor thing! when to a wedding she went down,
She thought it best to close her house in town;
And could these married nieces offer less
Than welcome to the cause of their success?
Besides, she loved these nieces (and their houses,
A passion undervalued by their spouses).

The niece-in-waiting, when was plann'd this match,
Was said to be a beauty, and a catch.
We will pass o'er the trite old-world manoeuvres
By which the pair became, first friends, then lovers.

She was the kind of woman that a youth
Of intellect would readily admire:
Fair face that smiled a woman's native truth,
Fine eyes that shone with more than common fire,
Secretly rich in laughter, and those glances
That set the heart of man eccentric dances.

Her fair-limn'd fancy open'd like a fan,
Not ever fully spread before the view,
But set us longing, with its half-seen plan,
To see the finish'd picture fresh and new;
Then disappointing closed, then open'd wide,
To show the graver yet the richer side.

Nought but field flowers were presented there—
Not the bright blossoms that the hothouse yields,
But such wild beauties as poetic care
Would gather from the freedom of the fields;
Such buds as children pluck without offence,
But loveliest bloom with full-grown innocence.

The lady so had smiled, so blush'd, and all,
The swain intended his true love to proffer,
But Inadvertence with intruding call
Again, and yet again, delay'd the offer.

Oft when at home, she had a morning waited,
 He let his watch go wrong, and so belated,
 He went in time to see her park-wards driven,
 Not in a humour quite prepared for heaven.
 So, when in polkas they would happy glide,
 His eyes met hers, he nothing saw beside,
 And hers would laugh—their sparkles quite divine.
 Then was the moment for the wish'd design—
 The dance, the music were so many heart ners;
 When thump! they met another pair of partners.
 She'd stop, and thank him in an undertone,
 In well-feign'd dudgeon, seek her chaperone.

Again, when after dinner they were met,
 The piano open, and the music set—
 This pair would find themselves (nor why! could guess)
 Apart from all, enjoying silent chess,
 Or in the farthest room, 'midst jokes and hints,
 Seated together o'er a book of prints.
 Not that their conversation enter'd into
 The topics of the 'line' or mezzotinto,
 But something else; and as that doth suggest
 This was the moment that they might be blest,
 She'd hear the painful sound, that sure announces
 His foot was rending off her lower flounces.
 Much as she loved, she couldn't bear the shock
 Of feeling slowly torn her best silk frock.
 His lips had form'd the words—as in distress,
 She softly said, 'I think you're on my dress.'
 With such a bashful man that was enough
 To send him off confused—if not in huff.

And thus when walking, after some light chaffering,
 To lead her gently to the fate he's offering,
 He'd inadvertently (with much doubt tossing)
 Begin to pop the question, on a crossing.
 What startles him? A voice exclaims, 'You cove 'ere
 Can you move on, sir, or you'll get runn'd over.'
 The chance is lost—they run—she in alarm
 Leans all her weight upon his arm.
 It form'd occasion for much blush and laughter,
 But spoil'd the serious business he was after.

And thus 'twas ever (his *gaucherie* the cause),
 Between his lip and hers was still a gauze,
 Until she saw (such things do oft occur)
 The opportunity must come from her;
 And so she managed he should make a call
 When aunt was shopping, far away from all.
 Such was his fear and joy, when *tête-à-tête*
 He found himself with her, his mental state
 Scarce left him in a suitable condition
 To end with grace the object of his mission;
 They talk'd and talk'd, time was flying fast.
 She sigh'd in thought, 'I fear again 'tis past.'
 She changed seats to the sofa, took her knitting:
 'Go in and win, was ever time more fitting?'
 Thus mutter'd he unto himself aside;
 And as he felt 'all-overish,' he tried
 To be at ease: examined well the room,
 The chairs, the tables, and the fender-broom,

He closely look'd at all, as if near-sighted,
 And with the carpet's colours seem'd delighted.
 She mutter'd to herself, almost annoy'd,
 'Is this the way this time should be employ'd?'
 When suddenly he placed beneath her nose
 A bouquet, gather'd from her fav'rite rose.
 She never smelt before so sweet a posy,
 'Twas healthy scent, it made her cheeks quite rosy;
 She smelt again, he standing, and she sitting,
 At last she quite forgot about her knitting,
 And ev'ry time he gave the perfumed dose
 He nearer drew to her; at last, when close
 (The rosy flowers her rosier blushes hide),
 He plump'd him down quite natural at her side,
 Dropping the glowing blossom in her dress,
 His franchised hand her snowy fingers press;
 Whilst hers begin to knit, as if the purse
 Were some fell destiny or fatal curse.
 His other hand, nervous with joy and hope,
 Play'd with the tassel of the silken rope
 Attach'd to the *sonnette*; while far away
 His discourse stroll'd from what he meant to say;
 And yet 'twas strange, how quickly by a turn
 He came to that, that made her cheeks to burn.
 Her hand retreated, yet it seem'd to cling;
 He softly whisper'd —

'Please, ma'am, did you ring?'

They started far apart, with all confusion;
 'Twas household Buttons that had made intrusion.
 And then the baffled man, with grief and ire,
 Perceived his inadvertent hand had pull'd the wire.
 'No,' said the lady—'Yes; is aunt within?'—
 'No, ma'm, she hain't;' and exit with a grin.

Such situations, with issues so obstructed,
 Cannot be mended, must be reconstructed;
 So difficult to build in all regards,
 They rise as fragile as a house of cards;
 So the young lady, with a modest bearing,
 Left her poor friend despairing pardon—swearing.

He had not long been chafing in this flurry,
 Before a lady's-maid came in, in hurry,
 To see if missus' parasol was there.
 It could not be so, was completely clear.
 'Where was the lady?' asked he.—

'Going out,

To walk the gardens of the square about.'
 'What a neat hint,' he thought, for yet unfound
 The parasol remain'd, though sought around.

Giving her time to gain her walking ground,
 He sought the leafy square, with heart on bound,
 And soon he gain'd the place, and found that he
 Had quite forgot that needful thing the key,
 While from without he saw her walking round,
 Like a fair palfrey in a parish pound.
 Pshaw! 'twas not much for youth unailing
 Quickly to mount the surly iron railing;
 With ease and speed he gain'd the bristling top,

When a deep voice call'd out, 'You, sir, you stop:'
 The keeper of the square had grasp'd his foot,
 In struggling to be free, he lost a boot.
 Just then *she* came in sight; in heat of blood
 His hold gave way, he tumbled in the mud.
 He rose in rage, to fall so 'fore her eyes,
 But the stout keeper wouldn't quit his prize.
 The youth explain'd; the keeper call'd it chaffing;
 The youth beheld his lady-love was laughing,
 Though not unkindly, but without control,
 Though half conceal'd, with all her heart and soul.
 The sign was good, and yet again was gone
 Another chance, and he was still forlorn.

We quickly pass the rest (besides the shilling
 That made the keeper humble, ready, willing),
 To view the next event, his last invention,
 T' apprise the gentle girl of his intention.
 This was to write, and so he wrote next day,
 In manly tone, the all he had to say.
 The letter was to post to Berkeley Square,
 Alas! the latter word was wanting there;
 And so to Berkeley was it duly sent,
 But not exactly to the person meant.
 He long impatient waited for reply,
 None came, and yet he hoped; yet with a sigh
 His reason said her silence meant refusal,
 But still his thoughts were constant re-perusal
 Of all the happy past. She on her part
 Question'd the cause of absence in her heart;
 So, with their loving intercourse disjointed,
 Both longing parties sigh'd on, disappointed.

HALF-AN-HOUR WITH CHARLEMAGNE.

Is the spirit of chivalry dead and buried? or is it alive and stirring? They say it is gone—that, like Tennyson's Lady of Shalott, as soon as it left off weaving into its magic web the shadows which were reflected on its own mysterious mirror, and ran to look out at the substantial realities of life, 'the curse came upon it,' and it died.

'Out flew the web and floated wide;
 The mirror crack'd from side to side;
 "The curse is come upon me," cried
 The Lady of Shalott.'

They say that as soon as this said spirit of chivalry looked out of its old feudal keep, and saw the gatherings of regularly-paid standing armies; saw deeds of incorporation presented by needy sovereigns to bluff burghers;

its own arbitrary courts deserted for sober courts of law; and alchemy giving up its search after the elixir, and learning to make gunpowder; heard, moreover, the distant snort of a fresh *avatar* of the great dragon, the steam-engine, that *then* it knew its hour was come, got into its little doomed shallop, and floated helplessly away down the stream of Time. But have the sagacious individuals who talk such excellent sense as this heard that the grand old shade of Charlemagne still rides across the Rhine every fine night on a moonbeam, to visit his favourite vineyards, and smell the good odours of his Johannisberg grapes?

It may do us no harm in this utilitarian age to spend a few minutes in Charlemagne's society—not riding be-

hind him on his moonbeam — this would be perilous — but in sober converse concerning a few of the more picturesque events in his own remarkable history. It is not needful to pause for the sake of condoling with the poor *rois faineans* of France, who pined under the blighting shadow of their domineering 'mayors of the palace' — nor will we stay behind with Charles Martel, who was surnamed 'the hammerer,' because he so marvellously pounded the infidels, demolishing at one blow 375,000 who had ventured across the Pyrenees: nor will we linger long even with his intrepid son Pepin, because nothing more distinguishing could be devised for his tomb than this legend: 'Here lies the father of Charlemagne.' And who was the mother of Charlemagne? for the mother of a great man is almost always a woman of more than mediocre capacity. We must ask the old romances, and this is the scene they give us by way of reply. There is a beautiful lady wandering about in the great tangled forest of Mans. Judging from her stately bearing, and from the torn relics of costly attire which hang about her weary limbs, you might confidently affirm that she is high-born. But there is one feature which is not particularly aristocratic — she is endowed with an enormous foot, which nevertheless carries her safely through unheard-of dangers and bitter hardships. The pitying *trouvère* sings that she has neither 'biscuit' to eat nor 'good ale' to drink; and remarks that she is in great terror of the wild beasts which abound all about the dreary path of the 'goose-footed maiden.' Ha! she is taking shelter under the humble roof of a kindly miller. That man is trustworthy: he will protect the footsore lady: she will have cakes and good ale now, and an occasional slice of his forest venison. Look again, years after she had stepped across that homely threshold. 'Bertheaux grands pieds' is there still, and she has bought all the hearts around her by her graceful courtesy. It is a marvel that she does not marry the miller's stalwart son, or one of the admiring young woodrangers who eat a chance meal at his hospitable board. But no! Bertha cherishes secret reminiscences

of a far-off palace home; she knows that she is the daughter of the King of Hungary; knows that years ago she was asked in marriage by no less a personage than Pepin; that her royal lover sent the intendant of his palace to her Hungarian home to fetch her; and that by dark treachery she was deserted in the very heart of the gloomy forest of Mans, while her conductor's fair daughter, who bore a marvellously close resemblance to herself, was substituted for her, and led in state to the expectant monarch. And so Bertha rejects the respectful suits of her wild-wood admirers the while she keeps her wondrous secret. But hark! there is a horn winding through the long aisles and misty glades of the forest. Here comes a hunter, plumed and hungry, who has lost his way in the chase. He craves the miller's hospitality, and is riveted by the charms of the disguised Lady Bertha. She in her turn confides to him her romantic tale; and the plumed hunter declares himself to be her own affianced Pepin. There is a difficulty in the way of the restoration of her rights, in the person of the false lady who has taken her place, but a bribe and a pope could easily settle such cases of conscience in the eighth century — and presently 'Bertheaux grands pieds,' the 'goose-footed maid of the mill,' is the queen of Pepin, and in process of time the mother of Charlemagne. So say the old romances; and in witness hereof, see the monastery of St Avenge, dedicated by the restored queen to 'Our Lady of the Woods;' and further, observe the female figure over the grand portal of the ancient Cathedral of Mans, for from beneath that lady's stony drapery peeps a strangely-formed foot, which can by right have belonged to no other than to the 'goose-footed maiden.' So much for the mother of Charlemagne. She disappears from the troublous scene, to reappear, however, many years afterwards in a political intrigue, whereby, like many a worldly mother of the nineteenth century, she seeks to aggrandise her house by the judicious marriage of her children. Carloman and Charles were married already. Carloman loved his wife Gisberta; but Charles, he whom we call the great, is quite ready to listen to his mother's ambitious promptings,

and discards his beautiful wife, Himeltruda (whose birth and fate no chronicler has thought it worth while to preserve), and speedily marries Hermengard, the daughter of Desiderius, King of the Lombards. In vain Pope Stephen storms and warns, for the Lombard was the worst enemy of the papal see; and the ire of the pope is stirred by his own sense of impending danger, and not because Charles sinfully repudiates his innocent wife. Wait a while—this Lombard connection will not long retain its hold over Charlemagne's lawless mind. In the course of a single twelvemonth, Hermengard will be sent back to her iron-crowned father, and Hildegard, a noble Suabian lady, will be married in her stead.

And now let us take a nearer view of the remarkable man whose gigantic proportions seem to fill the whole field of vision in European history from the year 771 to the year 814. In the space of 43 years, the young Charles, occupying but half of the uneasy throne of the Frankish kingdom, the husband of an obscure wife, the tool of an intriguing mother, expands into the mighty Charlemagne, the idolised hero of romance, the fresh impersonation of the old Caesar, chosen by pope and clergy, owned by Roman and Frank, feared by Saxon and Saracen, the splendid restorer of the Western Empire, extending his firm sceptre and his sharp sword over France, Spain, Italy, Germany, and Hungary. It is worth while to try to take the moral and physical measurement of such a man; a Titan who could heap up kingdoms after such a fashion as this. We must not listen too deferentially to the idolatrous old romance-writers; they stretch the six feet one of his physical stature into eight feet; they give him resistless strength to match—such strength, that with his good sword 'Joyeuse' he could cut in twain a horseman and his horse together. How characteristic of the twilight dawn is this impersonation of a weapon, reminding one of our own misty Arthur, and of his wondrous sword 'Excalibur.' And the appetite of their Frankish hero was in noble keeping with his expansive stature, being quite competent to undertake at one meal a quarter of mutton, a goose, and

a couple of fowls. If Roland and Oliver, and the rest of the doughty paladins, were men of equal capacity, the duties of the commissariat must have been painfully heavy, when their master led them over the Pyrenees down into Saracenic Spain, or when crossing his own beloved river Rhine, he scoured the plains of Saxony, and pitilessly put to the sword every long-haired heathen who declined the alternative of baptism.

There is no single portrait which we may venture to accept as a true likeness of the rough-hewn Emperor of the West. He is like one of those marvellously grand statues of Michael Angelo in the Medicean Chapel at Florence: colossal in its proportions, masterly in its outlines, commanding in its attitude, the lineaments of the countenance are nevertheless so mysteriously shadowed over, that you cannot read the symbolic language of the features; and the chisel has unfortunately dropped from the hand of genius before the last expressive touch was given to face or form.

Charlemagne has been treated by Montesquieu as the perfect embodiment of the philosophy of legislation; but we may be allowed to question the true vitality of laws which, though so minute as to regulate the economy of his farms and poultry-yards, and the sale of his eggs, could not insure the stability of his empire even for a single generation. Another historian detects the true germs of the people's liberty in some of the maxims to be found in Charlemagne's 'Capitulars;' while, in bold contradiction to this theory, Baulainvilliers adores, in the son of Pepin, the true founder of hereditary feudalism. Another makes him splendid and wasteful as Louis Quatorze; whilst the Romish clergy worship Saint Carolus Magnus as the monarch who conferred upon their order the dangerous rights of temporal and civil jurisdiction, as well as the terrible power of spiritual dominion. Again, scholars laud the Frankish monarch, because he clustered around him a brilliant constellation of mediæval lights, such as Eginhard, the graceful reviver of Latin history; our own Alcuin, pupil of the venerable Bede, from whom Charlemagne thankfully took lessons in mathematics,

logic, and rhetoric; Angilbert, whom Charlemagne used to call his Homer, and on whom he bestowed his own daughter Bertha, men whom Hallam calls the paladins of his literary court. Scholars, moreover, honour him, because, flinging aside his barbarian dress, he paced the avenue of stately ruins which mark the Forum, clad in the long tunic and chlamys of ancient Rome; his firm foot bound about with the Roman sandal. They honour him because of the Greek professorships which he founded at Salzburg and Osnaburg; because of the 'seven liberal sciences' which he cultivated, and the schools which he established; because of the power of speaking Latin, and of even writing his own language, which he laboriously acquired after he had arrived at mature age; and because, while he fostered Greek and Roman literature, he loved that wild Teutonic poetry which made the oak forests of Germany ring with the lays of impossible heroes, and the legends of rude romance. Yes, it is in his own Rhein-land that Charlemagne may still be met—not by night and by moonshine, but in daily life, and amongst the simple arts of a living people. When the little fair-haired maiden fills her apron with the juicy vegetables and tasty pot-herbs, which grow in her peasant-father's garden, and her mother shreds them into the homely pot that simmers over their wood-fire, the simple folk never think that they owe the wealth of their garden-plot to the beneficent forethought of the mighty Emperor of the West. When the thrifty housewife, whose broad orchards are watered by the softly-flowing Lahn or the beautiful Moselle, stores her purple mulberries, and stews her sunny peaches and bronzed pears for the goodman's supper, she never asks who taught them to ripen under the cool smile of a German sky. And when the stout burgher of Frankfurt, or the garrison officer of Ehrenbreitstein, opens his favourite flask of Rüdesheim or Johannisberger, he forgets that, while Charlemagne was building his great minsters and his splendid dom-churches up and down the country, he was also planting the young vine wherever he could find a ledge of sunny rock that would hold a basketful of earth, and teaching its soft ten-

drils to cling to every native buttress and battlement on the terraced heights that overhang the Rhine.

Charlemagne was a man of shrewd sagacity, a master of happy expedients, one who kept himself on the top of the wave, and so rode triumphantly into port, mastering the stream of Time. Some heroes have come before their age, distancing the slow march of events, and so have fallen helpless upon the times, the victims of premature anticipation. Not so was Charlemagne. He rode at the head of his generation, and so marshalled the forces of the day to his mind. He fostered the growing power of an ambitious church, and made gifts and grants to the papacy with prodigal profusion; but, while so doing, he made it perfectly subservient to himself, and let it tremble at every impulse of his lordly will. It was when the reins, which he had gathered up and held firmly in his own iron-gloved hand, were jerked this way and that way, in the feeble clutch of his successors, that Rome began to use all the fearful power which he had given her.

But, if we set ourselves to examine the moral features of Charlemagne, we shall find that his character will not stand the most passing scrutiny, even though we make large allowance for the lax habits of the age; while not one word can be said for the generosity of a conqueror who caused 4500 prostrate Saxons to be beheaded in one spot. The marvellous activity which gave him no more repose in winter than in summer, in peace than in war; the intellectual energy which enabled him perpetually to provide sagacious expedients to meet the growing wants of the age; in fine, the brilliant success which attended his firm and rapid tread wherever he went: these have gilded the iron effigy of the Emperor of the West. One defeat he suffered, and only one—that rout of his rearguard amongst the Pyrenees, still sung by the Spaniards as the battle of Roncesvalles—where fell Roland, the pet hero of romance. But, if we try the character before us by the searching tests which Scripture supplies, we shall hesitate to call that man great who could be the slave of his passions. The history of his do-

mestic relations is one on which we must decline to enter; yet it is but just to say, that drunkenness, though the vice of his age, was not the vice of Charlemagne.

We will take two illustrative scenes from the story of this remarkable man, and with these we shall leave communing with Charlemagne. It is the year 774. Charles has poured his Frankish legions over the wild passes of the Alps: one division taking that of Mount Cenis; the other, like the Gauls of a recent day, painfully climbing the almost inaccessible heights and depths of the Mont St Bernard, to pour, like them, triumphantly down upon the trembling vineyards and oliveyards of Lombardy. It is Pope Hadrian I. who has beckoned the Frank over the mountains, to deliver him from the stormy menaces of Desiderius, the Lombard king. Charles has marched with the step of a conqueror down through Northern Italy, and now, at Novi, some thirty miles distant from the old city of the Cæsars, he encounters a stately procession of Roman senators and Roman nobles, with symbolic banners floating in the breeze. As he nears the gates of the city, he whom they had decorated with the tarnished name of Patrician of Rome, curbs his Gallic steed, while he paces through an avenue formed by the papal schools and the papal soldiery. Now the Frank meets a forest of crosses, and alighting from his saddle at sight of the symbol of his faith, he moves onward on foot, until, on the broad steps of St Peter's, which he stoops to kiss, he is paternally embraced by Hadrian. But there is something more than empty show in all this ostentatious display of proud humility. The monarch enters the Domchurch of Christendom—he has a costly offering to lay upon the high altar of his faith. It is the mysterious instrument which conveys the ratification of his father's gift to the successors of St Peter—a deed which gave to the heir of the fisherman of Galilee a broad and fair earthly sovereignty, a visible temporal crown to encircle his shadowy tiara. The deed

of gift has disappeared, and the popes became the expounders of its provisions. But they say that the whole of that beautiful land, which stretches from the vine-clad roots of the Alps down to the golden line marked by the orange-groves of Naples, including the exarchate of old Ravenna, and even the rocky island of Corsica, was laid that day, as an offering of filial love, upon the glittering altar of St Peter's!

We avert our dazzled gaze for forty years, and look again. We are now in the splendid cathedral of Aix-la-Chapelle—in that basilica of Charlemagne, which gave a name to the city itself. It is shining with marbles and porphyry, with gems and gold. A broad and heavy flagstone has just been laboriously laid upon the mouth of a vault, which was scooped, by the order of the emperor, before the very footstool of his marble throne—a throne which was yellow with gold, and precious with the cameos of Greece, and with the astral gems of the East. Beneath this flagstone, in a curule chair, formed of slabs of purest marble, sits erect a figure, in the cold solemnity of death. The diadem of empire is on his settled brow; silken robes of state, heavy with pearls and orfray, rest in moveless folds about him; he is girt with his baldrick; his ivory horn is slung on his shoulder, and the pilgrim's pouch, which he had always worn, is still hanging from his girdle. Before him is his golden shield, and his golden sceptre is yet in his rigid grasp; his famous sword 'Joyeuse' leans against his moveless form; fragrant spices, and musk, and amber (vain spells against the empire of decay) fill the heavy atmosphere of the tomb; and lastly, on the lap of the dead lies the open roll of the Gospel story. On the marble slab which seals the mouth of the sepulchre are chiselled the simple words, 'Carolo Magno.'

In the year 1165—351 years afterwards—another emperor, Frederic Barbarossa, lifted the marble slab, and looked down into the tomb, and Charlemagne sat there still!

'THE DEAD MARCH IN SAUL.'

We sate within the house of God:
 In storm without the clouds were flying,
 Leaden the rain fell on the sod,
 As heavy tears above the dying.

The organ from the dark-roof'd aisle
 Roll'd in full surge, then retreating,
 Swept us away a little while,
 Music like spray about us beating.

We cast ourselves upon its sea,
 We floated in harmonious motion;
 Now high on billowy melody,
 Now low upon a stirless ocean.

Hark! like the roll of muffled drums,
 The strong triumphant death-song pealing!
 Then spirit-like around us comes
 One flute-like sob, as if revealing

Where the lone mother in hush'd room
 Kneeleth, her dead boy's picture kissing;
 And, though faith smile above his tomb,
 Feels that from her life's life is missing.

In Jesu's name she veils his head
 With boyish mem'ries, then, low bending,
 Lights hope's clear star above the dead,
 Bright as a sword its chief defending.

He died, young hero, when the war
 Was rolling with triumphant billow;
 His last smile was of her afar,
 Ere resting on his battle-pillow.

'Tell them I died above my guns,
 Fighting them while a pulse was beating;
 Fast from each vein my life-blood runs;
 I die in peace, the foe retreating.'

On surged death's music clear and strong,
 The salt tears through our heart-cells flowing;
 God! for each note of that proud song
 We felt how grand a debt was owing—

To the sad mother, as she prays
 That God will guide her in her sorrow;
 To the young widow, o'er whose days
 Of broken hopes dawns grief's to-morrow.

Oh fear not; ye shall see him shining
 An angel with immortal smile;
 Though more than life ye are resigning,
 Grief such as yours can wait awhile.

ALAN.

Old Letters.

*Anne, Countess of Sussex, to her
Mother, Lady Calthorp.**

A.D. vers. 1549.

THE following letter adds another to the many testimonies of the miseries frequently entailed by unequal marriages. The writer was the daughter of Sir William Calthorp, and as she herself intimates, lived in obscurity and comparative poverty till she was selected as the second wife of Henry, Earl of Sussex, one of the first nobles of the land. Matrimonial discords soon arose between them, to which the earl thus alludes in a letter which he wrote to her announcing the death of Henry VIII., in which he addresses her only as 'Madam.'

'And for your repair hither in the end of this week, I shall send unto you Henry Narthy, by whom you shall know my determinate pleasure. In the meantime, I require you to put all such things in order as shall be meet for you here. Thus, good madam, about the contents of your letters, diversely and lengthy, and tending to the lack of good-will in me, that ought to be a loving husband—the same, nevertheless, as I think, proceeding of a good heart might otherwise have been qualified. I wish to you my own heart as to myself.

'From Chiplace in Holborn, the last day of January, in the first year of the reign of our Sovereign Lord King Edward the Sixth.—Your assured loving husband, HENRY SUSSEX.'

Of the merits of the case, in reference to the matrimonial dispute, nothing is now known—but it is difficult to believe the following earnest and sorrowful appeal to be written by a guilty person.

Of Lady Sussex, the only subsequent notices that occur are, that she was divorced from her husband—that in 1552 she was released, by command of the Privy Council, from imprisonment in the Tower, to which she had been committed on a charge of sorcery—that she afterwards left the country—and that, on the 9th of November, 1555, a bill was read in Parliament, to the effect that Ann Calthorp, late the divorced wife of the Earl of Sus-

sex, be debarr'd from her dower and jointure, if she do not repair into the realm, within a time limited, and make her purgation before the bishop of her diocese.

This bill passed; the bishops of Bangor and St David's only dissenting.

'Your opened letter of the last of July, received this last of August by Robert Warner's servant, containing my unnatural sloth of advertising my miserable estate, argueth to me your non-receipt of twain my several letters of the 16th of July and the 12th of August, containing as well my duty of humbleness to your ladyship as hope of your comfort at hand, through my purgation by justice of law and innocency before God, of all these guiltiest crimes, by surmised lies, whereof you, as my godly mother, wish me so earnestly to repent, as peril binds, if I were guilty; to whom you use not more terrible threats than cheerful comforts of holy scripture, rebuking my vice and persuading repentance, giveth me great marvel; also to what author you give so firm faith of my guiltiness, that (neither) your wonted opinion and knowledge of my honesty, natural love, nor my declaration by letters of the earl of Southampton's tyranny and devilish device of my divorce, open shame, and undoing can stay you from my condemnation, the grief whereof is more to me than of these persecutions that I bear of such a tyrant as doth and hath ever gloried more in spoil than relief of miserable estates, by whose only mean I am brought to this depth of sorrow and misery whereof at the first I seemed to all my friends so guilty that I durst not by word or writing almost defend myself, till God at length provided my delivery of their hands, immediately upon the which I have not spared to bewray to all folk how I have been handled herein, the which my declaration hath and shall, I trust, take such effect as shall purge me and reprove him, the length and weariness of which matter so irketh me that I find nothing to encourage my defence, but that I know me bound not to suffer truth to perish by lies, but lies by truth: in furtherance whereof, though I do as

* From Mary Anne Everett Wood's 'Letters of Royal and Illustrious Ladies of Great Britain.'

law letteth me, I deserve not by my just doing your ill opinion of wrong defence, lack of repentance, nor of perseverance in ill, of all which your heavy letter reproveth me, whereof if I were guilty, as I were then much bound to God for so godly counsel of so good a mother, so am I now, being clear, to lament in this so great adversity to find me by enemies supplanted and robbed of your good opinion, without the which what can I do? for recovery whereof what would I not do?

Wherefore, good madam, though my enemies much desire, seek, and find of you their furtherance to my hindrance, howso they speed of that, I humbly crave to speed of your wonted motherly natural love, without the which I am indeed to you your lost child, by hinderance of my brother at home that grudges your killing of the fat calf at my return, not from any ill that I have done, but to your presence, if God and you shall so think meet, from the which I wish that vain glory had never drawn me; but simple poverty therein hitherto preserved me, that then had not wandered in this labour of undeserved trouble, wherein I am comfortless, save by my innocency, not to find God forgetful of me, in whom my heart is hardy to defend these heavy crimes of adultery and matrimony between Sir Edmond Knyvett and me; of the which, as the one is to rob me of my living, so in furtherance thereof is the other of all godly reputation, mother, kindred, friends, pity, mercy, justice, charity, honour, honesty, and all other godly respects due to my unguiltiness, and in their place to plant my enemies; and your opinion, that I seek to maintain those errors by scripture, as, if I did, my frailness and ignorance were more tolerable than my unguiltiness is condemnable, by which my infamy, as I lament that condemnation of these papists that take occasion of God's blasphemy, depraving his holy word by setting forth my faults, so do I rejoice my clearness from just occasion of their so great wickedness, and pray God for my trouble, and patience therein, whom I also humbly beseech to send you good opinion of me, so that they fail of my hindrance towards you, as I assure myself they should of such condemnation as the earl of Southampton hath hitherto

procured and pursued, and should have won if my trial had not proceeded, as it did long, before infidels and heathen judges, from the which, for many unjust injuries, I have appealed to the king's majesty, and have obtained from my Lord Protector letters to them of such effect as this copy shall show unto you, and grant of a new commission to these that follow.—The Bishop of Canterbury, Doctor Taylor, Doctor Neavenson, Doctor Ellia, Doctor Merrill, and Doctor Davis, the which be all christians, of whom I shall have justice; as, if I have, then doubt I not my deliverance. I have not yet the commission sealed, because Mr Cecil, master of requests about my lord, is sick, and lieth in Essex, till whose return my lord will hear no suits, so that till Michaelmas my matter must stay, as I, that have no other shift, must and do remain here at Newington, a place of vile sort for all godly and worldly respects, for if, as touching God, I know neither good man nor woman out of my house, nor to the world, any but such as be too ill for me to dwell with here, where reigneth extremity of dearth and death, from whence, if either any pity of my lord would, as all means and friends that I can make could have removed me, I had not given the world so just occasion to suspect or slander my conversation, by my abiding here, where never creature lived in more misery than I have done and do; for the house wherein I lie is so filthy, both of air and building, and death so mortal here, that I am *learned* (taught) to care little for my life, that daily is in so present peril, and so to live and trust in Christ, that death to me is more life than (the) life that I lead in this vile and stinking place of sin and stench, without company or conference with kin or friend, ill-esteemed for the place's sake, from the which I have not where to go, the which also I had not had, but strayed in the streets, if one William Smith had not gotten it for me, when I was left by my lord in London, at liberty to seek my living, I wist not how nor where, having neither money, men, women, meat, nor more than two gowns of velvet, uncomely for my misery to be worn, with the rest of all other cruelties done to me at his departing, of such sort that mine own moan and

dread of your trouble forbiddeth me to write and to desire you to consider, and so to remove your wrong opinion of my willing being in this horrible house to nature, and displeasing towards God, wherein dwells few but shameless, fearless, and careless of Him, as I am not guilty of the offence of either, if I had elsewhere to become.

'So that, since I am thus compelled to eat my meat with sinners, let it not offend you, for Christ did eat meat with publicans and sinners, not though the Pharisees were offended, with whom I also may beggarly boast myself of no house to hide my head, but this that is not mine, but for the time, by the aid of Smith, to whom I have been, in this trouble, more beholden than to my old friends and acquaintance, of all the which I have been in my extreme need so utterly forsaken, as never woman was; for, when my lord left me without other stay than I have before written, Smith spared not to become of counsel with me when few would, and so to pursue my matter, that where I despaired I now assure me of delivery. He also hath liberally lent me money, as, if he had not, I must long ere now have begged; for of my lord I had allowed me but 30s. a-week during the time of the suit, till I appealed, and since that time not one penny but that I have borrowed of Shardlow, to whom and his wife I humbly crave your hearty thanks for their great comfort, pain, and diligence, beside lending me money, since my *appellation* (appeal), by the which I have lived, or else could not: so that through Smith and him I have so defended my wrong, and lived, that I am in so good case that I trust of a good end, though I tarry the process of the law, whose friendship, notwithstanding, for that I have received knowledge from you of such conversation as is worse bruited than ever I suspected, betwixt him and a woman that he put to me, when I was else driven, to wash my clothes and dress my meat, that had neither man nor maid left me, I have, in gentle sort, put away the woman, and so used him, that I shall, nevertheless, have his service and diligence, whereof I have no less need than this bringer can show you, of whom you shall receive the copy of such declaration as I have sent to my lord of Can-

terbury, by the which you shall perceive by what mean I have been trained to mine own undoing, if God did not for me as he hath done; in the which if you find contrary to tales that have been told you, good madam, let this simple truth overmatch them in your credit, and me enjoy that your old godly motherly love and good opinion, with your help of such friends as you think, for your sake, will do me good, and finally your more cheerful and comfortable letters, and advice, what behoveth me to do, in eschewing of this wretched place wherein I dwell, and wot not where else to do, the which I wish would be to command me to come to you till Michaelmas, at such time as I shall have my commission sealed, until the which I get no penny allowed of my lord; at which time also I shall be either enforced to hold this house by force, against one Mr Conway, that hath a former grant of the owner, who lay here till I came, and hath left here part of his stuff, or else, if I leave it then, to seek my lodging, as, if I do, then have I neither house nor stuff, more than four beds, whereof two of them are very ill, which be the earl of Southampton's: thus, what with loathsomeness of this house, ignorance and unability to get any other, and fear of this extreme pestilence, so general and mortal, that I am at my wit's end, without comfort or counsel of kin or friend, save God and this bringer, Shardlow, upon whom I live, and have done these two months last past, and must do till the new commission be sealed, before the which time I get no living of my lord, nor allowance, he being, as he is, led by the earl of Southampton, to my undoing, without desert or any matter, that they can charge me with, save of a bill made by the earl of Southampton, in my extreme weakness of wit and body, containing shameful lies, to the which I, by his earnest persuasion of my best way, did set my hand, thinking, as he swore, never to have been charged therewith, the which bill is in the law of no force, for the party's confession is no just nor able cause of divorce, as, if it were, I have confessed none in the bill, nor anything dishonest, save that opinion of matrimony, and Mr Knyvett's coming thither three times, the which lies I am so able to

disprove, that, though I then, by the earl of Southampton's procurement, lied of myself, I may now fearfully deny it truly, the which bill being avoided, they have nothing to charge me with.

'Wherefore, good madam, I humbly crave your opinion of my undefiled honesty of my body, nor that I seek, or intend to seek, Sir Edmond Knyvett for my husband, though I can easily wish that I had never thus troubled my lord, of whose use to me you partly can be witness, and that you will peruse this my declaration and bill of complaint to the king's highness; the which, though they be long to read, are brief in respect of that matter that I have to put in them, the which I spared, both because that reading else were over painful, and length of writing irksome to me, that trust of good and speedy acquittal of this surmised matter, and of your daily blessing and good opinion of me, your miserable loving daughter. From Newington, this 13th of September.

'ANNE SUSSEX.

'To my lady, my mother.'

From Mrs Elizabeth Montague to the Duchess of Portland.

HATCH, 11, 1738.

'MADAM,—Your Grace's very entertaining letter was sent to me at Sir Wyndham Knatchbull's, where I have been about three weeks, and propose returning to Mount Morris in a few days. I am as angry as I dare be with your Grace, that you did not send any account of those charming fireworks, which I fancy were the prettiest things imaginable. I very much approve your love of variety in trifles, and constancy in things of greater moment. I think you have great reason to call exchange robbery, though the common saying is to the contrary. For my part, who never saw one man that I loved, I scarce imagine I could be fond of a dozen, and come to that unreasonableness so ridiculously set forth in Hyppolyto in the 'Tempest.' At present I seldom like above six or eight at a time. I fancy in matrimony one finds variety in one, in the charming vicissitudes of

"Sometimes my plague, sometimes my darling;

Kissing to-day, to-morrow snarling."

Then the surprising and sudden transformation of the obsequious and obedient lover, to the graceful haughtiness and imperiousness of the commanding husband, must be so agreeable a metamorphosis as is not to be equalled in all Ovid's collection, where I do not remember a lamb's being transformed into a bear. Your Grace is much to be pitied, who has never known the varieties I mention, but has found all the sincerity of friendship, and complacency of a lover, in the same person; and I am sure my lord duke is a most miserable man, who has found one person who has taken away that passion for change, which is the boast and happiness of so many people. Pray tell my Lord Dupplin, that I never heard of a viscount that was a prophet in my life. I assure you I am not going to tie the fast knot you mention: whenever I have any thoughts of it, I shall acquaint your Grace with it, and send you a description of the gentleman, with his good qualities and faults in full length. At present I will tell you what sort of a man I desire, which is above ten times as good as I deserve; for gratitude is a great virtue, and I would have cause to be thankful. He should have a great deal of sense and prudence to direct and instruct me, much wit to divert me, beauty to please me, good-humour to indulge me in the right, and reprove me gently when I am in the wrong; money enough to afford me more than I can want, and as much as I can wish; and constancy to like me as long as other people do—that is, till my face is wrinkled by age, or scarred by the small-pox: and after that I shall expect only civility in the room of love; for, as Mrs Clive sings,

"All I hope of mortal man,
Is to love me whilst he can."

When I can meet all these things in a man above the trivial consideration of money, you may expect to hear I am going to change the easy tranquillity of mind I enjoy at present, for a prospect of happiness; for I am like Pygmalion, in love with a picture of my own drawing; but I never saw an original like it in my life. I hope when I do, I shall, as some poet says, find the statue warm.

'I am, madam, your most obedient humble servant, ELIZ. ROBINSON.'

Titan's Pulpit.

A Right Estimate of Labour.

Labour is confessedly a great part of the curse; and therefore, no wonder if men fly from it: which they do with so great an aversion, that few men know their own strength for want of trying it; and, upon that account, think themselves really unable to do many things, which experience would convince them they have more ability to effect, than they have will to attempt.

It is idleness that creates impossibilities; and, where men care not to do a thing, they shelter themselves under a persuasion that it cannot be done. The shortest and the surest way to probe a work possible, is strenuously to set about it; and no wonder if that probes it possible that, for the most part, makes it so.

Dig, says the unjust steward, I cannot. But why? Did either his legs or his arms fail him? No; but day-labour was but a hard and a dry kind of livelihood to a man that could get an estate with two or three strokes of his pen; and find so great a treasure as he did, without digging for it.

But such excuses will not pass muster with God, who will allow no man's humour or idleness to be the measure of possible or impossible. And to manifest the wretched hypocrisy of such pretences, those very things, which upon the bare obligation of duty are declined by men as impossible, presently become not only possible, but readily practicable too, in a case of extreme necessity. As no doubt that fore-mentioned instance of fraud and laziness, the unjust steward, who pleaded that he could neither dig nor beg, would quickly have been brought both to dig and to beg too, rather than starve. And if so, what reason could such a one produce before God why he could not submit to the same hardships, rather than cheat and lie? The former being but destructive of the body, this latter of the soul: and certainly the highest and dearest concerns of a temporal life are infinitely less valuable than those of an eternal; and consequently ought, without any demur at all, to be sacrificed to them, whensoever they come in competition with them. He who can digest any labour, rather than die, must refuse no labour, rather than sin. South.

DOWN IN DEVON.

FIFTEEN years are a very long time to wait for a certain holiday, but when it does come, depend upon it, you will have more capacity to enjoy it than though you had only waited fifteen days.

Well, up to last Christmas, I had waited fifteen years nearly to go into Devonshire. To that county of counties had I been once—when I could scarcely survey a table without the help of a stool, and through those afore-said fifteen years had I hoped to go to it again, and ever had I been disappointed. Indeed I had given the visit up, and was supposing I should never leave Kent any more, when at the expiration of twelve short hours' notice I found myself on the Great Western line, tearing away from London.

My business here is to talk of farm-houses, or I would discourse on the road to acquaintanceship which the railroad is. I had half-a-dozen farm-houses to visit in a fortnight, and I pictured those farmhouses to my mind's eye. They were all to be white—overhung with ivy—and little birds were to be perpetually chirruping, and looking in through the dairy windows at the clotted cream.

Coomb, 'which it's my Uncle B——'s'—being nearest Exeter, to Coomb I determined to go first. I had dim recollections of my Uncle B——, as a man with fair hair, perpetually smiling, and stirring up sheep. That was my entire picture of my Uncle B——, and I framed him in the white farmhouse too. As to my Aunt B——, I remembered her as a woman who loved me, and made my London stomach sad with goodies.

So no sooner had I got to Exeter than I made for Coomb—and what I am going to tell is as honest a picture of many a well-to-do farmer's house and household in Devonshire, as you can wish to have. I believe such a social state amongst farmers can only be found in Devonshire—unless, indeed, it may be found in Cornwall; and I believe it is the remains of the dark ages, when farmers didn't and couldn't live comfortably. And I may as well at once say, and say in order

to bring out the colours of my Uncle B——'s week-day performances and surroundings, that my Uncle B—— goes every Sunday to church in his carriage—upon my word.

When I began to ask for my Uncle B——'s—being then about two miles from it—everybody knew it and him, and several called him Squire B——. At last, turning up a lane, I came on a boy banging and riding a pony. 'Squire B——'s,' said I, guessing the boy would call that farmer uncle of mine by that title.

'I be the squoir's lad,' said the boy.

'Indeed,' said I. 'I want to go to his house.'

'Wull ye mount?' said this young rustic, bundling off his animal.

I did not mount, but walked along by the side of the boy.

'Mr B—— been hunting?' said I, to break the youth's steady stare.

'Measter bin a huntin' sur? Lord no—sur—measter never hunts—the young missis did—didn't she?'

The young missis was my cousin Julia, who had just got married off to another farmer, holding another farm, and which was one of my half-dozen.

Hearing the boy guffawing to himself, I asked him what was the matter. 'Lord, sur,' said he, 'ye dew make I laugh, that ye dew—measter agoin' a-huntin'—oh, juddikins, I sees he at 'ut.'

Here we came to a branch lane, into which the boy turned, after saluting me humbly enough, poor fellow. 'Youckers,' I heard him say to himself as he disappeared, 'measter agoin' a-huntin'—jio.

At last I came to Uncle B——'s; a detestable grey house, built the day before yesterday in the stone known, I believe, to the geologic world as the 'plumpudding.' And before this mansion was a garden consisting of *imprimis*, 1 flint path; *imprimis*, 1 beehive; *imprimis*, 1 grass-plat (rank); *imprimis*, 1 rose-tree. And—nothing else especially.

'Go away, my good fellow,' said I to a tattered man who came towards me from an outhouse, and I spoke testily, vexed that the white farm and ivy were a myth. 'Go away; I

haven't got a—good gracious, it's Uncle B——!' for my memory went back fifteen years, and picked out of that weatherbeaten face the old features.

And this was the costume of a Devonshire farmer of this present nineteenth century—of a farmer who pays £2000 a-year rent, and who goes to church in his own carriage. And first of the tawny hat—it was so concave at the top that later in the day my Uncle B—— went through the pretty practical joke of pouring a pint of cold water into that concavity, and then it would have held more; as for brim, all that kind of luxury must have been gone for years; as for the coat—it was a dress one—green as to colour, in the last stage of dilapidation as to state. Some unskilful workman had endeavoured to give a tone to it with a patch all down the back and over the central seam, but it was going fast. The cuffs had gone possibly at an early period of the century—'twas a swallow-tail coat. Uncle B——'s boots were a good deal worse than any of his men's—for next day I placidly compared the articles. And Uncle B——'s linen! Uncle B—— carried in his hand, to help him over hills, a hookey stick, which he had cut from his own hedge, with his own knife—he told me so.

Then we went into Uncle B——'s house.

Said my uncle, 'Missus be gorne to market, but ye'll have what I've had—won't ye?'

I was furiously hungry, and I said, 'Yes.'

There came from the kitchen, and in my uncle's own hands—seeing the maids were not to be found—five dull white potatoes in a cheese plate, three breast-bones of yellowish-black mutton, and home-made bread, so sad and bitter that it might have been a loaf of repentance. The tablecloth, my uncle told me, had been 'locked up' by the 'missus' before she started. So I sat down to this meal.

I believe only in the western counties of this England of ours do they black-salt mutton. Oh, the roast-beef of old England! For I know that ancient salted meat must have approximated to my uncle's saliferous mutton—the curing recipe is vene-

rable which they use in Devonshire. Oh, the roast-beef of old England!

I had heard a deal of the horrors of that salted food, and now I had my first dinner in Devonshire from it.

'Ding it,' said my uncle, driving his fist at the innocent mutton, and after I had had one bone, and enough—'ding it, if I hadn't a killed un, he'd a died!'

At last my aunt arrived at home, and for her dead brother's sake she fell upon my neck and wept. Said she, when much recovered, 'We'll have a nice tea, and a game o' cards afterwards.' After the tea we had the game o' cards. Such a game! It was whist; it was a penny the rubber; and we had one rush-light by which to perform the solemn rite. For it *was* solemn. The enormous room was hung in grey and black paper; we sat near the old, howling chimney, with our one rush-light; and all the dreary expanse of the room loomed in the distance at us, while in the gloom the furniture took upon it strange shapes.

As for the tallow illuminator, I declare positively, that later in the evening I took down an ornamental French centimètre measure from the mantelpiece, and which had got there I don't know how, and measuring the diameter of that tallow, I found it exactly one centimètre, and that was not half-an-inch. Think of playing whist under such surroundings! But we did. Meanwhile bats dashed up against the curtainless windows—willing, I supposed, to coquet with our chandelier.

My aunt made the most awful mistakes! She trumped when she ought to have followed suit, and then distracted us all by bringing out the ace of that suit directly afterwards. She laid it all on the candle; and indeed, before that penny rubber was over, I made up my mind the tallow was as convenient as economic.

Another new feature at this astounding card-table was this: my uncle gave his mind to business between the intervals of his play; and as he was afflicted with that terrible complaint, not down in Dr Buchan's 'Domestic Medicinal Guide'—I mean thinking aloud—I was startled by the dreamy information that 'Bess was agoin' blind,' and that 'that vattest vat pig *was* vat, tew

be sure.' Neither my aunt nor her companion—our fourth—was startled by these voluntaries. 'Yes, yes, B——,' said the former, directly after each; 'yes, yes, Mr B——; play.'

Even that precious night came to an end, and at last I got to bed. 'I think I'd better go,' said I in confidence to myself, and I wondered whether all my hopes of fifteen long years were to be dashed to the ground with a series of such farmhouses; and I wondered how people really well off could live in such a hugger-mugger style; and I wondered more how the old Earl of D——, their landlord, could come down often to such a domestic hole. 'Yes,' said I to myself, 'I think I'd better go.' But I was quite sure I had, next day at dinner; for my uncle, in great wrath at my aunt's nagging at the servants, took up the fowl he was carving in his right hand, and dashed it down into the dish, which was full of cream sauce. As I tried to look grave, my Uncle B—— strode from the room, and my aunt said to Miss Smith, the companion, 'Now, did you ever see Mr B—— in such a tantrum as that before?'

'Oh no, ma'm,' Miss Smith dutifully said.

After dinner, I said I must go.

'Very well,' said my aunt; 'if you must go, my dear, you must. Ike, fetch you out the trap.'

'Yew doant, yew Ike,' said my Uncle B——. 'Yew git'e back tew the baarn, and I'll put in the beasty myself.'

And he did; and so I was driven from that queer combination of comfort and misery, my Uncle B——'s, I sitting inside, and looking on in wonder at my driver banging the animal with an ashén cudgel.

When the horse had been banged all the way to the railway station, I took my seat behind the lucky iron horse which can feel no cudgel, and was wafted away to Julia, the married huntress. Said I, as I came in front of Julia's, 'This is the second Devonshire farm; how shall I like this?'

My cousin Julia's house took me aback. The manners of the household were near those of the high Elizabethan, when people coarsely said

hard things of one another, and called it fun. I had always heard Devonshire was two hundred years behind-hand, and had pleased myself with hoping to mark manners; but here we were three hundred years in arrear.

'Then why,' said my cousin Julia to me, upon my refusing to take any of that detested food—pork which had been cooked for supper, just before which meal I arrived—'then why didn't you say so before it was frizzled?' (Frizzle!—real old Saxon verb, which we mere Cockneys have reduced to fry.)

To that candid inquiry I replied, 'Dear cousin, how *was* I to know it was being "frizzled" for me?'

'Why—why, we were going to bed when you came in!' Elizabethan laugh.

'And you might as smelt it was for you,' from Julia's new husband. 'Yoicks!' and another Elizabethan laugh round the table. As for me, I was 'shut up.' Though, if I was disconcerted, I was not unamused, for I give the archæological reader my word of honour, that at that farmhouse table in Devonshire every now and then crept out one of those quaint sayings put into his jesters' mouths by King Shakspeare: I don't say the actual words, but the actual meaning indeed. As for the sayings of that English jester Touchstone, the plagiarisms from his pastoral wit were utterly astounding.

But when I got to bed—an old Norman church-tower looking down upon me through the window, as I lay in the moonlight—I wearily told myself that my Devonshire holiday, which was to be so pleasant and happy, was a failure, and I asked myself whether I should visit the other farms, or fly back to London, and be peppered by its smoke. Wearily and sorrowfully I fell asleep, still in the moonlight, and still with the church-tower looking down upon me, and clashing out its criticisms every quarter-of-an-hour.

I fled that house next day, in Julia's trap, and again getting to the railway station, debated whether I should take the mail to London, or a plain train to Uncle Somebody-else's. The hopes of fifteen years prevailed, and took me to my Uncle Gilbert's, being the homestead whence the sons and daughters

have marched forth to do battle with the world—where many have gone down, and some few cried 'Victory!'

I think there is something like a fear about one when he comes, for the first time, to the place where his people have been born for generations on generations. Past the churchyard where they sleep, the church where they were married, and their children christened; along the lane that leads from that last home to their home in Devonshire, and so getting there, behold a light shining out through a lattice-window. Not a rush-light, like queer Aunt B——'s, but a friendly lamp, lighting up the old oak room.

As when in a pantomime the realms of darkness open and display a land of light—all smiles, and blue fire, and spangles—so was my release from the dismals to pleasure.

And now, had I taken that precious ticket to London, how erroneously should I have judged of the Devonshire farms. Here, in a delightful, well-kept hall, of polished oak, sat we: my uncle, a sensible man, not given to abuse Mr Mechi and Tiptree Hall Farm, as had my Uncle B——; well up in politics, and even so just as not to utterly snarl at Lord John Russell.

Pleasant gossip—pleasant cards—pleasant meal—pleasant bedroom, in which I fall to sleep happily—only a wall from the room in which my father first breathed. Soon awake again to hear the Christmas carollers. Peeping from the pleasant bedroom window, down there, through the orchard apple-branches, I see the carollers—the simple village church orchestra, and simple children singers. Coarse, hard singing and playing it may be, but high and pure it sounds upon that honest Christmas Eve; and a peal coming from the near belfry, sweeps on the still tranquil air, and seems to say, God bless the carol. So it ends; and as I jump into bed, I hear a bass voice say to one of the soprano, 'Mind 'e mind the brook, Jinny, or yew'll be in.'

Next day is a pleasant, shining Christmas-day, and with a good-tempered, stalwart cousin, and dog Dash, I go roaming about—at last to a pleasant dinner—and then I go to another near, friendly farmhouse, across fields and a winding river. Coming to the house, and finding the door open, I step

in and hear the notes of that venerable 'Old Hundred.' Passing from the hall into a room, I see seated at a piano an old gentleman, playing with one hand, and a troop of children preparing to sing. Surely I know that face! Surely yes; often from the Press-gallery have I seen that old head calmly listening to the debates! Surely it is he whose name has figured at the top of the division lists for these last forty years! Surely it is the old baronet playing the 'Old Hundred' to his tenants' children.

It was the baronet, for he got up when he saw me, and said his name as simply as could be. He was thrown out by the last dissolution, and was too old and grave to fight again with the war-cry, 'St Stephen.'

Oh! what a change—from the riot, and yelling, and sometimes lying, of the House of Commons, to singing-master to a crowd of little children. Which, think you, was the happiest position? which, think you, was the noblest? For my part, I hope every legislator will be as sedately happy when he yields up his seat, as good old Sir Thomas, giving out the hymn in lines, and then leading off with one hand on the children's practising piano.

A few days at this house—a few days at Uncle Gilbert's, and then, happy at the blessed change which has come over the spirit of my 'fortnight out,' I go on to another farmhouse—another cousin's. Here I am positively delighted with my reception, and aghast at the grandeur. I know that cousin of mine don't pay one-quarter of the rent which Uncle B—— pays, and yet, I should say, he lives at ten times the rate. I did think that awful social competition amongst farmers was confined to Essex, but here, at Cousin William's, it was something fearful. I really do not think it right for a farmer who pays but £500 a-year rent to have dress-dinners twice a-week, and all the new music down from London almost before the ink which printed it is dry. 'The Rose of Castille' did not come out a century ago, and yet my cousin William's farmer-wife had all the favourite airs complete. Comparing the extent of this farm with Uncle B——'s, and comparing the two households, I was in a whirl of wonder, and

I am so still. My cousin William talked of a new drive to the house; the existing one was not imposing enough. I am no political economist—BUT!

I contend that the woman who should be most honoured, most loved in this world, is she who brings up a dozen children, loving one another thoroughly. I do not care what her faults are—not I. She may not be great-minded, she may be a little inclined to scandal, only let her so manage with her children that they shall unostentatiously love one another, and I for one will be inclined to say to her, 'Thou hast not lived in vain.'

I have written that pretty apostrophe apropos of my aunt Thomas, who has eleven children, and who are all adorably fond of each other. Have you ever played a round game of loo with ten or twelve persons who like one another? If you have not, and are misanthropic, try your best to do so, and you will be cured of your complaint at once. Ah me, I'd like to lay down the London armour and long sword once a-week, and turning in to such a tent, play a round game of loo, and be merry, till the bugle called to arms.

In the midst of a deal, twelve o'clock comes, and Sunday morning, so all the cards are put together, and we go decorously to rest.

And oh! my readers, will you believe that at this little out-of-the-way Devonshire village the pompous London Puseyism has found an abiding home, with its little peddling twists and twirls, its little humbugs, and oh, worst of all, its intolerances?

Three days before that Sunday, a woman had been found dead. It was the old tale, with the old ending. I did not hear the tale till the afternoon, when it was told in consequence of the churchyard (indeed *all* my relations down in Devonshire seem to live within the shadow of church steeples) filling with plain-dressed village folk. The burial was to take place that afternoon. I rather think we all felt somewhat guilty as we looked down on that sad procession—we with a warm fire at hand, and a good dinner making ready—as there had been a warm fire and a good dinner while the poor girl was

lying out under the hedge dying. I wonder, will that sorrow be for good, and will the woman's death be not altogether useless? and will it be as the rod of old striking the rock of apathy, and making flow a sweet stream of charity upon the parching human grains of sand in the great wide desert? Slowly and reverently moved the villagers behind the sleeper; intuitively did others, ignorant of nearly all, and yet near God, remove their hats, as the last home of a fellow-creature went by; only the man who was appointed to teach the great Master's humility and forgiveness came with a quick, harsh step, opened his book without gentleness, and read rapidly. I heard that this foolish man had said, that, as the poor sinning creature had not confessed her sorrow for her sins, and had died untended by a minister, she barely deserved Christian burial. So he came with a quick, harsh step, read the beautiful service quickly, turned away yet more quickly, and so an end. Ah, sirs, if the great Absolutionist were like that!

Well, at last my holiday was over—I was in the train—and then it was that I began to know I was sorry to leave that county Devon. I had grown to like nearly everybody, even Uncle B——, about whose horrid hat, I grieve to say, I made great fun; also I didn't leave the fowl alone. I'd grown to like everybody but Julia, whom I'd grown to detest. And what had I learned from my visit?—why, nothing but confusion. First, there was the utterly old style discoverable in Uncle B——'s living, which belongs to the age when farmers were English serfs; then there was the next old style, the style of gentlemen of the middle of the last century descended upon the farmers of this, as exemplified in Julia's; and lastly, there was the awfully new style, about which I have terrible doubts. I say again, young farmers ought not to keep four-wheelers, and talk about new carriage-drives—it won't pay.

So back into this great whirl of London, where, if you do catch a damaging crack now and then, there are plenty of hands held out to help you, and bring you up to time.

The New Books.

British India, its Races, and its History, considered with reference to the Mutinies of 1857: A Series of Lectures addressed to the Students of the Working Men's College. By John Malcolm Ludlow, Barrister-at-law. 2 vols. foolscap 8vo, 320 and 390 pp. Cambridge: Macmillan & Co.

RELIGIOUS RITES OF THE INDIAN ABORIGINES.

As a general rule, however, the Indian aborigines, although polytheists, are not idolaters like the Hindoos. They are, indeed, for the most part devil-worshippers; acknowledging it may be a good God, but adoring the evil one *because* he is evil, and therefore to be feared and propitiated. And their worship seems to have been very generally marked by a rite, at once the most hateful and the most precious of any that heathenism can practise—the rite of human sacrifice. Hateful, because there can be no more awful blasphemy against the very nature of God, who is love, than to treat him as taking delight in the blood of his noblest creature. Precious, as bearing unconscious witness to the heart-truth, so to speak, of Christ's gospel—that there is no redemption for mankind but in the sacrifice of the man. Thus the Bheels and other hill tribes of the Vindhya mountains are constantly accused of human sacrifices by the Sanskrit writers of the eleventh and twelfth centuries. Such sacrifices were performed in some parts of Gondwana within a recent period. Amongst the Khonds and Sourahs of Orissa they can be hardly yet extinct, or have been at least first attacked only in our days.

As to the objects of the rite amongst one of the last-named tribes, the Khonds, we possess full details through the labours of Captain Macpherson. These are so curious, raise so many of the deepest problems of theology, afford, lastly, such priceless hints as to the capacity for spiritual development of the race to which they relate, that I am sure you will thank me for dwelling upon them at some length.

The Khonds, then, of Orissa, a tribe lying on the outskirts of what may almost be called the great Gond people, have a complete religious system, or rather two complete religious systems

developed from the same principles. They are divided into two great sects, each of which looks with horror on the practices of the other. Both acknowledge a self-existing being, the source of good, the creator of all things and persons, whom they term the God of Light, or the Sun God—Boora Pennu, or Bella Pennu. His first creation and consort was the earth-goddess, Tari Pennu, the source of evil, who, having become jealous of Boora Pennu's intention to create man for happiness and for the creator's service, endeavoured to frustrate this creation, and failing to do so, has spoiled it by the introduction of both physical and moral evil, 'sowing the seeds of sin in mankind as in a ploughed field.' Here the two sects divide altogether. The one holds that the earth-goddess, though struggling ever, is vanquished, and is only permitted to strike as the instrument of punishment upon the wicked. These then worship a God of light, victorious, almighty; associating with him his vanquished consort, and a number of inferior divinities. Offering a fowl with rice and arrack, the priest says:—

'O Boora Pennu, and O Tari Pennu, and all other gods (naming them). You, O Boora Pennu, created us, giving us the attribute of hunger: thence corn-food was necessary to us, and thence were necessary producing fields. You gave us every seed, and ordered us to use bullocks and to make ploughs, and to plough. Had we not received this art, we could not have performed your worship. Grant the prayers which we now offer. In the morning, we rise before the light to our labour, carrying the seed. Save us from the tiger, and the snake, and from stumbling-blocks. Let the seed appear earth to the eating birds, and stones to the eating animals of the earth. Let the grain spring up suddenly, like a dry stream swelled in a night. Let the earth yield to our plough-shares as wax melts before hot iron. Let the baked clods melt like hailstones. Let our ploughs spring through the furrows like the recoil of a bent tree. Let there be such a return from our seed, that so much shall fall and be neglected in the fields, and so much on the roads in carrying it home, that when we shall go out next year to sow, the paths and the fields

shall look like a young cornfield. From the first times we have lived by your favour. Let us continue to receive it. Remember that the increase of our produce is the increase of your worship, and that its diminution must be the diminution of your rites.'

The other sect, again, hold that Tari was victorious over Boora as respects this life; that she, and not he, was the introducer of cultivation and of the arts; but that she did this, not as the light God, out of the fulness of her good-will, but on one dread condition—the offering up of human sacrifices, which are her daily food. Hence the practice of what are called the Meriah sacrifices, within the last few years only stopped, or attempted to be stopped, by the efforts of the English. They took place, not only periodically or on special occasions, on behalf of whole tribes or villages, but even on behalf of individuals, seeking to avert Tari's wrath. The victim must either have been bought, or born a victim, or consecrated in childhood by his father or natural guardian. He is looked upon during life as sacred, is loaded with honour and kindness. He sometimes is suffered to marry, to die in peace; but his children remain subject to the same lot. When his sacrifice is called for, it is performed according to a certain dramatic ritual, in which the victim himself is impersonated—the most awfully beautiful which I have ever met with, and far surpassing, to my mind, the pathos of the Greek tragic poets in kindred situations.

The version which Captain Macpherson gives is unfortunately too long for extraction here; it will be found at length in the second part of the 'Royal Asiatic Society's Journal' for 1852, vol. xiii. In the introductory part, the priest relates the origin of human sacrifice, in the shedding of the blood of the earth-goddess, which began to make the earth firm from soft mud that it was. Since its institution—

'The world has been happy and rich, both in the portion which belongs to the Khonds, and the portion which belongs to Rajas (Hindoos). And society, with its relations of father and mother, and wife and child, and the bonds between ruler and subject, arose, and there came into use cows, bullocks, and buffaloes, sheep, and poultry. Then came also into use the trees and the hills, the pastures and the grass, and irrigated and

dry fields, and the seeds suitable to the hills and to the valleys, and iron, and ploughshares, and arrows, and axes, and the juice of the palm-tree, and love between the sons and daughters of the people, making new households. In this manner did the necessity for the rite of sacrifice arise.'

Observe the *universal* character which this marvellous ritual assigns to the sacrifice. We find in it such passages as these:—that the ancestors of the Khonds 'at first knew only the form of worship necessary for themselves, not that necessary for the whole world;' that thenceforth the *whole burden of the worship of the world has lain upon us, and we discharge it.*

Addressing the victim, the priest tells him that the earth-goddess demands a sacrifice; that it is necessary to the world; the tiger begins to rage, the snake to poison, fevers and every pain afflict the people; shall he alone be exempt from evil? when he shall have given repose to the world he will become a god.—The victim asks, if they have no enemies, no useless or dangerous members of the community, to sacrifice instead of him.—He is told, that such sacrifices would be of no avail; the souls of such would never become gods. His parents gave him 'as freely as one gives light from a fire, let him blame them.' Did he share the price, he asks, did he agree to the sale? No one remembers his mother's womb, or the taste of his mother's milk; and he considered them his parents.

'When did you conceive this fraud, this wickedness to destroy me? You, O my father, and you, and you, and you—O my fathers, do not destroy me.'

The village chief, or his representative, now answers:—

'This usage is delivered down to us from the first people of the first time. They practised it. The people of the middle time omitted it. The earth became soft. An order re-established the rite. Oh, child, we must destroy you. Forgive us. You will become a god.'

The victim declares that he knew nothing of their intention. He appeals to the trees he planted, the houses on which he laboured, the cattle which he has tended. He has toiled for them with all his might.—He is answered that he should have known of his doom; that and that circumstance are recalled, by which he might have done so. Let him curse his

parents; they will curse them with him. Lastly, he turns to the priest and curses him.

The priest, or Janni, declares that—

'The Deity created the world, and everything that lives; and I am his minister and representative. God made you, the mullicko (village-chief) bought you, and I sacrifice you. The virtue of your death is not yours, but mine, but it will be attributed to you through me.

'*The victim.* My curse be upon the man who, while he did not share in my price, is first at my death. Let the world ever be upon one side while he is upon the other. Let him, destitute, and without stored food, hope to live only through the distresses of others. Let him be the poorest wretch alive. Let his wife and children think him foul. I am dying. I call upon all—upon those who bought me, on those whose food I have eaten, on those who are strangers here, on all who will now share my flesh, let all curse the Janni to the gods.

'*The Janni.* Dying creature, do you contend with me? I shall not allow you a place among the gods.

'*The victim.* In dying I shall become a god, and then will you know whom you serve. Now do your will on me.'

The form of the sacrifice is no less awful than the ritual. Fixed against a short post, in the midst of four larger ones, the victim's chest or his throat is fitted into the rift of a branch, cut green, and cleft several feet down. Cords are twisted round the open extremity, which the priest and one or two elders then strive with all their might to close: the priest then wounds the victim slightly with his axe, and the whole crowd throws itself upon the sacrifice, and strips the flesh from the bones; the possession of a strip of such flesh insuring a participation in the merits of the sacrifice. Tari Pennu is then invoked—

'You have afflicted us greatly; have brought death to our children and our bullocks, and failure to our corn—but we do not complain of this. It is your desire only to compel us to perform your due rites, and then to raise up and enrich us. Do you now enrich us! Let our herds be so numerous that they cannot be housed; let children so abound that the care of them shall overcome their parents, as shall be seen by their burned hands; let our heads ever strike against brass pots innumerable hanging from our roofs; let the rats form their

nests of shreds of scarlet cloth and silk; let all the kites in the country be seen in the trees of our village, from beasts being killed there every day. We are ignorant of what it is good to ask for. You know what is good for us. Give it to us.'

I dare hardly trust myself to say all I think of this ritual. Nothing can show more strikingly the 'feeling after God' of the heathen, while yet he is 'not far' from them. It is full, if I may so speak, of instinctive Christianity. We have the sense, not only of the need of sacrifice, but of a sacrifice which shall be 'for the whole world.' Out of this sacrifice arises human society itself; it is its cornerstone. This sacrifice must be the sacrifice of a man—the victim must be pure, he must be freely given, yet bought with a price. By sacrifice the victim becomes a god; the merits of his sacrifice are imparted by communion in his flesh and blood.

All these mighty truths lie embedded in the bloody, dreadful worship of Tari Pennu. But how dreadful it is! how revolting! How true and fine the struggle of nature against it, as exhibited in the same ritual, the instinctive rebellion of the human heart against its atrocity! The very priest is cursed for performing the rite. The last act of the victim is to crush him, as it were, with the might of his all-but-realised godhead. How noble the proclamation of the Boora Pennu worshippers, that the God of light abhors the shedding of his creatures' blood, that he is ever victorious over evil, and only uses it as his minister!

Surely there is good news to be told to these poor Khonds—good news which is capable of reconciling all their sectarian feuds, of harmonising all their spiritual struggles, of cementing into one the precious half-truths which each division of the tribe possesses, and rightly clings to—the good news of Christ's 'one oblation of himself once offered;' of the 'full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation and satisfaction for the sins of the whole world;' of the 'tender mercy'—not the quenchless wrath—of the heavenly Father that gave him to suffer death; of that communion in his most blessed body and blood which is 'to continue a perpetual memory of his precious death until his coming again.'

THE THUGS.

Another huge and peculiar evil of India

was the system of Thuggee, or hereditary murder; and for the suppression of this, also, the most effective steps were taken, under the rule of Lord William Bentinck.

The goddess Kalee (otherwise known as Devee, Doorga, or Bhavane), Siva's consort, made war in old time, it is said, upon a gigantic monster, every drop of whose blood became a demon, from whose blood again other demons were generated, till the goddess created two men, to whom she gave handkerchiefs wherewith to destroy the demons without spilling blood; and when they had fulfilled their task, bestowed the handkerchiefs upon them as a gift, with the privilege of using them against human beings for their livelihood. They are noticed by European travellers in the seventeenth century, when they seem to have used female decoys—as the autobiography of Lutfullah shows them to have done within the present century—but were evidently of a much older date, even though we may not give implicit faith to the assertion of a 'Thug of the royal race,' that 'he and his fathers had been Thugs for twenty generations.' The fraternity consisted of men of different religions and castes, inhabiting all parts of India, having secret signs and a peculiar dialect. The majority of them are still, at least nominally, Mahometans; and according to their traditions, their different clans sprang from seven tribes, all Mahometan, in the neighbourhood of Delhi, who were dislodged in the seventeenth century. But they all agree in the worship of Kalee, observe her usual Hindoo festivals, present offerings at her most famous temples, solemnise special feasts in her honour, with offerings of goats, rice, fruits, and spirit; and after any murder offer solemnly to her a piece of silver and some coarse sugar—the holy wafer of Thuggee, which is held to change man's whole nature, and of which only those who apply the noose are on this occasion allowed to partake. The members of the gang are taught from boyhood to look upon murder by the noose as their calling. The boy is first employed as a scout only; then allowed to see and handle the corpse, and to assist in the interment: lastly, empowered to use the noose, after a solemn initiation from one of the elders, as his gooroo, or spiritual guide, by means of the sacred sugar. The pickaxe for digging the grave (also deemed a gift of the goddess) is solemnly forged, solemnly

consecrated, looked upon with especial veneration, worshipped every seventh day; the dead cannot be buried with any other instrument; it is the Thug standard—the awful oath which can never be broken.

The Thugs followed ostensibly any ordinary calling—agriculture, industry, trade. They travelled under various disguises, often to considerable distances, straggling into villages by threes and fours, meeting as strangers. One of them sometimes passed as a man of rank, with numerous attendants, and his women in palanquins, which in reality contained generally the implements of their calling. They fell in with other travellers as if by accident, or for mutual protection. Suddenly, at the favourable spot, one threw the waist-band or turban round the victim's neck, another drew it tight, both pushing him forward with their other hands, a third seized him by the legs and threw him on the ground. If the locality was dangerous, a canvas screen was thrown up, as if to conceal women, and the body buried behind it; or one of them would distract the attention of travellers by pretending to be in a fit. If a stranger approached nevertheless, they wept over the body as over a dear comrade. The traces of the murder were quickly obliterated. Such was their expertness and success, that 100 Thugs could, it is said, slaughter on an average 800 persons in a month. They always went forward, never passing through towns or villages through which their victims had passed. If they killed a man of note, they took care to dispose of all his attendants.

They had implicit faith in omens; but when the omens were once favourable, they looked upon the victim as an appointed sacrifice to the Deity, so that, if he were not slain, Devee would be wroth with them, and reduce them and theirs to misery. So they ate, and drank, and slept without remorse upon the new-filled graves. A Thug leader, courteous and eloquent, being asked whether he never felt compunction in slaying the innocent, replied, 'Does any man feel compunction in following his trade, and are not all our trades assigned to us by Providence?'—'How many people have you killed with your own hands?'—'None.'—'Have you not just been describing a number of murders?'—'Do you suppose I could have committed them? Is any man killed from man's killing? Is it not the hand of God that

kills him, and are not we instruments in the hand of God?' In their own villages they might be tender husbands, kind fathers, faithful friends. Often their calling was not suspected. Their community profited, of course, by their wealth. They generally paid tribute to the zemindar or to the police officials, whose brothers and other near relatives were often members of the gang; some Thugs were in government employ themselves. Superstition often protected them, when discovered, as the favourites of Devee. A rajah had been struck with leprosy, it was said, for having two Thug leaders trampled under foot by elephants, though he built up a wall begun by one of the Thugs, raised them a tomb, fed Brahmins, had worship performed. One of the Scindias, who had been warned to release seventy Thugs, began to spit blood after their execution, and was dead in three months. Rajpoot chiefs perished miserably for the like cause. So openly was the traffic carried on at one time, that merchants came from a distance to purchase the plunder.

The extension of British rule, however, gradually made the land too hot to hold them. Many were arrested in Mysore as early as 1799; others were punished in 1807. From the ceded provinces of Oude, by many sentences of imprisonment or death, they had to migrate, chiefly to Malwa and Rajpootana. In 1820, a large gang was apprehended in the valley of the Nerbudda, but escaped by favour of law and procedure. In 1823, in the same valley, two large gangs were again arrested, one amounting to 115; and this time convictions were obtained. Still, the law was too cumbrous and slow to extirpate them. Stringent measures were at last taken, under Lord William Bentinck (1829), for their suppression, particularly in the Saugur and Nerbudda territories. There were at this time 'very few districts of India' without 'resident gangs of Thugs;' in some, 'almost every village community was, more or less, tainted with the system; while there was not one district free from their depredations.' A regular Thuggee Suppression Department was instituted. Mr F. C. Smith, political commissioner in charge of the districts above named, was invested with large powers for the summary trial and conviction of Thugs; Major (afterwards Sir William) Sleeman being appointed commissioner under him; other officers were subsequently charged with

similar duties in other districts. By promises of reward and employment, Sleeman and his associates gradually obtained from approvers full details as to the organisation of their fraternity, and the gangs were hunted down with almost complete success, latterly even in the native states, under arrangements made for the purpose. In six years—from 1830 to 1835—2000 Thugs had been arrested and tried, at Indore, Hyderabad, Saugur, and Jubbulpore, of whom about 1500 were convicted and sentenced to death, transportation, or imprisonment. The final stroke was put to the work after Lord William Bentinck's departure, in 1836, by an Act, making the mere fact of belonging to any Thug gang punishable with imprisonment for life with hard labour, and rendering procedure still more summary.

Cambridge Essays, Contributed by Members of the University. 1857. London: John W. Parker & Son. 8vo, 274 pp.

THE LAW OF ENGLAND.

The law of England is composed of three principal branches, of very unequal authority. These are, Statutes, Reports, and Text-books. The Statutes begin from Magna Charta (9 H. III.), and extend to the present year. The Reports are records of the decisions of the Courts upon particular states of facts, involving sometimes a more or less distinct enunciation of the principles upon which they proceed. Including the early series, called the Year-books, they cover a period extending from the reign of Edward II. downwards. The Text-books, of which Bracton is, perhaps, the oldest now in credit,* were written by a variety of private authors, from the reign of Henry III., and are of all shades of value—the opinions of Littleton, Coke, Sheppard, and some other writers, being of almost as high authority as the express enactments of Parliament; whilst others—especially the later ones—neither have nor claim any independent weight, and aim merely at the merit of being indexes, more or less accurate and convenient, to works of authority.

These depositories contain two different kinds of law, known respectively as Com-

* Bracton wrote *Temp. H. III.*, and has frequently been quoted in modern times. Glanville, who wrote *Temp. H. II.*, is, I believe, considered rather out of date.

mon and Statute Law. The Statute Law consists of Acts of Parliament, and the Common Law comprises a number of old traditions, long since reduced to writing by a variety of text-writers, and a series of judicial expositions and comments on every branch of the law, contained in a great number of reported decisions upon particular states of fact. I may observe once for all—what must be obvious enough to any one who impartially considers the subject—that the power which the Judges possess of pronouncing, with authority, which of several views upon a particular subject is the true one, and what are the principles to be followed upon questions arising for the first time, is a qualified power of legislation. The Criminal Law may, therefore, be said to consist of two branches, of which each is subject to increase by a species of legislation proper to it; the Statute Law, by the unqualified legislative powers of Parliament; the Common Law, by the qualified legislative power intrusted to the Judges.

ANCIENT AGRICULTURE.

It were easy to sketch the progress of agriculture all over the world from the earliest times to the present day. Mankind at first were shepherds, as soon as the savage life of a hunter began to be of less necessity and repute. Sacred writ in these times makes mention of the flocks and herds which roamed over the plains of Mesopotamia and Palestine, when the latter country is first mentioned. It is in later times that we hear of it 'flowing with milk and honey,' and all those products of grain, &c., which mark more advancing civilisation. The Carthaginians, among others, seem early to have left treatises upon the subject, translated by a decree of the Roman Senate, and the foundation of the works of Varro. Shortly after came the various Roman writers, and among them—not the least instructive, as well as practical—Virgil; who, notwithstanding some mistakes, has furnished us with precepts applicable even up to the present time. The maxim that *a crop of flax or oats exhausts the soil*, though the third exhausting crop mentioned by him, the poppies, applies not here, will still warn the over-greedy husbandman amongst us. And still the warning was needed, and the greedy race not extinct fifteen hundred years or more after his time, when Tusser, in his 'Five Hundred Points,' repeated it:—

VOL. XXVI.

'Still crop upon crop many farmers do take,
And reap little profit for greediness' sake.'

Columella and Pliny have left much instruction, and a maxim of the latter, *Latifundia perdidere Italiam*, is still the subject for discussion with political economists, as to the effects of large and small farms respectively. But it must be remembered, as an element of this discussion, that the Romans, like the ancient Chaldeans and Syrians, cultivated by slaves; and however a valuable crop, like tobacco in Virginia, or for some time sugar in the West Indies or elsewhere, might repay such expensive cultivation, we see one reason why Italy was ruined in the very fact of the waste occasioned by this most ruinous expenditure of power. The Romans found corn unprofitable by slave labour; they had recourse to pasture; a double evil was incurred; they were dependent on the precarious events of winds and waves for daily food, and at the same time the decay of the peasant population, the ancient *Marsi pubesque Sabella*, left them at the mercy of a hired soldiery, and the stalwart might and resistless sinew of the northern Goths.

Perhaps a similar cause to that of slave labour for many centuries retarded the progress of Europe and England. The Germans, who overran the greater part of Europe, are described by Horace and Cæsar as roaming over unmeasured acres, without steadiness or patience to take even more than one fugitive crop on the same land. So long as this state of things existed, no settled cultivation or improvement of course could occur; and though the feudal system was in some degree a bond of society for national defence, the uncertainty of the tenure of land, the exclusively military character of the system generally, and the oppression in which the lower peasants were kept (it existed longer in the Continent, it is true, than in Britain, though here we see traces of it long enduring in the name of Villeyns), were effectual bars to the progress of agricultural improvement. In Britain, the first substitution of cereal diet for *lacte et carne* was owing to the Romans, and under them we became a flourishing (for the time) and exporting country. Britain was then a habitat for the vine; and from its decay some have drawn the inference, we believe erroneously, that our climate has deteriorated. We do not doubt that in the warm vales, such as those of the Severn, the best part of

'Nature's noble garden,' it would still be possible to rear that more congenial product of southern climes. The true theory is, that as the sugar-cane was once cultivated in Spain and elsewhere, but has since emigrated, so a similar change has occurred to the vine. After the Wars of the Roses, agriculture began to make some progress. By this time the midland counties had become enclosed, and taken some shape and form to the agricultural eye. The settlement amongst us of the Flemings had given an impulse to what is still one of our four chief products, the growth of wool. What the cattle were in those early times there are some means of ascertaining. A little salt beef was the only provender, for several of the winter months, of a nobleman's household; and probably the rushes which strewed the floor were the best support of the aged bullocks, which might improve on the summer pastures, but had difficulty in the months of winter to keep skin and bone together. As great a contrast would be seen between such and a modern two-year-old Durham steer, as if we could place at present a modern substantial Lincolnshire yeoman beside the fen man of Queen Elizabeth's time, who farmed, or fished, or fowled for a precarious livelihood, and, half amphibious, waded through the unwholesome Sloughs of Despond on stilts.

Let praise, where due, be awarded to the monks, for to them certainly we owe much of agricultural improvement. They first started the drainage of the fens, which it needs only to mention to the inhabitant of Cambridgeshire, of Lincolnshire, and other adjoining counties, for him at once to appreciate.

The works of Tusser, of Jethro Tull, and Fitzherbert, appearing in the middle of the sixteenth century, reduced to system a few plain precepts, though some of them but little accord with modern notions. Tusser's moral sentiments of 'good husbandry housewife,' and his eschewing of *raskabilia*—a race, we fear, amongst hired servants still existing—are precepts of wisdom never to be forgotten. Fitzherbert's works are probably less known to the public in general than those of Tull and Tusser, but they are understood to have been of great benefit to English farmers, and his description and correct ideas of the plough and other

implements show perhaps more science than could naturally be expected at so early a period.

Shortly after this, perhaps, little can be remarked, except that about the year 1660 (1607 is the correct date of the passing of the first bill) began the draining of 6000 acres of fen-land in the midland district, attention being turned to the now rich, but then savage and desolate country, of which 350,000 acres are divided between Cambridge and Lincoln alone. Under the Commonwealth, several men, who deserve to be known better than they generally are, wrote practically on various branches of husbandry, and many of the less usual crops. Blythe, in his 'Improver Improved,' in 1652, treated largely, among other subjects, of draining fen-land and regaining land from the sea, and was too enlightened to fall in with what was the common popular notion at many periods in England, that large enclosures tended to prevent labour, and to be hurtful to wages. He wrote on clover and sain foin, then lately introduced, and wild woad, and madder, and saffron, and liquorice (now chiefly interesting, we believe, to one district in the West Riding of Yorkshire), rape and cole seed, and others, what we should now term speculative crops. Cromwell took some pains in introducing Flemish husbandry into Hertfordshire. With William III. came in the good Dutch root, the turnip, destined long to be tortured with unscientific treatment, that is, broadcast or otherwise, though the very pivot, for the last fifty or sixty years at least, of all improvement in scientific or high farming. Till clover and the turnip came in, agriculture in Britain can scarcely be said to have left its infancy. These introduced ameliorating crops; they abridged the summer fallow, and gave rise to a new era in affording means for a regular supply of fat meat throughout the year, to obtain which, except by the comparatively expensive corn and hay, no means could before exist. Jethro Tull was acquainted with and promoted the drill system; but few will now support his supposed plausible theories, of enabling repeated grain crops to be grown without exhausting the soil, though the utility of his system for leguminous or root crops is the essential foundation of all improvement in high farming.

The Old Bachelor in the Old Scottish Village. By Thomas Aird. Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged. Foolscap 8vo, 324 pp. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons.

GENERAL CHARACTER OF THE SCOTTISH PEOPLE.

The Scotch are a peculiar people. Strong are the lights of their national character, and deep the shadows. From the earliest times they seem to have been grave and enthusiastic, impatient of the interference of strangers, steady in their old attachments, and slow in forming new ones. This was already their character when they were roused to oppose the systematic attempts of Edward I. to subdue their liberties; and, in reaction, there can be no doubt that this time of peculiar peril and exerted patriotism helped strongly to fix the leading features of the people. Danger taught them suspicion, and caution, and watchfulness; and the frequent sore defeats which their little bands had to endure, in a protracted struggle with well-appointed and superior numbers, mixed a wild pathos with the stern and short breathings of vengeance vowed anew. Brief intervals of enjoyment, the more fervently enjoyed because beset by a thousand calls to renewed toil, and ever liable to be mingled with regrets for the past, and the sense of still coming danger; the grave and thoughtful consideration of grey-headed sires, mingled with the forebodings of old women, and relieved by the inspiration of minstrels, and by the fierce jest and careless farewell of the young warrior, poignant from the brooding heart, but flung recklessly forth to cheat the fears of his aged parent, or the maiden of his love; all this may account in part for the expression of our early national temper, in which humour, and pathos, and resolve, are so curiously blent. In later times, if we look to the general character of the Scotch, in connection with the external mode of the Christian faith to which they cling, we find them strongly intellectual, and impatient of anything like a spiritual yoke. The English are a reserved people: the gesticulations of the continental races are an abomination to them: they are shy in displaying the softer part of our nature: their peculiar humour is often nothing more than pathos checked, curbed, and turned queerly aside by their sense

of shame at being caught giving way tender-heartedly. Such being the national temperament, no wonder the English took kindly to the Reformation, with its more sober ritual, and less ostentatious outward show of emotional worship. If the English are reserved, the Scotch are still more so; and hence at the Reformation they proceeded much farther than their southern neighbours in reducing their religious ordinances to a severe simplicity. The attempt of England, in the time of the Stuarts, to impose Episcopacy upon Scotland, besides being in the first place directly at variance with the wishes of the latter nation, awoke the remembrance of former attempts from the same quarter to impose a civil government; and thus Episcopacy became doubly associated with the idea of tyranny, making the Scotch cling still more closely to their own form of worship. We can easily see how these great national circumstances gave strength, and sturdiness, and religious enthusiasm to the Scottish character; and it is no less easy to see that they were likely to cause and confirm the leading national faults: these are a want of courtesy and softness in the expression of even their best affections; suspicion and illiberality in their estimate of strangers, and of such as differ from them in their set opinions and modes of living; disputatious habits; pride and self-sufficiency. In matters of religion, these faults are often carried to an offensive pitch. So determined are the Scotch to discard everything like outward ceremonial observance in their worship, and keep their ground aloof from Popery and Prelacy, that they will hardly allow themselves to be decent in the house of prayer: only listen in country parishes to the clamorous confabulations of the deaf old people around the pulpit ere the clergyman comes in; look at the half of the worshippers taking their seats so soon as the minister gives any hint by the turn of his style, or the inflected cadence of his voice, that he is drawing toward the close of his prayer; see the half-dozens that are leaving the church before the conclusion of the service, and the dozens who are seizing their hats, and brushing them with their elbows during the last blessing, the end of which they seem impatiently to wait for as the signal to clap them on their heads. And then the rage of the Scotch for preaching! Why, the very days of their Sacraments

are called the 'preaching days.' I mean merely to say that they lay far too much stress on the intellectual gratification of hearing clever preaching, compared with the far more important part of sanctuary duty—namely, prayer and praise. And then every village has its bell-wether or two of orthodoxy and heterodoxy; and there in the church the heckler or weaver, who aspires to lead the sense of the place, lies with his chin fixed on his two fists on the board before him, gaping and grinning from his maud, to catch the speaker, if he can, stumbling on the borders of the 'unsound.' And then how the village does ring with it next day, if anything bold and out of the beaten track has been said by the minister! And in this way the spiritual leadership of these bell-wethers is maintained; and at every settlement of a pastor in the place, of course they have the parish at the wag of their disputations and convincing forefinger. Such are some of the leading characteristics, good and bad, of the Scottish people, especially in their simple and unsophisticated villages. They have all the harsh and unamiable peculiarities I have mentioned; but then, again, they are sober and industrious, and only seem to keep more firmly in the indurated grain of their temper the stamp of religious discipline, the impress of Heaven. I will just add, in the way of general praise, that to see the old men, on a bright evening of the still Sabbath, in their light-blue coats and broad-striped waistcoats, sitting in their southern gardens on the low beds of camomile, with the Bible in their hands, their old eyes filled with mild seriousness, blent with the sunlight of the sweet summer-tide, is one of the most pleasing pictures of human life. And many a time with profound awe have I seen the peace of their cottages within, and the solemn reverence of young and old, when some grey-haired patriarch has gathered himself up in his bed, and, ere he died, blessed his children.

THE FIGHT OF ORTHEZ.

... We find ourselves cast upon the good old coach for our progress. The diligence '*a grande vitesse*' receives us, five dilapidated quadrupeds in the ropes, so small that they are lost to sight in the shadow of the vehicle. They need be well supplied with blood, they have so little flesh to that unreasonable quantity of bone. A Yorkshireman would call them 'weedy ponies sadly past their work,' but these same sharp screws, when once put in motion, rarely left a mile out of the ten undone each hour. We had seen something in former days of the sturdy Norman horse, a little Hercules in bone and muscle, rattling along the lumbering caravan of Northern France, and put it down to high training and physical development; but here were lean, rat-tailed brutes, without legs worth mentioning, the worst of feet, contracted chests, ragged quarters and galled shoulders; rushing down hill, rattling along the level, and climbing the ascent with a dashing gallop, in a style that would have puzzled the Brighton Age in its palmiest days, yea even with a live baronet on the box. About every tenth mile we changed horses, changeless as to quality, and passing through grim hamlets and dismal roadside huts, we find ourselves rising above the plain, and skirting the hilly ground stretching between the Adour and the town of Orthez.

Something there is in those two names that makes many an old soldier's waistcoat heave and eyes glisten, as with them he recalls the days when, after many a weary tussle beyond the mountains, he fought his way from the sea along the river's banks, and shared with the duke the triumphs that had their climax before the bloodstained ramparts of Toulouse. It would be ingratitude to our nation's prowess, if we were to pass over its footprints without recalling one of the most gallant achievements that marked the battles of the Pyrenees, the Fight of Orthez. We repeat the story literally '*en passant*' through the centre of the French position.

Foreseeing the result of Wellington's operations before Bayonne, and anxious to keep up his communications with Suchét and the south-eastern frontier, whence he might look for reinforcements, Soult determined upon leaving a garrison in Bayonne sufficient to keep his opponent in check as long as possible, while

A Winter's Sketches in the South of France and the Pyrenees, with Remarks upon the use of the Climate and Mineral Waters in the Cure of Disease. By Fred. H. Johnson, M.R.C.S. Eng., L.A.C., formerly President of the Hunterian Society of Edinburgh. 8vo, 336 pp. London: Chapman & Hall. 1857.

he took advantage of the defensive positions afforded by the Gaves or streams converging from the mountains, and obeyed his orders from head-quarters, that he should maintain himself as long as he could on any defensive position on the Adour, and cover Bordeaux. The English general's policy, on the other hand, was to place before the enemy the alternative of leaving open the road to Bordeaux by a retreat eastward, or be driven upon the wild and inhospitable Landes, where an army could not be maintained. To add to Soult's perplexities, ten thousand of his best troops had been withdrawn by the Emperor for his own necessities in the north; and he had reason to believe that the allied army was increased by recent reinforcements to upwards of a hundred thousand men. With this strength the Adour must soon be forced (as actually occurred before the battle), Bayonne invested, and a large force spared for following up the French in their retreat. He therefore boldly took up an admirable strategic position, alike adapted for attack or defence, upon the hilly ground betwixt the Gave de Pau and the Adour; where the last swell of the mountain-land before it resolves itself into the valley of the Garonne. Here, with broken and swampy ground in front, the town and river with its massive bridge on one flank, a strong village, well defended, on the other, and the country rising in rugged eminences in his rear, Soult awaited the attack, prepared to dispute the river if necessary, and then give battle. It is said that Wellington did not believe his antagonist really meant fighting here, and Soult's having ordered his magazines to be removed across the Landes some days before, in the direction of his ultimate retreat, might have strengthened the supposition. If so, the boldness and rapidity of the great Duke's subsequent arrangements in the field appear a marvellous combination of confidence and skill. Rapidly manœuvring, he crossed the Gave, forming a line of communication with Bayonne (an operation fortunately achieved without difficulty through the negligence of the French officer on watch), and then threw forward a strong body of cavalry and infantry on the extreme French right, where they at once seized yonder heights at the church of St Baigt, and held the road to Dax, along which we are now passing, cutting off all communication with the magazines

of that place. The village of St Boës, which we are approaching, was held as the centre of the French line by Soult in person, and had its approaches enfiladed by formidable artillery. On the projecting conical hill opposite (now cultivated, then a rough plantation, and once a Roman camp) Wellington took his stand; and behind it were placed the English reserves, who played afterwards so decisive a part in the victory. With those chiselled aquiline features, immovable in their iron resolution, he might have passed for one of the great spirits on whose ancient defences he stood; risen up with the stern valour of his race to fight over again the battle of Duty. In the hollow way beyond, one mile and a-half to his right, was Picton's division; while General Hill was disputing the town and bridge on the extreme French left with Harispe. There the fine grey old arch you will see presently on looking down from the road, its massive central tower and gateway then walled up with masonry, resisted alike the efforts of the English to force, and the mines of the French engineers to explode its walls. Under the command of Wellington were thirty thousand men, of whom four thousand were cavalry, and forty-eight guns. Soult held in the field forty thousand, including three thousand cavalry, with forty guns. The latter, therefore, had the advantage of from eight to nine thousand men, no slight one in a defensive position.

The battle commenced on the morning of February 27, 1814, by Beresford, with the infantry and cavalry of the left wing attacking and turning the extreme French right. General Cole's division then assaulted the village of St Boës with Ross's Brigade and the Portuguese auxiliaries; while Picton advanced along the ridges towards Orthez and the left of the French centre. But all these gallant attempts were at one time on the point of defeat, by the equally skilful and determined resistance. The efforts to carry the position of St Boës were long rendered abortive by the raking fire of batteries placed upon this Dax road and commanding the front, before which a Portuguese brigade unmistakably ran off, pursued by the enemy, and carrying the British through the village with them. At the same time the attempt made by Picton to gain a footing on the ridges was repulsed; so that, impregnable in his

centre, and victorious on either flank, the star of Soult seemed for once in the ascendant, and with a vigorous slap of the thigh his enthusiasm broke out against that figure, so calmly looking on from his stand opposite, into a triumphant 'at last I have him.' But *he* was not so easily had; the man who was to *have* him had been originally omitted in creation; for, with all Soult's unquestionable skill and consummate tactics, he was no match for the Iron Duke and his iron men.

Leaving himself only a single Portuguese division in reserve behind the Roman Camp, all that filled up the great gap betwixt his wings, Wellington, relying on that indomitable British pluck which never failed him in his hour of need, called the 52d regiment to the rescue, and sent them to retrieve the day. Marching knee-deep through the heavy swamp below the village, these gallant veterans formed that terrible 'thin red line,' and with a hearty English cheer dashed up the hill, cleared a hostile battalion out of their way, fell like a crash of cannon upon the flank and rear of the then victorious enemy, and thrust themselves between the two divisions of the centre; thus cutting off their communications, and enabling Picton to establish himself on the ridges, during the confusion, with a terribly effective cannonade against their ranks. Then the troops under Beresford, hitherto repulsed and disheartened, rallying to the assault, attacked and regained the village, drove its defenders down the hill at bayonet-point, and captured their cannon. This decisive charge at once altered the aspect of affairs, and nothing was left for the French but a general retreat. There are few finer instances of mutual reliance between officer and men, than this truly British exhibition of the gallant 52d; and very few where it has gained so signal a reward. In the meantime, Hill had crossed the Gave above the town, and gained the road to Pau; cutting off that line of retreat, and threatening the only bridge by which escape was possible to the enemy. But after a severe race, in which our active adversaries as usual had the best of it, this was secured by them; and holding his ground with desperate tenacity among the broken ridges, Soult carried his beaten forces with admirable skill and coolness across the river at the Sault de Navailles, losing six guns, and four thousand killed and wounded, besides prisoners. This com-

parative impunity is partly accounted for, by Wellington's having received in the action one of the two wounds of his life, from a grape-shot on the thigh; thus preventing, by the pain it gave in riding, that unity of action which his personal presence would have secured, and which makes the pursuit of a flying army of as much importance as their defeat on the field.*

Criticism has of course been busy as to the tactics of this engagement; particularly by people who, like ourselves, fight '*ex post facto*' battles, and understand marvellously little about the matter. Some contend that Wellington ought to have been beaten, scientifically speaking, because his line of battle was so lamentably weak in the centre, and disconnected from the wings; and that the ultra-caution of Soult alone saved him. Had Soult been aware that behind that Roman Camp—which, from his erroneous calculations as to the strength of his enemy, he thought concealed a strong reserve—there was but a handful of men; and had he pushed forward the strength of his centre against it at the moment of his temporary triumph, he must have divided the British army, and held either portion at his mercy! It really looks quite alarming upon paper! The truth seems to be, that Wellington, from long experience, knew his man, and dealt with him accordingly. He knew that extreme caution is best met by unhesitating action, and moreover he knew, that Soult would require greater encouragement than mere supposition to run his head against that iron wall. Although by no means a decisive defeat, inasmuch as the beaten army retired in good order, and a few days afterwards showed a determined resistance at Aire, still the victory at Orthez must have had a prodigious moral effect upon the campaign.

Levies of conscripts, brought for the first time into the field, were taught to respect English muscle and cold steel, and dispersed in all directions like wise men 'tired of war's alarms.' Bordeaux, the focus of Legitimist intrigue, was, by the retreat of Soult upon Toulouse, laid open to the advance of a favouring army; and France, after dreading a retaliation from the invaders, found that it had nothing worse to expect than protection and profitable dealing. Everything that could

* Napoleon said, 'the secret of war is to march twelve leagues, fight a battle, and march twelve more in pursuit.'

be done to enforce discipline was carried into effect. Marauders were dealt with as banditti; and there are now alive in Pau those who saw two scoundrels (not British, but Brunswickers, we are glad to say) 'had out' before the theatre of that place, by the Duke's orders, and summarily shot '*pour encourager les autres*.' Troops of ragged red-coats deluged the country, voraciously hungry, and insatiably thirsty; paying their way with French gold coined in the English camp by Wellington's order, to avoid squabbles about exchange, and thus establishing a British bank of credit, to this day flourishing and unquestioned. An old servant of his country in this campaign, after half-a-century more of service in the warfare against disease and suffering, speaks to us yet of 'that little town Dax, with its thermal fountain, even now a green spot in memory, as the haven of refuge after seven years of barbarism.'

Personal prowess, too, has its records at Orthez. Down yonder road, by the river, a British cavalry officer of the staff was caught in a skirmish without his sword. He pulled a stake out of the hedge, belaboured a couple of French hussars out of their saddles, and was continuing the treatment to a third, when an unlucky cut severed his weapon in twain.

Another staff officer, afterwards a noble duke (Richmond), having joined a regiment in command of a company, received a lesson, in the shape of a bullet through his chest, that taught him the perils of promotion in the ordinary way.

Two thousand of our brave countrymen bled and died where we now look on; and many a brave heart,

'Rider and horse,

Friend, foe, in one red burial blent,'

lies mouldering in the earth till the great trumpet shall sound the final call.

The race yet lives and its deeds continue; but, though dimmed with half-a-century's forgetfulness, the world can still afford to look back with wonder and pride on the doings of that little band of warriors, who, rising like the small cloud on the horizon of France's destiny, dealt here the last of the heavy strokes that released Spain from the strong hand upon it, and effectually invaded a land 'not rashly to be touched.'

Among the great events which at this time crowded with such rapidity upon each other, the Fight of Orthez has perhaps taken a less prominent position than

its importance deserved; but to the traveller who at this day passes through the centre of a battle-field in which eighty thousand warriors fought, and six thousand fell, there is surely something worth looking upon with respect, something to call up a prayer for the souls of the brave.

During a day's excursion through the wild gorge approaching Gavarnie, our party encountered a veteran of Soult's army, who was present in all his border fights, and is still ready armed at all points to 'fight his battles o'er again.' His arguments ran somewhat thus: 'Our tactics were eminently defensive, from the first moment of the frontier war. Political uncertainties made necessary the withdrawal of our armies within France, to protect our honour from the swarms of intruding nations who insulted her by their presence. We merely faced about, and beat you English now and then by the way "*pour passer le temps*." Had you not much trouble to get Bayonne? we did not wish to keep it; why was it necessary we should, when we *must* have quitted it so soon? Nothing but overpowering numbers saved you from disaster at Orthez; yet you call that a victory in spite of the game we made you at Aire before leaving it "*en route*" a few days afterwards! Then at Toulouse, all the world knows that we had it as we wished there, and retired less harmed than yourselves!—at our next stand we must have destroyed you entirely, had not the Emperor been betrayed by assassins, who stabbed to the death the glory of our country. My general, Soult, was a great man, a very good soldier, and loved us his children well. General Wellington, too, was extremely good, a very little slow and over-cautious, but a great general. It is for the brave to understand the brave, and acknowledge the one the other.'

It would have been a refinement of cruelty to disturb this comfortable dream of a life; moreover the artillery of language on the British side being but feeble, the old soldier is still in full possession of his theory unharmed.

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Unprotected Females in Norway; or, the Pleasantest Way of Travelling there, passing through Denmark and Sweden. Crown 8vo, 296 pp. London: Routledge & Co.

A PICTURE OF COPENHAGEN.

It was the King of Denmark's birthday, but that was not necessary to make

Copenhagen, formerly despised, now appear a city of palaces, and the inhabitants a people to whom money was no object; so elegant, so finished, was their dress; so grand, so overpowering, was the width of the thoroughfares. The carriages we had before thought rather shabby, now shone in our eyes like the Lord Mayor's of London, and when the king came past in one drawn by eight white horses with pink noses, what a country is Denmark! thought we. For some days we could do nothing but stare in at the shop-windows; feeling the reaction after contemplating nature for so long, and the difference between going and returning. Several people were in the hotel who had been to the coronation at Moscow, and were full of descriptions of dazzling, but rather confused splendour; they seemed to have been at everything, and got pushed about everywhere, while their pockets were picked of course. Twenty other poor creatures arrived with nothing but their lives saved, from the wreck of a vessel which had struck on the coast of Jutland. The same gales had crippled the Marquis of Stafford's yacht, then lying in the dock under repair.

The museums of the capital now became doubly interesting, as containing relics from the Scandinavian countries with which we had made ourselves acquainted. A look at the '*Fædrelandet*' newspaper in the morning will tell the hours and days they are open free to the public, with their locality. The Museum of Northern Antiquities is the finest thing of the kind in the world, containing twenty apartments with records in kind of the Scandinavian nations from the earliest ages. Chiefly from warriors' graves have these illustrations been derived; besides the dog and horse interred with their master to be ready for him in the everlasting halls, his arms, hunting-weapons, and ornaments were also laid with him, and by the very ashes of the dead the living are now reading their history. The progress of civilisation is clearly marked. At first all weapons were made of stone and flint; in later graves they were found of bronze; in the last, of iron, and the ornaments of fine gold and silver. So the antiquarians here divide the early world into three ages, that of stone, of bronze, and of iron, fine solid materials, superior to the seven fragile ages of poor mankind. Ancient money was very curious, consisting of

winding serpents of pure gold to twine round the finger, from which the owner broke a small piece for payments. Some of the ornaments were pure and classic in design; one was a thick simple circlet of finest gold, which had adorned the head of a fair female beloved by a chieftain. The relics of a people to whose ardour for liberty and resolute character it is believed that we owe the preservation of constitutional rights, and to whose enterprise at sea, asserted though it was in piracy, is traceable the spirit of their descendants in the British navy, must interest us particularly, and with very little effort of the imagination, the warriors seem to rise from their coffins around, clad in their rude armour.

Some of the most valuable and the best preserved of these antiquities have been found in peat-mosses; many in Jutland. The discoverers are obliged to bring them to the museum, and receive the full value in money. The last arrival was the shroud of Canute's niece—at what could that have been valued? In the upper rooms, golden bridal crowns, chains, brooches, rings, and drinking-cups, with whole Tellemarken and other costumes, were placed in beautiful chests of carved wood, themselves relics. It was curious to see that those extraordinary peasant brooches, like large pie-dishes, with smaller ones hooked all round, had never changed their form since their birth-day to the present moment: when this shape is jewelled with garnets, it exactly resembles a tart with tartlets. To speak of all the interesting things displayed for the national instruction would be to name each, as they have been most carefully weeded. May you hear all about them some day from the fine old picturesque Professor Tomson himself, who, as he promenades through the rooms, is always ready to answer any question in almost any language; and with his long white hair, large shirt-frill, and watch-chain, is a worthy-looking parent of the institutions he has fostered. There are besides him a number of gentlemen belonging to the university, with salaries from government, whose duty it is to explain all.

The Ethnographical Museum, in another building, contains collections to illustrate the manners and habits of all nations which do not belong to our European family, or which retain characteristic peculiarities. It commences with

those who are unacquainted with either metals or literature; continues with the countries who know only metals; and closes with those who have the knowledge of both. For instance, there are all the appurtenances of the American Indians in one department; and in another, the dresses, implements, and furniture of the Chinese, with models of their ships and houses at the same period. The Laplanders, large as life in their seal-skin dresses and tents, give the clearest idea of their ways, without the trouble or the dirt of a visit to Lapland.

The Rosenberg Palace is as pretty and quaint inside as out: in one part are the medal-rooms, with specimens of the money of all nations; in the other part are relics of the kings of Denmark of the last three or four centuries. It was an extraordinary idea to assemble them, and a novel way of reading royal domestic history; as, from the variety, richness, taste, or plainness of the furniture, gems, arms, and clothing of each monarch, an insight can be had into his character—even the portraits of some fair ladies tell tales. A party should be made at the hotel to visit this running *ménage*, as the fee is three dollars for one person or a dozen, and the explanations are given by a man of superior education; Denmark not trusting such a tender national point to some old being in its dotage.

In the Christianborg Palace is a pompous display of pictures and frames, out of which it is very troublesome to hunt the good ones. Somewhere else, the usual stuffed birds, pendant flying-fishes, dancing baboons, varnished rhinoceroses, and other etceteras, of 'I do remember an apothecary' kind, compose the natural-history collection.

Reserve two mornings for a double visit to the giant of all the Danish lions, Thorwaldsen's Museum, and on Sunday go again to see the ennobling admiration of all classes for their great sculptor. Collected into a Pompeian building suited to their classic style, his lovely creations stand in sweet simplicity—Denmark adorned by Denmark's child. Forget not that in the quietest, coolest court sleeps the man himself, beneath a plain marble slab—for who would dare to design a monument for Thorwaldsen? The exterior of the building is covered with frescoes of most original conception, showing his welcome by his countrymen, in which boats full of people are hurrying to

greet his landing; all is bustle and animation; the heads being chiefly portraits of his most prominent contemporaries; on the other side, the whole process of removing and assembling his works is represented in a spirited manner; among them his fair font-bearing angel waves her hair as she is carried aloft by four bearers; and a sly boy, determined to be useful, runs after with a bust. That font is in the Frue Kirehe, which also contains his Christ and Twelve Apostles. What a holy thought to bring a child to be baptised beneath an angel's smile, which seems the pledge of a guardian spirit through life!

The picturesque and quaint part of Copenhagen has taken itself to the good old island of Amak. There stands the Exchange, all over pointed attic windows, and a spire of twisted dragons' tails; on each side are old-fashioned houses, a quay with bright boats and full-trousered sailors runs in front; and two bridges constantly crossed by coquetish Amak maidens, altogether make this as pretty a picture as could be seen in any town. The immense variety of costume among the women is charming, and gives an air of rusticity to Copenhagen, which, when coming from the north, consoles one for the loss of the eccentric dresses, and is a link between them and the humdrum style of central nations. The nurses were splendidly got up in gold caps with red streamers, their portly figures gathered into velvet bodices with full short sleeves, showing arms capable of carrying the finest twins. The gowns of bright furniture-damask, with border of showy chintz inserted, were very long, hiding the solid ankles and pillars required to support such a superstructure. To have their son and heir borne out on his airings by one of these on the largest scale, is the ambition of the fashionable ladies of Copenhagen, and towards mid-day the show of nurses on the ramparts, all vying with each other in dimensions, makes one of the most amusing and inflated sights, quite surpassing the hollow triumphs of crinoline by the undeniable solidity of flesh and blood. But I must not forget their collars, wondrous things spreading down over the shoulders in two peaks, rather like that article of dress as represented in those meek black-paper pictures of our grannies, of which everybody has a few over the mantel-piece of the spare bedroom. As for the

maidens of Amak, they are complete rainbows edged with fringe, and luckily are fond of sweets; for when we had run ineffectually after a dozen, to get one to stand still and be sketched in detail, we at length inveigled an unwary one into a pastrycook's shop, and plied her with tarts till her brilliant fac-simile was transferred to tinted paper. They have a pretty way of tying their shawls behind with the point in front; the fashion is worthy of consideration, as we have in England been wearing ours the other way for too long a time; and if novelty is charming in everything, in dress it is positively necessary. Ladies on a week-day seemed scarce out-of-doors; on Sundays a number were walking about; and next to the British Isles, I saw more pretty ones in Copenhagen than anywhere, having the nice fresh complexion, thick hair, and bright clear eyes of ideal country girls—Phoebe Dawson, and such-like. Style was rare.

The churches were crowded all Sunday morning, and the evening spent apparently in the same way as in France; the gravest men adjourning with their families to the merry-go-rounds of Tivoli; the king, court, and fashionables to the opera.

There is but one excursion worth taking near Copenhagen—a seven miles' drive to the royal Thiergarten or park, where timber grows as finely as in England, with herds of deer reposing beneath the shade. This place is the hobby of the citizens, and they hurry all strangers off there directly; but be sure to choose a clear day, breezy if possible, for to tree-accustomed eyes the real beauty of the drive consists in the views and peeps of the Sound, with shipping of all kinds passing down that aquatic street, and the blue coast of Sweden on the opposite side. In winter the ice is covered with marks in every direction, made by people sledging across to that country for a drive or call. The country-houses of the merchants, peeping from gardens along the road, were some of them very pretty; it is the favourite suburb, the great point being to secure a view of the sea, as a land-view is generally an unlimited prospect of windmills all turning at once, making one giddy to look at it.

To visit any of the palaces in the neighbourhood, except as specimens of dull, ill-kept places, is waste of time. The king resides very quietly in that of Fredrichsborg with the Countess Danner,

his morganatic wife; merely coming to town for business, as his own princely relations and various kingly neighbours object to the society of the lady on account of her antecedents. She was a fascinating milliner, who 'took in' other people besides the ladies, and her gauzy establishment catching fire one evening, its aerial nature caused it to blaze up so very brilliantly, that it attracted the king in person, who for the first time saw the fair mistress prematurely among the flames. He could do no less than offer her another residence, and she chose that it should be in the palace—being then a clever woman of about forty. She has great influence over the old easy-going king, and has put a stop to all court-balls, as she wishes none to take place without her presence, and on that condition there would be a slight difficulty with the *corps diplomatique* to begin with. This throws a dulness over the winter gaieties of the capital, and some of the British residents told us confidentially, that, with the exception of music, refined amusements were in a slightly stagnant state—talent rather held in terror. The merchants are the people for entertaining handsomely, and they keep up the circulation of Copenhagen, of which the Danish name, 'Kjöbenhavn,' means merchants' harbour. We dined with one or two rich families, and with a gay young couple who had been married just a fortnight, and were giving their first entertainment—as the Danes generally spend their honeymoon amongst their friends. Everything at table was of the best kind, without attempting the overpowering retinue of servants, full-dress, and display of grand English parties. On rising from the meal, all the company shook hands with each other. The British bankers are represented by quite a model man, a gentleman of good English family, settled there, and married to a Danish lady. We did not even draw upon him for the traditional £100; yet he and his sons ciceroned us most agreeably about the capital, while the ladies received us into the family circle in a cosy way, delighting in the accounts of travels which they themselves were far too timid to attempt, even in their own country.

The prettiest walk we took was to Torleby church, three miles off, on the island of Amak. Immediately on leaving the gates of the town, agricultural

and rural life began. Comfortable farm-houses (the Danish farms are comfortable, solid buildings) bordered the road, and the pretty church-tower, with a stepped roof in the Flemish style, rose amidst massive foliage. It was Sunday; the peasants, ancient Dutch colonists, were steadily gathering to the service—some on foot, and those from a distance in quite a new kind of vehicle, a large, high wicker phaeton, holding six people, and which, with two horses, had a dashing rustic effect. Their costumes were the same they had brought from their native Holland hundreds of years since, only renewed in material: peacocks' tails when shut up had been their models for head-dresses. We entered some farms on the way, and were struck directly by the improvement in finish on the Norwegian interiors—a sitting-room, with curtains and ornaments, being a part of each house. Both outside and inside the houses were beautifully clean, and sometimes had gardens; but I was sorry to see in front of the smaller ones an unfragrant heap in tasteless proximity.

When service was over, the church-yard became filled with peasants bearing flower-offerings to the graves of their lost friends; and there could not be a more gentle scene than that of the picturesque maidens carrying their wreaths and crowns, and dispersing themselves among the thickly-shaded paths—a ray of sunlight sometimes glancing on two young heads together, as they bent them over a sister's mossy bed. This was a most interesting Sunday, and our kind Anglo-Danish friends were as much pleased as astonished to hear about it at dinner afterwards, as if we were telling of some distant country; for the ladies of Copenhagen do not walk or investigate much themselves.

I must not forget to say, that teasing document, a passport, is unnecessary for the whole of this journey, being only sometimes asked for to give the traveller's name, and a visiting-card answers the same purpose.

After climbing to the summit of the round tower, up which Peter the Great drove six horses, and which is now enriched with Runic stones inserted in the walls; and after a few evening strolls on the Esplanaden, or fashionable promenade, we said good-by to Copenhagen; returning another way, *vid* rail to Corsør, and by steamer to Flensburg—passing

between Fünen and Langeland—an exquisite voyage amid lovely dotting islands, whose thick woody trimmings dipped into the calm waters with a confidence which showed they never met with roughness there; while the clustering villages, surrounded by highly cultivated fields, were pictures of rural prosperity. The homely, comfortable, and, I must say, *tiny* look of everything, was soothing after the gigantic scale of Norwegian desolation; just as a sweet, feeling disposition is to the human heart, after it has been impressed with awful admiration for a lofty mind.

Flensburg Harbour, which was full of English vessels, has a small fjord of its own, and was brilliantly lighted with lamps of various colours. The little Hotel de Copenhagen had good things enough ready to fortify us for crossing, per rail, dreary Schleswig and Holstein the following day, over a country of such flatness, that, though knowing the ancient town of Schleswig was on the plain, we could not see a vestige of it. A railway was a real blessing here; we napped till reaching Altona, and were awakened by the sudden glare of gas, the first since our departure from this same station; and driving into Hamburg, whose illuminated Alster seemed like a reversed firmament, came to the conviction that all fun was over for this year, and now nothing remained but to go home to England, which we did *vid* Berlin, having a pleasant little adventure with the Queen of Prussia in the gardens of Potsdam, when sketching the mill of Sans-Souci. Her Majesty, finding us to be English, was most pleasing, and questioned us with interest upon the novelty of two 'Unprotecteds' exploring Norway. Stopping for a moment at Brussels, to purchase attire of the last fashion, as good there as in Paris, and more attainable, we arrived in England in time to wear it in honour of merry Christmas.

History of Modern Rome, from the Taking of Constantinople (1453) to the Restoration (1850) of Pope Pius the Ninth. 8vo, 118 pp. London: Longman & Co. 1857.

THE PROPAGANDA.

Gregory the Fifteenth, who succeeded to the pontificate in 1621, founded the college 'De Propaganda Fide,' which has since been so infamous. The title of this

society was originally *congregatio de propaganda fide* (1622). Those who are unacquainted with Popish arguments might think this society like one of our Protestant Bible Societies. The fact is, however, that every regular Popish society was always formed in secret connection with some foreign prince, who lent, or was prepared to lend, it an army of soldiers, to write its arguments with the sword and with blood. Branches of this society for propagating the Roman Catholic faith were established in several of the Roman Catholic countries in Europe. It was established in Piedmont, where to its title was put the addition, *et extirpandis hæreticis*. The descendants of the Albigenses and Waldenses still continued in the valleys of Piedmont, and were known as the Vaudois. They clung to their ancient religion with tenacity equal to that of the ancient Paulicians. [See Hallam's *Mid. Ag.*, Ch. ix., Part 2.] The propagating and also extirpating society, accompanied by Roman Catholic soldiers from France, Piedmont, and Switzerland, perpetrated three massacres (1655, 1686, and 1696) on the Vaudois, who were again nearly exterminated. But though the Church of Rome was still ready and eager to destroy men merely because they differed from it in their religious opinions, yet throughout the greater part of Europe a remarkable change of opinion had taken place between the times of the former and the latter persecution. On the former occasion (1229) the heretics had no friends except the Count of Toulouse; but on the latter occasion Sweden, England, Holland, Switzerland, and Savoy actively interfered on behalf of the oppressed heretics, and even the tyrannical Louis the Fourteenth of France thought it politic to appear on the side of the injured.

Sinai, the Hedjaz, and Soudan: Wanderings Around the Birth-place of the Prophet, and Across the Ethiopian Desert, from Sawakin to Chartum.
By James Hamilton. Crown 8vo, 414 pp. London: Richard Bentley.

GOD IS WITH THE PATIENT.

One seldom passes a day in the East without being reminded half-a-dozen times, that 'God is with the patient,' a comfortable doctrine of Arab piety or laziness, which serves to excuse or justify every delay. You engage camels, and

at the time appointed they are not in readiness; you seek for the owner, and probably find him smoking in the coffee-shop or listening in the market, and he tells you that 'God is with the patient;' you growl out a few angry reproaches, and the friend who has come to visit you insinuates that you are in too great a hurry—at all events, 'God is with the patient.' At last you start up in a flutter of indignation, and go to vent your complaints to the authority of the place, Mudir, Kashef, Nazer, whatever he may be called; he receives you civilly, summons the offender, expostulates with him, and then turns to you with the stereotyped assurance, that 'God is with the patient.' I am sometimes uncharitable enough to think that the abundance of this virtue which Orientals possess, may account for the scanty share of other virtues which seems to have fallen to their lot.

FEEDING-TIME IN THE DESERT.

Our night station was a terrace of sand surrounded on three sides by tufts of doum-palms, many of them festooned with a thick but delicate drapery of clematis; along the fourth side ran a streamlet nourished by the spring, and over it large hawks continually hovered, ready to pounce upon the little birds which came in the evening in vast numbers to drink. Our camels were going to sup, the first time they had enjoyed 'a regular meal' since our departure. In general they were turned out on arriving to pick up what they could find; to-night probably there is not much nourishment fit for them in the neighbourhood, they must therefore be fed. Our guide is an elderly man, the least uncount of our camel-drivers; he has three camels in the caravan, and it was amusing to see his preparations for their evening's entertainment. The table-cloth, a circular piece of leather, was duly spread on the ground, on this he poured the quantity of durrâh destined for their meal, and, calling his camels, they came and took each his place at the feast. It is quaint to see how each in his turn eats, so gravely and so quietly, stretching his long neck into the middle of the heap, then raising his head to masticate each mouthful; all so slowly, with such gusto, that one would swear it was a party of epicures sitting in judgment upon one of Vachette's *chefs d'œuvre*.

This night was one of the pleasant ones we passed on this journey. We lay stretched on carpets before the tents, and the dry wind whistled wildly through the tops of the palms; the night birds of prey were screeching from among the bushes, coveying perhaps our still well-stored hen-coop; the chacals howled in the distant bushes, while the flame rose in flickering flashes from our well-nourished camp-fire. It was about the hour when at home the curtains are drawn close, the bright coal-fire in the polished grate throws out a powerful and genial heat, round which the ready circle is formed, while waiting the summons to dine. Perhaps at this moment there is talk of the wanderer, conjectures as to his whereabouts and occupation, pity for his exposed situation, called forth by the shrill gusts which howl in the chimney, and the heavy sleet and rain which are battering the windows. The soft carpeting, the brilliant lighting, the lazy lounging-chairs of the drawing-room; the cloth curtains, hot plates, and iced champagne of the dining-room, are certainly not his portion; no opera, no assembly, will occupy his evening; but then he has no long toilet to make; a basin of water from the brook is all that he requires, and in the white clouds blown from his nargileh he sees many a distant, perhaps some loved object, with whom, communing in long reverie, he passes pleasantly enough the time that must elapse before he hears the not unwelcome announcement that dinner is served. One dines in the desert, or at least contrives to persuade one's-self that one has dined. Soup made of the lamb begged or stolen, I am still uncertain which, this morning at the well; dried vegetables or macaroni form a garnishing to the bouilli, a brace of partridges or katta' (sand-grouse), knocked over during the day's ride, supply a salmi; and the lamb, a not despicable dish of cutlets and a roast. A piece of gruyère, one of the few good things which Switzerland produces, a few glasses of wine, of which one is economical in a journey which threatens to be three times as long as was intended when laying in the stores, and a cup of coffee such as is only to be had in the East, complete a dinner which, in the absence of better, seems good; and after a couple of pipes, a light and refreshing sleep under the canvas roof is more welcome than the lively strains of the orchestra, or the chilly stuffiness of the 'reception.'

AN ARAB GENTLEMAN.

On our arrival at Jidda, Mr Cole had been kind enough to write to the Sherif of Mecca at Tayf, to obtain leave for us to go there; we being unwilling to leave Arabia without making a short excursion into the interior. After an interval of five days an answer was received, not simply granting the permission we had asked for, but expressing the pleasure it would give his highness to receive our visit; he desired that we should come as his guests, and promised to send a sherif to accompany us, with the number of camels we might require for the journey. This excess of attention could be attributed only to his personal consideration for Mr Cole, whom he had known before his appointment to Jidda, and who has neglected neither this nor any other means of strengthening his influence with the authorities. On the day fixed by the sherif in his letter the dromedaries arrived, and we received a message announcing the visit of his wakil in Jidda with the Sherif Hamed, one of the two Kaimakans of Mecca, who was to act as what the Persians call our memindar. He arrived at the time we had named, one of the finest specimens of humanity that imagination can conceive.

A very dark complexion, as far removed from the negro swarthinness as from the bright Caucasian hue, to which the red blood coursing under the thin transparent skin gave a wonderful vivacity, finely chiselled features, regular teeth of dazzling whiteness, jet-black pointed beard and moustaches, large lustrous swimming eyes, in which many a fair lady would love to see her image reflected—all gave to his head a rare distinction. His fresh youthful voice, slim form, the delicacy of his hands and feet, his quiet elastic step, like that of a racer, all bore witness to the purity of his descent. I never felt less ashamed of acknowledging my belief in the real value of blood, than when in presence of this gentleman of seventy descents, before whose nobility the sovereigns and gentry of Europe must hide their insignificant antiquity. The picturesqueness of his costume matched the beauty of his person. Over a white caftan he wore a loose cherry-coloured jubba; round his waist a cashmere shawl, in which was stuck, crossways, a large silver-sheathed, curved poniard, called the jambiah; over his shoulder a sabre was slung by silken cords. His head was

covered by the yellow and red kufiah, which hung down behind, and was fastened to his head by a wide white muslin turban, over the sides of which the ends of the kufiah were thrown up. His feet were bare; his sandals, like those of a Roman statue, being left at the edge of the carpet. With all this, his manners were so coldly quiet, that the stiffest drawing-room in England could have found nothing in them to blame; and I confess that, when he left my room after the first meeting, I was inclined to wish that his highness had sent us some less high-born or less unbending guide.

The Heirs of the Farmstead; or, Life in the Worst Districts of Yorkshire Twenty Years Ago. A Tale. By the Author of 'Orphan Upton,' &c. Crown 8vo, 320 pp. London: J. Heaton & Son.

PARSONS FOR THE TIMES.

'Come, come,' Mr Sykes observed, 'let us not be so unwise as to quarrel. I can state in a few words what I meant by my clumsy expression. I look upon it, friends, that employers of labour have great responsibilities. That they owe much to their "hands." Much more than the wages the "hands" earn. They should provide means, if such be not already in existence, for the moral improvement and religious welfare of their work-people. I think this duty presses on us with peculiar weight. We are drawing together a large mass of human beings; some of them, it may be, from neighbourhoods well furnished with those means. And yet there is here but the scantiest provision for their moral and religious improvement. There is not a settled minister in the village. Now, what I meant was, that if we could find a suitable man, and fix him here—a man who would take the care of those matters—who would preach and visit from house to house, I should be very much pleased indeed, and should feel that we were not neglecting our duties. What say you?'

There was silence. At length Mr Sparks spoke.

'Do you expect me to give an opinion, Mr Sykes?'

'Of course! Why not?'

'Oh, I didn't know whether I shouldn't be considered as bantering you, and so

be instantly expelled from the house. Well, I've just to say that I decidedly object to the firm, as a firm, attempting anything of the sort. In fact, we couldn't do it, because I'm Church out and out. As to you, in your individual capacities, seeking out a good man to look after the moral and religious welfare of the people, I've nothing to object. Although I would say, if Luther won't knock me down, that you'll have to travel far before you meet with a man who'll be likely to care half so much for the people's morals as the people's money. Such men aren't abroad every day.'

'That's an old song,' Mr Bray remarked, 'which men stupidly persist in singing, notwithstanding that every day falsifies it a hundred times over. The difficulty with me in this matter—for I've thought about it a great deal—is finding, not a true, right-hearted man, but a man suited to the place and the times.'

'The question of suitability is something, of course. Well, now, Mr Bray, about this said suitability. If Luther there will withhold his fist, I'll have a word with you about it. It isn't exactly in my line, I'm aware; for I'm not a divine, but an impudent scapegrace, with a burden of sin that wouldn't lie lightly on the shoulders of a Samson. But I've thought about it, I must confess, it being just now a rather common topic in certain quarters. What sort of parson, now, is the man for the times, in your opinion?'

'Why, that's a question that can't be answered in a few sentences. But, as this is an age of books and lectures, of mechanics' institutes and reading societies, depend upon it an illiterate man has no chance. Learning is the thing that's wanted. A preacher must be up in grammar, however he may be as to grace. His manners must be perfect, and his matter original. He must have a good style; and, to please some, a little starch. And then —'

'That'll do. You've hit off a pretty unique character. Don't spoil it. Now, what say you, Mr Sykes?'

'I think earnestness is the thing that's wanted; and I would just say, that if you know anything of Parsons, of York, you've my ideal of a minister. The great fault of our age is, not feeling our creeds. They are pretty correct in a general way, but they are dead things. Men confess them, but are not moved by 'em. A

creed should be like an electrical machine. It should give off *shocks*. Mr Parsons makes you feel your creed. I never hear him when he's in a frenzy, but I feel ever so queer.'

'Mr Bower!'

That gentleman had just begun to puff out a long stream of smoke, by way of preparing for his turn. He watched it for a second, after it had got clear of his mouth, as if to ascertain in what direction it was about to steer, and then replied—

'In my opinion we want men who'll put down all "newfangled notions." I don't know what folks'll get to. They're discovering planets, and finding, they say, all manner of things in rocks, and beginning to tell some sort of tales about the earth having existed thousands of years before it was made. Now I'd have our preachers to put all this down. I think Abel Morgan will yet see the folly of it. I like learning, but not novelty. If I know anything, true scholarship is learning the old, not the new. Dead languages, and so on; not the foolish fancies of living men. I'd have all new planets put down. Those we have are quite enough. And I wouldn't have men digging in the earth—seeking out things that don't belong to us. Let the age of the earth alone. Who's lived so far back as to send word down that it's so old? It's all ——'

'Come, Morgan! Are you inclined to give an opinion?'

'The sort of ministers we most want at this day are such as will be friendly with the masses, lecture for them, advocate their just rights, reason with them, answer in a kind way their sceptical objections, and afford proof that they don't seek so much to sectionise society, as to do men good. People don't want cant now. They want sense.'

'Well now, look here, gentlemen! What a diversity of opinions? By asking you to express your views, I've shown you, I trust, the impracticability of what our friend Sykes suggested. You are by no means agreed amongst yourselves as to the sort of parson best adapted to the times. How then is it likely that you'll be able to act in concert! Each of you, like many others, assumes that the man whom he likes best, with whose modes of thought, expression, ways, he has most sympathy, is the man for the age. Our friend Bray, possessing a smattering of

learning, must needs have an educated ministry. More colleges and professors, rounded periods and flashing figures, is his cry. Then you, Mr Sykes, want earnestness. Fire, and passion, and damnation! Something to keep a fellow alive in the pew! You would have the brimstone bag thrown at him, and a touch of the choke-damp of the pit dashed into his nostrils! That's what you would be at evidently. Then Bower there would have a class of preachers who'd be sure and put down every new thing. Power-looms, to wit, Bower. Who'd be sure and smash those parts of the solar system with which we don't happen to be acquainted, lest by revolving into view they should give rise to the cry of something new. Who'd be sure, in short, and put their foot on truth. An order of men, by the by, which the world in past ages has by no means lacked, and hardly lacks at this day. Morgan would have a ministry for the masses. All who don't happen to belong to the swinish multitude he would leave to perish. A just doom, doubtless. He would have the ministry seek on the platform what they're not allowed to command in the pulpit—namely, applause. He would have them lecture on profitless topics, and spend their time in trying to answer vain questions, and all in order to get men to tolerate them, when they should venerate them; to pay attention to their message, when it ought to command it.

Studies on Secret Records, Personal and Historic. With other Papers. By Thomas De Quincey. Crown 8vo, 334 pp. Edinburgh: James Hogg & Sons.

THE GREAT MODERN HOAX.

Has the modern world no hoax of its own, answering to the Eleusinian mysteries of Grecian days? Oh yes, it has. I have a very bad opinion of the ancient world; and it would grieve me if such a world could be shown to have beaten us even in the quality of our hoaxes. I have also a very bad opinion of the *modern* world. But I daresay that in fifty thousand years it will be considerably improved; and, in the meantime, if we are not quite so good or so clever as we ought to be, yet still we are a trifle better than our ancestors; and I hope we are up to a hoax any day. A man must be a poor

creature that can't lend a hand to a hoax. For two centuries we have had a first-rate one; and its name is *Freemasonry*. Do you know the secret, my reader? Or shall I tell you? Send me a consideration, and I will. But stay, the weather being so fine, and philosophers, therefore, so good tempered, I'll tell it you for nothing; whereas, if you become a mason, you must pay for it. Here is the secret. When the novice is introduced into the conclave of the Freemasons, the grand-master looks very fierce at him, and draws his sword, which makes the novice melancholy, as he is not aware of having had time as yet for any profaneness; and fancies, therefore, that somebody must have been slandering him. Then the grand-master, or his deputy, cites him to the bar, saying, 'What's *that* you have in your pocket?' To which the novice replies, 'A guinea.'—'Anything more?'—'Another guinea.'—'Then,' replies the official person, in a voice of thunder, 'fork out.' Of course, to a man coming sword-in-hand, few people refuse to do *that*. This forms the first half of the mysteries; the second half, which is by much the more interesting, consists entirely of brandy. In fact, this latter mystery forms the reason, or final cause, for the elder mystery of the *Forking out*.

JOSEPH ADY.

Joseph Ady was a useful public servant, although in some degree a disreputable servant; and through half a generation (say sixteen or seventeen years, in these days) a purveyor of fun and hilarity to the great nation of newspaper-readers. His line of business was this:—Naturally, in the case of a funded debt so vast as ours in Great Britain, it must happen that very numerous lodgments of sums not large enough to attract attention, are dropping into the list of dividends with no apparent claimant every fortnight. Death is always at work in removing the barriers between ourselves—whoever this *ourselves* may happen to be—and claims upon the national debt that have lost (perhaps long ago) their original owners. The reader, for instance, or myself, at this very moment, may unconsciously have succeeded to some lapsed claim, between which and us five years ago there may have stood thirty or forty claimants with a nearer title. In a nation so adventurous and given to travelling as ours, deaths abroad by fire and

water, by contagious disease, and by the dagger or the secret poison of the assassin (to which of all nations ours is most exposed, from inveterate habits of generous unsuspecting confidence), annually clear off a large body of obscure claimants, whose claims (as being not conspicuous from their small amount) are silently as snow-flakes gathering into a vast fund (if I recollect, forty millions sterling) of similar noiseless accumulations. When you read the periodical list published by authority of the countless articles (often valuable) left by the owners in public carriages, out of pure forgetfulness, to the mercy of chance, or of needy public servants, it is not possible that you should be surprised if some enterprising countryman, ten thousand miles from home, should forget in his last moments some deposit of one, two, or three hundred pounds in the British Funda. In such a case, it would be a desirable thing for the reader and myself that some person practised in such researches should take charge of our interests, watch the future fortunes of the unadvertised claim, and note the steps by which sometimes it comes nearer and nearer to our own door. Now, such a vicarious watchman was Joseph Ady. In discharge of his self-assumed duties, he addressed letters to all the world. He communicated the outline of the case; but naturally stipulated for a retaining fee (not much, usually twenty shillings), as the *honorarium* for services past and coming. Out of five thousand addressees, if nine-tenths declined to take any notice of his letters, the remaining tenth secured to him £500 annually. Gradually he extended his correspondence to the Continent. And general merriment attended his continual skirmishes with police-offices. But this lucrative trade was at last ungenerously stifled by a new section in the Post-Office Bill, which made the *writer* of letters that were refused liable for the postage. That legislative blow extinguished simultaneously *Adyism* and *Ady*.

WICKED WILL WHISTON.

In this age, when Swift is so little read, it may be requisite to explain that Swift it was who fastened this epithet of *wicked* to Will Whiston; and the humour of it lay in the very incongruity of the epithet; for Whiston, thus sketched as a profligate, was worn to the bone by the anxieties of a conscience too scrupulous: he

was anything but wicked, being pedantic, crazy, and fantastical in virtue after a fashion of his own, that *must* have been sincere, as it neither brought nor promised anything but ruin. He ruined his wife and family, he ruined himself and all that trusted in him, by crotchets that he never could explain to any rational man; and by one thing that he never explained to himself, which a hundred years after I explained very clearly—namely, that all his heresies in religion, all his crazes in ecclesiastical antiquities, in casuistical morals, and even as to the discovery of the longitude, had their rise, not (as his friends thought) in too much conscientiousness and too much learning, but in too little rhubarb and magnesia. In his Autobiography he has described his own craziness of stomach in a way to move the gravest reader's laughter, and the sternest reader's pity. Everybody, in fact, that knew his case and history, stared at him, derided him, pitied him, and in some degree respected him. For he was a man of eternal self-sacrifice, and that is always venerable; he was a man of primitive unworldly sincerity, and that is always lovely: yet both the one and the other were associated with so many oddities and absurdities, as compelled the most equitable judge at times to join in the general laughter. He and Humphrey Ditton, who both held official stations as mathematicians, and were both honoured with the acquaintance of Sir Isaac Newton, had both been candidates for the parliamentary prize as discoverers of the longitude, and, naturally, both were found wrong, which furnishes the immediate theme for Swift's savage ridicule:—

'The longitude mist on
By wicked Will Whiston;
And not better hit on
By good Master Ditton;
Sing Whiston, sing Ditton.'

After which Swift grows too atrociously Swiftian for quotation.

WHO AND WHAT IS MILTON?

Before we notice these two cases of Milton, first of all let us ask—Who and what is Milton? Dr Johnson was furiously incensed with a certain man, by trade an author and manufacturer of books, wholesale and retail, for introducing Milton's name into a certain index, under the letter M, thus—'Milton, Mr John.' That *Mister*, undoubtedly, was hard to digest. Yet very often it hap-

pens to the best of us—to men who are far enough from 'thinking small beer of themselves'—that about ten o'clock A.M., an official big-wig, sitting at Bow Street, calls upon the man to account for his *sprees* of the last night, for his feats in knocking down lamp-posts, and extinguishing watchmen, by this ugly demand of—'Who and what are you, sir?' And perhaps the poor man, sick and penitential for want of soda-water, really finds a considerable difficulty in replying satisfactorily to the worthy *beek's* apostrophe. Although, at five o'clock in the evening, should the culprit be returning into the country in the same coach as his awful interrogator, he might be very apt to look fierce, and retort this amiable inquiry, and with equal thirst for knowledge to demand, 'Now, sir, if you come to *that*, who and what are *you*?' And the *beek* in *his* turn, though so apt to indulge his own curiosity at the expense of the public, might find it very difficult to satisfy that of others.

The same thing happens to authors; and to great authors beyond all others. So accustomed are we to survey a great man through the cloud of years that has gathered round him—so impossible is it to detach him from the pomp and equipage of all who have quoted him, copied him, echoed him, lectured about him, disputed about him, quarrelled about him, that in the case of any Anacharsis the Scythian coming amongst us—any savage, that is to say, uninstructed in our literature, but speaking our language, and feeling an intelligent interest in our great men—a man could hardly believe at first how perplexed he would feel—how utterly at a loss for any *adequate* answer to this question, suddenly proposed—'Who and what was Milton?' That is to say, what is the place which he fills in his own vernacular literature? what station does he hold in universal literature?

I, if abruptly called upon in that summary fashion to convey a *commensurate* idea of Milton, one which might at once correspond to his pretensions, and yet be readily intelligible to the savage, should answer perhaps thus:—Milton is not an author amongst authors, not a poet amongst poets, but a power amongst powers; and the 'Paradise Lost' is not a book amongst books, not a poem amongst poems, but a central force amongst forces.

The Myth of Hiawatha, and other Oral Legends, Mythologic and Allegoric, of the North American Indians. By Henry R. Schoolcraft, LL.D. Small 8vo, 344 pp. Philadelphia: J. B. Lipincott & Co.

CHILEELI, OR THE RED LOVER.

Many years ago there lived a warrior on the banks of Lake Superior whose name was Wawanosh. He was the chief of an ancient family of his tribe, who had preserved the line of chieftainship unbroken for a remote time, and he consequently cherished a pride of ancestry. To the reputation of birth he added the advantages of a tall and commanding person, and the dazzling qualities of personal strength, courage, and activity. His bow was noted for its size, and the feats he had performed with it. His counsel was sought as much as his strength was feared, so that he became to be equally regarded as a hunter, a warrior, and a counsellor. He had now passed the meridian of his days, and the term *AKK-EE-WAIZEE*—i. e., one who has been long on the earth—was applied to him.

Such was Wawanosh, to whom the united voice of the nation awarded the first place in their esteem, and the highest authority in council. But distinction, it seems, is apt to engender haughtiness in the hunter state as well as civilised life. Pride was his ruling passion, and he clung with tenacity to the distinctions which he regarded as an inheritance.

Wawanosh had an only daughter, who had now lived to witness the budding of the leaves of the eighteenth spring. Her father was not more celebrated for his deeds of strength than she for her gentle virtues, her slender form, her full beaming hazel eyes, and her dark and flowing hair.

'And through her cheek
The blush would make its way, and all but
speak.
The sunburn blood suffused her neck, and
threw
O'er her brown clear skin a lucid hue,
Like coral reddening through the darken'd
wave,
Which draws the diver to the crimson cave.'

Her hand was sought by a young man of humble parentage, who had no other merits to recommend him but such as might arise from a tall and commanding person, a manly step, and an eye beaming with the tropical fires of youth and love. These were sufficient to attract the favourable notice of the daughter, but were by no means satisfactory to the father, who

sought an alliance more suitable to the rank and the high pretensions of his family.

'Listen to me, young man,' he replied to the trembling hunter, who had sought an interview, 'and be attentive to my words. You ask me to bestow upon you my daughter, the chief solace of my age, and my choicest gift from the Master of Life. Others have asked of me this boon, who are as young, as active, and as ardent as yourself. Some of these persons have had better claims to become my son-in-law. Have you reflected upon the deeds which have raised me in authority, and made my name known to the enemies of my nation? Where is there a chief who is not proud to be considered the friend of Wawanosh? Where, in all the land, is there a hunter who has excelled Wawanosh? Where is there a warrior who can boast the taking of an equal number of scalps?

'And what, young man, have you to boast? Have you ever met your enemies in the field of battle? Have you ever brought home a trophy of victory? Have you ever proved your fortitude by suffering protracted pain, enduring continued hunger, or sustaining great fatigue? Is your name known beyond the humble limits of your native village? Go, then, young man, and earn a name for yourself. It is none but the brave that can ever hope to claim an alliance with the house of Wawanosh. Think not my warrior blood shall mingle with the humble mark of the Awasees' [catfish].

The intimidated lover departed, but he resolved to do a deed that would render him worthy of the daughter of Wawanosh, or die in the attempt. He called together several of his young companions and equals in years, and imparted to them his design of conducting an expedition against the enemy, and requested their assistance. Several embraced the proposal immediately; others were soon brought to acquiesce; and, before ten suns set, he saw himself at the head of a formidable party of young warriors, all eager, like himself, to distinguish themselves in battle. Each warrior was armed, according to the custom of the period, with a bow and a quiver of arrows, tipped with flint or jasper. He carried a sack or wallet, provided with a small quantity of parched and pounded corn, mixed with pemmican or maple sugar. He was furnished with a puggamagun, or war-club of hard wood, fas-

tened to a girdle of deer-skin, and a stone or copper knife. In addition to this, some carried the ancient *shemagun*, or lance, a smooth pole about a fathom in length, with a javelin of flint, firmly tied on with deer's sinews. Thus equipped, and each warrior painted in a manner to suit his fancy, and ornamented with appropriate feathers, they repaired to the spot appointed for the war-dance.

A level, grassy plain extended for nearly a mile from the lodge of Wawanosh along the lake shore. Lodges of bark were promiscuously interspersed over this green, and here and there a cluster of trees, or a solitary tall pine. A belt of yellow sand skirted the lake shore in front, and a tall, thick forest formed the background. In the centre of this plain stood a high shattered pine, with a clear space about, renowned as the scene of the war-dance time out of mind. Here the youths assembled, with their tall and graceful leader, distinguished by the feathers of the bald eagle, which he wore on his head. A bright fire of pinewood blazed upon the green. He led his men several times around this fire, with a measured and solemn chant. Then suddenly halting, the war-whoop was raised, and the dance immediately began. An old man, sitting at the head of the ring, beat time upon the drum, while several of the elder warriors shook their rattles, and 'ever and anon' made the woods re-echo with their yells. Each warrior chanted alternately the verse of a song, of which the words generally embraced some prominent idea, often repeated.

'The eagles scream on high,
They whet their forked beaks;
Raise—raise the battle-cry,
'Tis fame our leader seeks.'

Thus they continued the dance, till each had introduced his verse, with short intermissions, for two successive days and nights. Sometimes the village seer, who led the ceremony, would embrace the occasion of a pause, to address them with words of encouragement, in a prophetic voice and air, suited to raise their voices.

'In the dreamy hours of night
I beheld the bloody fight.
As reclined upon my bed,
Holy visions crown'd my head;
High our guardian spirit bright
Stood above the dreadful fight;
Beaming eye and dazzling brand
Gleam'd upon my chosen band,
While a black and awful shade
O'er the faithless foemen spread.

Soon they waver'd, sunk, and fled,
Leaving wounded, dying, dead,
While my gallant warriors high
Waved their trophies in the sky.'

At every recurrence of this kind, new energy was infused into the dance, and the warriors renewed their gesticulations, and stamped upon the ground, as if they were trampling their enemies under their feet.

At length the prophet uttered his final prediction of success; and the warriors drooping off, one by one, from the fire, took their way to the place appointed for their rendezvous, on the confines of the enemy's country. The leader was not among the last to depart, but he did not leave the village without seeking an interview with the daughter of Wawanosh. He disclosed to her his firm determination never to return, unless he could establish his name as a warrior. He told her of the pangs he had felt at the bitter reproaches of her father, and declared that his soul spurned the imputation of effeminacy and cowardice implied by his language. He averred that he could never be happy until he had proved to the whole tribe the strength of his heart, which is the Indian term for courage. He said that his dreams had not been propitious, but he should not cease to invoke the power of the Great Spirit. He repeated his protestations of inviolable attachment, which she returned, and, pledging vows of mutual fidelity, they parted.

That parting proved final. All she ever heard from her lover after this interview was brought by one of his successful warriors, who said that he had distinguished himself by the most heroic bravery, but, at the close of the fight, he had received an arrow in his breast. The enemy fled, leaving many of their warriors dead on the field. On examining the wound, it was perceived to be beyond their power to cure. They carried him towards home a day's journey, but he languished, and expired in the arms of his friends. From the moment the report was received, no smile was ever seen in the once happy lodge of Wawanosh. His daughter pined away by day and by night. Tears, sighs, and lamentation were heard continually. Nothing could restore her lost serenity of mind. Persuasive and reproofs were alternately employed, but employed in vain. She would seek a sequestered spot, where she would sit under a shady tree, and sing her mournful laments for hours together.

Passages of these are yet repeated by tradition.

It was not long before a small bird of beautiful plumage flew upon the tree under which she usually sat. This mysterious visiter, which, from its sweet and artless notes, is called Chileeli, seemed to respond in sympathy to her plaintive voice. It was a strange bird, such as had not before been observed. It came every day, and remained chanting its notes till nightfall; and when it left its perch on the tree, it seemed, from the delicate play of the colours of its plumage, as if it had taken its hues from the rainbow. Her fond imagination soon led her to suppose it was the spirit of her lover, and her visits to the sequestered spot were repeated more frequently. She passed much of her time in fasting, and singing her plaintive songs. There she pined away, taking little nourishment, and constantly desiring to pass away to that land of expected bliss and freedom from care, where it is believed that the spirits of men will be again reunited, and tread over fields of flowery enjoyment. And when death came to her, it was not as the bearer of gloom and regrets, but as the herald of happiness. After her decease, the mysterious bird was never more seen, and it became a popular opinion that the mysterious visiter had flown away with her spirit.

THE WHITE STONE CANOE.

There was once a very beautiful young girl, who died suddenly on the day she was to have been married to a handsome young man. He was also brave, but his heart was not proof against this loss. From the hour she was buried, there was no more joy or peace for him. He went often to visit the spot where the women had buried her, and sat musing there, when it was thought, by some of his friends, he would have done better to try to amuse himself in the chase, or by diverting his thoughts in the war-path. But war and hunting had both lost their charms for him. His heart was already dead within him. He pushed aside both his war-club and his bow and arrows.

He had heard the old people say that there was a path that led to the land of souls, and he determined to follow it. He accordingly set out, one morning, after having completed his preparations for the journey. At first he hardly knew which way to go. He was only guided

by the tradition that he must go south. For awhile he could see no change in the face of the country. Forests, and hills, and valleys, and streams had the same looks which they wore in his native place. There was snow on the ground, when he set out, and it was sometimes seen to be piled and matted on the thick trees and bushes. At length it began to diminish, and finally disappeared. The forest assumed a more cheerful appearance, and the leaves put forth their buds, and before he was aware of the completeness of the change, he found himself surrounded by spring. He had left behind him the land of snow and ice. The air became mild; the dark clouds of winter had rolled away from the sky; a pure field of blue was above him, and as he went, he saw flowers beside his path, and heard the songs of birds. By these signs he knew that he was going the right way, for they agreed with the traditions of his tribe. At length he spied a path. It led him through a grove, then up a long and elevated ridge, on the very top of which he came to a lodge. At the door stood an old man, with white hair, whose eyes, though deeply sunk, had a fiery brilliancy. He had a long robe of skins thrown loosely around his shoulders, and a staff in his hands. It was Chebi-abos.

The young Chippewa began to tell his story; but the venerable chief arrested him before he had proceeded to speak ten words. 'I have expected you,' he replied, 'and had just risen to bid you welcome to my abode. She whom you seek passed here but a few days since, and being fatigued with her journey, rested herself here. Enter my lodge and be seated, and I will then satisfy your inquiries, and give you directions for your journey from this point.' Having done this, they both issued forth to the lodge-door. 'You see yonder gulf,' said he, 'and the wide stretching blue plains beyond. It is the land of souls. You stand upon its borders, and my lodge is the gate of entrance. But you cannot take your body along. Leave it here, with your bow and arrows, your bundle, and your dog. You will find them safe on your return.' So saying, he re-entered the lodge, and the freed traveller bounded forward, as if his feet had suddenly been endowed with the power of wings. But all things retained their natural colours and shapes. The woods and leaves, and streams and lakes, were only more bright and comely than

he had ever witnessed. Animals bounded across his path with a freedom and a confidence which seemed to tell him there was no blood shed here. Birds of beautiful plumage inhabited the groves, and sported in the waters. There was but one thing in which he saw a very unusual effect. He noticed that his passage was not stopped by trees or other objects. He appeared to walk directly through them. They were, in fact, but the souls or shadows of material trees. He became sensible that he was in a land of shadows. When he had travelled half-a-day's journey, through a country which was continually becoming more attractive, he came to the banks of a broad lake, in the centre of which was a large and beautiful island. He found a canoe of shining white stone, tied to the shore. He was now sure that he had come the right path, for the aged man had told him of this. There were also shining paddles. He immediately entered the canoe, and took the paddles in his hands, when, to his joy and surprise, on turning round, he beheld the object of his search in another canoe, exactly its counterpart in everything. She had exactly imitated his motions, and they were side by side. They at once pushed out from the shore, and began to cross the lake. Its waves seemed to be rising, and at a distance looked ready to swallow them up; but just as they entered the whitened edge of them they seemed to melt away, as if they were but the images of waves. But no sooner was one wreath of foam passed, than another, more threatening still, rose up. Thus they were in perpetual fear; and what added to it, was the *clearness of the water*, through which they could see heaps of beings who had perished before, and whose bones lay strewed on the bottom of the lake. The Master of Life had, however, decreed to let them pass, for the actions of neither of them had been bad. But they saw many others struggling and sinking in the waves. Old men and young men, males and females of all ages and ranks, were there; some passed, and some sank. It was only the little children whose canoes seemed to meet no waves. At length every difficulty was gone, as in a moment, and they both leaped on the happy island. They felt that the very air was food. It strengthened and nourished them. They wandered together over the blissful fields, where everything was formed to please the eye and the ear. There were no tem-

pests—there was no ice, no chilly winds—no one shivered for the want of warm clothes: no one suffered for hunger—no one mourned the dead. They saw no graves. They heard of no wars. There was no hunting of animals; for the air itself was their food. Gladly would the young warrior have remained there for ever, but he was obliged to go back for his body. He did not see the Master of Life, but he heard his voice in a soft breeze. 'Go back,' said this voice, 'to the land from which you come. Your time has not yet come. The duties for which I made you, and which you are to perform, are not yet finished. Return to your people, and accomplish the duties of a good man. You will be the ruler of your tribe for many days. The rules you must observe will be told you by my messenger who keeps the gate. When he surrenders back your body, he will tell you what to do. Listen to him, and you shall afterwards rejoin the spirit, which you must now leave behind. She is accepted, and will be ever here, as young and as happy as she was when I first called her from the land of snows.' When this voice ceased, the narrator awoke. It was the fancy-work of a dream, and he was still in the bitter land of snows, and hunger, and tears.

ERONENIERA, OR AN INDIAN VISIT TO
THE GREAT SPIRIT.*

An Algonquin Legend.

A Delaware Indian, called Eroneniera, anxious to know the Master of Life, resolved, without mentioning his design to any one, to undertake a journey to Paradise, which he knew to be God's residence. But, to succeed in his project, it was necessary for him to know the way to the celestial regions. Not knowing any person who, having been there himself, might aid him in finding the road, he commenced juggling, in the hope of drawing a good augury from his dream.

The Indian in his dream imagined that he had only to commence his journey, and that a continued walk would take him to the celestial abode. The next morning very early he equipped himself as a hunter, taking a gun, powder-horn, ammunition, and a boiler to cook his provisions. The

* Pontiac told this story to the assembled Indians in 1763, to enlist them in his plan to resist the transfer of the country to the English authority, on the fall of the French power in the Canadas.

first part of his journey was pretty favourable; he walked a long time without being discouraged, having always a firm conviction that he should attain his aim. Eight days had already elapsed without his meeting with any one to oppose his desire. On the evening of the eighth day, at sunset, he stopped as usual on the bank of a brook, at the entrance of a little prairie, a place which he thought favourable for his night's encampment. As he was preparing his lodging, he perceived at the other end of the prairie three very wide and well-beaten paths; he thought this somewhat singular; he, however, continued to prepare his wigwam, that he might shelter himself from the weather. He also lighted a fire. While cooking, he found that the darker it grew, the more distinct were those paths. This surprised, nay, even frightened him; he hesitated a few moments. Was it better for him to remain in his camp, or seek another at some distance? While in this incertitude, he remembered his juggling, or rather his dream. He thought that his only aim in undertaking his journey was to see the Master of Life. This restored him to his senses. He thought it probable that one of those three roads led to the place which he wished to visit. He therefore resolved upon remaining in his camp until the morrow, when he would at random take one of them. His curiosity, however, scarcely allowed him time to take his meal; he left his encampment and fire, and took the widest of the paths. He followed it until the middle of the day, without seeing anything to impede his progress; but, as he was resting a little to take breath, he suddenly perceived a large fire coming from under ground. It excited his curiosity; he went towards it to see what it might be; but, as the fire appeared to increase as he drew nearer, he was so overcome with fear, that he turned back and took the widest of the other two paths. Having followed it for the same space of time as he had the first, he perceived a similar spectacle. His fright, which had been lulled by the change of road, awoke him, and he was obliged to take the third path, in which he walked a whole day without seeing anything. All at once a mountain of a marvellous whiteness burst upon his sight. This filled him with astonishment; nevertheless he took courage and advanced to examine it. Having arrived at the foot,

he saw no signs of a road. He became very sad, not knowing how to continue his journey. In this conjuncture, he looked on all sides, and perceived a female seated upon the mountain; her beauty was dazzling, and the whiteness of her garments surpassed that of snow. The woman said to him in his own language, 'You appear surprised to find no longer a path to reach your wishes. I know that you have for a long time longed to see and speak to the Master of Life; and that you have undertaken this journey purposely to see him. The way which leads to his abode is upon this mountain. To ascend it, you must undress yourself completely, and leave all your accoutrements and clothing at the foot. No person shall injure them. You will then go and wash yourself in the river which I am now showing you, and afterward ascend the mountain.'

The Indian obeyed punctually the woman's words; but one difficulty remained. How could he arrive at the top of the mountain, which was steep, without a path, and as smooth as glass! He asked the woman how he was to accomplish it. She replied, that, if he really wished to see the Master of Life, he must, in mounting, only use his left hand and foot. This appeared almost impossible to the Indian. Encouraged, however, by the female, he commenced ascending, and succeeded, after much trouble. When at the top, he was astonished to see no person, the woman having disappeared. He found himself alone, and without a guide. Three unknown villages were in sight; they were constructed on a different plan from his own, much handsomer, and more regular. After a few moments' reflection, he took his way towards the handsomest. When about half-way from the top of the mountain, he recollected that he was naked, and was afraid to proceed; but a voice told him to advance, and have no apprehensions; that, as he had washed himself, he might walk in confidence. He proceeded without hesitation to a place which appeared to be the gate of the village, and stopped until some one came to open it. While he was considering the exterior of the village, the gate opened, and the Indian saw coming towards him a handsome man dressed all in white, who took him by the hand, and said he was going to satisfy his wishes by leading him to the presence of the Master of Life.

The Indian suffered himself to be conducted, and they arrived at a place of unequalled beauty. The Indian was lost in admiration. He there saw the Master of Life, who took him by the hand, and gave him for a seat a hat bordered with gold. The Indian, afraid of spoiling the hat, hesitated to sit down; but, being again ordered to do so, he obeyed, without reply.

The Indian being seated, God said to him, 'I am the Master of Life, whom thou wishest to see, and to whom thou wishest to speak. Listen to that which I will tell thee for thyself and for all the Indians. I am the Maker of heaven and earth, the trees, lakes, rivers, men, and all thou seest or hast seen on the earth or in the heavens; and because I love you, you must do my will: you must also avoid that which I hate. I hate you to drink as you do, until you lose your reason; I wish you not to fight one another; you take two wives, or run after other people's wives: you do wrong; I hate such conduct; you should have but one wife, and keep her until death. When you go to war, you juggle, you sing the medicine song, thinking you speak to me; you deceive yourselves; it is to the Manito that you speak; he is a wicked spirit, who induces you to evil, and for want of knowing me, you listen to him.

'The land on which you are, I have made for you, not for others: wherefore do you suffer the whites to dwell upon your lands? Can you not do without them? I know that those whom you call the children of your great Father supply your wants. But were you not wicked as you are, you would not need them. You might live as you did before you knew them. Before those whom you call your brothers had arrived, did not your bow and arrow maintain you? You needed neither gun, powder, nor any other object. The flesh of animals was your food; their skins your raiment. But when I saw you inclined to evil, I removed the animals into the depths of the forests, that you might depend on your brothers for your necessities, for your clothing. Again become good and do my will, and I will send animals for your sustenance. I do not, however, forbid suffering among your Father's children; I love them, they know me, they pray to me; I supply their own wants, and give them that which they bring to you. Not so with those who are come to trouble your pos-

sessions. Drive them away; wage war against them. I love them not. They know me not. They are my enemies; they are your brothers' enemies. Send them back to the lands I have made for them. Let them remain there.

'Here is a written prayer which I give thee; learn it by heart, and teach it to all the Indians and children.' (The Indian observing here that he could not read, the Master of Life told him, that, on his return upon earth, he should give it to the chief of his village, who would read it, and also teach it to him, as also to all the Indians.) 'It must be repeated,' said the Master of Life, 'morning and evening. Do all that I have told thee, and announce it to all the Indians as coming from the Master of Life. Let them drink but one draught, or two at most, in one day. Let them have but one wife, and discontinue running after other people's wives and daughters. Let them not fight one another. Let them not sing the medicine song, for in singing the medicine song they speak to the evil spirit. Drive from your lands,' added the Master of Life, 'those dogs in red clothing: they are only an injury to you. When you want anything, apply to me, as your brothers do, and I will give to both. Do not sell to your brothers that which I have placed on the earth as food. In short, become good, and you shall want nothing. When you meet one another, bow, and give one another the . . . hand of the heart. Above all, I command thee to repeat, morning and evening, the prayer which I have given thee.'

The Indian promised to do the will of the Master of Life, and also to recommend it strongly to the Indians; adding, that the Master of Life should be satisfied with them.

His conductor then came, and leading him to the foot of the mountain, told him to take his garments, and return to his village; which was immediately done by the Indian.

His return much surprised the inhabitants of the village, who did not know what had become of him. They asked him whence he came; but, as he had been enjoined to speak to no one until he saw the chief of the village, he motioned to them with his hand that he came from above. Having entered the village, he went immediately to the chief's wigwam, and delivered to him the prayer

and laws intrusted to his care by the Master of Life.

WEENG, THE SPIRIT OF SLEEP.

Sleep is personified by the Odjibwas under the name of Weeng. The power of the Indian Morpheus is executed by a peculiar class of gnome-like beings, called *Weengs*. These subordinate creations, although invisible to the human eye, are each armed with a tiny war-club, or pug-gamaugun, with which they nimbly climb up to the forehead, and knock the drowsy person on the head; on which sleepiness is immediately produced. If the first blow is insufficient, another is given, until the eyelids close, and a sound sleep is produced. It is the constant duty of these little agents to put every one to sleep whom they encounter—men, women, and children. And they are found secreted around the bed, or on small protuberances of the bark of the Indian lodges. They hide themselves in the *Gushkeepitaugun*, or smoking pouch of the hunter, and when he sits down to light his pipe in the woods, are ready to fly out and exert their sleep-compelling power. If they succeed, the game is suffered to pass, and the hunter obliged to return to his lodge without a reward.

In general, however, they are represented to possess friendly dispositions, seeking constantly to restore vigour and elasticity to the exhausted body. But being without judgment, their power is sometimes exerted at the hazard of reputation, or even life. Sleep may be induced in a person carelessly floating in his canoe, above a fall; or in a war party, on the borders of an enemy's country; or in a female, without the protection of the lodge circle. Although their peculiar season of action is in the night, they are also alert during the day.

While the forms of these gnomes are believed to be those of *ineenes*, or little fairy men, the figure of Weeng himself is unknown, and it is not certain that he has ever been seen. Most of what is known on this subject is derived from Iagoo, who related, that, going out one day with his dogs to hunt, he passed through a wide range of thicket, where he lost his dogs. He became much alarmed, for they were faithful animals, and he was greatly attached to them. He called out, and made every exertion to recover them, in vain. At length he came to a spot where he found them asleep, having incauti-

ously ran near the residence of Weeng. After great exertions he aroused them, but not without having felt the power of somnolency himself. As he cast his eyes up from the place where the dogs were lying, he saw the Spirit of Sleep sitting upon the branch of a tree. He was in the shape of a giant insect, or *monelos*, with many wings from his back, which made a low deep murmuring sound, like distant falling water. But Iagoo himself being a very great liar and braggart, but little credit was given to his narration.

Weeng is not only the dispenser of sleep, but, it seems, is also the author of dullness, which renders the word susceptible of an ironical use. If an orator fails, he is said to be struck by Weeng. If a warrior *lingers*, he has ventured too near the sleepy god. If children begin to nod or yawn, the Indian mother looks up smilingly, and says, 'They have been struck by Weeng,' and puts them to bed.

PEBOAN AND SEEGWUN.

An Allegory of Winter and Spring.

An old man was sitting in his lodge, by the side of a frozen stream. It was the close of winter, and his fire was almost out. He appeared very old and very desolate. His locks were white with age, and he trembled in every joint. Day after day passed in solitude, and he heard nothing but the sounds of the tempest, sweeping before it the new-fallen snow.

One day, as his fire was just dying, a handsome young man approached and entered his dwelling. His cheeks were red with the blood of youth, his eyes sparkled with animation, and a smile played upon his lips. He walked with a light and quick step. His forehead was bound with a wreath of sweet grass in place of a warrior's frontlet, and he carried a bunch of flowers in his hand.

'Ah, my son,' said the old man, 'I am happy to see you. Come in. Come, tell me of your adventures, and what strange lands you have been to see. Let us pass the night together. I will tell you of my prowess and exploits, and what I can perform. You shall do the same, and we will amuse ourselves.'

He then drew from his sack a curiously-wrought antique pipe, and having filled it with tobacco, rendered mild by an admixture of certain leaves, handed it to his guest. When this ceremony was concluded, they began to speak.

'I blow my breath,' said the old man, 'and the streams stand still. The water becomes stiff and hard as clear stone.'

'I breathe,' said the young man, 'and flowers spring up all over the plains.'

'I shake my locks,' retorted the old man, 'and snow covers the land. The leaves fall from the trees at my command, and my breath blows them away. The birds get up from the water, and fly to a distant land. The animals hide themselves from my breath, and the very ground becomes as hard as flint.'

'I shake my ringlets,' rejoined the young man, 'and warm showers of soft rain fall upon the earth. The plants lift up their heads out of the earth, like the eyes of children glistening with delight. My voice recalls the birds. The warmth of my breath unlocks the streams. Music fills the groves wherever I walk, and all nature rejoices.'

'At length the sun began to rise. A gentle warmth came over the place. The tongue of the old man became silent. The robin and bluebird began to sing on the top of the lodge. The stream began to murmur by the door, and the fragrance of growing herbs and flowers came softly on the vernal breeze.'

Daylight fully revealed to the young man the character of his entertainer. When he looked upon him, he had the icy visage of Peboan [Winter]. Streams began to flow from his eyes. As the sun increased, he grew less and less in stature, and anon had melted completely away. Nothing remained on the place of his lodge fire but the miskodeed [the *Claytonia Virginica*], a small white flower, with a pink border.

Essays and Sketches. By the late William Pitt Scargill, Author of 'Truckleborough Hall,' the 'Usher's Daughter,' &c. Foolscape 8vo, 376 pp. London: Robert Hardwicke.

A CHAPTER ON FACES.

There is a great deal in a face; all the interest of life depends on face. It is a difficult thing to imagine what we should do without faces; we have no sympathy for living things which have not face: there is not one man in a thousand, save and except butchers, who could stick a knife into the throat of a lamb, it has such a pretty innocent face; but oysters are slaughtered remorselessly,

wrenched out of their shells without the slightest compunction: they have no faces, though they have beards; they shed no tears; they utter no cry; they exhibit no mournful countenance—and therefore they are not pitied. What a parcel of hypocrisy is all our pity for negroes, all our pretence to humanity, and all our anti-cruelty crotchets—it is nothing more than sympathy with face. When Shakspeare talks of the big drops coursing each other down the stag's face, our pity is excited almost to tears; and if eels had such faces as mermaids, there is not a fishwife at Billingsgate who would dare to skin one; but these poor vermicular fishes are so much alike at both ends, that nobody pities them. What a pathos does Mark Antony throw into his address to the body of the murdered Caesar, when he says,

'Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their
ruby lips!'

Here is a metaphor of face, bringing to the hearer the expression of the countenance of one wounded even to death. It was from feeling, recognised or not, of the universal sympathy with face, that led Shakspeare to the adoption of this metaphor, and it tells well. Ovid's bleeding trees excite very little more sympathy than skinned eels—certainly not more than a squeaking lobster—they want face. Garrick was the man to show the world what could be done with face; he was one of the few who ought to act without a mask.

Well, gentle reader, what is the meaning of that start and that stare?

Act in a mask? How can the changes of expression be given by a mask?

By turning one or other side of the mask towards the audience. The actors of old, not presuming on the faculty of extempore face-making, trusted not to their own passion or feeling for the expression of the character, but wore ready-made countenances; and thus the impression, whether joyous or mournful, whether crafty or simple, whether calm or passionate, was continually and uninterruptedly kept up in the minds of the spectators; and as some characters required a change of expression, masks were made for them with a different expression on either profile, so that, by turning this or that side to the audience, an expression was given of joy or sorrow

as the case required. Hence, perhaps, the origin of the saying, to laugh on the wrong side of the mouth. True it is, that by these two broad distinctions there was a loss of the minuter workings of the countenance; but it may be doubted whether nineteen actors out of twenty, by the slovenly use which they make of their naked faces, do not more effectually destroy the illusion of the scene, than any unchangeable mask could do. If the character was a crafty, designing knave, the mask gave that expression, and the audience could not get rid of it, for the mask was never dropped; but when an honest, meaningless, naked face attempts an expression of clever roguery, however near to success it may approach, while the tongue is wagging or the eye is watching, there are moments when the genuine stupidity will stare out, and give the lie to the assumed craftiness. Everybody must have observed, that the first time of seeing a play, they see a play, and the next time of seeing it they see the players.

To refer again to Shakspeare; in his play of 'Macbeth,' what a fine use he makes of face:

'Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done't.'

In a word, let us endeavour to look into our mind for the images which constitute our thoughts of our species, and our interest in them, and we shall find the tablet of our memory covered with faces. The face is not only the means of compassionate feeling, but the instrument also of wisdom. No man can be thoroughly and utterly stupid who has much to do with the human face. I mean no offence to fiddlers; but I think that I am not the only one who has observed the general intellectual difference between artists and musicians—the one addresses the eye, the other the ear; but the artist has more to do with the human face; and he drinks in wisdom from its look; if a face be ever so silly, something is to be learned from it; and they who are not wise themselves may be the cause of wisdom in others. Barbers, also, have generally more to say for themselves than shoemakers—this is from conversing with the head and face.

Perhaps, of all sights that are seen, there is no one so amusing and interesting as the sight of human faces. The audience is a great part of a play; the spectators form the splendour of a coro-

nation. He who cannot spare a shilling for a show may, if he be fond of sight-seeing, amuse himself in the public streets very abundantly with human countenances. He may exercise himself with various and curious conjectures, as to the pursuit, temper, and feelings of the individuals whom he sees passing him. In the streets most people are alone, and tolerably inartificial; but when two persons suddenly and accidentally meet, it is curious to observe the change which their faces undergo—they begin to act immediately; there is an artificial expression, which puts one in mind of a little book, that was very popular rather more than twenty years ago, called 'Thinks I to Myself.' The difference between the human face, when conscious of observation, and when insensible to it, is very great. It is amusing to see the efforts which some people will make to look wise, especially when there is anything that may be criticised, as at Somerset House, at the Opera, among new buildings, or old pictures. What an exhibition of faces is a great city, such as London! You see in this city the centre of commerce, the centre of fashion, the centre of politics, the centre of literature: here you have faces of every clime, of every rank, of every class, of every grade of wit, wisdom, and stupidity. Very entertaining it is to see them glide by, like the slides of a magic lantern; they are interesting to the profound and to the superficial; for there is in human faces philosophy for the wise and fun for the witty. Gay or grave, there is always something to laugh at in the human face: if gay, there is the laugh of sympathy; if grave, there is cause to laugh at the solemnity of the visage. Moreover, as in this mutable world there is food for Heraclitus as well as for Democritus, there is something in the sight of the human countenance which may as readily produce a tear in some spectators as a smile in others. Who can look at a face, on which time's furrows have been deepened by adversity, without a feeling of compassion? For, though there be a show of grief, there is also that within which passeth show. The happy do not carry all their joy in their faces, nor do the sorrowful display all their sorrows there. But not only are the sorrowful to be pitied for what they endure or have endured, the joyful are also as much to be pitied by reflecting on what they may

have to endure. It will not always be sunshine with them. There may be a youthful gladness in the spirit for awhile, there may be the tiptoe triumph of hope, and the confidence of joyful anticipation; but there is waiting for the prosperous some sad reverse; there are evening shadows yet to come, and there may be storms,

'That, hush'd in grim repose, await their evening prey.'

Faces are serious things, be they new or be they old—be they young or be they aged. There is a time of life in which, and there are persons to whom, a new face is a somewhat oppressive sight—it disturbs old associations, and interferes with old recollections. The young are anxious to see the world, and to know what it is; they are glad, therefore, of the sight of new faces; but they who have seen the world, and have made up their minds about it, and are in possession of their instruments and means of thought, do not like to be disturbed by new faces; they feel as travellers in a stage-coach, when, in the middle of the journey, a new passenger steps in; he may be very agreeable, or she may be very pretty; but it is an intrusion, an interruption, a change of habits, an alteration of position; the novelty demands a new attention, and there is a feeling like that of a wearied performer having to begin over again a part that he has nearly finished. There is a serious interest in an old face: it is more than a face—it is a memorandum-book, a chronicle of the past—it is one of life's clocks, which tell us how late it is; it is a living and walking dream—there is some particular history connected with all its varied aspects—there is not a smile or a look which does not call up a vision of the past, and with every vision there is some instructive homily. Young faces are interesting; they are different from new faces; they are not an interruption, they are a refreshment; and we cannot dislike them if we would; for the Ruler of the universe has made children helpless in order that adults might not envy them. There is nothing which so disarms all evil feeling as helplessness and dependence.

'Parcere subjectis, debellare superbos'

is a maxim that holds good all the world over. No man ever hated a flower—one may be disturbed by their excessive fragrance in a close room, or may never think

or care about them, but there is no such thing as hating them. They are so pretty and so helpless, that, if we think about them at all, we must love them. And it is this which gives the interest to young faces; children may be troublesome with untimely noise when our thoughts would be otherwise engaged, and then we may wish them away, or we may pass them by with a heedless inattention, but to look at them with a serious attention, we cannot but love young faces. Is there not also an interest in aged faces? You observe, gentle reader, that I have made a distinction between old and aged faces; an old face is one that we have been long accustomed to, or that we have known in early life; but an aged face is one which time has marked and set its seal upon—a very old one. Now, an old face of this kind may be a new face to our sight; but the newness displeases not—there is no rivalry in it, no encroachments upon our habits or thoughts; the very old and the very young are alike to us in their feebleness and dependence; we have a feeling of tenderness for the helpless and of pity for the infirm, and pity is near akin to love. The sight of a very old face is a vision of the past; it is a flesh-and-blood ghost, though, perhaps, little flesh and blood is left, and seems to say,

I could a tale unfold.'

It is a moveable library of romance—a conglomeration of catastrophes; it is the preterpluperfect tense of humanity; it is a venerable *finis* to the chapter of accidents. Surely, to the man of mind and the mind of man, all nature is redolent of face; we talk of the face of the earth, the face of the waters, the face of the sky; and we even carry face into politics, and talk about the face of affairs; so that, in fact, everything seems to be an affair of face; and so long as we can put a good face on any matter, all goes well.

TACT AND TALENT.

Talent is something; but tact is everything. Talent is serious, sober, grave, and respectable; tact is all that, and more too. It is not a seventh sense, but is the life of all the five. It is the open eye, the quick ear, the judging taste, the keen smell, and the lively touch: it is the interpreter of all riddles—the surmounter of all difficulties—the remover of all obstacles. It is useful in all places, and at all times; it is useful in solitude

for it shows a man his way into the world; it is useful in society, for it shows him his way through the world. Talent is power—tact is skill: talent is weight—tact is momentum: talent knows what to do—tact knows how to do it: talent makes a man respectable—tact will make him respected: talent is wealth—tact is ready money. For all the practical purposes of life, tact carries it against talent—ten to one. Take them to the theatre, and put them against each other on the stage, and talent shall produce you a tragedy that will scarcely live long enough to be damned, while tact keeps the house in a roar, night after night, with its successful farces. There is no want of dramatic talent, there is no want of dramatic tact, but they are seldom together; so we have successful pieces which are not respectable, and respectable pieces which are not successful. Take them to the bar, and let them shake their learned curls at each other in legal rivalry; talent sees its way clearly, but tact is first at its journey's end. Talent has many a compliment from the bench, but tact touches fees from attorneys and clients. Talent speaks learnedly and logically—tact triumphantly. Talent makes the world wonder that it gets on no faster—tact excites astonishment that it gets on so fast; and the secret is, that it has no weight to carry; it makes no false steps—it hits the right nail on the head—it loses no time—it takes all hints—and by keeping its eye on the weathercock, is ready to take advantage of every wind that blows. Take them into the church. Talent has always something worth hearing, tact is sure of abundance of hearers. Talent may obtain a living, tact will make one. Talent gets a good name, tact a great one. Talent convinces, tact converts. Talent is an honour to the profession, tact gains honour from the profession. Take them to court. Talent feels its weight, tact finds its way. Talent commands, tact is obeyed. Talent is honoured with approbation, and tact is blessed by preferment. Place them in the senate. Talent has the ear of the house, but tact wins its heart and has its votes. Talent is fit for employment, but tact is fitted for it. It has a knack of slipping into place with a sweet silence and glibness of movement, as a billiard-ball insinuates itself into the pocket. It seems to know everything without learning anything. It has served an invisible

and extemporary apprenticeship. It wants no drilling. It never ranks in the awkward squad. It has no left hand, no deaf ear, no blind side. It puts on looks of wondrous wisdom, it has no air of profundity; but plays with the details of place as dexterously as a well-taught hand flourishes over the keys of the pianoforte. It has all the air of commonplace, and all the force and power of genius. It can change sides with a *hey presto* movement, and be at all points of the compass, while talent is ponderously and learnedly sifting a single point. Talent calculates clearly, reasons logically, makes out a case as clear as daylight, and utters its oracles with all the weight of justice and reason. Tact refutes without contradicting, puzzles the profound with profundity, and without wit outwits the wise. Set them together on a race for popularity, pen in hand, and tact will distance talent by half the course. Talent brings to market that which is wanted; tact produces that which is wished for. Talent instructs; tact enlightens. Talent leads where no one follows; tact follows where the humour leads. Talent is pleased that it ought to have succeeded; tact is delighted that it has succeeded. Talent toils for a posterity which will never repay it; tact throws away no pains, but catches the passion of the passing hour. Talent builds for eternity; tact on a short lease, and gets good interest. Talent is certainly a very fine thing to talk about, a very good thing to be proud of, a very glorious eminence to look down from; but tact is useful, portable, applicable, always alive, always alert, always marketable: it is the talent of talents, the availability of resources, the applicability of power, the eye of discrimination, the right hand of intellect.

A Two Years' Cruise off Tierra Del Fuego, the Falkland Islands, Patagonia, and in the River Plate: a Narrative of Life in the Southern Seas. By W. Parker Snow. London: Longman & Co.

NOTES ON THE PATAGONIANS.

I have been frequently asked if the Patagonians are such giants as we suppose them to be from the accounts of old voyagers; and in reply I say, from the information given to me, that they are not. They are above the medium height, but not so tall as generally believed; and if

dressed in the habiliments of our life-guardsmen, I imagine they would be nearly about the same stature as this distinguished corps of our army. Some few may be a little taller, but I have not heard of any being the height of six feet and a-half; although Falkner has, in his book, spoken of one who, he says, 'must have been seven feet and some inches in height, because on tiptoe he could not reach the top of his head.' From all I have gleaned concerning them, they are far from being a contemptible race either in intellect or *morale*: but their principal occupation is to roam about from the Rio Negro, on the confines of the Buenos Ayrean territories, to the Straits of Magellan, and it is not always that ships can fall in with them. Numerous and pleasing anecdotes relating to these savages, as well as other tales not so agreeable, have been told me; but I never like to repeat any stories unless certain of their authenticity. What I think may be depended upon is in substance as follows:—

The Patagonians are naturally a race of wild hunters, living more on horseback than on foot, and are as skilful in pursuit of game as the far-famed Indians of North America. Living on a barren soil, flesh is their principal food, and the quantity they eat is said to be enormous. Polygamy is practised, and thieving held in such estimation as to form a consideration in the necessary qualifications of the intended husband, who is looked upon as indifferently capable of supporting a wife unless he is an adept in the art of stealing from a stranger. Their government is in a great measure nominal, being under the rule of caciques or chiefs who have attained a certain degree of notoriety, but whose power is soon lessened unless they can maintain the influence which first gave them the title. Their tents are made of poles and the skins of guanacoes, and are generally carried about with them as they move from place to place. They dress in long mantles made of skins, covering them from head to foot, and this gives them a singular and somewhat forbidding appearance. They have a great liking for tobacco and spirits; and, as I have been often told, adhere strictly to truth. A lie with them is held in detestation; and I believe that no man would be in any real danger amongst them (and I may say the same of nearly every savage) who would put on a bold

front, and never try to deceive. Several Europeans have been known to live for years amongst them; and Mr Havers of Stanley told me that he has a Patagonian in his service, who is not only to be depended upon, but is really most useful; his principal and almost only failing being his addiction to liquor. This, whenever he can get it, he will take to excess; and the manner in which his master deals with him is as follows. He is stationed in the camp to look after the horses and cattle; and when he has to visit the settlement, he is ordered to always first come direct to Mr Havers' house and deliver his message, or attend to his business. This done, he is told what hour he will have again to return; and being then dismissed, he follows his own pleasure till that time, having, in general, one or two of the Company's men with him. He then gets a good bouse—a sleep—another bouse if he has time, with a renewed sleep afterwards; and then punctually at the hour named proceeds to his master's house for fresh orders. These received, he is directed immediately to start on his journey, and sometimes it will be necessary to see him out of the settlement, to prevent his getting any more spirits. On one occasion he kept literally to his promise not to take any more while in the town; but no sooner was he out of the town than, as was afterwards known, he took from his breast a bottle of rum, and drank so much of it that in a short time he was soon asleep by the wayside, his horse roaming near at hand. Upon awaking, he got up as one refreshed, easily caught his horse, and, without attempting a return to the town, steadily pursued his journey. His habits being so well known, make him to be thus depended upon; and, if I am right in all the circumstances—for I am giving this anecdote from memory—he is frequently watched, to see that no harm befalls him. Taciturn and stoical, though tractable, I was given to understand there could be but little information gleaned from him; and I believe this is the characteristic of all his countrymen. I do not think that they would kill any stranger going among them, unless he gave them great cause; and, from an anecdote related to me concerning an aged cacique, I imagine they have a reverence for many of the higher moral virtues.

I should mention, that, owing to their

frequent migrations, and occasionally mixing with the Spanish settlements, there is hardly a Patagonian of any age but what has a knowledge of that language, so far as a few broken words enable him to express his wants, or make himself understood. Indeed it may be said of them that they are already semi-civilised; and also that they know something of the Christian faith, as it is found in South America.

The coast of Patagonia has been in some places notorious for wrecks; and St George's Bay on one occasion received a great number, some of their remains being still to be seen there. It is, however, in my opinion no worse than any other part. Care is needed everywhere; and though accidents will sometimes occur in spite of every precaution, yet I have known one small vessel—the Fairy, Captain Wood, a first-rate sailor and painstaking man—go frequently to that coast for guano, and to trade with the natives, without any danger. Still, as the captain himself told me, it is necessary to be always most cautious: you should never trust too much to the appearance of the land, nor the appearance of the inhabitants. Both alike may deceive you when least expecting it. But, if due caution, accompanied by an outward show of confidence, be adopted, there may be hopes of establishing a successful intercourse with the people.

Episodes in the War-Life of a Soldier: with the Dream-Testimony of Ora May, and other Sketches in Prose and Verse. By Calder Campbell. 12mo, 248 pp. London: William Skeffington.

WHAT I SAW ONE MORNING IN INDIA.

In the year 1836 I commanded a little detachment of native infantry at Condapilly in the Northern Circars; the object of this military occupation of a lonely and decayed town being the protection of the adjacent country from bands of petty marauders, who, in the absence of richer booty, made spoil of the cattle and crops of the ryots, or agricultural population. There are no dense forests or thick woods in the immediate vicinity of Condapilly; but beyond the hill-fort, which, at the distance of perhaps half-a-mile, commands the town, and the ascent to which is steep and difficult, extends for several miles a stretch of jungle, where the loo-

ties, or thieves—for they deserve not the high-sounding title of banditti—found frequent shelter, in common with a few cheetas and a great many snakes. Here, too, game was abundant, providing them with the flesh of the spotted deer, the hare, the shy porcupine, and the peafowl, which are said to haunt such places as are tenanted by tigers, from which it may safely be inferred that water is not wanting, since neither panther nor tiger make their lair far from that necessary element. Here also grew profusely the trees of the *Cratæva marmelos*, whose apples—covered with a hard rind, through which, when ripe, oozes a slimy liquid—are used for food; the *Diospyros ebenum*, whose medlar-like fruit, after having been buried for months in the earth, forms a mellow and wholesome sustenance; and the *Ximenia Americana*, whose acid drupes cover a nutty kernel, very grateful to the wanderer of the woods, who cannot gather for his dessert the rich-flavoured mango, or pink and succulent guava.

From having once been a town of considerable importance, Condapilly has dwindled to a very inferior rank amongst the cities of the Circars; and the hill-fort, at one period of considerable strength, now presents nothing but a meagre skeleton of its past celebrity. Towering high above the little esplanade on which the humble range of barracks which sheltered the detachment was raised, the mountain was accessible at only one point, where a winding track—the remains of a flight of stone steps now in complete dilapidation—formed a steep ladder, up which I have often toiled at early dawn, eager to watch the rising sun from the topmost pinnacle—a sight that amply repaid me for the extra fatigue of half-an-hour's climbing. There, crumbling piecemeal beneath the foot of time, lay mouldering an ancient building of Moorish architecture, still suggesting, by its extensive ruins and palatial structure, recollections of the Mahometan prowess which, so far back as 1471, had wrested the province of Condapilly from the hands of the Hindoos.

A long but sleepless night in sultry March had fevered my blood, as one morning, ere yet a single individual was stirring about our quarters, I strolled towards the mountain-gorge, and had stumbled almost to the top of the steep acclivity, before the faint flush of dawn had roused the sentinel, whose call awoke the

solitary pair of musicians of our party, a drummer and fifer, to sound the *réveillee*. In ten minutes more I stood panting on the summit of the rock, gazing thirstily on the scene beneath me, where Asiatic beauty winded slowly before me, like a glorious river, whose changeable waters the eye tired not of drinking. I had no fear of thief or Thug, for a late excursion in the district behind me had assured me of safety; but nevertheless I started violently when, from the branches of a stately peepul-tree that grew close by, a dark figure, that seemed of human proportions, leaped with a jibbering cry upon the ground.

I had no great reason to be alarmed, for I saw not a man but a monkey—one of those long-legged, brown monkeys, with white-streaked faces, that abound amongst these heights, and which, probably little less startled than myself, recoiled as I advanced, jabbering its dissatisfaction at my intrusion. At the foot of the peepul-tree, throwing up its rich white petals, that shed around a sweet but sickening odour, grew a magnificent plant of the *datura*: and as I stooped to pluck it, a rustle in the underwood beyond, followed by an acute sharp scream, which I ascribed to my friend the monkey, arrested my hand. I had judged correctly; but I had underrated the number of my early companions. With a spring that brought it almost to my feet, making me in my turn retreat, the monkey lay moaning, and, as I thought, violently convulsed among the grass; nor did I at the moment perceive, what indeed I discovered with a degree of horror, that round its body was twisted a gorgeously-spotted snake—the cobra di capello! I wish I could describe the maddened contortions of the monkey, as, writhing beneath the straining coils of the reptile, it rolled on the grass in vain efforts to rid itself of its deadly assailant. The piteous gaze of its eyes, as they wistfully looked up into my face, was eloquent with a summons for help which I was by no means inclined to resist. Whether the snake had bitten it or not, I could not guess, for it seemed to me as if it were merely playing with the animal—that fatal game which the cat plays with the mouse! But I shouted, and threw a stone, and then seizing a withered branch that lay on the ground, I advanced to the charge. The monkey, which at another time would have fled at

my approach, now remained perfectly motionless, as if it awaited certain succour. But the serpent, aroused to the cognisance of an assailant by a smart blow on the head, instantly inflating its horrid crest into that hoodlike form which renders it so appallingly hideous, gave vent to a loud hiss that seemed brimful of poison.

Again and again I struck at it: nor was it without a cold thrill through my veins that I beheld it disengage itself from the monkey; but far from attempting to make its escape, as I conjectured it would do, it turned itself, half erect, towards me, and with a fluttering hobble—like the hop of a bird whose wings have been broken—it leaped, with forked tongue protruded, right in my very path! There was no time for thought. My stick was neither strong nor long. I could see the venomous eyes burn like fire, and the colours of its swelling neck glow more deeply, as it prepared to spring again; and I was fairly on the point of making my retreat by plunging, at all hazards, down the rock behind me, when a shrill, chirruping cry, somewhat like that of a guinea-pig, was heard, and suddenly an elegant little creature, which at the moment I was well-nigh ready to spiritualise into a good genius, sprung upon the serpent, with a bound of light-some ferocity which reminded me of the swoop of a kite upon a water-rat.

It was a mungoo! And now, indeed, a combat took place which fixed me to the spot in mute admiration; but not for long. Once or twice it seemed to me that the mungoo was bitten, but it might not have been so; for the velocity of their movements, as, clinging together, the snake and its foe rolled over and over amongst the long grass, prevented minute observation. It is asserted that, when bitten by a snake, the ichneumon retires for a moment to eat of some unknown plant, capable of rendering null the viperine venom; but on this occasion nothing of the sort occurred. The mungoo left not the conflict for a breathing-space; and at the end of about ten minutes the cobra di capello lay dead, torn and mangled piccemeal by the little animal, which frisked and danced about, with a purring sound, in a perfect frenzy of enjoyment.

As I held out my hand, actually believing, in the enthusiasm of the moment, that it would approach to receive my

caresses, the mungoos, giving a bright, quick look at me, stamped its tiny hind-feet briskly on the relics of the serpent, as if in scorn of its victim, and disappeared amongst the brushwood.

I had forgotten the poor monkey. I found it stretched out, stiff and stark, among the datura flowers. The mungoos had come too late!

The Barber's Shop. By Richard Wright Procter. With Illustrations. 8vo, 128 pp. Manchester: Thomas Dinham & Co.

WHO WAS THE REAL INVENTOR?

With a small act of justice to the memory of a wronged and very ingenious man, I shall conclude this desultory chapter. It is believed by some, doubted by many, and denied by those best informed in the matter, that Sir Richard Arkwright was a great inventor. We numbered amongst our earliest trade connections the son and grandson of Thomas Hayes, of Leigh, in Lancashire. The son who, during the best portion of his life, was a soldier on foreign service, has been some years dead, but with the grandson I still maintain a pleasurable acquaintance. I have frequently heard the subject of inventions canvassed and described. I had peculiar facilities for arriving at the truth touching one important question to the mechanical world; to the 'cotton metropolis' in particular. The result is a conviction on my part, that Thomas Hayes was the legitimate inventor of the wealth-creating water-frame, or throstle, of which Arkwright and others reaped the benefit. The simple history of the man and the invention is as follows:—Hayes was a reed-maker and weaver, with a passion and capacity for mechanics that would not be denied. They engrossed his thoughts and time to such an extent, that the simple manufactures of the reed and loom were neglected. The sleep of many nights was broken, the income of many days curtailed, for the indulgence of his intellectual hobby. Mrs Hayes did not admire his studying for the million. She feared—as well she might—the million would prove a bad paymaster. The phantom honours and visionary rewards of futurity for her possessed no charms. She remembered the fable of the bird-in-hand, and preferred the commonplace and serviceable. Husband and wife often

argued this matter of fact *versus* fancy, with varying resolutions, but with one unvarying result. Nature was too powerful for Hayes. Study, and plan, and invent, he must; he could not, if he would, give over. He first brought to light a rude spinning-machine, which he christened after his daughter Jenny. This he shortly abandoned, and dedicated his entire energies to the construction of the water-frame. Here, after infinite labour, disappointment, and anxiety, he was completely successful. Then came Arkwright, and treachery. Kay, the clock-maker, who had made wheels and other requisites for Hayes, was induced to make similar ones for Arkwright. Arkwright was a more pushing, presuming man than Hayes; and ultimately the improver pushed the originator out of the market. The after-life of both these men belongs to history. Hayes was assisted in his old age by a few private individuals who knew his merits, and what was better to the purpose, knew how to reward them. His income was at first about fifty pounds a-year, but it dwindled down to a mere trifle; for he outlived some of his patrons, and the gratitude of others died early. At the time of the great trial touching Arkwright's patent, Hayes was employed in superintending the erection of machinery for Baron Hamilton, at Balbriggan, in Ireland. When Hayes was subpoenaed as a witness, the baron judiciously advised him not to attend, unless rewarded with a liberal annuity; but Hayes preferred relying upon the generosity of the Lancashire millowners, and the result is shown. The descendants of the struggling genius remain, like himself, toiling and ill-paid artisans; whilst to the heirs of the clever tactician are allotted honour and almost fabulous wealth.

I regret having to speak thus harshly of a brother shaver; much rather would I have exalted Sir Richard as a magnet of the barber's shop; but, as he engrossed all the good things during life, surely his less fortunate rival ought to have a true word spoken in justice to his memory?

During the latter years of his existence, Thomas Hayes (not High, as written by Mr Guest, and others) resided in Manchester. He died December 10, 1803, at the patriarchal age of 84 years, and lies buried near the tomb of his friend Mr Cowherd, in Christ churchyard, King Street, Salford.

TITAN.

ALMÆ MATRES.

BY AN OXONIAN.

No. I.—UNIVERSITY SOCIETY.

‘ἀμφοῖν γὰρ ὄντων φίλον, δαίον προτιμᾶν τὴν ἀλήθειαν.’—ARISTOTLE.
‘Amicus Plato, magis amica veritas.’

Yes, yes, they are dear, those old college days. Who has been at a university, and does not heave a little sigh at their remembrance? Here I am, a worthy German official, with a wife and five squalling brats. True, I have the much-respected title of ‘Royal-Prussian-Rivers-and-Ditches-Inspection-Commission-Deputy-Assistant-Clerk.’ It looks well under my simple name, at the bottom of an official letter; and I get £60 per annum for it. But for twelve hours a-day I am bending over a desk; and when I go home to my pipe and beer, there are those five brats. Ough! have I not a right to sigh at the name of Bonn?

Ah! we are there in the large bow-window, with the broad blue Rhine rippling, babbling, rushing in arrowy currents, whirling in fierce pools below us; we have a bowl of mai-trank on the table; and we are light-hearted, careless, jovial. Or we are off to those Seven Hills, on foot, with a few groschen a-piece for ‘ein schopen bier;’ we know where we shall get it—where the wirthin’s daughter will pour it with her own red hand, that we love better than a princess’s; and we go talking philosophy all the way. What philosophy! The dreams of boys who know nothing of the world. So grand, so illogical, so unreal, so enthusiastic! How we could dream then! Or there is a serenade to-night, given to a fa-

vourite professor. We draw on huge martial riding-boots, with clanging spurs, and mount little ponies that have no more spirit in them than toads, and yet we can’t sit them. We buy long torches, drip the fire on the heads of the Philistines, and join the procession. They are singing noble German pæans to their old friend—singing as only German students can sing, and we are very jovial. And lastly—ah! why last!—there is the little fräulein at the little window that looks upon the Seven Hills, and I am singing my last serenade to her on my old guitar. Heigh-ho! My wife comes in now, greasy and dirty from cooking the dampf-nudeln for supper, and I must forget the little fräulein. Heigh-ho!

But no! I am no German bureau slave. I am a free Briton. Free? Yes, a curate on £70 a-year in the dullest country town in England. I am sick of the gossip, and scandal, and eternal nonsense of these old maids—sick of the attentions of the five Miss Browns—sick of trying to reform the drunkards of my parish, who come to church in the morning, and listen to my laboured sermons, only to reel home from the pot-house at night and beat their wives. Oxford? Oh! Oxford seems paradise to this. What reckless dogs we were! I had two hundred a-year there, and

spent three. No matter, I enjoyed it. I see myself now, in jersey and cap, all of one colour, pulling for very life in the torpid-race, and still hear the cheers from the bank as we bumped Brasenose. And then, when I got a little faster, how I used to ride across country with Ridout and Stickle—Stickle, who never *could* get over the bullfinches. And how I won that race at Bullingdon, on Charley Symonds's mare. Or then the Sundays, that some men thought so slow. They were our most glorious days. We used to go out three and three to Godstowe, where fair Rosamond was buried, or something—we never knew, and didn't care. We lived for the present, not the past; but we fought the Peninsula over again with old Lipscomb the fisherman, and wickedly eyed his seven pretty daughters, each prettier and more modest than the last. And then the Commemorations; then the long winter evenings—port and walnuts, and careless, merry talk; and the long summer days on the Cherwell—lying on cushions in a punt, and reading novels. Ah, well-a-day! I am a curate now, and here comes my churchwarden (ah! those long churchwardens we used to smoke!) to complain about something.

Yes, they are dear, these memories; but Truth stands before me with her hideous mask. She draws it off, and shines in all her beauty, gazing at me with sad, sorrowed eyes. She says: 'Are you not ashamed of this? To prefer old chums, and wine, and beer, and careless mirth, to me—me, Truth?'

And I say, 'Truth, I do love thee,' and bid her lead on the memories* one by one, unmasked, naked, horrible, and let me see them through the glass of Truth. Drop!

One part of our subject can be disposed of rapidly. University society, as a distinct phenomenon, is only found in University towns—as Oxford, Cambridge, Durham, Bonn, Heidelberg, and a score of German places. In the universities located in mother-cities, the one element which distin-

guishes collegiate from other society—*esprit du corps*—is wanting. The professors are merely a portion of the general learned body, and the students have the same habits, the same amusements, the same vices, as the rest of the town-youth. It is strange, however, that in most cases these habits, amusements, and vices are of a lower order among the worshippers of knowledge than among the simple seekers of pleasure. The young men in the army, or in public offices—nay, even those employed in business, never descend to the low dissipation of the medical student, who, in their eyes, ranks below them all. But perhaps it is not fair to take medical students, at least in the British Islands, as members of the universities; and we will therefore speak of those who are acquiring a more general education.

In my day, the students of the 'Arts End' of University College, London, were a dull but respectable body of young men—too young, perhaps, to have left school. I was fifteen when I went there, and was no exception to the rule of age. There were a few black sheep among them, it is true—boys, quite unfit to be sent alone to London, who followed the example of the medical students, and thought it a fine thing to be seen at Caunt's, the Turkish, and the Blue Posts; who revelled in the ratting-pit, and were at home in the sparring-ring; but these came rarely among us, just to a lecture or two, to prevent the conscientious professors from refusing their certificate, and had little influence on the rest of the students.

Living with their families, or in lodgings, at some distance from one another, the students of the London University meet chiefly at lectures, in the cold arcades, in the playground—for they *have* a playground—and in the debating-room. Some attempt has been made to create a closer union among them, by admitting a certain number to residence within King's College, and by building University Hall behind Gower Street; but what is thus gained in the exercise of discipline, is lost in that independence and individuality which aid in the chief collateral object of university education—namely, the preparation of the man for the world. Nor is the

* As in this paper I shall have to draw mainly on my own experience, it is just to state how, when, and where it was gained. I have had ten years of university life—namely, two in London, one at Bonn, two at Munich, one at Paris, four at Oxford.

object of this seclusion really attained. I have heard described an easy method of leaving King's College after midnight, to which those who pant for the nocturnal dissipations of the metropolis constantly resort. The juvenile pleasure-seeker climbs along a narrow ledge that hangs over the river, opens an old door by means of a knife, finds himself in Somerset House, fees the watchman from time to time, and is let out by the porter, who knows nothing of his business, into the Strand. This is similar to the wall-climbing so common at one time in Oxford and Cambridge, that men have been known to sit on the walls of their own colleges, making ironical remarks to the Proctor and his men, who stood helpless beneath them.

Young as they are, I have often been struck by the general intelligence which the members of the London University display, as compared with those of the same standing at Oxford. This is particularly notable in the debating societies of the respective universities. While in Gower Street questions of universal interest were discussed on their real merits, and in a broad, liberal spirit, the Union Debating Club at Oxford is nothing but a scene of disgraceful disorder. Every question that is propounded is taken up in a purely party spirit. Boys fresh from home, where they have imbibed the narrow conservatism of their provincial parents, for no reason but that it is the political bias of their families (an amount of filial respect which is rarely shown in cases of more vital importance), utterly ignorant of the subjects under discussion, and guided only by the trite watchwords of their party, descend to the commonest personalities and the noisiest declamation, and the spirit of the supper-party is carried unblushingly into the thick of the so-called debate. The few who are calm are by no means interesting. There is Dunder of St Allsides, a 'double-first in Mods,' an 'honour to his college,' as the Dean wrote the other day to his father—an 'awfully clever man,' as the freshmen whisper to one another. He is pale as death, paler a great deal than when before the examiners. He stammers out 'Mr President,' hems, clears his throat, and

gives vent to some antique platitude; hems again, shuffles uncomfortably with his feet, repeats the platitude, and appends another; till at length, having thought it his duty to speak, but not knowing what to say, he collapses, and sits down. But Dunder is a rank Conservative, and is listened to with respect; nay, the next man who gets up begins, by saying, 'After the eloquent remarks of the honourable gentleman who,' &c. Now and then a good, temperate speech is made; and you are surprised at the silence with which it is received. You learn that it is a maiden oration, and it is hinted that the speaker was three weeks preparing it, and has it all on paper in his pocket.

That splendid mausoleum in Gower Street, erected on the principle of religious liberty, has deteriorated into a mere denominational university. Quakers and Unitarians had the majority in my day. Baptists, Independents, and Wesleyans came next. There was a fair sprinkling of Jews, and even a couple of real Brahmins from the Ganges. But the members of the Church of England were few and far between, and Romanists flitted like ghosts. I have heard there what I never heard elsewhere—a young man in a knot of his fellow-students boldly asserting his belief that there is no God, and listened to without a shudder. I always thought that religious liberty and irreligion were two distinct things, but perhaps I am prejudiced.

The students of Paris are certainly distinguished from the other young men of that capital in some respects, but cannot be said to have a separate society. They have, indeed, their own district—the Quartier Latin—their own low cabarets, estaminets, and *bastarlingues*, where they dance the can-can to perfection, their own promenade—the gardens of the Luxembourg—where they may generally be seen with a grisette on their arm. But their amusements and habits are those of the city, and have nothing peculiar to an alma mater, unless it be a predilection for dirtiness and untidiness, and a love of being seen at all hours of the day in slippers and dressing-gowns, even in the public streets.

We may, therefore, pass on to the society of university towns; and, beginning with those of Germany, take Bonn on the Rhine as a fair specimen.

I may as well premise that none is properly a university town, save those in which the university predominates over the town. This is the case with most German universities, except just those in the various capitals. They have not, indeed, that mighty warlike spirit of the Oxford freshman, who issues forth to the terrible battle of Town and Gown on the 5th of November, having worked up a hitherto dormant ire against the oppidans by means of many a glass of port, and much boasting among his comrades of former achievements, and is amazed to find how rapidly 'those rascally cads' fall beneath his juvenile fist; but, to compensate for these annual demonstrations of hostility against 'the town'—a sorry remnant of the once bloody fights in the days when mayors of Oxford delighted to lock up undergraduates in Bocardo—they have unfortunately a more real feeling of enmity against the Philistines, as 'the town' are called, which shows itself only at uncertain periods, when a just cause for indignation arises; and this feeling is kept alive by various little annoyances on the part of the tradesmen, who cannot stand the overbearing manners of the burschen.

However, here, as in Oxford, the university maintains the town, which has therefore to play second fiddle. The professors are thus the leaders of the German society. My first introduction to this professional society affords an example of the simplicity and ease surrounding it, and will just now be read with some interest.

I had an introduction to Professor B——, whose position gave him the lead among the members of the university. One day a note (in English) was put into my hands, and ran thus: 'Mrs B—— has the pleasure to invite Mr —— (the student) for this evening, half-past five, to a small coffee dancing party.' The shortness of the invitation and the early hour did not lead me to expect much, but being new to the Continent, I did not make my appearance till half-past

six. I found a large party assembled in a pretty but very small drawing-room, and afterwards learned that, according to German etiquette, they had been waiting to begin both coffee and dancing till I arrived. Mrs B—— came up, and at once led me by the hand round the room, introducing me separately to every lady and gentleman present. I was quite weary of bowing, when at last she presented me to a young man who differed in nothing from the rest, except that he stood somewhat apart, and as I knew too little of German to catch any names, I had no idea that he was in any way distinguished.

The gentlemen, with the exception of two or three professors, were all students, and certainly their appearance was by no means *recherché*. The coffee was handed, the cups set down, a piano struck up in the opposite room, and immediately each young man made his way to a young lady, bowed, gave her his hand, and conducted her in silent pantomime to the dance.

As I knew very little of German and nothing of Teutonic manners, I slipped out at once when the dance was over, and led my partner back to her seat. This I repeated after each dance, and I was not long in discovering that I was the object of some animadversion. At length the cotillon came, and I was fortunate enough to be introduced to a Scotch young lady, the only foreigner in the room besides myself. During the cotillon I observed that the ordinary-looking young man of whom I have spoken received from the rest a peculiar deference. Whenever a young lady was led into the middle of the room to throw up her handkerchief, it was sure to be so managed that this youth should catch it, and thus secure the waltz with its owner. At last a young lady, with whom I had danced once already, and whose pretty face and excellent waltzing had caused a slight palpitation in my juvenile heart, was led to the centre of the room. Being the prettiest girl there, there was some eagerness about the young men. I was determined to catch the handkerchief; caught it, and performed my waltz. When I returned to my place, my partner said to me:

'Do you know what you have done?'

'Nothing very shocking, I hope.'

'A terrible breach of manners, here. You should have allowed the prince to catch that young lady's handkerchief. Did you not see how eager he was to dance with her?'

'The prince? What prince?' I asked, in surprise.

'The young Prince of Prussia.'

'You don't say so. Is he here? Which is the young hopeful?'

She then pointed out the young man I have mentioned, and added: 'I am afraid you have offended him more than once this evening.'

'How so?'

'In leaving the room before him.'

I was much annoyed at vexing royalty, but soothed myself by taking an inventory of the youth, and developing the conviction that no acuteness on my part would have enabled me to discover royal blood within him. He was then very young, and very different from what he appeared when I saw him at Oxford, two years ago. He was tall, slight, pale and plain in face, with smooth cheeks and chin, and remarkably short dust-coloured hair. He wore a coat, by no means a new one, buttoned up across the breast, and a somewhat shabby black satin stock. His expression, however, was honest and good-natured, and I saw that his Royal Highness was more amused than annoyed at the *gaucherie* of the republican Englishman, when on leaving he gave me a kind but significant smile.

There were three other young princes at the university when I was there, Hainault-Dessau, Saxony, and another with a frightfully long name, which I have forgotten. Dessau was a good-looking, quiet youth, who held himself above the most élite of the clubs—the Prussians. Saxony—a second son, I think—was often to be seen in the middle of a row of eight or ten 'white-caps,' neither the worse for Liebfrauen-milch.

German professors may be described by four epithets—very learned, very good-hearted, rather conceited, and very dirty. They are of two classes—regular professors, who are paid by government, generally married, and standing well in their own little world, all men of high reputation in their several departments, and when suffi-

ciently rich to show it, of elegant tastes, and good manners; and the privat-docents, or private professors, younger men who lecture in the university, and receive fees from the students.

The latter are those who really afford the type of what is commonly known in England as a German Professor. The description of one will serve for all.

When in Munich I wanted to read the 'Agamemnon' with some one who really understood it. I was directed to a Dr W—. I was shown into a small study, surrounded by an immense number of books—chiefly unbound—and there beheld my future preceptor, who at first sight was extremely repulsive. He was short and stout, with a huge mass of coarse black hair sticking up from his head, and evidently long unacquainted with brush and comb. His face was red and bloated, and his coarse features of the true Teutonic type. He wore a loose dressing-gown, which I at first mistook for a sheepskin, which, à la Brian O'Linn, had the fleshy side out and the woolly side in, and under it literally none but the one indispensable garment. To complete my astonishment and disgust—for neither the doctor nor his vesture were of spotless cleanliness—he took from a box a handful (nothing less) of moist snuff, which soon smeared his face and linen.

Such was the exterior, but the real worth only appeared by degrees.

'In what language would you like your lectures to be given?' he asked me very kindly after the preliminary arrangements. 'German, English, French, Latin, Greek, or, let me see, modern Greek? Which do you understand most easily?'

'English, of course, sir.'

'And which least?'

'Greek, I think.'

'Then we will talk Greek, if you please.'

I soon found that it was impossible to follow him, and we changed it to Latin, which he spoke as rapidly as German, and no less purely. We afterwards returned to Greek, and thence to Modern Greek, and in these languages he would discourse for hours on the difficulties of the 'Agamemnon.'

This man rose at five in the morning, and went to bed at eleven at

night. During this time he never left his study, save for meals and half-an-hour's exercise, for he was not then engaged at the university. He never sat down, but worked standing at a desk, and what do you think he was chiefly engaged on?—an edition of Shakspeare, whom he continually assured me no Englishman had yet been able to understand; and on whom it was reserved for himself and other German scholars to throw a true light.

He was an admirable Greek critic, and knew *Æschylus* by heart. He never left off his notes to Shakspeare when reading with me, but would turn from his books every moment, and explain to me in Greek or Latin the meaning of each word or passage, adding the names of his authorities most conscientiously.

This man asked as remuneration the sum of one pound per month. At Oxford an inferior 'coach,' who could not hold a candle to Dr W—, demands just ten times that amount.

These learned and excellent men, in spite of dirt and dreaminess, are sometimes fearfully poor. Vollmer, with whom I read *Mæso-gothic*, an eminent Teutonic, and editor of the '*Nibelungen*,' had but one room for all purposes. The dear old fellow—I wonder if he is still alive—had had a stroke of palsy, and often when I went to him I found him in bed. Yet such was his love of teaching, that he would even then insist on my taking my lesson.

The wealthier professors live in tasteful houses, where they collect all that is curious and rare in their department. Their wives are homely, excellent women, and their daughters, though they spend many hours of their day in the practice of cookery, are often elegant, always well-informed. There is only one drawback to professional society—its pedantry, and consequent dulness; but this must be pardoned in men whose life circulates between their pipe and their books, and who give to Europe those profound and wondrous works which no other men could produce.

German students—with their beer-fights, their sword-fights, their kneipen, their commerser, their loves and their labours—have been too often described

to need more than a general review here.

They may be divided into two classes—the thoroughly idle, and the very laborious. There is no *via media*. When a German works at all, he works 'with a twist.' When he is idle, he does nothing more than is absolutely necessary. Each student is compelled to show the dean a certificate of attendance on at least one lecture, and constant attendance is required to obtain it. But the fast German student probably confines himself to that one, until he is forced to read for his degree.

The idle men almost all belong either to a fighting or a beer club. The fighting clubs hold the better position, and those of Bonn are or were in my day six—viz: the Prussians, wearing a white cap; the Palatinates, a purple; the Saxons, a light blue; another, whose name I forget, dark blue; the Westphalians, green; and the Hanseats, bright red, who, being rank republicans, were looked down upon as very inferior.

The English idea of a German student seems to be a rough and by no means attractive conglomeration of beer, smoke, and rude vulgarity. We entirely ignore those qualities, so often wanting in the English student—a warm heart, an intense love of the beautiful, and the power of contemplation. Perhaps the English idea with these additions may be true for a large number, if not a majority, of the students in a German university, but it must be remembered from what classes these are drawn. The small government appointments in Germany, particularly in Prussia, are extremely numerous; to obtain almost any of these, a university diploma is requisite. Offering as they do a certain income, the chance of an indefinite rise, and a recognised position, they are greedily coveted by all the 'small' people of the kingdom; every professional man (and they hold a very inferior rank in Germany), every puny official, every respectable tradesman, nay, even a large number of mere farmers, who can scrape together thirty, forty, or fifty pounds a-year, send their sons to a university. The consequence is, that gentlemen by birth and home-influence—and here I mean those, the position of whose parents enables them

to acquire some amount of refinement—are decidedly in the minority at these establishments. Indeed, so great is the desire to advance one's children in the world—though with little hope of securing more than a competency for them—that among the theological students there are many whose fathers are mere peasants, who have long hoarded for this purpose; and I was once called upon to relieve one whose whole family were starving, and who could not continue his studies for want of the necessary fees.

Not being pugnaciously disposed, I did not join a fighting-club at Bonn; but being associated with the Pfälzers or Palatinates, as a kind of ex-member, and having been introduced to most of the Prussians, I saw sufficient of the doings of these two clubs, and I have no hesitation in saying that there were none among them who were not *gentlemen*, in the largest sense of the word, and glorious boon-companions to boot. But I shall not blind myself to their faults. I can review them now without any partiality, and it is only when I come to compare their vices—I do not say their habits—with those of Oxford, that I give them the palm without hesitation.

The society, then, of German students is composed of two elements, friendship and fellowship. You will say all society is thus composed. True; but in the German student these elements are peculiarly and strongly marked. The friendship subsisting between young Germans has no parallel in England. It savours too much of the romantic for sober John Bull—sober, that is, only in one sense. It is, in fact, a kind of love-affair, ending in the marriage of the friends. The young 'fox,' or freshman, comes raw and green to the university, and goes through those eternal troubles which of course invest freshmen in Germany as much as at home. A chance, a coincidence, or perhaps a series of coincidences, brings another man across his path, in whom he sees the *beau idéal* of all his dreams. This admiration is returned by some feeling of another kind, and in time the two grow towards one another as lovers in a novel—the one perhaps being modest and gentle as a girl, the other bold and ever foremost. In their ex-

cursions to the Seven Hills or Godesberg, the mind of each is drawn out, and the friendship thickens. At last the proposal comes from one or other, in the shape of an offer to lodge in the same apartment. It is accepted, and thenceforward they share everything together, and become inseparable. If one has to fight, the other is sure to be his second. If one gets into a row, the other will not be left out of it. In short, they are literally bosom friends, and are not ashamed to be seen lounging about with their arms round one another's necks.

But the most remarkable part of these close friendships is, that they always survive the university career, and are kept up by the most constant correspondence for years and for life; and indeed it seems to me as difficult for a German to live without a bosom friend of this kind, as it would be for a parson to go through life without a spouse.

Romantic as this is, it has also its practical side. German students are never rich, and it is a great economy to share one's sitting-room with another man. Again, it is livelier than living alone, and supplies the want of that easy intercourse which a college affords.

But to see student society properly at Bonn, we must go to the *kneipen*, or beer-meetings; the country excursions; the serenades; the large *commerser*, or general gatherings; and lastly, to Uncle Lummel's.

It is a mistake to suppose that the *kneipe* meets only for the purpose of drinking wine or beer. On the contrary, it has as much the character of a concert as of a supper-party. It meets twice a-week, and fines are imposed for non-attendance. The large room is adorned with the arms and banners of the club; and a long table down the middle of it is covered not only with glasses, but also with books. These are the *commers-bücher*, which contain the rules of the club, with lists of the fines, &c., and the various song-books. The songs are chosen by the president, and sung in chorus—each man taking the part suited to his voice; and certainly the effect is grand. Compared with this, the old Oxford ditties, 'We won't go home till morning,' 'Lord Lovell,' and the

last new nigger songs, to say nothing of the Holywell Street favourites which come in after supper, are simply contemptible.

Between the songs, the men sup off cold veal or the beloved sausage, and drink one another's health; and in this manner many a *kneipe* passes off. It is only from time to time that a beer-fight is got up, though I do not pretend that a *kneipe* often concludes without one or more of the party being overcome, any more than an Oxford supper breaks up without some one to put to bed.

The *abschieds-commers*, or farewell gathering, takes place a few days before the end of the *semester*. The large *aula* of the university is fitted up for the occasion, and filled with long, narrow tables; a good band is hired, books of the songs are printed and distributed, and all the clubs in the university assembled. The student on this occasion is careful to appear in his traditional costume—a black velvet coat, white cords, large cavalry boots, and the coloured riband of his club across his breast. The captains bring their rapiers.

The farewell songs are sung in order, by perhaps five or six hundred voices, each keeping admirably to his part; and after each song, the now empty glasses are rattled violently on the table. At last the principal hymn begins, in low, solemn tones. The students rise, and crossing their arms over the table, join hands in true conspirator fashion. The captains flourish their swords, and mounting the benches behind their men, solemnly lift each one's cap from his head, and pierce it with the rapier, while all the assembly sings—

Thus I pierce my cap, and swear,
Honour will I ever wear—
Ever, ever a true *burische* be.

Cap after cap is stuck upon each sword while the words are repeated, and when the weapon can hold no more, the captains return them to their lawful owners. The same cap is always worn at these meetings, and the cuts made in it by the rapier remain as a proof of the owner's standing in the university. The meeting breaks up early, and in good order, and those who are there for the last time take a long farewell of all their friends.

I shall never forget the serenade we sang one night after the *abschieds-commers*, beneath the windows of an English family, whose daughters were considered belles. The house was close to the Rhine, and the moon was shining luxuriantly over its full waters, as we sang quartette after quartette in perfect harmony, until the sounds were borne far away along the river, and the young beauties could not resist the temptation of opening the window to see who was doing them this honour. These serenades are by no means uncommon, but their romance is often spoiled by the supposed lover drawing out his pipe the moment his song is done. It is no uncommon thing, or was not in my day, to see a student in the evening, with his guitar slung over his shoulder, trudging, like troubadour, off to his lady-love.

All this is well enough; but the fact cannot be denied, that the majority of the students are not students at all, if study enter into the definition of that word. Still less can it be contradicted that they are seldom seen without a pipe in their mouth, and that no festive meeting can take place without some drunkenness, more or less. For instance, six friends propose to go a trip to Rolandseck. They hire a carriage, and in the middle of it unblushingly place a nine-gallon cask of beer. When that carriage returns in the evening, the cask will be empty, and the expedition will be singing and shouting at the top of their voices, and in a decidedly riotous condition.

This is very disgusting; but when we compare German and English universities, we must remember that drinking is the *only* vice of the Teutonic student. It has been well observed, that drunkenness and immorality cannot co-exist in one person—'the one devil slays the other.' The German student prefers Bacchus to Venus, and is very severe on those who offend in the path that he abjures. Thus, a student of known immorality is expelled by his fellow-students from his club; while low, obscene jests, which would bring down a round of applause at an Oxford supper, are immediately fined at a *kneipe*.

In fact, the German student, though unattractive in appearance, and coarse in his habits, invests all he does with

a certain romance; and however we may blame his drunkenness, we must not forget that it is to a certain extent Anacreontic, and that he never drinks without the excuse of music. On the other hand, he is extravagant in everything except money; he dresses himself fantastically, is very vain, however hideous he may be; and is never so happy as when some blue-eyed mädchen smiles at him from an upper window. He is fonder of noise than of any other thing, and is in heaven if he can walk in a row with nine others like himself, and sing at the top of his voice. He loves quarrels for the sake of fighting; and though his duels be mere shams, and without more danger than a deep gash in the face, he thinks himself vastly ennobled by every one he fights. When he is in earnest, he will fight with bare body and a huge sabre, and be happy if he comes out alive; but this kind of duel is of rare occurrence. He is romantic in his friendship and his loves, and adores his country more than even his friend or his mädchen. If you can get him on a long walk, and draw him out, you will find that his drunken bravado covers two very good things—a heart that loves, and a head that thinks.

Youth, as long as it is youth, will seek pleasure. It is therefore wise to allow him a safe channel for his high spirits. At Oxford the manly sports of England provide this safety-valve in the day-time, but there is nothing for the idle man to do at night. This is reversed at Bonn. The German student is sadly in want of the healthy recreations of boating, cricket, and riding. But at night he has a charming little theatre, where the best German operas are performed; he may have coffee-dancings at the houses of the professors, and breathe the spiritual nonsense to the professor's daughter; while from time to time there are public balls at the casino, where all people of all ranks resort, and where he may dance, without introduction, with any young lady he may choose, even an English beauty.

Turn we now to Oxford.

In speaking of the society of a large corporate body, subsisting on rich foundations, it is clearly necessary to inquire into the conduct of the fellows, &c., among themselves, as well

as their influence and connection with that younger portion for whom the university is really intended. Oxford has in fact *become*, though certainly not in accordance with the intentions of its founder, a beneficiary as well as an educational establishment. It is now not only a university, in the common sense of the word, but also a huge almshouse, supporting a number of men too indolent to gain their living honestly, and admitted to this advantage in virtue of the peculiar fancies of founders, who lived three, four, five, or even six hundred years ago, of Romanist faith and mediæval prejudices, but who, for all this, seem to have desired not so much to support the needy, as to render gratuitous assistance to the cause of learning.

The fellows of the present day are not the teachers and tutors they were designed to be. A small number of them are selected for this purpose, and receive their share of the fees paid for tutorage by the undergraduates, which vary from £16 to £24* per head per annum. Thus, in a college of fifty men, there may be five tutors. An average of £1000 per annum is therefore to be divided among them, in addition to their fellowships, and the college emoluments which accrue to at least three of them, for the various offices of vice-principal, bursar, and dean.

The society of Oxford is still on the monastic system; and, doubtless, in the days of the founders, when license and immorality walked boldly in the world without, some such system was necessary to the preservation of discipline, and the calm pursuit of knowledge. How little adapted it is for the nineteenth century I propose to show.

The Head of a college is almost invariably a married man, with a family, past middle age, generally a very old man, and called up to fill his responsible position from some remote country parish. He takes no part whatever in the education, and very little in the discipline, of the students. An orderly undergraduate often goes through his university career without having had more than two interviews with his 'superior'—one at matriculation, and the other when, after taking his degree, he calls upon him for the college

* Only £10 at Cambridge.

testimonials. In fact, as far as the student is concerned, the head of the house is a kind of Grand Lama. His real interest and occupation is in the government, the narrow local politics, and the gossip of the university. He makes no attempt whatever to improve the character and society of the younger men, or to create a friendly feeling between them and their tutors. I knew one good old man—now gathered to his fathers—who did attempt this, by asking a few of his favourites to dinner once a-term. But this only served to prove to the student—if proof were wanting—how large a gulf was placed between him and them. The stiffness of the academy was not thrown off. The undergraduates huddled into one corner by themselves, and talked in low tones. The dons congregated round their head, and laughed and chatted. If some bolder youth ventured to join them, he was at once set down by a cold, discouraging reply to his remarks, or by a stare of surprise. Yet, even this bare hospitality did some good, and proved how much might be done by a little judicious mingling of young and old. That good old man was without doubt the most popular Head in the university, and his mere expression of a wish met with a ready answer among the members of his house.

The don is the Protestant monk of the present day, and is the same now as he was two hundred years ago, as you will see from the following extracts from old Sir Thomas Overbury's description of 'a meere fellow of an house.'

'He is a pedant in shewe, though his title be tutor; and his pupils, in broad phraze, are schoolboyes; on these he spends the false gallop of his tongue, and with senseless discourse towes them along—not out of ignorance. He shews them the rinde, conceals the sap; by this meanes he keeps them the longer, himselfe the better. He hath learnt to cough, spit, and blowe his nose, at every period, to recover his memory; and studies chiefly to set his eyes and beard to a new form of learning. . . . His dreams are of plurality, of benefices, and non-residency; and when he rises, acts a long grace to his looking-glasse. . . . He speaks swords, fights

ergos. His pace on foot is a measure; on horseback, a gallop, for his legs are his own, though horse and spurs be borrowed. He hath less use than possession of books. He is not so proud but he will call an author by his name, nor so unskilled in the heraldry of a study, but he knows each man's place.

. . . He thinks himself as fine in a clean band and a new pair of shoes, as any courtier dothe when he is in the new fashion. Lastly, he is one that respects no man in the university, and is respected by no man out of it.'

This is severe, but not false. The very word 'donnish' has passed into common use, as an epithet of a man who is dogmatical, uppish, conceited, prim, and fond of setting down, where he has the power. But with all this he is of course a coward. If a man from the outer world comes and tells him truths to his face, he shivers with sneaking politeness. If a wretched undergraduate is sent for to his room, the young man, brave as a lion a moment before, stands humbly pale at the door, twitching his cap, fearful to sit down, and awaiting the severe sniffle with which his tutor ushers in even his blandest words.

Of his conceit, Sir Thomas says—'If he hath reade Tacitus, Guichardine, and Gallo-Belgicus, he contemns the late Lord-Treasurer for all the state policy he had; and laughs to think what a foole he could make of Salomon, if he were now alive. . . . He will not leave his part he hath in the priviledge over young gentlemen in going bare (*scil.*, bare-headed) to him for the Empire of Germany. . . . At meales he sits in as greate state over his Penny Commons a seuer Vitellius did at his greatest banquet. . . . If he be a leader of a faction, he thinks himself greater than ever Cæsar was, or the Turke at this day is. And he had rather lose an inheritance than an office when he stands for it.'

Purse-pride and birth-pride are odious enough, but I doubt if the pride of learning in the Oxford don—a pride which often apes humility—is not even more obnoxious in society. And when it is intruded upon us, we are naturally tempted to ask what great erudition is the groundwork for this odious conceit? I am not among those who

affirm, that not a single work has been produced in Oxford, for the last twenty-five years, tending to the advance of classical scholarship, in which that university ought particularly to shine, except Liddell and Scott's Dictionary. But we can assert from our own experience, during a long residence among German erudites and French savans, that no name of an Oxonian classic, since that of Gaisford, has travelled across the Channel. The only Oxford names that are known on the Continent are those of professors whom Oxford has invited to join her, or of a few theological writers, for whom more or less contempt is entertained.

The fact is, that the Oxford don wastes the opportunities that his cloister life afford him for deep study in local politics and common-room parties, where more port is drunk, and more sedate, dogmatic nonsense uttered, than in any other chambers in the kingdom. Now and then, when appointed to an examinership in the second public examination, he reads up his Aristotle, and is surprised to find how little he has hitherto understood it. He goes at once to German fountains, draws a pannikin or two of their pure waters, mixes a little Oxford prejudice, to take the chill off, and produces 'new' notes, or a 'new' translation of the *Ethica*. Then mark the sensation. Every former examiner is up in arms, and the old thumb-marked tutor of Alexander is discussed again, as if he were not long since threadbare.

At the present day there are two classes of dons, belonging respectively to the old and new schools. A couple of sketches will suffice.

Sempitern College, although a very ancient and honourable society, is not mentioned by that name in the Oxford calendar. Its resident dons generally consist of a head, whom I shall call rector, on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle (a favourite one in Oxford), and eight fellows, who are divided into two distinct sets, who form the rector, bursar, and two juniors, belonging to the low-church and old-school party; the sub-rector, dean, and other two, to the high and new school. They are thus equally divided; but the strength lies with the Philistines. The rector is a feeble-minded, well-

meaning old gentleman, whose whole interest lies, oddly enough, *out* of Oxford. The bursar cares more for his port than anything else, and so the new school, being ambitious, contrive to rule the roast.

This bursar, whom I shall call the Rev. Thomas Long, better known to the university as 'Tommy Long,' and still more irreverently as 'Old Tommy,' is a fair specimen of what the majority of dons must have been about twenty years ago. Tommy has a very red nose, and very short trousers, and his general appearance is decidedly unclerical. I believe him to be the original utterer of that ancient reply to some youngster who alluded to his nether garments—'Yes, sir, they are like a young puppy of my acquaintance; they ought to be pulled down, and well strapped.'

Tommy has been not only a fast man in his day, but even a fast don, and there was a time when he hunted in pink three times a-week. But old port has put an end at last to the old sport, and Tommy now only 'hunts in dreams.' He is very innocent of the classical languages, but not being anxious to give up the emolument of a tutorship, he takes a class of young freshmen, or older men, so idle or dull that they could never pass 'smalls' in 'Virgil' or 'Horace.'

His *modus operandi* is simple, and for a time effective. He has three open books on the table, one over the other. The topmost is a copy of 'Virgil,' with the difficult quantities marked in red ink. The next is a translation of the first, and the third is a 'Lempriere.' With these he manages to trot along, with few stumbles, knowing generally about as much as the freshmen he professes to teach; but when he does miss his place in the translation, or is not quite certain of a quantity, he exclaims, with much adroitness, 'Bless me, how my sight is going;' and forthwith rubs his spectacles.

The older dullards know his little ways, and rarely come to his lectures. When they do come, it is in top-boots and a great-coat, and complaining of a terrible headache. Tommy knows the device well; but his old love of the sport overcomes him. 'Yes, sir, I'll excuse you this morning; but if

you have a headache, let me advise you to take a couple of *horse-balls*—ha, ha, ha!

Tommy Long drinks hard, but is rarely intoxicated. His chief delight is a rubber and a bowl of punch, but when partners are not to be found, he invites a few hard-riding 'undergrads' to join him. After awhile he produces the pack. 'This, you know,' he says, with a peculiar wink, 'is forbidden in the college, and very properly. You young men would soon ruin yourselves. But with me to take care of you, there is no fear.' This is the kind of example the old school give the young men.

I only remember one occasion on which Tommy was 'overcome.' It was a Sunday evening, and there had been a large common-room. It was his turn to read prayers in chapel, which was held at seven o'clock in the evening, for the express purpose of preventing students sitting over their wine. Tommy went off at a gallop, but his voice soon grew thick; and there was nudging and tittering among the boys. At last he began to stumble, and after one or two mistakes, made one so disgraceful—that, namely, of saying 'adversary and mediator,' instead of 'advocate and mediator'—that the rest of the prayers were read by the dean. And this, too, was in the prayer for the clergy, of whom he was one.

Drinking is indeed the vice of the dons. In a college not a hundred miles from the Radcliffe, is a tutor—a clergyman, of course—and overseer of the youth of his house, who had two attacks of delirium tremens in my time. In another college, hard by the last, the Head himself is constantly put to bed by his servant; and at a ball which was given one Commemoration in the hall of his college, behaved in a most eccentric manner, before ladies, undergraduates, and all.

Immorality of the other kind is rare among the dons, although stories, which I would rather not repeat, but which, I fear, are more or less true, are circulated concerning them. The facts that I have mentioned have come under my own immediate cognisance.

I have now to sketch the Rev. A. Baddun, as I shall call him, who is a fair specimen of the new school. He

is meek and oily in his bearing, and glances only from the corners of his eyes. He appears to be philosophically abstemious in his diet. His breakfast and lunch are the simplest a man can eat; and on Wednesdays and Fridays, throughout the year, he fasts till dinner-time. But after common-room you perceive an unnatural glow about his cheeks and nose; and the meek manner is rejected for one of impudence. He is a rigid disciplinarian, and follows out his principles on the detective system. In the morning he examines the scouts (*i. e.*, servants) as to what gentlemen gave wines or suppers the night before, and who was present, and he commits the information to a private black-book. He has been known to listen outside the door of a room in which a supper was going on, taking notes of the conversation; which he must have found very edifying. He says nothing at the time; but the moment a young man is in disgrace, his old delinquencies are brought up against him in an overwhelming style, or, if he passes unhurt through his Oxford career, the legal testimonials are at the last moment refused him. There are only two exceptions to this rule of Mr Baddun's—namely, for 'tufts' and wealthy men. If a man be not well-born or rich, it is of no avail for him to throw off his fast habits, and take to respectability; the Rev. A. Baddun is inexorable, and in his position as sub-rector he invariably succeeds in ruining the boy's prospects.

Among such men as these—and I affirm that they are fair, nay, even flattered, portraits of donnism—it is not probable that there would be any intercourse or friendly feeling with the undergraduates, while their example is little calculated to raise the character of the young men. There is only one college where anything approaching to intimacy exists between the dons and their juniors, and that is Magdalen; and I have no hesitation in saying, that at no college in Oxford are the young men more sober or respectable, nor the respect shown to the elders greater.

The vices then of the dons are eating and drinking—both to excess—and card-playing. Their worst faults are arrogance, conceit, deceitfulness, and

ignorance. The cause of all this is the monastic character of collegiate society. Its cure would be female influence; in other words, the marriage of fellows. I shall discuss this question in another paper.

But the vices of dons and others must yield to the improvements in the outer world sooner or later. That which will not yield so easily, is the state of mind which pervades this city of cloisters, and which, left to turn on its own pivot, grows feeble as that of a slug's. Narrow prejudice, self-righteousness, condemnation of all who are not with them, are the characteristics of these men; and that such is the case, is seen at once in the metamorphosis that takes place in a young man from the moment that he becomes a fellow.

I must now pass in review some other elements of Oxford society. Of the 'coach,' or private tutor, I shall speak under the head of education. The scout, or servant, a most important ingredient in this mixture, must come in with the bill of expenses. There remains the undergraduate in all his phases. And here, before going further, we must notice an abuse which is a disgrace to Oxford.

Christchurch—which Wolsey would have made another monument of the pillage of the monasteries, but,

'Which when he would have rayed up
Himself was pulled downe'—

is the only college which preserves the odious distinction of servitors, or, as they call them, 'scrivs.' Dining with a gentleman-commoner in the great hall, I was struck by seeing some four or five undergraduates come in just as we had finished, and stand humbly by a lower table. We happened to be among the last, and it was not till we had risen from our places that they sat down to the cold, greasy remains of the others' repast. 'Oh,' said our rich vulgar friend, 'those are only our *scrivs*, a kind of charity boys that we keep here, sons of needy parsons and that kind of thing; they are not allowed to sit down till we have done, and used to be obliged to wait on the others.' Of these pariahs of knowledge Oxford was once full. Christchurch—which boasts its representatives of every caste, from the son of the duke with his gold tassel, and the

wealthy gentleman-commoner in his silk gown, to the son of the very scout who waits on them—still offers alms and insolence to gentlemen too poor, perhaps too Christian, to refuse them.

This bedaubing of charity by unworthy exactings is of old date in this liberal university. The postmaster of Merton and the taberdar of Queen's would not deign to look upon the poor 'scriv' of 'the House' as their equal. Yet the former, whose title is said to be derived from his standing *behind* the fellow's chair, was originally intended to be the servant of the senior fellows, and the statutes of Queen's constitute the taberdars as '*servientes ad mensam*,' and *sociorum ministri*. Why are these statutes not kept up like the others? The Bible-clerks, whose office is to read the Holy Scriptures in chapel, are another class of pariahs to this day. The good sense of most young men prohibits any marked difference being shown to them, but there is not a little in feeling. I have known five or six Bible-clerks, if not more, and can safely say that, whatever the office may once have been, it is now filled by gentlemen only, and the sons of gentlemen, though poor. In 1651 the position was so despised, that University College could get no one to accept it, except their porter.

The boys of Oxford—they go up mostly between seventeen and nineteen—the material which we mould into almost all those clergymen who are to keep the souls of this great nation alive, an awful responsibility; into some, but no longer the majority, of those skilful barristers who are one day to be our lawgivers; into a large portion of the servants of the government and the curators of the public weal; but which is the most important, into those country gentlemen who hold in their hands—though they do not always employ it—such great power over the people and government of the country—these boys, I say, must not be too hardly treated. Youth is the same everywhere; and while the wildest boys make often the best men, a sedate propriety in youth is to thinking men a cause rather for alarm than congratulation. But here we must carefully distinguish between the faults which arise from high spirits, and

those which come from an utter want of principle.

If then I expose the weaknesses, the follies, and the vices of the Oxford boys, it is chiefly that I may hereafter be better able to prove the errors of the Oxford collegiate system. I class them—the boys, I mean (I beg pardon, I should say the young men, or, as the scouts have it, the ‘young gentlemen’)—under five heads. There are—1. the reading-man; 2. the idle slow man; 3. the ‘good kind of fellow;’ 4. the idle fast man or do-nothing; 5. the regular fast man. In short, slow and fast are the general divisions, and between them stand those more sensible and moderate men, who combine a due amount of work with recreations within their means, and who are content to take a middle path rather than shine before their fellows. All agree in calling Jones a ‘good kind of fellow.’ ‘What kind of a man is Jones of your place? Is he a reading-man?’ you ask of some double-first.—‘No, not a reading-man, but a good kind of fellow.’—‘Does Jones of your shop do much?’ you put it to a young Nimrod.—‘No, he’s a quietish man, but a good kind of fellow,’ is the answer. And so Jones, though he takes no honours in the ‘schools,’ nor achieves anything remarkable on the cricket-ground, at Bullingdon, or in Van John, has yet this to say, when he takes his degree, that he has never gone drunk into chapel, nor sported his oak in the face of an acquaintance. Not but what Jones may shine in mediocre accomplishments. He may be stroke of the boat or captain of the eleven; he may play the piano to perfection, or stand the best port in college; or again, though he cannot lay down an opinion as to the merits of Brunck’s reading of a passage in the ‘Frogs,’ nor the points of Figg’s last purchase in horse flesh, he may be an agreeable companion, a thorough gentleman (this is a distinction in Oxford), and have polished tastes and liberal opinions. In short, if mediocrity sufficed, Jones would be the best type of an Oxonian; but Prigg of Balliol despises mediocrity.

Prigg is a reading-man. For twelve hours in each day his oak is sported against all comers; and no one has sat

up late enough—not even Trump, who plays Van sometimes till daylight, and is so fond of the cards, that he takes to Patience, when the other men are gone—to see his light put out. But for what is this labour endured? To improve his mind, and the talents God gave him, that he may have to give to others? If this were it, who could chafe at his pasty, blotched face, and his premature spectacles? No, Prigg has no such broad ambition. His dream by night, his hope by day, is only to be a double-first of the University of Oxford. How superb an ambition! How worthy of this labour! What a pity Origen and Augustine could not have been Oxford men, and taken double-firsts. Now, narrow as this is, and narrow as his mind must become, when all food is denied it but these dry effete classics, and those interminable calculations, it is surely a praiseworthy course. ‘*Δίεν ἀπιστέω*’ is a proud motto to write on one’s book, even though that book be nothing broader than the Nicomachean Ethics; and if Prigg contented himself with this, no one would quarrel with him for burning the midnight oil, though they might pity him for the paltriness of his aim. But Prigg is a sucking don, and his manners are simply unbearable. He is intensely conceited, and entertains a supreme contempt for every one but himself and the professor of Latin. When he condescends to talk of anything but himself, it is only to question A’s chance of a first, or B’s hopes of the Ireland. If you humbly give an opinion, he sets you down dogmatically, or sneeringly asks if you know what Philo Judæus and Apollonius Tyanensis said about it. If you go to his room, he never asks you to sit down, and eats his lunch without giving you a thought. At lecture he laughs at your construing, and if he honours your room with his presence, will start up and leave it the moment the conversation departs from scholarship and the schools. For all this, he knows nothing beyond the subjects necessary for examination, and as he cannot discourse on topics of the day, he contents himself with sneering them down.

You will say that Prigg is an exaggeration, and that it is quite possible to read hard without falling into this

state of mind. Yes, possible, but not easy. Book-learning is held in such high esteem at Oxford, that the temptation to conceit, in those who have it, is very great; while the narrowness of their study, and the exclusiveness necessary to its pursuit, warp both mind and heart to something like Prigg's.

Mr Matinal Plain of Lincoln is short, ugly, not over-clean, and in no way attractive. He is slow and idle. It is difficult to say what he does with his time. He has been 'ploughed' twice for 'smalls,' so that it is evident he does not read. He is never seen out of his rooms, except in those of another man, his ditto, with whom he takes a mild walk to Iffley and back every afternoon; and in whose rooms he has been known, by way of a rare bit of fun, to make hay with another ditto. But though Mr Matinal Plain is not seen, he is heard a little too much. He has a harmonium in his room, of immense power; and when he plays it—which he does at any hours of the day or night—the old rickety buildings are shaken from pavement to gable. Twice a-week Mr Plain's weaknesses become apparent. This is on the evenings which he devotes to the delectation of 'Plain-Song,' and a very plain song it is too, plainly heard all over the quad, and receiving the Greek anathemata of Mr Prigg, who can't read with that *κλαγγή* in his ears, and the more national execration of Mr Tally-ho Topbar, who has a select supper-party. I once wanted to borrow a corkscrew from Mr Plain, who lived opposite to me, and hearing a great uproar in his room, presumed that supper was going on, and that useful article would be handy. I entered amid a loud discussion, in which the names of the Bishops of Oxford and Exeter were prominent, and found a party of six young gentlemen—all in short white surplices of the Romanist cut. The host himself, wearing a magnificent narrow stole, embroidered in gold and red, was leisurely swinging a neat silver censer, while engaged in defending 'Saponaceous Samivel,' and a thick cloud of incense filled the room. The door of the bedroom happened to be open, and a clue to the mystery was thus afforded. Within this room, which was brilliantly lighted up, was

a reading-desk, on which lay open a large black-letter volume—the 'Pontificale Romanum,' with many a delicate marker, symbolically embroidered, depending therefrom. A crucifix and two bedroom candles completed this ingenious, though, perhaps, somewhat irreverent, altar; and it was before this that the 'Plain-Song' was practised, with Mr Matinal kindly officiating as high priest. The rage for this amusement is gone out in Oxford. Wines are no longer followed by extempore services; but the gentlemen of Mr Plain's class are by no means diminished, and their religious (?) flames are kept alive by constant intercourse with Cuddesdon Theological College. Many a young zealot, who grumbles bitterly at having to go to chapel, still gathers his own elegant congregation in the evening, around the festive board, or before the impromptu altar.

I had once the privilege of accompanying Mr Plain to his clerical milliner's in the Turl, and was admitted under his wing to an upper chamber, fitted round with elegant mediæval wardrobes, in which were displayed those choice articles of ecclesiastical costume in which young gentlemen who read the 'Union' delight. The tailor was suave and delicate, and open to all criticism. 'This,' he said, 'is a stole ordered by Mr Genuflex of Jesus. You think it too broad—a little too highly decorated? You object to the turn of that embroidered cross? Well, sir, you may be right; but, I assure you, that we have the authority of St Sulpicius and the holy Adeodatus for this form—an English father too, you know, sir; and, in fact, if Mr Genuflex had not shown me a translation of the passages, I would not have consented to make it.'*

Lawless of Brazenose, who lately migrated to Skimmery (St Mary Hall) at the recommendation of his dons, is a fast do-nothing. He has tried to do many things, but failed. As a freshman he trained for the torpids; but, having been discovered under 'Cain and Abel' in a state of mulled-port the night before the race, his services were declined. The next term he hired a hunter, and rode with Thomp-

* This, with the names altered, is a fact which occurred in 1858.

son's, but coming on one occasion in the way of Mr Tally-ho Topbar, better known as 'Slanging Tally,' he received from that gentleman such a shower of epithets, more emphatic than delicate, that he never reappeared in the field. He has wisely collapsed, and contents himself with the milder pastime of billiards, and pool, and elaborate toilets. He has a round face and brilliant capillaries, which have obtained for him the sobriquet of 'moon and whiskers.' He never quits his downy until mid-day, and reaches it, generally with the aid of a kind friend, about three o'clock in the morning. This interval is filled up chiefly with dressing. His father is not rich; but young Lawless will leave Oxford owing, at least, £400 to Hayward alone for coats, &c.

His last attempt was a suit of complete black, enlivened with a lavender scarf and gloves to match, but without crape on the hat. He breakfasts at lunch with a friend who admires him, and drinks a large amount of beer at that meal, when there is no claret. He then plays billiards for two hours, and proceeds to walk with his double about the town. He fills up the intervals by lounging in the jewellers' shops, buying little, but flirting across the counter with the goldsmith's daughter. He is well known to all the young women of every class as 'Handsome Lawless,' and so many individuals touch their hats to him, that it is said, though I do not believe it, that he pays them five shillings a term for this civility. He is followed by a Skye puppy, considerably more natural than his puppy-master.

Sir Thomas Overbury has hit him off well, so that Lawless would seem to be a character of at least two hundred years' precedent. He says, 'There is a confederacy between him and his clothes, to be made a puppy. . . . He hath more places to send his money than the devill hath to send his spirits. . . . He accounts bashfulness the wickedest thing in the world, and therefore studies impudence. . . . He is travelled but to little purpose, only went over for a squirts and came back againe, yet never the more mended his conditions, 'cause he carried himself along with him. . . . When his purse hath cast her calfe,

he goes down into the country, where he is brought to milk and white cheese like the Switzers.' After dinner—he rarely dines in hall, thinking it a bore—he has always a wine to go to. After wine Pool, or perhaps something much worse, which I decline to mention, and must leave to the proctors. Then a supper; if he is not invited to one, he catches a kindred spirit or two, and gives them a lobster in his own rooms. By this time he is in an extremely jovial condition, and the conversation takes a decidedly indelicate turn. Cards, more drinking, a quarrel now and then to enliven it, bring him to the small hours, and he is put to bed by his friends.

When I first went to Sempitern, there were three men of this class who gave their tone to the whole college. They were Q., R., and S. R. had had two attacks of delirium tremens. S. was a great Nimrod, who swore lustily, and played high. But Q., sweet Q., was a poet and piano-player; and the delight of the place. He would tell you, with an innocent smile, 'I am never quite sober, my dear fellow; in the morning the soda-water affects me; and after lunch, you know, it is all up with me. R. and S. will drink so, and I must keep them company.' This worthy triad kept a 'hell' in Q.'s rooms. There was a kind of open house. A huge Stilton, and huger bottle of pickles, was always on the table until dinner-time, and when any one came in, he was called upon to attack cold meats, which completed the arrangement. In the evening a large party always assembled for supper, and when the scouts had left college, the remains were cleared off the table at one blow, regardless of breakage, and *rouge et noir* commenced. The points were generally low, ranging from half-a-crown upwards: but I have seen men, whose allowances were from £200 to £250 per annum, lose £30 or £40 a-night. To recover this, they were of course forced to go on, or take to the Jews. We freshmen were not pressed to play; but it required moral courage to resist Q.'s winning ways. 'Now, Robinson, old fellow' (how proud to be thus familiarly accosted by a senior man like Q.!), 'if you'll put a "skiv" on the red, I'll go one on the black; now, do.' At an-

other college was another 'hell,' not nearly so respectable. A young gold-tassel was kept (whether in the plot or not, I cannot tell), to inveigle little fools of boys. It was thought so grand to make the Earl of —'s acquaintance, though it cost £10 or £20 a-night, and though that young nobleman would always cut them in the High afterwards, and so the little toadies came in swarms. At last one of the firm was discovered in the long-successful system of cheating. The others immediately disclaimed him, and were foremost in kicking him down-stairs, and severely beating him. So runs the story; but it is only fair to state, that the beaten man stoutly maintained his innocence to the last.

Of Q., R., and S., the last is now a rigid parson in D—shire; R. died in time of delirium tremens; and when I last heard of Q., he was breaking the bank at Baden-Baden.

To return to Mr Lawless. His career is certainly a brilliant one. Being always on view—*en evidence*—and making rather a parade of his vices, he is well known, not only to the police and natives, but also to men of all colleges. 'What a beast that Lawless is,' said Topbar; 'I hate that fellow. He's always more or less drunk. Now I —,' and Tally-ho, though not a model of virtue, is right. The regular fast man, whose pleasures become an occupation (some of them being healthy sterling amusements, admirable anywhere but at a university—such as hunting, for instance), is not half so bad as the do-nothing. He drinks as much, but he is seldom drunk, for he is an early riser, and always active. He swears more, but his language is not so obscene; while that of Mr Lawless and his co-fraternity is as bad as the bargee's or navvy's, and worse, if you reflect that those grosser specimens rarely know the meaning of the words they make use of, while Lawless does know it.

Lawless continues his career in the same listless impudent vice. He has row after row with the authorities of his college, and at last is discovered by the proctor in the commission of a sin, which has become a daily occurrence with him. He is expelled from college to take refuge in Skimmery, where he is received with open arms,

for he will keep the place alive with his large expenditure and audacious devilries. Yet, strange to say, this little place, with all its conveniences for misbehaviour, its lax discipline and sumptuous faring, its thousand beer-casks and full wine-bins, tames the wild man; for when the restraint is removed, the charm of breaking it is gone; and Lawless dies a natural death, by putting on 'the sleeves' in the Convocation-house.

Surely I need not sketch you the fast Oxonian, Mr Tally-ho Topbar of Christchurch. You all know what he is, his horses, dogs, key-bugle practice, and excellent seat. You know how great he is on the turf, and what a mighty man in Peckwater Quad. You know what he spends, though you can't tell where he gets the money. You know his loud voice, which is heard from Carfax to St Mary's, his original oaths, his hoarse laugh, his good-natured, bullying manner, his jockey cut, and his contempt of 'scrivs' and 'squills' (out-college men). His portrait has been drawn a score of times.

Englishmen love the fast man. They love to see money rolled carelessly about. They love a loud bullying mirth; and Oxford is proud of its own fast boys. Basta! I am rather sick of the subject.

It is the fashion just now to write up what is called 'muscular Christianity,' but which I strongly think would be better termed 'animal heathenism.' Let its lovers go to Oxford for a couple of terms, and if they do not come back cured, it is not the fault of such unlicked bear-cubs as Mr Tally-ho Topbar and his companions.

I have no space to descant on college-sets, and their relations to one another, which are seldom amicable. The old story of one Oxonian refusing to save another from drowning, because he had not been introduced to him, is no exaggeration. The manners of undergraduates are either absurdly stiff or bearishly familiar. Caste is strongly marked in Oxford, and a man in one set always entertains a supreme contempt for his fellow-student in another.

The foregoing sketches show only the salient features of each class of men. If you take ten undergraduates of all classes in the university, you

will find three of them to be dull, underbred, quiet men, who only read enough to be plucked for each examination, and whose time is passed in pursuits analogous to those of Mr Matinal Plain. You will next find at least two do-nothings, who lead an idle, self-indulgent, and vicious life. Two more will be thoroughly fast men of stable character. There will be one hard-reading man, one 'good kind of fellow,' and one anomaly, who combines the characteristics of any two of the other classes, and who is generally the cleverest and most amusing of the lot.

The charms of young Oxonians are chiefly their manliness, their absence of all mercenary and mean characteristics, their generosity (out of papa's pocket, though), and their jovialty. On the other hand, they are terribly narrow-minded and strongly preju-

diced. They are very ignorant in everything but purely Oxford acquirements, and, as a natural consequence, intolerably conceited and uppish. Their aims and ambitions are paltry, their politics antique, their conversation, when not obscene, local, trivial, and boyish. They are self-indulgent and inconsiderate. Many a man is giving his expensive supper-party, while his mother and sisters are stinting themselves of everything to keep him at college. They have no poetry, no higher flights, no chivalry, no romance, nor any of that picturesque character which lends a charm to the dirtiest German student. They have little appreciation of genius and beauty, and less religious feeling. What they have is clogged with party-spirit and prejudice. Lastly, they eat meat four times a-day, and use no dinner-napkins.

AN EVENING AT THE 'GOAT IN BOOTS.'

It is the fashion just now to begin stories abruptly, and as I do not care to wear my rue with a difference, I will adopt it. What can it matter to the reader how, why, or when, I came to the 'Goat in Boots' inn? I had not been there a quarter-of-an-hour before I found myself quite popular. I would give the secret of making one's-self so for two postage stamps, prepaid, to any person: to the gracious reader I do it for nothing; 'tis very easy: whatever company you are in, praise it.

A burly young horse-dealer was just singing the last verse of the 'Ship on Fire,' about as vilely as that song has ever hitherto been performed. The man that hath music in his soul, and soles three inches thick upon his boots, never walks across an uncarpeted room while a song is going on. I stood in the doorway until it had ceased, and praise began to be signified in the usual manner. In this I thought it convenient and polite to join; so I shook the crust of snow off the shoulders of my cape, drew off my leggings, took up a chair, swung it into a very prominent position be-

fore the fire, and began to clap with thrice the enthusiasm of any other listener.

I know in my conscience that this vigorous proceeding was accompanied with a very satirical feeling, by the same law as that in obedience to which gentlemen shout 'hear, hear,' when they are touched by any point they would rather not have heard. I fancied the company perceived this, for they all stared at me very hard; my thoughts took the *proleptical* attitude, and gathered matter to prove I was no intruder. However, I soon found the reverse to be the true state of the case; they marvelled at my appreciation, being a barbarian unto them; for a sleek-faced young man in the corner leaned forward and said to me, in a tone which plainly presupposed my affirmation tied to his question:

'Nixon can sing a tidy song, neighbour, can't he?'

'I never heard it sung so before, gentlemen. I thank Mr Nixon. I think his voice is only equalled by his ear for tune.' Which said at once much and nothing.

Nixon drew up his lips, shot them

forward, opened them, shut them, let them down again with ill-hidden delight. He inclined his red head to me very condescendingly; and then, with the air of a laureate tossing up his epic and catching it, or a primo-basso twiddling his moustache or dog-eating his score, or a grand duke balancing his sceptre on his palm, graciously signified he would give his word the company would be pleased to hear my penny whistle. Not that he called my natural singing organ by the name of that lowest mechanical organ in words; not at all; he did so in look and tone. The company winked, shuffled their chairs, put their fingers in the bowls of their pipes, spit, looked inquisitive, cleared their throats, and assented.

I complied at once. Amongst musical people I always have the songster's cold, the morbus incantabilitatis, which the medical science has never yet treated in a successful manner. As an amateur practitioner, I have once or twice tried my hand at this painful ailment. I will record my prescription, and if any evening party chooses to subscribe a guinea, why let them—I shall be robbing no regular practitioner of his fee. Give a strong dose of transferred invitation—'*invitationis translate*,' and a still stronger after-dose of tremendous praise—'*ingentis laudis*.' When Bludgett cannot sing, invite Sludgett, who is courting the same Serena, and Bludgett will be cured before the night is out. My own fits of the disease are always incurable: that doctors never take their own physic is a very ancient fact. Now, temporary or accidental inability is a plea which will ever save one from the disagreeable confession of incapacity, or that still more disagreeable exhibition of it, which compliance would assuredly lead in. Having once been hissed by capable persons, I felt assured of meeting with applause from the incapable; so I cleaned my harsh pipe and began—

'When love with unconfined wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea —'

'Excuse me!' shouted the red-haired young man.

I stopped and looked at the listeners. A glum look had pushed the excited look from all their bucolical counte-

nances, and I turned inquiringly to the interrupter.

'Excuse me, sir,' said he, 'but is your'n a nigger song?'

'No,' I said.

'Oh! Althea aint a nigger, aint she. Well, I know this company would prefer a nigger song.'

The company made a noise with tongue and foot too affirmative to be doubtful, so I had to put aside the loyal Lovelace, for the 'rowdy' and republican vulgarity; which, like a certain ancient nation, makes jest of the pathetic ignorance and unseemliness of its own Helots.

'When Sooty Ned lubb'd smutty Sal,
He strumm'd upon the banjo,
And aware she were the poottiest gal
In swampy Nankey-wanjoe.
Pangi, diddledum; pangi, wangi, wo.'

Hereat, being the end of verse the first, I had to shout, 'Chorus!' A tumultuous applause followed. Of course, you know that J. P. Richter Carlyle Novalis Robinson, in his essay on 'Smut-Worship in Modern Times,' says 'that niggeresqueness, above all other forms of nonsensicality, is the insuring element of popularity and universally frantic hand-clappings in present-day songs.' I could not but think so, when I heard thirteen bucolical throats vociferously roaring out this, to which six-and-thirty heavy-booted feet kept time:—

'Parn, joy, diddul doom; parngy, warrangy, whoe.'

I was throwing back my head in preparation for verse the second, when I heard the most unearthly and diabolical noise at the bar, followed by the landlady's shrill 'Get out with you; stop that noise, for goodness' sake, sir.'

The countrymen started to their feet. Nixon, the singer, rushed out, and three or four followed him. Some turned white; some gave a shaky laugh, as if to assure the rest it was not a thing that could frighten them. One ventured to say, that it was the elephant-calf with pink eyes, and the two riders without heads, which sometimes appeared, between eleven and twelve on Saturday nights, to those who were riding or walking home-wards; and which, the red-haired young farmer assured me, had driven four of his father's bullocks stark mad, by

merely looking at them. The noise ceased, and I had time to collect my thoughts; I at once recalled just such another in Nottingham market-place, at the Goose Fair.

Immediately afterwards Mr Nixon re-entered, followed by a ragged man, with little deep eyes, a nose like a cheese-cutter, and long wiry hair. As he advanced up the room, he discharged an incessant series of bows, with a most obsequious grace to right and to left; and, but for his clothes and his face, I could have mistaken him for a teacher of deportment, Count d'Orsay, or his late majesty, the King of Brighton. But I must entirely confine this to his air and carriage. From his countenance every trace of kingliness or of *beauliness* was singularly absent. His lower jaw protruded beyond the upper on the left side, but slunk under it on the right; the left also was a little lower than the right. This gave him a very *January* expression. He could see peace and war, the old year and the new, at once. He had two profiles: the dexter, open-eyed, deferential, and polite; the sinister, eyes half-shut and half-open, sarcastic and wondering. Each profile had an air of being used to business: the dexter, for making contracts and treaties; the sinister, for interpreting them. He would have been exceedingly useful amongst the Hindoo princes and tribes at a not very creditable period of Anglo-Indian history; and if he and I had lived a century earlier, I should certainly have recommended him at Leadenhall Street. He would then have worn a cravat, instead of showing that dirty scraggy throat in so open a manner. His three-cornered hat also would have better borne what his present head-dress seems to have suffered from—continual sitting upon; though perhaps, if tipped backwards from his forehead, according to his wont, that would have exhibited a less striking effect than this. Depending from his hands were some fifty or sixty strings, with what appeared to be little boxes of wood or pasteboard attached.

Neophyte as I was, by some impatient impulse I assumed presidency amongst the provincials, with the air of one who had a right to it. 'Pray be seated, Mr —,' I said. 'We are delighted to see you.'

'Sykes is my name, sir.'

'Ah! yes. Zebediah Sykes.'

'Barty Sykes, sir.'

'A moral salubrity attends your presence, Mr Sykes. You are a perambulating invigorator; you are a peripatetic saline breeze, Mr Sykes.'

'Huff!' said that gentleman, pushing his thin and pliable nose aside with the back of his forefinger, and steadily winking at me with his left eye: 'Huff! but your servant, sir.'

'Nay, yours, Mr Sykes. What will you drink now?'

'Well, if I may may chice, sir—boxed heavy and cream.'

'Boxed heavy and cream. Do you mix for yourself, Mr Sykes?'

'I do; if you please, sir.'

'Miss,' shouted I to the barmaid, 'bring the gentleman a bottle of Dublin stout and a gill of gin, if you please. Do you like singing, Mr Sykes?'

'Hearing it, sir.'

'Then I will proceed, with your leave, gentlemen.' So I sung the loves of Sooty Ned and Smutty Sal through-out. In all refined societies, the last singer has the privilege of choosing which of the company shall be his successor. I immediately called upon Mr Sykes, who was sitting at a respectful distance, sipping and smoking with the air of a duke or of a connoisseur over his port. The whole company present vigorously seconded me.

'Sorry to say I can't sing, gennelmen,' said he. And he resumed his pipe, as if that had put a finish to it.

'Pooh!' 'Oh, ay!' 'What's they fur as you made that there screech with?' 'Baint they mewsic?'

'They are music, gennelmen.'

'Tell us what they be called.'

'The Bachelor's Torment.'

'Hee, hee, haugh! haugh he!' went round the room.

'Can't ye tell us sommut about they? Now, what's the good of they? How do you play them?' asked one and another.

Bartholomew Sykes assumed a dignified air, and said, very slowly, 'They are *moral hagents*.'

'Oh, bachelors' torments are moral agents, are they?' I said. 'I suppose they drive them into matrimony? Are you sent about on this mission by a society of young ladies?'

'The gals is at the bottom of most

mischievous, sir,' said Mr Sykes, 'but they 'ave no connection with my business, hopen or hunderand. No, sir, the ladies 'ates em more than the gennelmen. 'Ave either of you gents ever bin in Lundun?' Mr Sykes delivered the name of the metropolis with a tone of awe and reverence.

'I am there very frequently,' I said.

'A City man, sir?'

'No, I am thankful.'

'Then p'raps you don't know me, sir. All gennelmen who are hacustomed to the city are hacquainted with me. I sells chief in the city. Them young clerks is the coves to buy. As they comes out of their dinin'-rooms they feel a sort of generousish, and takes 'em 'ome fur their little brothers. Sometimes a hold gent stops an' pries at 'em. "Well," says he, "that is curious; a very hingenous h invention, my good man;" and he buys three or four on 'em. Sometimes a few swell coves comes up and buys 'em, and says, "We'll harve a darne' lark with these, Haurence." Now an' then when trade is flat I goes into the squares and terraces, and tries the wives and sisters. But it aint much good. They looks sharper arter the blunt than the gennelmen, I can tell you. P'raps the dear creturs don't see so much of it. I tries to make the little uns see 'em, and then they bawls arter em, and makes their mars buy. But they wunt allus do it then. The ladies 'ates the worrit of 'em as well as lovin' the blunt. The sarvant-gals looks longin' arter 'em sometimes; but they dar'n't use 'em, poor things, if they'd got em.'

'You told us, Mr Sykes, they were moral agents. We should like to have that explained, sir.'

'True as the gospel, sir.' Mr Sykes here took up his bag with a knowing air, fumbled in it for a while, and then drew out a handful of his merchandise. He separated six.

'You see these, gennelmen.'

'Ay; yes.'

'Them six once taught a woman to keep holy the Sabbath-day. The prayer-book couldn't have done it better, sir. I expects to sell many to the clergy in conseckence of them six.'

All the bumpkins present elevated their eyebrows; they scratched their

foreheads; they bit their lips; they looked round the room to see if the rest marvelled to the same extent as themselves. I was delighted. I felt inclined to say, with the enthusiasm of Jacques when Touchstone has anything to deliver, 'Good my lord, like this fellow. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord?' But as I knew the company would not appreciate the illusion, I refrained.

'Let's have the story o' that,' shouted the countrymen in chorus.

'The story will wettin, genta,' answered Mr Sykes.

Five or six in a moment volunteered to stand whatever quantity and kind of liquid this unattached member of the 'Sabbath Observance Society' might require. He ordered—in well-considered compliment to his hosts—a can of Nottingham ale. Indeed, I know not what better drink he could have chosen. He sipped, smacked his lips, slammed down the ringing cover, and began.

'Well, genta, thirty years ago, when I was quite a young feller, as it might be to-night, I comes into a country-side hinn.' Narrators of this class have the business-like method of Cæsar in recounting their stories and adventures, and always speak in the present tense.

'Trade was slack in the city; I was got too well known, and so was my harticle. When September comes, I says to myself, I'll go up to the hauttonn fairs in the midlan's; then I'll tramp to the north; ten to one but I does a good stroke of trade there. When I comes back, the harticle will drop upon the London folks as a nu thing.'

'Well, I tramped all the way to Nottingham, sellin' many a one at the towns on fair days, and some at little cottages on the road. I made speeches in the markets about the fury has there wos for the harticle in the great mertropolis. After Nottingham Goose Fair, I sets off for Yorkshire, stayin' in the way at Mansfield. It's such a time ago, I've forgot the names of half the places. I know I tramped three days and sold nothin.'

'On the fourth day, genta, when evenin' was come, I goes into a hinn, as it might this; and I will say it aint every company as have been so polite to me as the present. Sittin' in

the parlour was an old gent a-reading the news by the firelight.

"Good-evenin', sir," says he, looking up.

"Good-evenin', sir; your servant," says I.

"My eyes aint so young as they used to be," says he.

"Suppose not," says I.

"Well, he gapes, and throws out 'is legs, and puts by the paper. "Company not yet come?" I says.

"Not yet," says he: "it's Saturday," says he; "they goes up to Nottingham to the bank.

"In comes the missus, a skinny, screechin' old dame as ever you hear or see. "O my good man!" cries she to me, "go you into the other room. The Horpheus meets here to-night, and they won't want the like of you."

"Now, Mrs Pinch, just you leave he here," says the hold gent; "don't I want company?"

"Thinks I, you're a right un. If I can sell you one, you'll get the others to buy when they comes. So I takes out two or three of the harticle in a very dilikit manner, and tosses 'em lightly in my hand. "Ever see any of this, guv'nor," I says.

"No," says he, and put on his barnacles, and peers into it as if his eyes 'ud cut it in pieces. "What is it?"

"Just swing it round," says I, laughing very quiet like.

"So he swings it round. In rushes the old missus, her goodman at her apron-string, and the chambe'maids too. "Whatever is it?" says they. "It's like the very old Satan hisself," says he (just as some of you gents here did). "Aint you ashamed of such language?" says she. But I didn't wonder, gents; it was quite natural. Mr Thunderblood of the Whitechapel Theaytre bought five-an'-forty on 'em—the largest slice ever I cut—for the Demon Duel, or the Impassioned Fiend; and gave half-a-dozen little boys free passes, to swing behind the scenes.

"It's like a tom-cat in his stericks," says the chambe'maids; and they goes out agen, a-gigglin'.

"Well, my old gennelman sits quiet awhile, a-tossing one of these on his 'and. At last he stirs up and says, "Where do you sleep, my man?"

"Where I can," says I, "sometimes

in a barn; sometimes under a rick; sometimes in a shed; and now and then in a bedroom."

"Would you like a good bed to-night, a good sup of ale, and your meals to-morrow?" says he, quite of a sudden.

"Never say no to that, Barty," says I, half to myself and half to 'im.

"Then you jest make yourself merry in th' other room," says he; "the folks comin' here won't wish to find you, maybe. I'll pay for whatever you like to 'ave; only don't drink too much, or our bargain 'll break. I'll call in for you when I want you."

"So I goes in and finds a lot of merry bricklayers; let's see, they was at work on the new wing of the squire's house. Well, we told one another stories (bless my soul, I did gull 'em) till the clock struck ten, and we heard the Horpheus as if we was in the room where they was singing.

"At ten comes my gennelman in a big coat, and a whip in his hand. "Jest come outside, friend," says he. When I got outside, the moon was bright, and it struck cold. The ostle brings up a neat little fourwheel shay. "Jump up behind," says the old gent; and he gets up on the front seat and drives off. I enjoys the drive amazing. It's jest as good, I says to myself, as if I was the howner and he my coachy.

"We drew about three mile, I should say, and then stopped at a little farm-ouse somewhere out of the pike road. It was all dark excep' one big bow winder. I looked inside, rather curously. There sat a hold lady, with one of them spinnin' wheels they use in the north where she come from, a-workin' away as if to save her soul.

"Come you in here direkly," shouts the good gennelman from the stable, "I don't want you to be seen." And he tells the young feller that was cleanin' the 'oos to fetch Mary or Sally to him. Well, back he comes into the stable in a minute with this here Mary, the pootiest little cretur as ever I see; jest such as I should have liked fur Mrs Sykes, had my condition bin hequal. "But no, Barty," says I, "such aint for you."

"Mary," says the master, "make a bed in the keepin'-room under the kitchen fur this young man; and mind your missus don't know he's here. She

trips off to do it as contented as if I had bin King George hisself.

"And now," says he, "I'll tell you what I wants you to do. My old woman is the 'ardest workin' woman in all this county. She've kep' my money together, and made a good penny herself. But I don't believe but that she works up past the Sunday mornin'; and if she do, there aint no good in it, I know."

"There aint much 'arm, is there?" says I.

"Jest now that's my business," says he. And here the servant gal comes back and tells 'im the keepin'-room is ready. "Go and open the winder, then," says he; and she runs off.

"We must get in at the winder," he says; "fur if my missus sees you, our game's done." So we steals along under shadow of the wall, and bends double almost when we come to the winder where the missus was sittin'. The keepin'-room winder was jest under, and we slips in like rats. "You put to the shutters," says he, "so as there'll be no tell-tale light on the grass, and I'll strike a light."

'Well, when he had got the candle, there was a sweet sight, gennelmen. A comfortabler bed than I'd seen many a year stood up in the corner. In the middle of the room was a little table with a clean cloth on it, and ale, and a big hunch of beef, with bread to fit, and a jar of 'bacey and one of your long-fashioned clays. "You aint used to this, Barty Sykes," I says to myself. "Sir, you *are* a gennelman," says I to him.

"You hear that old clock a-ticking up above?" says he.

"Yea, sir," says I.

"Soon as ever that's done strikin' twelve, you begin a-whizzin' round your devil's screetcher," says he. "Good-night." And he toddles up-stairs.

"Good-night, sir," says I. Soon as he was gone, I began to think what a queer go it was, something like a dream. Very welcome though. I wished he'd got a hundred wives to cure, one by one. I makes a good supper, and then lights my pipe, and gives myself to reflection. I hears almost every word spoken up above. The knives and forks clank and clatter.

They was at supper too. At last they grows still.

"What a strong smell o' tobaccer," says the hold woman. You see, gennelmen, it was oozing up through the cracks, or getting up the stairs.

"Tobaccer, missus?" says he; "I don't smell it."

"It gets wus and wus," she says. "I believe that Polly's got that sweet-heart of hern down in the keepin'-room agen." And I heard her jump up and go to the door. Well, I thinks, I am in for it now, and no mistake. There wasn't many steps down. There wasn't time to undo the shutters and jump out.

'Up springs the master. "My dear," says he, "what *are* you thinkin' of? You sha'n't go down into that damp 'ole with your dreadful rheumatiz. Besides, the place swarms with rats."

'Comfortable, if true, thinks I.

'So the hold gent comes down to me. He tells me the whole story, and says I must put out the 'baccor. Of course I didn't tell 'im I'd heard all. The talk was amusin' in those lonely regions: I couldn't afford to lose it. He says I must put out my pipe; I do it.

"There's no one smokin' below," he says, when he gets up again.

"Well," says she, "I must get to my work. I've ever so much wool to card for they two gals to begin upon on Monday."

"I suppose you know it's past eleven," says he.

"I do," she says; and whirr goes her wheel.

"I'm for bed," says the master; and he hopens the door and 'obbles into the next room. In those houses there's not much up-stairs, you see: what there was belonged to the stable boy, the servant gals, and the happles and pears.

'I sit in my crib quiet as you like listening to the four noises: first, the maids a-laughin' and talkin'; second, the hold man's bed a-creakin', as he rolls to and fro to get comfortable; third, was the missus's wheel; fourth, there was one of them hold clocks like sentry-boxes, going click-clack, click-clack.

'Soon two of the noises stop. The hold gent suits hisself, and lays still.

The gals run up-stairs to bed. Only the wheel goes on whirrin', and the clock click-clackin'.

'Wall, I listens to the old clock, till it begins to seem as sensible as a Christian. "What on earth does it go on sayin' the same follish stuff for?" says I. "Can't it know nothin' but click-clack? I'll jest ask it. I'm sick of click-clack." Thinks I, I'll jump up and give it a bit of my mind; when—jerk goes my head. I looks up, and there's the candle with a wick as long as my finger-joint. Lo an' be'old! gennelmen, I'd bin asleep. If the hold man knew it! thinks I. Is the wheel agoing? Yes, it is.

'In a minute "duck-do," says the clock. That's a bit better, tempus fuggit, I observes. You're going to say something else, aint you. I've slep a good bit; suppose I've slep over twelve?

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven—hetcetera—twelve."

'I seize half-a-dozen of the harticle, and whirl 'em round and round as if I was mad. You should 'ave heard the screetch above. It beat the harticle

to fits; a 'undred of them in tchorus couldn't have done it. Down went the wheel. The hold woman rushes across the floor like a gingered 'os, gennelmen. I heard her shake the hold man's bed like fury.

"What on earth? what on earth?" says he.

"George! George! George!" she shrieks; "*help me—help me—the devil's come! George, I'll never, never work on the blessed Sabbath more!*"

'These, gennelmen, were the wery six as did it!

'Wall, if that don't beat a song,' said Mr Nixon. 'I'll buy some of they, Master Sykes.'

We all volunteered to do the same: we also quarrelled a little as to who should have the honour of settling Mr Sykes' score. I have one or two of these 'moral agents' on hand for curiosity. I burned others; for, having once lost an old friend by presenting his children with these rarities (and, as consequence, his wife and mother-in-law with incessant headache, and ill-temper resulting thence), I determined to bestow no more!

THE ROMANCE OF THE ICE-FIELDS.*

THAT was both an ingenious and decidedly imperial idea, on the part of the second Catherine of Russia, to construct a palace of ice for the gratification of her fancy, and the display of her northern splendour. One might suppose that her drawing-rooms in that inhabited glacier would congeal into fact the common figure of a *chilling reception*; but the reverse of this expression would be the universal experience of her guests, and the glow of heat in a crowded suite of apartments under a canopy of snow, must have been quite as stifling as under roofs ceiled with cedar, or with marble from the Carrara quarries. But there is an economic as well as an artistic view to take of the affair; it was a palace only

for a season, and the bottomless abyss of a nation's purse alone could defray the costly six months' bauble. It came into being with the disappearance of the swallow, and with the return of that harbinger of summer would melt into nothingness. The material, however, it must be owned, was abundant in the region where it rose—to be had for the mere taking—and serf-labour was not exorbitant in its rate of wages; so that perhaps, after all, the whim of the right royal lady who wielded the sceptre of All the Russias was gratified at a less expense than the wealth of Croesus, or the hoarded laks and loot of the Great Mogul.

But the magnificence of the fairy structure, when lighted up with candelabra and lustres of various rays, must have surpassed all preceding creations of architecture, and thrown the wonders of Vitruvius and Palladio into the shade. A crystal cornucopia

* 'Arctic Explorations: the Second Grinnell Expedition in Search of Sir John Franklin, 1853-55. By ELISHA KENT KANE, M.D., U.S.N.' 2 vols. 8vo. London: Trübner & Co.

tion, a transparent meteor, a palatial aurora borealis, might be its fittest designation. Flaming torches without would answer to the flashing lights within, and, together, throw a tinge of roseate warmth on column and façade, on ball-room and presence-chamber, of this hyperborean palace. Aladdin's lamp showed no such glory as this barbaric chateau, where the brightness of the diamond was outshone by the happy bridal of light and winter, and every gem of every colour found its representative in the rainbow hues that flushed their fulness through this natural lens. It were to be forgiven, if our admiration of this imperial cresset, placed upon the brow of King Christmas in far Russia, in other days, awakened our wish that we had feasted our eye upon its hybernal radiance; if for the nonce we had renounced our basaltic Staffa, with all the lore it offers to science, and fuel to curiosity, for one hour in that ant-reared Staffa, where the columns were living ice, the lights the dazzling glow of girandole and brilliant eyes, and the music the harmony of tuneful orchestra, timed with the beat of many-twinkling feet, instead of the boom of the ocean swell, the plash of the ocean wave, or the scream of the ocean bird. Nature, doubtless, has its charms for us no less than for others, but art improves upon nature; witness Teufelsdröckh, and his essay on fig-leaves and crinolines; and that glacial Ekaterinen-schloss of the magnificent czarina, on the banks of the Neva, must have been one of those felicitous productions of art which show us how grand nature can be made, when taught to figure in new poses and combinations by the skill of her mortal master.

But the opportunity is over; that vision of mundane vanity set off by mundane wealth is fled with the past, and not one eye, perhaps, retains its cunning which gazed upon its transcendent glory. It is vain for us to regret the irrevocable, and expend emotion upon fruitless desires. Turn we to our next best appliance for its realisation, for we are not left without resource—those natural wonders of the northern regions, which most closely recall the artificial splendours of royalty, when prompted by woman's

caprice, and sustained by unbounded means. Up in that frozen north, whose southern and civilised limit Russia is, there are iceberg palaces built by the Great Architect; there are aurora phosphorescences lighted at the lamp of nature; there is music on the rude harmonium of groundswell and floe, striking and impressive in the highest degree, if not decked with softer and more artificial charms. Such combinations of natural lights and sounds may not abide the cant of criticism so fairly as what is made to line and measure, by the aid of art and man's device; but even these can draw the adventurous sailor from his rural ease to share their excitement, and when described, can fascinate the fireside traveller at home as few things besides are able to do. Amid the whole range of adventures by flood and field—from Chaucer's pilgrims to Canterbury, to Bunyan's pilgrims to the celestial city; from Waterton, who steeple-chases on alligator's back, to Gordon Cumming, who speaks knowingly of rhinoceros steaks and hippopotamus mutton—we know no class of subjects more likely to tell on susceptible imaginations at home and abroad than travels which deal with the obscure suns, the long twilights, the mysterious and ghostly region of death and dreariness which surrounds the pole. For no enterprise in the world are volunteers more readily found, and for no volumes more eager readers than those which describe the hairbreadth 'scares, their moving accidents, their exodus, their return—mayhap their returning no more. Belot, whose fate is known, and Franklin, whose fate is unknown, have added still livelier interest to a clime and topic that awoke already a more than ordinary curiosity in the public mind. That interest finds abundant nurture in the narrative which we are about to summarise for our readers of the last expedition of Dr Elisha Kent Kane, undertaken from motives of the purest philanthropy, and prosecuted with a perseverance, energy, and tact, well becoming the adventurous sailor and the accomplished man of science. Of the party accompanying him, the commander was the earthly Providence; for, on the evidence of painful and indisputable facts, had he not

supplied the ready resources of his amazing ingenuity, the bones of every individual of his rescued crew would have bleached under the inclement skies that border the pole. Life in death, and hope in despair, and provision in starvation, and health in disease, and interposition in danger—all came to these mariners, sorely be-
stead, from 'the dome of thought, the palace of the soul,' which crowned the living organism of Dr Kane.

On the 30th of May, 1853, sailed from New York the hermaphrodite brig *Advance*, of one hundred and forty-four tons, on one of the most noble enterprises which have ever engaged the sympathies and co-operation of men—the attempted rescue of their endangered fellow-creatures, Sir John Franklin and his comrades, from the perils and privations of the Arctic regions. The crew of the brig were as noble as the enterprise, for no mercenary inducements enlisted them in such severe and self-denying service: 'salaries entirely disproportioned,' and hardships innumerable, were scarcely lure enough to embark on their perilous voyage, had there not been present, overruling all prudential considerations, that enthusiastic philanthropy, born of natural impulse, but fed on the milk of Christian charity, which takes delight, after the pattern of the Inimitable, in laying down its life for the brethren. The crew were only seventeen, and all volunteers—their regulations few and simple, and rigidly enforced: first, absolute subordination to the commander; secondly, abstinence from all intoxicating liquors, except when dispensed by special order; and thirdly, the habitual disuse of profane language. Over these hardy men was Dr Elisha Kent Kane, who had already visited the frozen regions under the command of Lieutenant De Haven in 1850, and who was now prepared to encounter greater perils and incur still higher responsibilities in the god-like march of further good-doing. The provision laid in was moderate, from the hope of obtaining supplies of fresh meat on their course, but there was a good library, and a valuable set of instruments for taking observations.

On the 17th of June the expedition reached St John's, when every courtesy

was shown by the British governor, and the valuable gift superadded of a noble team of Newfoundland dogs. On the first of July, just one month from starting, they entered the quiet and healthy fishing station of Fisker-naes. Here a young native of nineteen, Hans Christian, was engaged to be of the party, a smart huntsman, and a good-tempered and obliging creature. The Moravian Missionary settlements courted some quiet observation with their quaint old-world costume and simplicity, and New Testament goodness. By July 27 the brig was embayed in a fog near the entrance of Melville Bay, and surrounded by floating icebergs. Two days afterwards their first adventure occurred. In order to escape nipping by the floating ice, the *Advance* was fastened to a berg by means of ice-anchors, a success achieved only after immense labour for the space of eight hours. But scarcely had the men obtained a breathing spell, ere the whole face of the berg fell down with a crashing sound like that of artillery; utter ruin to the brig being only avoided by an instantaneous casting off of the ropes, and standing away from the avalanche. The night was stormy, the ice-floes scudding around them rapidly, and the only means of safety using the boats for warping amid the drift—a terrible initiation for such as had not been there before—the spray, that lashed up under the fierceness of the gale, freezing into ice-arrows before it reached the faces of the mariners. On the first of August their position was in 75° of north latitude, in open water close to land, the lead—an opening in the ice, pronounced *lead*, not *led*—encumbered with drifting trash, which nothing but incessant toil in the boats could drag the vessel through. Five miles a-day was good progress in the midst of this broken ice. They were now fairly in the icy region—nothing but glaciers visible on the rock-bound coast, nothing but ice in floes and fields covering the surface of the ocean, and the only possibility of making progress northward, by means of the occasional cracking or displacement of the ice under the influence of summer suns, shortly about to leave them, and the strong winds which broke up and mashed here and there a narrow and

tortuous passage for the ships. By the sixth of the month Cape Alexander on the right, and Cape Isabella on the left, were sighted in Smith's Straits at the top of Baffin's Bay—the Pillars of Hercules—the *ne plus ultra* of Arctic navigation hitherto. Porphyritic cliffs of precipitous height on each side, with glaciers filling up the chasms where their continuity is interrupted, are the gloomy characteristics of the landward view. Once fairly inside Smith's Sound, Dr Kane recognised the field of his projected enterprise, and determined to push as far northward as possible, and shrink from no risks in the prosecution of the object of this voyage. As this determination involved no little peril, he wisely left on the mainland, off Littleton Island, a boat with a supply of provisions concealed in a cairn, as a resource against possible disaster. The cairn, piled up of heavy stones, to resist the ravages of the bears, who are both very powerful and ingenious burglars, is cemented with smaller stones, moss, and sand, the whole being saturated with water, which freezes in a night, and thus the storehouse becomes an impervious and solid mass of masonry. This timely arrangement proved itself of the utmost service in an hour of need two years afterwards.

By the 8th of August they had only succeeded in making an advance of forty miles beyond this station. The slowness of the progress is owing to the presence of the ice either in solid masses, or to the floating drift which occupies the open water near the shore. To explain this, it is only necessary to say that the tides rise to a considerable height—from thirteen to seventeen feet—breaking the edge of the weak ice next the land; and this grinding of the floating mass up and down twice in every twenty-four hours forms a kind of water-way close in shore, while a little further out there is an unbroken surface of ice. This landward channel is narrow, greatly impeded by mashed ice, and only available for a short season in summer—the whole channel freezing over under the influence of a low temperature before the end of August. This inward channel the expedition pursued till on the first day of September they reached the deep bay on

the coast of Greenland, which they called Refuge Harbour; and there under the lee of the land allowed themselves to be frozen in, there being nothing but sheer ice ahead interminably, as was proved by a sledging excursion undertaken to ascertain the fact. There the *Advance* was stayed in latitude $78^{\circ} 37'$, and longitude $70^{\circ} 40'$; there the expedition spent two gloomy winters, amid unheard-of privations and sufferings; and there the shell of their little bark remains still, unless crushed to pieces by the grinding ice-floes in the brief Arctic summer, or broken up by the wandering Esquimaux, for a thousand uses. The position of the vessel was guarded by lofty headlands, which walled it in to seaward, and enclosed an anchorage with a moderate depth of water. By the 10th of the month the thermometer had fallen to 14° , and the young ice had cemented the floes so firmly round the brig, that the men could walk and sledge in all directions.

With such difficulty and dangers had they made their way to this station through the packs of ice they had encountered for a fortnight before, that those hardy men might well deem their present position a refuge, and regard the gloom of the oncoming winter without dismay, assured of safety, and hoping for quiet. As a sample of their hairbreadth escapes in reaching their harbour, we present the following extract:

'August 19, 1853.—The sky looks sinister: a sort of scowl overhangs the blink under the great brow of clouds to the southward. The doves seem to distrust the weather, for they have forsaken the channel; but the walrus curvet around us in crowds. I have always heard that the close approach to land of these sphinx-faced monsters portends a storm. I was anxious to find a better shelter, and warped yesterday well down to the south end of the ledge; but I could not venture into the floes outside without risking the loss of my dearly-earned ground. It may prove a hard gale, but we must wait it out patiently.

'August 20, Saturday $3\frac{1}{2}$ p.m.—By Saturday morning it blew a perfect hurricane. We had seen it coming, and were ready with three good hawvers out ahead, and all things snug on board.

'Still it came on heavier and heavier,

and the ice began to drive more wildly than I thought I had ever seen it. I had just turned in to warm and dry myself during a momentary lull, and was stretching myself out in my bunk, when I heard the sharp twanging snap of a cord. Our six-inch hawser had parted, and we were swinging by the two others; the gale roaring like a lion to the southward.

'Half-a-minute more, and twang! twang! came a second report. I knew it was the whale-line, by the shrillness of the ring. Our noble ten-inch manilla still held on. I was hurrying my last sock into its seal-skin boot, when M'Gary came waddling down the companion ladders:—"Captain Kane, she won't hold much longer; it's blowing the devil himself, and I am afraid to surge."

'The manilla cable was proving its excellence when I reached the deck; and the crew, as they gathered round me, were loud in its praises. We could hear its deep *Æolian* chant, swelling through all the rattle of the running gear and moaning of the shrouds. It was the death-song! The strands gave way with the noise of a shotted gun; and, in the smoke that followed their recoil, we were dragged out by the wild ice, at its mercy.

'We steadied, and did some petty warping, and got the brig a good bed in the rushing drift, but it all came to nothing. We then tried to beat back through the narrow ice-clogged waterway, that was driving, a quarter-of-a-mile wide, between the shore and the pack. It cost us two hours of hard labour, I thought skilfully bestowed; but at the end of that time we were at least four miles off, opposite the great valley in the centre of Bedevilled Reach. Ahead of us, further to the north, we could see the strait growing still narrower, and the heavy ice tables grinding up, and clogging it, between the shore-cliffs on one side and the ledge on the other. There was but one thing left for us; to keep in some sort the command of the helm, by going freely where we must otherwise be driven. We allowed her to scud under a reefed foretopsail; all hands watching the enemy, as we closed, in silence.

'At seven in the morning we were close upon the piling masses. We dropped our heaviest anchor, with the desperate hope of winding the brig; but there was no withstanding the ice-torrent that followed us. We had only time to

fasten a spar as buoy to the chain, and let her slip. So went our best bower!

'Down we went upon the gale again, helplessly scraping along a lee of ice seldom less than thirty feet thick; one floe, measured by a line as we tried to fasten to it, more than forty. I had seen such ice only once before, and never in such rapid motion. One upturned mass rose above our gunwale, smashing in our bulwarks, and depositing half-a-ton of ice in a lump upon our decks. Our staunch little brig bore herself through all this adventure as if she had a charmed life.

'But a new enemy came in sight ahead. Directly in our way, just beyond the line of floe-ice against which we were alternately sliding and thumping, was a group of bergs. We had no power to avoid them; and the only question was, whether we were to be dashed to pieces against them, or whether they might not offer us some providential nook of refuge from the storm. But, as we neared them, we perceived that they were at some distance from the floe-edge, and separated from it by an interval of open water. Our hopes rose, as the gale drove us toward this passage, and into it; and we were ready to exult, when, from some unexplained cause—probably an eddy of the wind against the lofty ice-walls—we lost our headway. Almost at the same moment, we saw that the bergs were not at rest; that with a momentum of their own they were bearing down upon the other ice, and that it must be our fate to be crushed between the two.

'Just then, a broad scone-piece, or low water-washed berg, came driving up from the southward. The thought flashed upon me of one of our escapes in Melville Bay; and as the scone moved rapidly close alongside us, M'Gary managed to plant an anchor on its slope, and hold on to it by a whale-line. It was an anxious moment. Our noble tow-horse, whiter than the pale horse that seemed to be pursuing us, hauled us bravely on; the spray, dashing over his windward flanks and his forehead ploughing up the lesser ice as if in scorn. The bergs encroached upon us as we advanced; our channel narrowed to a width of perhaps forty feet; we braced the yards to clear the impending ice-walls.

... 'We passed clear; but it was a close shave—so close, that our port quarter-boat would have been crushed, if we had not taken it in from the davits

—and found ourselves under the lee of a berg, in a comparatively open lead. Never did heart-ried men acknowledge with more gratitude their merciful deliverance from a wretched death. . . .

'The day had already had its full share of trials; but there were more to come. A flaw drove us from our shelter, and the gale soon carried us beyond the end of the lead. We were again in the ice, sometimes escaping its onset by warping, sometimes forced to rely on the strength and buoyancy of the brig to stand its pressure, sometimes scudding wildly through the half-open drift. Our jib-boom was snapped off in the cap; we carried away our barricade stanchions, and were forced to leave our little *Eric*, with three brave fellows and their warps, out upon the floes behind us.

'A little pool of open water received us at last. It was just beyond a lofty cape that rose up like a wall, and under an iceberg that anchored itself between us and the gale. And here, close under the frowning shore of Greenland, ten miles nearer the Pole than our holding ground of the morning, the men have turned in to rest.

'I was afraid to join them; for the gale was unbroken, and the floes kept pressing heavily upon our berg—at one time so heavily as to sway it on its vertical axis toward the shore, and make its pinnacle overhang our vessel. My poor fellows had but a precarious sleep before our little harbour was broken up. They hardly reached the deck, when we were driven astern, our rudder splintered, and the pintles torn from their boltings.

'Now began the nippings. The first shock took us on our port-quarter; the brig bearing it well, and after a moment of the old-fashioned suspense, rising by jerks handsomely. The next was from a veteran floe, tongued and honeycombed, but floating in a single table over twenty feet in thickness. Of course, no wood or iron could stand this; but the shoreward face of our iceberg happened to present an inclined plane, descending deep into the water; and up this the brig was driven, as if some great steam screw-power was forcing her into a dry-dock.

'At one time, I expected to see her carried bodily up its face and tumbled over on her side. But one of those mysterious relaxations, which I have elsewhere called the pulses of the ice, lowered us quite gradually down again into the rubbish, and we were forced out of the

line of pressure toward the shore. Here we succeeded in carrying out a warp, and making fast. We grounded as the tide fell; and would have heeled over to seaward, but for a mass of detached land-ice that grounded alongside of us, and although it stove our bulwarks as we rolled over it, shored us up.

'I could hardly get to my bunk, as I went down into my littered cabin on the Sunday morning, after our hard-working vigil of thirty-six hours. Bags of clothing, food, tents, India-rubber blankets, and the hundred little personal matters which every man likes to save in the time of trouble, were scattered around in places where the owners thought they might have them at hand. The pemmican had been on deck, the boats equipped, and everything of real importance ready for a march, many hours before.

'During the whole of the scenes I have been trying to describe, I could not help being struck by the composed and manly demeanour of my comrades. The turmoil of ice under a heavy sea, often conveys the impression of danger when the reality is absent; but, in this fearful passage, the parting of our hawsers, the loss of our anchors, the abrupt crushing of our stoven bulwarks, and the actual deposit of ice upon our decks, would have tried the nerves of the most experienced icemen. All—officers and men—worked alike. Upon each occasion of collision with the ice, which formed our lee-coast, efforts were made to carry out lines; and some narrow escapes were incurred, by the zeal of the parties leading them into positions of danger. Mr Bonsall avoided being crushed by leaping to a floating fragment; and no less than four of our men, at one time, were carried down by the drift, and could only be recovered by a relief party, after the gale had subsided.

'As our brig, borne on by the ice, commenced her ascent of the berg, the suspense was oppressive. The immense blocks piled against her, range upon range, pressing themselves under keel, and throwing her over upon her side, till, urged by the successive accumulations, she rose slowly and as if with convulsive efforts along the sloping wall. Still there was no relaxation of the impelling force. Shock after shock, jarring her to her very centre, she continued to mount steadily on her precarious cradle. But for the groaning of her timbers, and the heavy sough of the floes, we might have heard

a pin drop. And then, as she settled down into her old position, quietly taking her place among the broken rubbish, there was a deep-breathing silence, as though all were waiting for some signal before the clamour of congratulation and comment could burst forth.'

It was providential for the mariners that this bridging of the tide of death was in the day-time—or all had been lost, with as little record left by the engulfing sea, as remains of the gallant Franklin and his party. A daylight enemy may be coped with, but who can boast a panoply against the midnight assassin? It is darkness which gives its emphasis to the apostrophe of the poet:

'O night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong.

In the unblenching cheek and determined encounter with danger even unto death on the part of the crew, we only see a reflection of the commander's heroism: when Cæsar leads the attack, each soldier approves himself a tenth legionary.

In one month more the sun was to leave the party to their long ungenial night, and provision had to be made to meet the exigencies of that period of an unnatural gloom. The stores of the hold were secured upon an island in the bay; a deckhouse was erected; an architectural interior contrived, to combine ventilation, space, and warmth; and an observatory, fixed on a rock, about a hundred yards distant.

It was Dr Kane's plan ere starting to push his vessel as far in a northward direction as the clogging ice would permit, and then to make excursions on sledges over the ice by means of dogs, so as to complete the circle of Arctic exploration, in this way, if in no other. In order to accomplish this, it was necessary to have relays of provision to meet the wants of his parties, laid in at successive distances from his winter-quarter, so as to escape the necessity of carrying provision in large quantities, which would have retarded progress, harassed men and dogs, and, in point of fact, rendered distant journeys impossible. The impossibility will appear from the fact of the ice they encountered not exhibiting a smooth continuous surface, but broken and jammed together in

the most inextricable confusion in many directions, under the influence of the winds, and the waves, and smashing bergs, wheresoever free to float, making, when frozen into a compact mass, the whole day's journey, in some cases, a tedious search after defiles to thread the labyrinth, or a series of abrupt lifts and descents for sledges and dogs, involving the most wearisome and fruitless labour to the whole party. A single mile of onward progress alone has been achieved after a day of harassing toil, spent in doubling the difficulties that barred the forward way. Of these expeditions to plant provisions, in *caches* or places of reserve, three went forth, and their success we may detail. Meanwhile, to secure scientific observations, an observatory with transit and theodolite was raised of granite and ice-blocks on a rock close at hand; magnetic and meteorological observatories were added, while a tide-gauge was fitted to a hole sawn daily in the ice. For the notation of all these, the most rigid arrangements were made at the outset, and enforced with equal rigidity, under circumstances of discouragement and suffering, in which discipline might have been supposed to be relaxed, and when disease and weariness in the crew rendered the lightest duty a burden. Dr Kane was the kindest of men and nurses, had a heart and a hand as soft as a woman's; but was also one of the most faithful of public servants. No temptation could induce him to allow, either in himself or others, the omission or the careless performance of any duty. The commander never skulked or flagged, and managed, with more or less success, to keep his men as nearly up to his own high standard as possible. If the expedition failed, it was rather owing to the force of the elements, and the untoward circumstances of the seasons, than from any lack of moral nerve, or sedulous effort on the part of its conductor.

On the 20th of September the first *cache* party was sent out, consisting of seven men, with a considerable quantity of pemmican, and some other provisions, to deposit at the farthest point they might reach on their journey. After the lapse of twenty days, as they had not returned, Dr Kane started with

one person, and a small sledge, drawn by four dogs, in quest of the missing party. His object was to proceed as far as possible on the belt of ice, which encircles the land at high-water mark, and represents the level of the frozen ocean, where the surface is entirely solidified—which varies in width according to the season of the year and the chapter of accidents. When the tide falls, and the channel ice melts, this belt presents a formidable barrier, rising like a wall from the sea. It is sometimes a mere pathway, and at others extends hundreds of feet or yards; but is very commonly choked here and there with hummocks of ice, fallen from glaciers overhead, or enormous boulders of stone separated from the cliffs. When this ice-belt is smooth, and clear, and firm, it forms a convenient roadway for sledging, and admits of rapid progress. It was quite unsuitable for Dr Kane's purpose on the 10th of October, and he was forced to keep out in mid-ocean, with sundry mishaps to himself and dogs, such as slipping into chasms, getting immersed in fissures of the ice, being obliged to sleep with a thermometer under zero on the floe, without fire or tent, with no shelter but a buffalo bag to creep into, and no food but their frozen provision. On the fifth day of being out, Dr Kane found his party returning, most of them slightly frostbitten, but elated with their success in making the *caché* at twenty-five days' distance from the brig, at a spot called by the commander M'Gary's Island, in honour of the leader of the excursion—the latitude being $79^{\circ} 50'$, and longitude $76^{\circ} [66^{\circ} 1'] 20'$.

In compensation for the absence of the sun, who had gone into winter quarters, the moon had remained for a week 14° above the horizon in the lowest part of her circuit, on the 28th of October, shining with almost unvarying brightness. Ice palace and glacier, berg and icicle, the desolate landscape and aurora-flickering skies, the little bark, with its bare poles and its winter-gear, must have looked weird and fairy-like under the ghastly light. It is noted as something wonderful that, on the 7th of November, in the absence of the sun, the thermometer could still be read at noon without a light, and that for about five

hours in the day the black masses of the hills could be made out, with their glaring patches of snow—stars of the sixth magnitude shining all the while at noon. Except upon the island of Spitzbergen, no Christians had ever wintered in so high a latitude as this. The winter is sunless for one hundred and forty days. The thermometer was now 55° below zero, but matters had been so well arranged on board, as to leave a temperature just above freezing-point on the hutted deck, and down below of 65° . One night in which a small party camped upon the snow, a bottle of whisky of good proof froze under the head of one of the officers. The last vestige of mid-day twilight left them by December 15. The Arctic world has no sun.

The observations continued to be made with the utmost regularity by these imprisoned men, although fire-side philosophers may find it hard to understand the difficulties of observations made at such low temperatures. To touch the metal instruments stripped the skin from the hands like a bar of heated iron, so that the metal had to be coated with chamois-skin. The observatory itself was a kind of ice-house, with a temperature of 20° below zero. On the 17th January, 1854, the thermometers ranged at the low grade of 64° to 67° under freezing-point; at which temperature chloric ether became solid, spirit of naphtha froze at 54° , oil of sassafras at 49° , and, in fact, most of the ethers and volatile oils. On February the 21st, after a climb up one of the headlands of the bay, which long inaction, darkness, and scurvy, made a laborious task, the first glimpse of the returning sun was seen. It was like bathing in perfumed water—a vision of delight such as they had never thought the common sun could prove to any of the children of men.

Now, what was the routine of their daily life during those weary months of darkness? At six in the morning, all hands who had slept in the night before were called, the decks cleaned, the ice-hole opened at the side of the ship, the beef-nets examined, in which the salt junk had been steeped to freshen it, the ice-tables measured, and all things put to rights. At half-past seven all hands rose, washed on

deck, opened doors for ventilation, and went below for breakfast, which, like all their meals, was never eaten without all rising; while the captain breathed a short and earnest thanksgiving. This became, amid the perils of their second winter, starvation imminent, disease ravaging their scanty ranks, cold, hungry, and almost hopeless, the following touching prayer—all standing, all hushed, and, let us hope, all truly devout—‘Accept our gratitude, and restore us to our homes.’ Breakfast—as fuel ran short even in their first winter—was cooked in the cabin, and consisted of biscuit, stewed apple, tea and coffee, and a small portion of raw potato for hygienic purposes. The last was as repulsive as physic, since, even lubricated with oil, and grated and seasoned, nothing could make it palatable to some appetites; nevertheless, as a preservative from scurvy, it was necessary, in the absence of other vegetable diet and fresh meat. Then began the regular work of the day, whilst in the cabin Dr Kane wrote, sketched, and projected maps; Dr Hayes copied logs and meteorologicals; and the astronomer reduced his observatory work. All this time, the thermometer at the feet of these persons in the cabin is below zero, and higher above only 45° of Fahrenheit. At twelve, general inspection; dinner at two, the same fare as breakfast, tea and coffee excepted; supper at six, like breakfast, only more scanty; and then the officers came in with their reports of the day, all exhibited to the captain, and signed by him—the log, the weather, the tides and thermometers, the general work of the ship, the cleaning department, and the ice-measurements. Finally, the captain’s journal closed the operations of the day. The amusements were sometimes cards, sometimes chess, and often reading. But life was dull, notwithstanding, in that ill-lighted and miserably cold cabin, which they had not sufficient firing to warm, in which old sherry froze in the lockers, in which all their water was melted out of chopped ice suspended over a lamp, and in which there was not one ounce of fresh meat to vary their ship’s stores. Well might Kane say, amid all these disadvantages, *‘I feel that an Arctic night and an Arctic day*

age a man more rapidly and harshly than a year anywhere else in all this weary world.’ On the 20th of March, when an excursion party was started to survey the coast northward, and make further deposits, the thermometer was 49° below freezing-point. This party was designed to make the transit of the bay, and lay up a store of provision for Dr Kane, who intended to follow and push the exploration as far as the supplies already provided would allow. The doctor only waited for their return to be assured of their execution of the job, when he himself would have started on his journey forthwith. But whilst he was making vigorous and unremitting preparation for an extended tour, he was startled by hearing, on the eleventh day of their departure, about the hour of midnight, the footsteps of three men on deck, who shortly made their way into the cabin. They were swollen and haggard, and hardly able to speak, could only announce that their four comrades were all lying frozen and disabled far off on the ice, and no one able to tend them but one sailor. The spot they could not precisely indicate—somewhere among the hummocks, north and east; it was drifting heavily round them when they parted. It was vain to question them further: they had evidently travelled a great distance, were sinking with fatigue and hunger, and the cold had almost frozen their utterance. The rescue of that frost-bitten party, with its peril of death to all, Dr Kane must narrate himself:—

‘My first impulse was to move on the instant with an unencumbered party—a rescue, to be effective, or even hopeful, could not be too prompt. What pressed on my mind most was, *where the sufferers were to be looked for among the drifts.* Ohlsen seemed to have his faculties rather more at command than his associates, and I thought that he might assist us as a guide; but he was sinking with exhaustion, and if he went with us we must carry him.

‘There was not a moment to be lost: while some were still busy with the newcomers, and getting ready a hasty meal, others were rigging out the Little Willie [a light sledge], with a buffalo-cover, a small tent, and a package of pemmican; and as soon as we could hurry through

our arrangements, Ohlsen was strapped on in a fur bag, his legs wrapped in dog-skins and eider-down, and we were off upon the ice. Our party consisted of nine men and myself. We carried only the clothes on our backs. The thermometer stood at 78° below freezing-point.

'A well-known peculiar tower of ice, called by the name of the Pinnacy Berg, served as our first landmark; other icebergs of colossal size, which stretched in long beaded lines across the bay, helped to guide us afterwards; and it was not until we had travelled for sixteen hours that we began to lose our way.

'We knew that our lost companions must be somewhere in the area before us, within a radius of forty miles. Mr Ohlsen, who had been for fifty hours without rest, fell asleep as soon as we began to move, and awoke now with unequivocal signs of mental disturbance. It became evident that he had lost the bearing of the icebergs, which, in form and colour, endlessly repeated themselves; and the uniformity of the vast field of snow utterly forbade the hope of local landmarks.

'Pushing ahead of the party, and clambering over some rugged ice-piles, I came to a long level floe, which I thought might probably have attracted the eyes of weary men in circumstances like our own. It was a light conjecture; but it was enough to turn the scale, for there was no other to balance it. I gave orders to abandon the sledge, and disperse in search of foot-marks. We raised our tent, placed our pemmican in cache, except a small allowance for each man to carry on his person; and poor Ohlsen, now just able to keep his legs, was liberated from his bag. The thermometer had fallen by this time to 81° below zero, and the wind was setting in sharply from the north-west. It was out of the question to halt; it required brisk exercise to keep us from freezing. I could not even melt ice for water; and at these temperatures any resort to snow for the purpose of allaying thirst was followed by bloody lips and tongue: it burned like caustic.

'It was indispensable then that we should move on, looking out for traces as we went; yet, when the men were ordered to spread themselves, so as to multiply the chances, though they all obeyed heartily, some painful impress of solitary danger, or perhaps it may have been the varying configuration of the ice-field, kept them closing up continually

into a single group. The strange manner in which some of us were affected, I now attribute as much to shattered nerves as to the direct influence of the cold. Men like M'Gary and Bonsall, who had stood out our severest marches, were seized with trembling fits and short breath; and in spite of all my efforts to keep up an example of sound bearing, I fainted twice on the snow.

'We had been nearly eighteen hours out without water or food, when a new hope cheered us. I think it was Hansom, Esquimaux hunter, who thought he saw a broad sledge-track. The drift had nearly effaced it, and we were some of us doubtful at first whether it was not one of those accidental rifts which the gales make in the surface-snow. But, as we traced it on to the deep snow among the hummocks, we were led to footsteps; and, following these with religious care, we at last came in sight of a small American flag fluttering from a hummock, and lower down, a little masonic banner hanging from a tent-pole, hardly above the drift. It was the camp of our disabled comrades: we reached it after an unbroken march of twenty-one hours.

'The little tent was nearly covered. I was not among the first to come up; but when I reached the tent-curtain, the men were standing in silent file on each side of it. With more kindness and delicacy of feeling than is often supposed to belong to sailors, but which is almost characteristic, they intimated their wish that I should go in alone. As I crawled in, and coming upon the darkness, heard before me the burst of welcome gladness that came from the four poor fellows stretched on their backs, and then, for the first time, the cheer outside, my weakness and my gratitude together almost overcame me. *They had expected me: they were sure I would come.*

'We were now fifteen souls; the thermometer seventy-five degrees below the freezing-point; and our sole accommodation a tent barely able to contain eight persons. More than half our party were obliged to keep from freezing by walking outside while the others slept. We could not halt long. Each of us took a turn of two hours sleep; and we prepared for our homeward march.

'We took with us nothing but the tent, furs to protect the rescued party, and food for a journey of fifty hours. Everything else was abandoned. Two

large buffalo bags, each made of four skins, were doubled up so as to form a sort of sack, lined on each side by fur, closed at the bottom, but open at the top. This was laid on the sledge; the tent, smoothly folded, serving as a floor. The sick, with their limbs sewed up carefully in reindeer skins, were placed upon the bed of buffalo robes, in a half-reclining posture; other skins and blanket bags were thrown above them; and the whole litter was lashed together, so as to allow but a single opening opposite the mouth for breathing.

'This necessary work cost us a great deal of time and effort; but it was essential to the lives of the sufferers. It took us no less than four hours to strip and refresh them, and then to emble them in the manner I have described. Few of us escaped without frostbitten fingers. The thermometer was 55°.6 below zero, and a slight wind added to the severity of the cold.

'It was completed at last, however: all hands stood round; and, after repeating a short prayer, we set out on our retreat. It was fortunate, indeed, that we were not inexperienced in sledging over the ice. A great part of our track lay among a succession of hummocks; some of them extending in long lines, fifteen and twenty feet high, and so uniformly steep, that we had to turn them by a considerable deviation from our direct course. Others that we forced our way through, far above our heads in height, were lying in parallel ridges, with the space between too narrow for the sledge to be lowered into it safely, and yet not wide enough for the runners to cross without the aid of ropes to stay them. These spaces, too, were generally choked with light snow, hiding the openings between the ice-fragments. They were fearful traps to disengage a limb from, for every man knew that a fracture, or a sprain even, would cost him his life. Besides all this, the sledge was top-heavy with its load: the maimed men could not bear to be lashed down tight enough to secure them against falling off. Notwithstanding our caution in rejecting every superfluous burden, the weight, including bags and tent, was eleven hundred pounds.

'And yet our march, for the first six hours, was very cheering. We made, by vigorous pulls and lifts, nearly a mile an hour, and reached the new floes before we were absolutely weary. Our sledge sustained the trial admirably. Ohlsen, re-

stored by hope, walked steadily at the leading-belt of the sledge-lines; and I began to feel certain of reaching our half-way station of the day before, where we had left our tent. But we were still nine miles from it, when, almost without premonition, we all became aware of an alarming failure of our energies.

'I was, of course, familiar with the benumbed and almost lethargic sensation of extreme cold; and once, when exposed for some hours in the mid-winter of Baffin's Bay, I had experienced symptoms which I compared to the diffused paralysis of the electro-galvanic shock. But I had treated the *sleepy comfort* of freezing as something like the embellishment of romance. I had evidence now to the contrary.

'Bonsall and Morton—two of our stoutest men—came to me, begging permission to sleep. *They were not cold: the wind did not enter them now: a little sleep was all they wanted.* Presently Hans was found nearly stiff under a drift; and Thomas, bolt upright, had his eyes closed, and could hardly articulate. At last, John Blake threw himself on the snow, and refused to rise. They did not complain of feeling cold; but it was in vain that I wrestled, boxed, ran, argued, jeered, or reprimanded: an immediate halt could not be avoided.

'We pitched our tent with much difficulty. Our hands were too powerless to strike a fire. We were obliged to do without water or food. Even the spirits (whisky) had frozen at the men's feet, under all the coverings. We put Bonsall, Ohlsen, Thomas, and Hans, with the other sick men, well inside the tent, and crowded in as many others as we could. Then, leaving the party in charge of Mr M'Gary, with orders to come on after four hours' rest, I pushed ahead with William Godfrey, who volunteered to be my companion. My aim was to reach the half-way tent, and thaw some ice and pemmican before the others arrived.

'The floe was of level ice, and the walking excellent. I cannot tell how long it took us to make the nine miles, for we were in a strange sort of stupor, and had little apprehension of time. It was probably about four hours. We kept ourselves awake by imposing on each other a continued articulation of words; they must have been incoherent enough. I recall these hours as among the most wretched I have ever gone through. We

were neither of us in our right senses, and retained a very confused recollection of what preceded our arrival at the tent. We both of us, however, remember a bear, who walked leisurely before us, and tore up as he went a jumper that Mr M'Gary had improvidently thrown off the day before. He tore it into shreds, and rolled it into a ball, but never offered to interfere with our progress. I remember this, and with it a confused sentiment that our tent and buffalo robes might probably share the same fate. Godfrey had a better eye than myself; and looking some miles ahead, he could see that our tent was undergoing the same unceremonious treatment. I thought I saw it too, but we were so drunken with cold that we strode on steadily, and, for aught I know, without quickening our pace.

'Probably our approach saved the contents of the tent, for when we reached it the tent was uninjured, though the bear had overturned it, tossing the buffalo robes and pemmican into the snow: we missed only a couple of blanket-bags. What we recollect, however, and, perhaps, all we recollect, is, that we had great difficulty in raising it. We crawled into our reindeer sleeping bags without speaking, and for the next three hours slept on in a dreamy but intense slumber. When I awoke, my long beard was a mass of ice, frozen fast to the buffalo skin; Godfrey had to cut me out with his jack-knife. Four days after our escape, I found my woollen comfortable, with a goodly share of my beard still adhering to it.

'We were able to melt water, and get some soup cooked before the rest of our party arrived: it took them but five hours to walk the nine miles. They were doing well, and, considering the circumstances, in wonderful spirits. The day was most providentially windless, with a clear sun. All enjoyed the refreshment we had got ready: the crippled were repacked in their robes, and we sped briskly toward the hummock ridges which lay between us and the Pinnacy Berg.

'The hummocks we had now to meet came properly under the designation of squeezed ice. A great chain of bergs stretching from north-west to south-east, moving with the tides, had compressed the surface-floes; and, rearing them upon their edges, produced an area more like the volcanic pedragal of the basin of Mexico, than anything else I can compare it to.

'It required desperate efforts to work

our way over it—literally desperate—for our strength failed us anew, and we began to lose our self-control. We could not abstain any longer from eating snow; our mouths swelled, and some of us became speechless. Happily the day was warmed by a clear sunshine, and the thermometer rose to 4° in the shade; otherwise we must have frozen.

'Our halts multiplied, and we fell half-sleeping on the snow. I could not prevent it. Strange to say, it refreshed us. I ventured upon the experiment myself, making Riley wake me at the end of three minutes; and I felt so much benefited by it that I timed the men in the same way. They sat on the runners of the sledge, fell asleep instantly, and were forced to wakefulness when their three minutes were out.

'By eight in the evening we emerged from the floes. The sight of the Pinnacy Berg revived us. Brandy, an invaluable resource in emergency, had already been served out in table-spoonful doses. We now took a longer rest, and a last but stouter dram, and reached the brig at 1 p.m., we believe, without a halt.

'I say, *we believe*; and here, perhaps, is the most decided proof of our sufferings: we were quite delirious, and had ceased to entertain a sane apprehension of the circumstances about us. We moved on like men in a dream. Our footmarks, seen afterward, showed that we had steered a bee-line for the brig. It must have been by a sort of instinct, for it left no impress on the memory. Bonsall was sent staggering ahead, and reached the brig, God knows how, for he had fallen repeatedly at the track lines, but he delivered with punctilious accuracy the messages I had sent by him to Dr Hayes. I thought myself the soundest of all, for I went through all the formula of sanity, and can recall the muttering delirium of my comrades, when we got back into the cabin of our brig, yet I have been told since of some speeches, and some orders too, of mine, which I should have remembered for their absurdity, if my mind had retained its balance.

'Petersen and Whipple came out to meet us about two miles from the brig. They brought my dog-team, with the restoratives I had sent for by Bonsall. I do not remember their coming. Dr Hayes entered with judicious energy upon the treatment our condition called for, administering morphine freely after the

usual frictions. He reported none of our brain symptoms as serious, referring them properly to the class of those indications of exhausted power which yield to generous diet and rest. Mr Ohlsen suffered some time from strabismus and blindness; two others underwent amputation of parts of the foot, without unpleasant consequences; and two died in spite of all our efforts. This rescued party had been out for seventy-two hours. We had halted in all eight hours, half of our numbers sleeping at a time. We travelled between eighty and ninety miles; most of the way dragging a heavy sledge. The mean temperature of the whole time, including the warmest hours of three days, was at minus $41^{\circ} 2'$. We had no water except at our two halts, and were at no time able to intermit vigorous exercise without freezing.

'April 4, Tuesday.—Four days have passed, and I am again at my record of failures, sound, but aching still in every joint. The rescued men are not out of danger, but their gratitude is very touching. Pray God that they may live.'

This fearful march of three days and nights, with only an interval of four hours' sleep to each person, is probably without a parallel; dragging a heavy sledge over almost impassable obstacles, and helping maimed and sinking comrades along. But necessity gave strength to endure—to have lain down five minutes under that intolerable temperature would have forfeited life. As it turned out, not one of that struggling fifteen ever quite recovered the effects of the cruel exposure and fatigue, while on one at least the effects were immediately fatal. On the 7th of April the service for the burial of the dead was read over Jefferson Baker; snow was sprinkled over the coffin instead of dust; and ice-blocks were placed as a guard to the remains of the sleeper in the narrow house. The body was not interred, but deposited in a rude mausoleum, and remained not long alone, for another sufferer took his place by the side of the silent one ere many weeks had elapsed; serious losses in so small and generally disabled a crew.

But the zealous commander intermitted no exertion to secure the objects of his expedition, under every discouragement whatsoever. A new

sledge-party was formed, including himself and six others, with a view of solving the problem of the bond of connection between Greenland and America northward—whether land, or ice, or open sea. The most infirm were left on board, but those who were selected for the journey were in a condition ill adapted for travelling, as the result proved. Five men started on the 25th of April with one sledge, and Dr Kane, with another man, on the 27th. The expedition followed the ice on the shore of Greenland, which bent in abruptly, from their place of wintering, in 70° west longitude, till they reached 66° , where the coast-line turned directly north-east. The great glacier of Humboldt lines the northward coast as far as the eye could reach, the coast southward being marked by precipitous cliffs of red sandstone and greenstone, rising hundreds of feet from the ocean level, and forming a barrier at once terrible and sublime to the glacier-beds of the interior. Two of our English literary celebrities were selected by the commander to give names to striking features in the landscape—the novelist of *'Vanity Fair'* being represented in Thackeray's Headland; a single cliff of greenstone, rising like the boldly-chiselled rampart of an ancient city, springing, at its northern extremity, into a column of five hundred feet, as sharp as that in the Place Vendôme, may stand, as long as the world itself stands, a monument of the transatlantic veneration for Tennyson. By the time this party had been out about a week, the winter's scurvy reappeared amongst them with aggravated symptoms: dropsical swellings, syncope, and premonitions of lockjaw; while snow-blindness affected many of the men. Dr Kane was helplessly prostrated; but even thus they might have proceeded, had they not found one of the *caches* deposited in autumn rifled by the bears, whose great strength had enabled them to break open the place, and make playthings of the tin and iron canisters. On the 14th, the expedition returned, leaving the problem they set out to solve still unsolved.

But other excursions might succeed better than the last, and now the first care was the general health of the

party. The returning summer, and an occasional carcase of a deer, did much for their convalescence. Dr Kane, meanwhile, projected other schemes of exploration; amongst the first, one to cross the ice over Smith's Straits, and trace the coast of the sea on the western side along the line of the American main. This journey was intrusted to the care of Dr Hayes, who, with his companions, were entirely disabled by snow-blindness, when they returned on the first of June, after eleven days' travelling.

They had reached the American coast, and found the land to consist of high cliffs of magnesian limestone, rising at an angle of 40° to the height of a thousand feet, varied by the other features that mark a sea-line. Two hundred miles of the coast were observed during that brief expedition—from Cape Sabine northward; and after much toil and suffering, during which the dogs had to be fed on the seal-skin mittens and boots of the men, together with strips cut off the lower extremities of their pantaloons, they returned to the brig, making seventy miles on the last day. On such scanty fare as this, the poor brutes must soon have emulated the lean kine of Pharaoh, in their lank-sidedness and ferocity. To relieve their dogs of every possible weight, their sleeping-bags had to be thrown away; and the slumbers of the men were taken just as they were—on a bed of snow, or on the sledge under the lee of a snow-bank. One of the finest features of the American coast was a large and deep bay, in latitude $79^{\circ} 38'$, and longitude 74° , called Dobbin Bay, after the secretary of the American Navy. Thus the coast, at both sides of this great inland sea, had been surveyed to a considerable distance northward, but the head of it had not yet been reached; and the conviction pressed upon the mind of Dr Kane, that this mass of frozen water in which his vessel was embedded could be no *cul-de-sac*. The general movement of the icebergs, the character of the tides, and the analogies of physical geography, pointed to some opening or channel further north. To test the soundness of this conclusion was now the first design on hand. The party, whose eventual results, partly

conjecture, partly founded on observation, were important, started on the 5th of June. Meanwhile, on board, on the 6th, it is entered as worthy of note, that *one fly buzzed around William Godfrey's head to-day*. Poor solitary fly! It is to be hoped it is not the bluebottle insect immortalised by Uncle Toby's act of forbearance, as in such case he must have been in much more perilous circumstances, in those purgatories of ice and snow, than in the hands of that fine old gentleman of singular courtesy and tenderness. The expedition out ahead encountered the usual difficulty of crossing the hummocky and bergy ice; sometimes finding a passage between berg and berg not more than four feet wide; sometimes climbing hummocks and shattered ice of twenty feet high; sometimes, as in one case, spending from eight o'clock at night to two or three in the morning, in endeavouring to find a practicable passage for the sledge-dogs. The ice itself was split and seamed in several places with cracks, sometimes as much as four feet wide, with water at the bottom. When these were very wide, the men were obliged to make extemporaneous bridges of broken ice, to enable the sledge to cross—a process involving some delay and labour. Proceeding northward, they came, on the 22d of June, to weak and unsafe ice, which two of the men affirmed to be on the border of open water, at only two miles distance from the place which the rotten surface obliged them to stop at. No wind stirring, the water was seen plainly—its face perfectly smooth. Birds were observed in great numbers, confirming their conviction—eider-ducks, dovekeys, sea-swallows, Brent geese, ivory gulls, and mollemokes. They saw no ice borne down from the northward, during a gale which prevailed here; they proceeded about forty miles up the channel along the coast ice with their sledges, and at last found their road fail them altogether, the water breaking directly against the cliffs. Cape Constitution, which the solitary explorers had not strength to climb, nor ice-foot to double, was the northernmost limit of their expedition, and is in latitude $81^{\circ} 22'$, on the western coast of Greenland. Dr Kane's comment upon this

series of facts, in relation to open water beyond his own ice-belt, is too important to be left out. We present it in his own terms:—

'As Morton, leaving Hans and his dogs, passed between Sir John Franklin Island and the narrow beach line, the coast became more wall-like, and dark masses of porphyritic rock abutted into the sea. With growing difficulty, he managed to climb from rock to rock, in hopes of doubling the promontory, and sighting the coasts beyond; but the water kept encroaching more and more on his track.

'It must have been an imposing sight, as he stood at this termination of his journey, looking out upon the great waste of waters before him. "*Not a speck of ice,*" to use his own words, could be seen. There, from a height of four hundred and eighty feet, which commanded a horizon of almost forty miles, his ears were gladdened with the novel music of dashing waves; and a surf, breaking in among the rocks at his feet, stayed his farther progress.

'Beyond this cape all is surmise. The high ridges to the north-west dwindled off into low blue knobs, which blended finally with the air. Morton called the cape which baffled his labours after his commander, but I have given it the more enduring name of Cape Constitution.'

Now, as to Morton alone belongs the merit of reporting on credible testimony the existence of open water beyond latitude 80° north, and as no other spot in those regions bears his name, while many other persons in the expedition had their names attached to localities within their ken, we humbly venture to suggest that the highest northern land ought to hand down in *perpetuam rei memoriam* the visit and name of WILLIAM MORTON. The most interesting discovery of the whole expedition is owing to that journey of Morton's, in which his only companion was the Esquimaux huntsman, Hans Christian. But to proceed with Dr Kane's commentary:

'The homeward journey, as it was devoted to the completion of his (Morton's) survey, and developed no new facts, I need not give. But I am reluctant to close my notice of this discovery of an open sea, without adding that the details of Mr Morton's narrative harmonised with the observations of all our party. I do not

propose to discuss here the causes or conditions of this phenomenon. How far it may extend—whether it exists simply as a feature of the immediate region, or as part of a great and unexplored area communicating with a polar basin—and what may be the argument in favour of one or the other hypothesis, or the explanation which reconciles it with established laws, may be questions for men skilled in scientific deductions. Mine has been the more humble duty of recording what we saw. Coming as it did, a mysterious fluidity in the midst of vast plains of solid ice, it was well calculated to arouse emotions of the highest order, and I do not believe there was a man among us who did not long for the means of embarking upon its bright and lonely waters.' [Dr Hayes, in his journey westward, already noted, was so sanguine of discovering the water, that in the journal of his excursion, when at the extreme northern portion of his route, he writes, being turned back only by the failure of provisions, *had I possessed the whole world, I would have given it for fifty pounds of pemmican.*]

'An open sea near the Pole, or even an open polar basin, has been a topic of theory for a long time, and has been shadowed forth to some extent by actual or supposed discoveries. As far back as the days of Barentz, in 1596, without referring to the earlier and more uncertain chronicles, water was seen to the eastward of the northernmost cape of Novaia Zemlia; and until its limited extent was defined by direct observation, it was assumed to be the sea itself. The Dutch fishermen above and around Spitzbergen pushed their adventurous cruises through the ice into open spaces, varying in size and form with the season and the winds; and Dr Scoresby, a venerated authority, alludes to such vacancies in the floe as pointing in argument to a freedom of movement from the north, inducing open water in the neighbourhood of the Pole. Baron Wrangell, when forty miles from the coast of Arctic Asia, saw, as he thought, a *vast illimitable ocean*, forgetting for the moment how narrow are the limits of human vision on a sphere. So, still more recently, Captain Penny proclaimed a sea in Wellington Sound, on the very spot where Sir Edward Belcher has since left his frozen ships; and my predecessor, Captain Ingfield, from the masthead of his little vessel, an-

nounced an open polar basin but fifteen miles off from the ice which arrested our progress the next year.

'All these illusory discoveries were no doubt chronicled with perfect integrity; and it may seem to others, as since I have left the field it sometimes does to myself, that my own, though on a larger scale, may one day pass within the same category. Unlike the others, however, that which I have ventured to call an open sea has been travelled for many miles along its coast, and was viewed from an elevation of five hundred and eighty feet, still without a limit, moved by a heavy swell, free of ice, and dashing in surf against a rock-bound shore.

'It is impossible, in reviewing the facts which connect themselves with this discovery, the melted snow upon the rocks, the crowds of marine birds, the limited but still advancing vegetable life, the rise of the thermometer in the water, not to be struck with their bearing on the question of a milder climate near the Pole. To refer them all to the modification of temperature induced by the proximity of open water, is only to change the form of the question; for it leaves the inquiry unsatisfied—what is the cause of the open water?

'This, however, is not the place to enter upon such a discussion. There is no doubt on my mind, that at a time within historical and even recent limits the climate of this region was milder than it is now. I might base this opinion on the fact, abundantly developed by our expedition, of a secular elevation of the coast line. But, independently of the ancient beaches and terraces, and other geological marks, which show that the shore has risen, the stone huts of the natives are found scattered along the line of the bay in spots now so fenced in by ice, as to preclude all possibility of the hunt, and of course of habitation by men who rely on it for subsistence.

'Tradition points to these as once favourite hunting-grounds near open water. At Rensselaer Harbour, called by the natives Annatok, or the Thawing Place, we met with huts in quite tolerable preservation, with the stone pedestals still standing which used to sustain the carcasses of the captured seals and walrus. Sunny Gorge, and a large indentation in Dallas Bay, which bears the Esquimaux name of the Inhabited Place, showed us the remains of a village surrounded by

the bones of seals, walrus, and whales—all now cased in ice. In impressive connection with the same facts, showing not only the former extension of the Esquimaux race to the higher north, but the climatic changes which may perhaps be still in progress there, is the sledge-runner which Mr Morton saw on the shores of Morris Bay in latitude 81°. It was made of the bone of a whale, and worked out with skilful labour.

'In this recapitulation of facts, I am not entering upon the question of a warmer climate, impressed upon this region in virtue of a physical law, which extends the isotherms toward the pole. Still less am I disposed to express an opinion as to the influence which ocean-currents may exert on the temperature of these far-northern regions; but I would respectfully suggest to those whose opportunities facilitate the inquiry, whether it may not be that the gulf stream, traced already to the coast of Novaia Zemlia, is deflected by that peninsula into the space around the pole. It would require a change in the mean summer temperature of only a few degrees to develop the periodical recurrence of open water. The conditions which define the line of perpetual snow and the limits of the glacier formation, may have certainly a proximate application to the problem of such water-spaces near the Pole.'

This is the sum total of all that was achieved under Dr Kane for the solution of the *questio vexata* of an open polar sea—namely, the sight of water in agitation by one of his men, Morton, in Kennedy Channel, where the land from coast to coast is only thirty-five miles distant. Of that open sea beyond nothing is known. The date of Morton's return is July 5, 1854, and it is much to be regretted that the commander could not organise another sledging expedition, which he should have accompanied himself, and assured us, on data more fully and carefully collected, of the facts which his subordinate reported. The doctor, as a man of science and resources, would have seen, suggested, and registered far more in the interests of humanity and general knowledge, than was likely to be the case with an uninstructed man, whose journal is comparatively meagre. The value of the expedition, therefore, as one of Arctic discovery, ends here, for the

future cares of the commander were devoted to the healing and rescuing of his remaining crew from the pressure of disease, amid the horrors of impending starvation, and another winter's imprisonment in their dismal abode. The melting of the ice in summer did not promise to reach the neighbourhood of their vessel, while the surface of the ice for the forty miles that intervened between their station and the water of Baffin Bay was honeycombed and opened in pools by the influence of the sun, so as to make it tedious, painful, and sometimes dangerous to travel. Nevertheless, as a last resource to avoid wintering where provisions and fuel were both scanty in the extreme, and where the health of the men suffered so much from their privations and the climate, an effort was made by the doctor to ascertain if escape could be made in a boat to the nearest settlement, or failing that, if provisions could be obtained by communication with British vessels in those regions. The enterprise failed, after a month of stirring adventure, both on foot and in a boat fitted up for the purpose of ice-channel navigation, and on the 27th of August he returned to the ship. On the 18th he writes: 'I inspected the ice again to-day. Bad! bad! I must look another winter in the face. I don't shrink from the thought, but, while we have a chance ahead, it is my first duty to have all things in readiness to meet it. It is *horrible*—yes, that is the word—to look forward to another year of disease and darkness to be met without fresh food and without fuel. I should meet it with a more tempered sadness, if I had no comrades to think for and protect.'

From this period onward to their release in the spring of 1855, the record is one of the most heroic endurance, ingenious mastery of difficulties, and practical wisdom and piety on the part of the commander. Our few remaining notices will embrace the contrivances that put over the trials of the winter, and effected their release at the last.

The prospect of another winter was disheartening, for the men were riddled with scurvy, and broken in spirits as well as in health, while the provisions were reduced in quantity, and unsuited to their condition. An almost less en-

durable privation was theirs, in the lack of fuel, to encounter the horrors of the hyperborean frost. Half the crew, with Captain Kane's permission, left, with a view of an overland escape southward; the commander, who remained behind, judging far more truly than they how impracticable was their design. They left on the 28th of August, with every article of comfort liberally supplied, but had nevertheless to return months afterwards to the shelter of the forsaken ship, and the forgiveness of their indulgent comrades, after having endured incredible hardships. Captain Kane stuck by the vessel with nine of his crew. How to keep out the cold was the first inquiry, and it was answered as well as a sharp eye for observation, ready wit, and scanty resources would allow. The cabin was prepared after the model of the *igloo*, or hut of the Esquimaux, which is entered by a long narrow passage, scarcely high enough to admit of a person creeping in on his face, sometimes as much as twenty feet or even paces long. The quarterdeck was thickly padded with moss scraped from the rocks; the inner walls lined with the same, the deck of the cabin laid down with Manilla oakum two inches deep, and covered with canvas, and the ship itself well banked with ice and snow. They raised their vessel for safety in one of the high tides up on the floe, so that it froze high up on the surface-ice beyond the reach of injury from the rocks at low water, or a crushing lateral pressure. Fuel was so scanty, that the fires were obliged to be extinguished when not cooking, and every available portion of the ship's sheathing was cut away for firewood, so, however, as not to destroy her sea-worthiness. By Christmas, the vagrants had returned, frostbitten and almost starved; and the whole crew were prostrated during the dreary months that ensued, with the exception of their able commander, the fire of whose heroic ardour sustained him amid the multifarious duties that rendered him a pluralist in occupations, cook, nurse, captain, wood-chopper—'everything,' in fact, 'by turns, and nothing long.' Reduced almost to despair by the state of his men, whom nothing but fresh meat could restore to health, Dr Kane, after having exhausted

all the resources of his larder, the disposable puppies of his kennel, the rats of his marine menagerie, and the waifs and strays of bear meat or Arctic fox, dropping into the traps at rare and distant intervals, determined on beating up some Esquimaux settlement, at all risks, for the chance of obtaining walrus or seal flesh for his patients. So weak was the crew, that they were not able to cut up the wood for a single day's firing, so that they had to burn old ropes, or anything that did not require much chopping to fit it for the stove. Raw meat had become so relishing as well as sanitary, that the sick crew received it in that condition, rather than in any more civilised one; in the scanty allowance, however, of four ounces *per diem*, whenever their dietary table permitted even so large an indulgence. As the spring advanced, supplies of the coarser kind indicated came in from the hunting parties of the Esquimaux, without which the party in the *Advance* could not have survived: and so late as March 24, the following entry occurs in Dr Kane's journal, showing the narrowness of his resources:

'Our yesterday's ptarmigan gave the most sick a raw ration, and to-day we killed a second pair, which will serve them for to-morrow. To my great joy, they seem on that limited allowance to hold their ground. I am the only man now who scents the fresh meat without tasting it. I actually long for it, but am obliged to give way to the sick. . . . My own pleasant duty consists in chopping from an iceberg six half-bushel bagfuls of frozen water, carrying it to the brig, and passing it through the scuttle into our den; in emptying by three several jobs some twelve to fifteen bucketfuls from the slop-barrel; in administering both as nurse and physician to fourteen sick men; in helping to pick eider-down from its soil, as material for boat-bedding; in writing this wretched daily record, eating my meals, sleeping by broken sleeps, and feeling that the days pass without congenial occupation or improving pursuits.'

But the sun at last returned, and with it plenty of the desired cheer—walrus-meat—which had become as palatable as it was necessary; and with this improved light and cheer, came brighter hopes, and the prospect of

return to their native land. Health improved under these improved circumstances, and Dr Kane brought all his energies into play to fairly rescue the crew whom his 'patient continuance in well-doing' had saved amid the horrors of the darkness, cold, hunger, disease, and the melancholy of their winter prison in the ship. He equipped his boats, he manned his sledges, he forsook the vessel, which he could neither release nor save, he strapped four helplessly sick men on a sledge: he had only twelve men besides, all hopeless, weak, and partially disabled, to draw both sledges, and started off to cross the ice southward, in search of open water and whaling ships; or, failing these last, to launch their own boats towards some northern settlement. So feeble were the powers of these exhausted mariners, that some days they could only draw their sledges a mile or two. On the 28th of May he finally abandoned his vessel, and only after a fortnight of incessant dragging and toil, reached an open lead in the ice, promising an egress for their boats into the unfrozen sea. During all this time their commander drove alone in his sledge almost daily to the vessel; some eighty or ninety miles from the ice-edge, for things forgotten (but few were forgotten, or found to be needful), such as the sledging parties of his men were too weak to drag, or the sledges themselves too small to contain. After frightful vicissitudes of nipping and dragging through broken ice, they only reached the really open and navigable sea by the first of August; and the abodes of men at Upper Navick, after exposure to the rude climate for four months and four days in their journey. So much had they become used to this life under the canopy of heaven, that at first they could not abide within the walls of a house, without a sense of faintness coming over them. With that wonderful adaptation to circumstances which the human frame possesses, these hardy adventurers became injured, like the natives, to the open air and its frigid temperature.

As no story of Arctic adventure would be complete without an encounter with the bears, we must devote a paragraph or two to these phlegmatic brutes. They are, gene-

rally speaking, very harmless and stolid animals, formidable enough should their assailant get within their clutch, but otherwise avoiding hostilities with man: perfectly safe, therefore, to approach within any distance, if they be not attacked. They have a kind of rude sportiveness, too; for a favourite amusement with these heavy-furred gentry is sliding down an inclined plane of ice, for hours together, upon their rumps, the *Montagne Russe* being indebted for its germinal idea seemingly to a *Montagne Oursé*. They are passably curious, at least are found poking their noses everywhere, without fancying their enactment of Paul Pry at any hour out of season. On one occasion one of the research parties being encamped upon the ice, about the hour of midnight, a certain ominous scratching of the snow outside the tent was heard, just at the head of one of the inmates. He startled his neighbours with his outcry of alarm, but the scraper outside worked away unmoved, reconnoitring the circuit of the tent. They knew not how to dismiss their unwelcome visitor, for their guns were left on the sledge some distance off, and not so much as a pole was within their reach. Presently the bear showed himself at the tent-opening. Sundry volleys of lucifer matches, and some impromptu torches of newspaper, were fired off in his face, but without alarming him, for after a little while he deliberately planted himself in the doorway, and began making his supper upon the carcase of a seal which had been shot the day before. This reduced the besieged to the military device of a sortie by the postern, to effect which, a hole had to be cut in the canvas at the rear of the tent, through which one of the inmates crawled. There he extricated a boat-hook, that formed one of the supporters of the ridgepole, and made it the instrument of a right valorous attack. With this extemporised partisan he fetched the bear such a thwack across the nose, as caused him to retreat for the moment a few paces beyond the sledge, when, seizing the opportunity, a rifle was hastily snatched from the sledge, and a bullet fatally lodged in the intruder's body. The sluggish brute made no defence, but died forthwith.

To the success of bears in plundering the *caches*, allusion has been made already. However heavy the stones piled up in these mounds, and however strong the cement of ice which bound them together, the enormous claws of the bears, their industry, and their strength, usually succeeded in their demolition. Of their contents, everything that could be broken was smashed—everything that could be eaten devoured. Iron cases, which, being round and solid, defied their claws and teeth, were tossed by them about in sport like footballs, though over eighty pounds' weight. Mere tin utensils they perforated with their claws, and tore up as with a chisel. They were too dainty for salt-meats; ground coffee they had an evident relish for; old canvas was a favourite, for some reason or other; the flags, which floated here and there, to take possession of the waste, they gnawed off the staves. They made a regular frolic of this work of destruction, rolling bread-barrels, with alcohol metal-flasks, over the ice-foot, and into the broken outside ice; and, unable to masticate the heavy India-rubbercloth, they twisted it up into unimaginable hard knots.

Thus, not formidable as foes, the presence of bears was largely coveted, as supplying fresh meat to scurvy-bitten men, and, in its coarser portions, food for the dogs. The rifling of a *cache* here and there was, of course, to be regretted by these frolicsome and unscrupulous thieves; but an unlimited supply of bear-beef would be considered ample compensation. Hence Bruin, wherever encountered, was deemed fair game, and rarely escaped with life. Had it not been for food, we should have denounced as wanton cruelty the merciless destruction in the case which follows:—On the 23d of June, 1854, Morton and Hans on the ice discovered a she-bear and cub, five dogs being with the men. The bear fled, but the little one being unable either to run ahead of the dogs, or to keep pace with his dam, she turned back, and putting her head under its haunches, threw it some distance forward. The cub being safe for the moment, she would turn round and face the dogs, so as to give it a chance to run away; but it always

stopped just as it alighted, till she came up, and threw it ahead again. It seemed to expect her aid, and would not go on without it. Sometimes the mother would run a few yards in advance, as if to coax the young one up to her, and when the dogs approached, she would wheel on them, and drive them back; then, as they dodged her blows, she would rejoin the cub, and push it on, sometimes putting her head under it, sometimes catching it in her mouth by the nape of the neck. For a time she thus managed her retreat with great celerity, leaving the two men far in the rear. They had engaged her on the land-ice, but she had the dogs in-shore, up a small stony valley, which opened into the interior; but, after she had gone a mile and a-half, her pace slackened, and the little one being jaded, she soon came to a halt.

The men were only half-a-mile behind, and, running at full speed, they soon came up to where the dogs were holding her at bay. The fight was now a desperate one. The mother never went more than two yards ahead, constantly looking at the cub. When the dogs came near her, she would sit upon her haunches, and take the little one between her hind legs, fighting the dogs with her paws, and roaring so, that she would have been heard a mile off. Never was an animal more distressed. She would stretch her neck, and snap at the nearest dog with her shining teeth, whirling her paws like the arms of a windmill. If she missed her aim—not daring to pursue one dog, lest the others should harm the cub—she would give a great roar of baffled rage, and go on pawing and snapping, and facing the ring, grinning at them, with her mouth stretched wide. When the men came up, the little one was perhaps rested, for it was able to turn round with the dam, no matter how quick she moved, so as to keep always in front of her belly. The five dogs were all the time frisking about her actively, tormenting her like so many gadflies; indeed, they made it difficult to draw a bead on her without killing them. But Hans, lying on his elbow, took a quiet aim, and shot her through the head. She dropped, and rolled over dead, without moving a muscle. The dogs

sprang toward her at once, but the cub jumped upon her body, and reared up, for the first time growling hoarsely. They seemed quite afraid of the little creature, she fought so actively, and made so much noise; and, while tearing mouthfuls of hair from the dead mother, they would spring aside the minute the cub turned toward them. The men drove the dogs off for a time, but were obliged to shoot the cub at last, as she would not quit the body. Hans fired into her head. It did not reach the brain, though it knocked her down; but she was still able to climb on her mother's body, and try to defend it, her mouth bleeding like a gutter-spout. They were obliged to despatch her at last with stones. The body of the junior was *cached* for the men, but the dam was, in this case, handed over to the dogs.

Another adventure, of somewhat similar kind, must close our notice of these brutes, to whom, for their strong natural affections, and habitual in-offensiveness, we owe ourselves partial. This is an extract from the doctor's journal, and records a bear-fight beside the ship:—

'October 7—Saturday.—Lively sensation, as they say in the land of olives and champagne. *Nanook, nanook!*—*A bear! a bear!* Hans and Morton in a breath. To the scandal of our domestic regulations, the guns were all impracticable. While the men were loading and capping anew, I seized my pillow-companion six-shooter, and ran on deck. A medium-sized bear, with a four months' cub, was in active warfare with our dogs. They were hanging on her skirts, and she, with wonderful alertness, was picking out one victim after another, snatching him by the nape of the neck, and flinging him many feet, or rather yards, by a barely perceptible movement of her head.

'Tudla, our master-dog, was already *hors de combat*; he had been tossed twice. Jenny, just as I emerged from the hatch, was making an extraordinary somerset of some eight fathoms, and alighted senseless. Old Whitey, staunch, but not bear-wise, had been the first in the battle; he was yelping in helplessness on the snow. It seemed as if the controversy was adjourned—and *Nanook* evidently thought so; for she turned off to our beef-barrels, and began, in the most unconcerned manner, to turn them over, and nose out

their fatness. She was apparently as devoid of fear as any of the bears in the stories of Old Barentz and the Spitzbergen Voyagers. I lodged a pistol-ball in the side of the cub. At once the mother placed her little one between her hind legs, and, shoving it along, made her way behind the beef-house. Mr Ohlsen wounded her with my Webster rifle, but she scarcely noticed it. She tore down, by single efforts of her fore-arms, the barrels of frozen beef which made the triple walls of the storehouse, mounted the rubbish, and snatching up a half-barrel of herrings, carried it down by her teeth, and was making off. It was time to close, I thought. Going up within half pistol-range, I gave her six buck-shot. She dropped, but instantly rose; and, getting her cub into its former position, moved off once more.

This time she really would have escaped, but for the admirable tactics of our new recruits [dogs] from the Esquimaux. The dogs of Smith's Sound are educated more thoroughly than any of their more southern brethren. Next to the walrus, the bear is the staple of diet of the north, and except the fox, supplies the most important element of the wardrobe. Unlike the dogs we had brought with us from Baffin's Bay, these were trained not to attack, but to embarrass. They ran in circles round the bear, and, when pursued, would keep ahead with regulated gait, their comrades effecting a diversion, at the critical moment, by a nip at her hind-quarters. This was done so systematically, and with so little seeming excitement, as to strike every one on board. I have seen bear-dogs elsewhere that had been drilled to relieve each other in the *melee*, and avoid the direct assault; but here two dogs, without even a demonstration of attack, would put themselves before the path of the animal, and, retreating right and left, lead him into a profitless pursuit that checked his advance completely. The poor animal was still backing out, yet still fighting—carrying along her wounded cub, embarrassed by the dogs, yet gaining distance from the brig—when Hans and myself threw in the odds in the shape of a couple of rifle-balls. She staggered in front of her young one, faced us in death-like defiance, and only sank when pierced by six more bullets. We found nine balls in skinning her body. She was of medium size, very lean, and without a

particle of food in her stomach. Hunger must have caused her boldness. The net weight of the cleansed carcass was three hundred pounds; that of the entire animal, six hundred and fifty; her length but seven feet eight inches. Bears in this lean condition are much the most palatable food. The impregnation of fatty oil through the cellular tissue makes a well-fed bear nearly uneatable. The flesh of a famished beast, although less nutritious as a fuel diet, is rather sweet and tender than otherwise.

Smaller deer than these ursine mammoths entered into the dietary of Dr Kane, and the rats, with which the ship swarmed, in spite of every effort to keep down their numbers, or exterminate their hordes, contributed, he avers, in the shape of flesh-meat soup, to keep him partially free from that scurvy which prostrated nearly the whole of his crew, whose appetites were less catholic than his own. The puppies occasionally littered by his team were really appetising ingredients in his sick-soups.

Dogs, if one of the necessities, are also one of the difficulties of northern travel. Their very presence on board ship is a perpetual nuisance, from their noisy and uncleanly habits; while, to supply their rabid appetite with food, is often a question of no easy solution. Upwards of fifty on board the small brig *Advance*, were a source of the utmost annoyance, but their aid was absolutely indispensable, so that they were tolerated without being liked. Pemman was too precious by far to share with the hungry quadrupeds, whom even a large bear, however economically served out, would only last four days; where the rifles could not add to the commissariat, from the distance of shore or land ice, semi-starvation for the brutes was the reluctant order of the day; for, hungry although they were, they would not eat either corn or bean meal, as it had not entered into their early larders, while salt junk would have killed them. Walruses, seals, and narwhals, where obtainable, together with smaller deer, were therefore the resource of the crew for their four-footed associates, who were sometimes ready to eat up their masters in their indiscriminating hunger. Not a scrap of anything that could be masticated,

a bear's paw, an Esquimaux cranium, a basket of mosses, or any specimen whatever, dear to the naturalist, could leave hands for a moment, without a rush being made for it, and after a yelping scramble, being swallowed by some lucky brute at a gulp. The deck, in fact, was a street of Constantinople, of limited dimensions, shot out near the North Pole, infested with an unruly, thieving, gormandising pack! A featherbed they would munch as readily as a biscuit, with curious grimaces when the feathers went wrong. Birds'-nests, when collected as curiosities, they bolted—without regard for the interests of science—filth, birdlings, egg-shells, and all; nor could anything stay them on board from their ravenous search for food, when the vessel neared either ice-floes or land. Out they rushed, like hogs in an oak forest after their mast, neither voice nor lash availing to restrain them; when sent after, sometimes the distance of miles, they would be found feasting on the carcass of a dead sea-lion or other waif thrown in their way, and most reluctant to leave their putrid dainty. Sometimes, in their suicidal addiction to the pleasures of the table, they would resist every effort to remove them; and at length the most considerate kindness would be to leave the voluptuaries to their fate.

But the passion of even wild dogs for human society exhibits a mark of grace in these irreclaimable sensualists. Comfortable kennels, dog-houses, and provender, could not keep the quadrupeds away from the men, if the men were only to be got at. They prefer the bare snow in the neighbourhood of hut or ship, in which human beings repose, to the most comfortable accommodation away from man. For the use in which Dr Kane meant to employ dogs, those he had with him turned out of inestimable value. But they were not kept without apprehension of other mishaps. On the fifth of October, a canine mamma showed unmistakeable signs of hydrophobia, and had to be shot, after endangering the health and life both of men and dogs by her unsuspected malady. Her staggering gait, her mouth frothing and tumid, her

avoidance of water, or her drinking with evident spasm and convulsion, together with her vicious snapping at her benefactors, left no doubt as to the nature of her complaint, and she had to be put summarily to death by the rifle of the captain—happily avoiding by this process any apprehended mischief.

The absence of light during the Arctic winter had an injurious effect upon the health and sanity of the dogs in general, ending in the death of many, from some anomalous form of disease. Their condition was dreary and forlorn in that region beyond the common lot of brutes, from living in a state of perpetual darkness for months, in an atmosphere of ten degrees below freezing-point in their kennel, while that without, when they occasionally encountered it, was forty degrees lower still. They ate voraciously their scanty messes of food, and slept well, but became at last epileptic, and undoubtedly crazy, barking with frenzied fury at nothing, and walking in straight and curved lines, with anxious and unwearied perseverance. Their most intelligent actions became automatic; they fawned upon their masters without seeming to appreciate the notice they received in return—pushing their heads against the persons of the men, or oscillating with a strange pantomime of fear. Sometimes they would remain for hours in a state of moody silence, and then start off howling, as if pursued, and run up and down for hours. The tragedy of these poor benighted brutes ended in endemic spasms—lapsing into a lethargic condition, which interchanged with a crazy wildness, and closing with death, from the pressure of brain disease—arachnoidal effusion. Those thus affected generally perished with symptoms resembling lockjaw, in less than thirty-six hours after the first attack. Nine splendid Newfoundlanders, and thirty-five Esquimaux dogs, perished in consequence of this mysterious malady, leaving only five serviceable dogs at the command of the explorers. It remains to observe, that under an access of canine delirium tremens, the poor brutes committed a kind of suicide. Incapable of self-control, they rushed into the water, and drowned themselves, like

bipeds when visited with the horrors. This is curious.

When in harness, the Esquimaux dogs, notwithstanding their vigour and utility, are a source of constant trouble, from the strange way in which they are caparisoned for work. They are always harnessed to run abreast, and are each fastened by a single trace, a long thin thong of seal or walrus hide, which passes from the chest over the haunches to the sledge. When the dogs amount to the number of seven, nine, or fourteen, the lines have a natural aptitude for knotting themselves together, beyond the reach of ordinary skill or patience to disentangle them; the half-terrified brutes being continually bounding right or left from their prescribed positions. If the weather be only warm enough to melt the snow, the traces become so soft and flaccid that the naked hand can re-adjust their lines, and dispense with resort to the more summary Gordian process. But in the severe cold the knife is the only appliance—an unsafe one if worked too often, for every new attachment shortens the harness, and sometimes the dogs may be drawn so close to the sledge that they cannot pull. There is a further difficulty, arising from the effect of the temperature on the operator's fingers, which sometimes obliges him to encamp in the wilderness, and light his fires, ere he can renew warmth enough in his frozen joints to enable him to disentangle the twisted and knotted harness. With how much vexation and disappointment this interruption to a journey would be met, perhaps under critical circumstances, when life might be risked by delay, we need not take upon us to describe. Dr Kane, disciplinarian and Job-like as he was, seems to hint a somewhat serious derangement of his equanimity on such occasions, by his exclamation, 'Oh! how charitably have I remembered Doctor Slop!'

We have now, however, to record a dangerous adventure with the dogs of the expedition, that nearly cost their lives and those of the enterprising commander, on a *battue* for seal-flesh, shortly before the second winter in the Arctic regions set in. This quest for game was rendered imperative by the necessity which now stared the dimi-

nished crew in the face, of encountering the horrors of a northern winter again, from the fact of their brig being frozen hopelessly in, and their store of provision reduced to an alarming degree of tenuity. We shall allow Dr Kane to describe it in his own words:—

'September 11, 1854, *Monday*.—Our stock of game is down to a mere mouthful—six long-tailed ducks, not larger than a partridge, and three ptarmigan. The rabbits have not yet come to us, and the foxes seem tired of touching our trap-baits.

'I determined last Saturday to try a novel expedient for catching seal. Not more than ten miles to seaward, the icebergs keep up a rude stream of broken ice and water, and the seals resort there in scanty numbers to breathe. I drove out with my dogs, taking Hans along; but we found the spot so hemmed in by loose and fragile ice, that there was no approaching it. The thermometer was 8°, and a light breeze increased my difficulties. *Deo volente*, I will be more lucky to-morrow. I am going to take my long Kentucky rifle, the *kayack* (an Esquimaux harpoon), with its attached line and bladder (*naligetit* and *awahtok*), and a pair of large snow-shoes to boot. My plan this time is to kneel where the ice is unsafe, resting my weight on the broad surface of the snow-shoes, Hans following astride of his *kayack*, as a sort of life-preserver in case of breaking in. If I am fortunate enough to stalk within gun-range, Hans will take to the water and secure the game before it sinks. We will be gone for some days, probably, tenting it in the open air; but our sick men—that is to say, all of us—are languishing for fresh meat.

'I started with Hans and five dogs, all we could muster from our disabled pack, and reached the Pinnacle Berg in a single hour's run. But where was the water? where were the seals? The floes had closed, and the crushed ice was all that told of our intended hunting-ground.

'Ascending a berg, however, we could see to the north and west the dark cloud-stratus which betokens water. It ran through our old battle-ground, the Berg Belt—the labyrinth of our wanderings after the frozen party of last winter. I had not been over it since, and the feeling it gave me was anything but joyous. But in a couple of hours we emerged

upon a plain unlimited to the eye, and smooth as a billiard-table. Feathers of young frosting gave a plush-like nap to its surface, and toward the horizon, dark columns of frost-smoke pointed clearly to the open water. This ice was firm enough: our experience satisfied us that it was not a very recent freezing. We pushed on without hesitation, cheering ourselves with the expectation of coming every minute to the seals. We passed a second ice-growth: it was not so strong as the one we had just come over, but still safe for a party like ours. On we went, at a brisker gallop, may be for another mile, when Hans sang out, at the top of his voice, "Pusey, pusey-mut! seal, seal!" At the same instant the dogs bounded forward, and as I looked up, I saw crowds of grey netsik, the rough or hispid seal of the whalers, disporting in an open sea of waters.

I had hardly welcomed the spectacle, when I saw that we had passed upon a new belt of ice that was obviously unsafe. To the right, and left, and front, was one great expanse of snow-flowered ice. The nearest solid floe was a mere lump, which stood like an island in the white level. To turn was impossible: we had to keep up our gait. We urged on the dogs with whip and voice, the ice rolling like leather beneath the sledge-runners: it was more than a mile to the lump of solid ice. Fear gave to the poor beasts their utmost speed, and our voices were soon hushed to silence.

The suspense, unrelieved by action or effort, was intolerable: we knew that there was no remedy but to reach the floe, and that everything depended upon our dogs, and our dogs alone. A moment's check would plunge the whole concern into the rapid tide-way: no presence of mind or resource, bodily or mental, could avail us. The seals—for we were now near enough to see their expressive faces—were looking at us with that strange curiosity which seem to be their characteristic expression: we must have passed some fifty of them, breast-high out of water, mocking us by their self-complacency.

This desperate race against fate could not last: the rolling of the tough salt-water ice terrified our dogs; and when within fifty paces of the floe, they paused. The left-hand runner went through: our leader, Toodlamick, followed, and in one second the entire left of the sledge was submerged. My first thought was to

liberate the dogs. I leaned forward to cut poor Tood's traces, and the next minute, was swimming in a little circle of pasty ice and water alongside him. Hans, dear good fellow, drew near to help me, uttering piteous expressions in broken English; but I ordered him to throw himself on his belly, with his hands and legs extended, and to make for the island by cogging himself forward with his jack-knife. In the meantime—a mere instant—I was floundering about, with sledge, dogs, and lines in confused puddle around me.

I succeeded in cutting poor Tood's lines, and letting him scramble to the ice, for the poor fellow was drowning me with his piteous caresses, and made my way for the sledge; but I found that it would not buoy me, and that I had no resource but to try the circumference of the hole. Around this I paddled faithfully, the miserable ice always yielding when my hopes of a lodgment were greatest. During this process, I enlarged my circle of operations to a very uncomfortable diameter, and was beginning to feel weaker after every effort. Hans meanwhile had reached the firm ice, and was on his knees, like a good Moravian, praying incoherently in English and Esquimaux: at every fresh crushing in of the ice he would ejaculate *God!* and when I recommenced my paddling he recommenced his prayers.

I was nearly gone. My knife had been lost in cutting out the dogs; and a spare one which I carried in my trousers-pocket was so enveloped in the wet skins, that I could not reach it. I owed my extrication at last to a newly-broken team-dog, who was still fast to the sledge, and in struggling, carried one of the runners chock against the edge of the circle. All my previous attempts to use the sledge as a bridge had failed, for it broke through, to the much greater injury of the ice. I felt that it was a last chance. I threw myself on my back, so as to lessen as much as possible my weight, and placed the nape of my neck against the rim or edge of the ice; then with caution, slowly bent my leg, and, placing the ball of my moccasined foot against the sledge, I pressed steadily against the runner, listening to the half-yielding crunch of the ice beneath.

Presently I felt that my head was pillowed by the ice, and that my wet fur jumper was sliding up the surface. Next came my shoulders; they were fairly on,

One more decided push, and I was launched up on the ice, and safe. I reached the ice-floe, and was frictioned by Hans with frightful zeal. We saved all the dogs; but the sledge, kayak, tent, guns, snow-shoes, and everything besides, were left behind. The thermometer at 8° will keep them frozen fast in the sledge till we can come and cut them out. On reaching the ship, after a twelve-mile trot, I found so much of comfort and warm welcome, that I forgot my failure. The fire was lit up, and one of our few birds slaughtered forthwith. It is with real gratitude that I look back upon my escape, and bless the great presiding Goodness for the very many resources which remain to us.

This immersion in the deep tide-way of the Arctic seas, with a thermometer 24° below the freezing-point, must have reached the very ideal of anti-phlogistic medical treatment. Looked at seriously, with all its dangers—the rotten ice around, the cumbersome clothing of the men, the distance of firm footing, at least fifty yards to the more solid floe—the absence of help, the dangerous plunging of the dogs, the tangling lines and gear of the sledge—the position of Dr Kane was one of the gravest difficulty; and nothing but his admirable presence of mind, aided by the gracious favour of Heaven, could have rescued him from his impending fate. Five minutes longer in the ice-stream would have probably incapacitated him for further exertion, and the man of science and enterprise, of singular humanity and daring, would have found a grave amid the deeps of the Arctic sea—a loss to America; a grief to the world.

But the natives of that inhospitable region may well claim a brief notice amid our summary of its lions.

The native Esquimaux, if very rude and primitive in their habits, and not elevated in their morality, were nevertheless of essential service to the crew of the Advance in their extremities of suffering. A few details of this hardy and simple people will not be out of place—the more so, as their death-knell as a race has sounded no less distinctly than that of the red man of America. If analogy were available as an argument, we might be led to the conclusion, that, as these and other races

disappear from the face of existence, giving place to others, so there may have been, to an interminable period back, the same process going on of the extinction and substitution of families of nations over the surface of the whole earth. The Esquimaux, from the influence of disease, starvation, and the operation of other causes—such as amount almost to a law, that inferiorly civilised peoples must vanish before the presence of the more civilised—are becoming rapidly diminished in numbers, and will eventually die out. So far north as 78° 27', their huts remain in a tolerable state of preservation, indicating a previous location there; but now none are found in that inhospitable region. The decreasing tribes flock southward to the neighbourhood of more open seas, which supply them mainly with sustenance, and to the vicinity of the Christian settlements, which promise them many advantages. By their native customs, the Esquimaux are at liberty to practise polygamy, but usually have only one wife. They have conjurers among them, called *angkokts*, and wizards, named *issuitok*, who work injurious spells, and exercise an evil eye. These latter are summarily punished every now and then, harpooned by the tribe, eviscerated, and cast into the sea, or thrown to the dogs. The native court for deciding on questions of justice is called *imnapok*. The people live on the flesh of the whale and unicorn, as well as other inhabitants of the ocean; but the walrus is their main article of diet. In killing their game, they display skill and hardihood. The walrus frequents the border of the ice-floe; where the surface is quite covered with ice, he contrives to break breathing holes for himself, up which he climbs, to rest on the ice-deck, and there is sometimes encountered and killed. If the ice of the hole freezes while he is above, he cannot get down, and becomes an easy prey, for he can only work from below. Lance and harpoon are the weapons of attack. The tusks of the walrus are two feet long, and his body sometimes eighteen feet. He bellows for hours together, his note something between the low of the cow and the bay of the mastiff. When seen putting his head above

water at his haunts, the Esquimaux pierces him under the left flipper with a harpoon, attached to which is a line of walrus-hide. When this is run out, the end of it is made fast to a spike in the ice. Meanwhile, the wounded beast rises to the surface, roars, plunges, foams, and makes use of his tusks and tail in order to escape, but in vain. He is conquered at last. The great danger of this kind of hunt arises from the brute's breaking the ice, sometimes even under the hunter's feet. In the breeding season the bull walrus will front his assailants, and charge them, in defence of the mother and calf. Women stretch the hide of the slaughtered animals for sole-leather—the men cut out harpoon lines for winter. The jointed meat is stacked in excavations made in the ground, and covered over with stones. Improvident as are all savages, they gorge themselves during their meat-harvest, and at other times suffer severely from scarcity. Like the Abyssinians, they cut off long and large slices of raw meat, seize the end with their teeth, and sever it in front of their lips from the portion in their mouth, leaving a very generous gobbit behind them in process of mastication. An Esquimaux will eat ten pounds of raw meat or blubber in the day—a necessity of the climate, quite as much as an indulgence of gluttony. The seals are caught near their *attak*, or air-holes, basking on the ice in the sun. The Esquimaux move cautiously a white screen on sledge-runners before them, till they get within range of their prey, and then secure it.

The Esquimaux are of the ordinary stature, and wear a hooded capote or jumper of white or blue fox-skins, which consists of a jacket and hood all in one piece, and booted trousers of bear-skin, which lap over the jumper at the waist. The bear-skin boots are made so as to exhibit the bear's claws at the toes.

Their sledges are formed of small fragments of porous bone, admirably knit together with thongs of hide; the runners, which glisten like polished steel, are of ivory obtained from the tusks of the walrus. The men carry a knife in their boots, which are as big as a portmanteau. Their lances are a formidable weapon made of the

horn of the narwhal, or else of the two thigh-bones of the bear, lashed together. The tips of their lances are of steel. They strike a light with two stones, and receive the sparks on the silky down of willow catkins and dried moss, preserved for the purpose. The height of the native hut barely allows a person to sit upright on the divan, or platform of stone, raised a foot from the floor at its further end. The roof is made of flat stones—the whole outside carefully covered with soda. The roof contains a small light hole or window, covered with scraped seal-intestine instead of glass. There is also a hole for the exit of smoke, with two lamps constantly burning, fed with oil and blubber—one for cooking, the other for melting water. Six or eight inmates make the scanty human burrow intolerable to a European. The thermometer will stand outside at 30° below zero, while within it will be 90° above—a difference of 120°. It is a trying vapour-bath to all the inmates, whose naked bodies stream with perspiration. Dirt, although existing in hideous exaggeration within, is an idea unknown to the Esquimaux as an offensive quality. Their senses, happily, lead them to take no cognisance of what instinct and association render disgusting to civilised man. Two or three huts form a village.

The interior of the igloö in length is eight feet, by seven in breadth. The entrance is by a tunnel called *tossut*, very long, low, and narrow—so as to render crawling necessary for admission. The natives usually strip in the open air—a cold ante-chamber—and hang up their clothes to dry, while they enter in a state of almost entire nudity into their *sanc-tum*. Their only table furniture is a seal-skin cup, shaped like a saucer. This holds the water as it distils from a block of ice, placed on an inclined stone over a lamp—their only beverage. Meat is eaten raw, or baked on a hot stone. Their one song is the words *Amna Ayah*, repeated interminably to a monotonous chant. They laugh heartily at their own rude attempts at mirth. The children play at ball, which they keep up in the air with crooked rib-bones of some animal. They also keep them up with the

soles of their feet, the backs of the players being turned to each other. The youngsters dance also to the tap of a simple drum. Tears are equally as ready with these simple Greenlanders as laughter. For the dead they mourn systematically; when one weeps all follow, and the most distinguished person present wipes the eyes of the chief mourner. The *angekok*, or spiritual adviser of the tribe, may prescribe to a bereaved husband to abstain from walrus-hunting for a year, as an expression of grief; or that he be denied some dainty article of food, or be forbidden to wear his *nessak* or hood upon his head. While the interment, under a cairn of stones, is taking place, all of which a husband piles upon his wife, a blubber-lamp is kept burning without the hut. When the interment is completed, all the parties meet for a good cry. The bride is usually still carried off by force amongst those Esquimaux who have not been affected by Christianity; the rape of the Sabines being enacted on a small scale, and, it is whispered, with the understood consent in most cases of the ravished party. The ceremony of marriage follows at the convenience of the affianced. In the communications of those uncivilised people with strangers, they dexterously pilfer everything they can lay their hands upon, their morality in the matter of picking and stealing being more akin to the Lycurgan than the Mosaic code: but let them be once bound by solemn mutual obligations, and no persons can more rigidly respect the rights of *meum* and *tuum*. In their intercourse with each other, they scarcely know any such thing as individual possessions. When the food of one village or family fails, the sufferers migrate to the next place where supplies are to be obtained, and are permitted to share the provision of their hosts as long as it lasts, without even the thought of remuneration, or foresight against famine. A very hardy and simple people, these Esquimaux possess the virtues, no less than the vices, of uncivilised beings. Their patient endurance of ill, their untiring industry in the hunting season, their hardy encounter with the severity of their climate, their scanty provision, and the narrow margin of enjoyment

in life accorded them, commend them to our sympathy and regard. They, too, are children of the common Father. God made their dismal country, and made its inhabitants with an adaptation for their home. He looks down upon these with love, and sent them the message of his mercy by apostolic men, some century ago, and few there be who have not heard the gospel of salvation, and been softened by its kindness, if not impressed by its authority. They revere the missionaries, as well they may, who made themselves Esquimaux in all but moral habits, to promote their welfare; devoted men—the first to fully carry out the divine principle of Paul, 'I became all things to all men, if by any means I might save some.' If Christianity had no higher attestation of the power of the cross—no 'faithful unto death'—no witnesses unto blood—no martyrs of the Lamb, the Moravian and Lutheran Missionaries to the coast of Greenland were in themselves sufficient to commend it to universal acceptance, as the most self-denying, beneficent, and godlike of the institutions of the world. No words are sufficient for their praise.

Here ends our chronicle of the haps and mishaps of the Arctic enterprise undertaken by Dr Kane—a man singularly fitted, by his scientific acquirements, professional enthusiasm, and moral nature, to lead an expedition of the kind. Though himself delicate, rheumatic, and affected with the scurvy prevalent amongst his crew, he never flagged or failed—never shrank from exposure to climate or risk of life—never tired of his harassing and oppressive labours, when the nursing, doctoring, feeding of all his helpless mates fell upon his unaided services entirely. He was the guardian angel of the adventure. His interpositions were opportune, his succour efficient. The evangelist of the expedition, he drew his sinking crew out of the mire and misery of the Slough of Despond. The toils of Hercules were nothing to his. The Augean stable of the cabin, eighteen feet by eighteen, where seventeen men lodged, ate, and slept during five weary months of darkness, amid the grime of smoking lamps, the steams of an offensive cookery, and the abominations

of an hospital, he literally cleansed daily; the Hydra heads of insubordination and discontent he cut off with unsparing hand; in his struggle with the Antæus of famine, the Nemean Lion of climate, he overcame both; and the golden apples of the Hesperides, home, civilisation, and comfort, he put once more in possession of his men, by slaying the dragon that lay in the way of their return. Had Dr Kane lived in classical times, he would have been the Xenophon of the 'Anabasis.' No Ascan mystery was harder to solve—no Grecian shore more difficult to reach, by men few and sorely beset, than how his feeble handful should ever

reach shelter in the abodes of civilised men, from the midst of a region unfriendly to life and health, where food was scanty, navigation impossible, and railways and Macadam unknown. But God helps those who help themselves, and by means of the ingenuity, forethought, incessant toil, and unflagging industry of one man, gave the dying to life, and the exile to home. All this is recorded in the most straightforward, unostentatious, and interesting way in the late (alas! that we should have to say it) Doctor's noble book. No memorial will so fitly enshrine his fame: *Si monumentum quaeris*, PERLEGE.

WHICH?

OR,

EDDIES ROUND THE RECTORY.

CHAPTER VI.—A DOMESTIC FIELD-DAY.

'Fools are my theme, let satire be my song.'—BYRON.

'In Britain we are too apt to designate by the general term "society," the particular class, clan, or clique in which we move; and it cannot be denied that we too often take odd provincial habits of our own invention for the broad current manners of the world.'—SIR FRANCIS HEAD.

It was Thursday—the great, momentous Thursday, on the evening of which Mrs Jones was to be 'at home' to some forty or fifty people, or thereabouts. Landeris was a thickly-populated neighbourhood, and no people liked social meetings better than did those of that ilk. What a sensation there was that morning in the village! Every one was so much interested in the preparations, because they were on a much more extensive scale than the ordinary tea-parties in Landeris, where you carried your work, and your maid went before with a lantern, and old ladies brought white caps in paper bags. This was to be something far before common events. Every one, far and near, was asked, instead of merely a select few; and a sumptuous supper was spread in the dining-room, in lieu of the usual tray, with the biscuits, almonds, and raisins, and wine-and-water of the general tea-parties. The word village has been inappropriately made use of above. Frances Wyndham once inadvertently applied the term to Landeris in the presence of Mrs Simpson, who at once called

her to order, saying there never was a bank in a village; consequently, on such good authority as a banker's lady, Landeris stands allowed and confessed a town. Not having the fear of Mrs Simpson before our eyes, it must be confessed the name is applied or misapplied, as the case may be, frequently in the following pages; but, as this is not the only error to be found in them, it is hoped the reader will pardon them all indiscriminately, wherever met with. 'Mistakes,' says the sage Lindley Murray, 'will occur in the best regulated families,' and writers are nothing more than mortals.

Altogether, Landeris was a very fair specimen of a country town. There were one or two small streets that branched off the main one, in which stood Mrs Jones' house. This main street was long and wide, with great irregularity in the buildings. Here a tall, old-fashioned dwelling-house, with narrow windows, and steps up; while next to it would be a new and handsome shop, two storeys of which would be equivalent to its neighbour's three—it may be, also, with fine plate-glass

windows, of which Landeris boasted one or two. These shops were not bad either: there were no necessaries of life, to say nothing of many luxuries, that could not be procured in them; for Landeris lay too far from any large town to make the shopkeepers timid of incurring failure by laying in abundant and frequent stores. Periodicals, too, could be had; and if you could not buy at once every article of furniture that would plainly and comfortably fit up a house, there were places where you could order most of the usual requisites, as far as tables, chairs, sofas, beds, &c., would go in completing your design.

Of all these shops, however, none held the same place in the eyes of the female portion of the population as did one kept by three sisters—the *Miss Manlys*. There was scarcely an article required for ladies' attire that could not be supplied at Manlys'. A dress could be bought, and one could be made; for one sister superintended the dressmaking department, one the millinery: the eldest one, Miss Lavinia, presided over the outer court of the temple of fashion, commonly called the shop—passing the visitors upstairs, where they were received by the sister in whose department their business might lie. Miss Manly went twice a-year to London for the fashions. Miss Cooper, a lady who discountenanced a love of dress and *modes*, always asserted the new goods came from Manchester; but that was too absurd an idea to be for one instant credited. Of course they were from London, in the same way that the monthly 'World of Fashion' always came direct from Paris, where the printers are so very obliging as to print it all in English, for the sole benefit of the dressmakers and milliners in rural England. That was another advantage the *Miss Manlys* afforded Landeris; they took in what went always by the sobriquet of 'the Magazine,' being *the one par excellence*, to distinguish it from any dry periodical then in vogue. It was an event when this book arrived. As the reviewers say, it was 'the book of the month,' as was amply testified by the stream of visitors that passed in and out of the shop all the morning of the first day of each month, in order to

have a look at its contents. Many were the consultations held with Miss Lavinia Manly, as to 'whether my blue silk, if altered, would make up so!' or, 'whether she thought just such roses would suit my crinoline bonnet!' From all this, it would appear that the spinster sisterhood were no unimportant individuals in the town. Nor were they, in truth; so much so, that not the most trivial matter occurred in Landeris, but, before it had transpired half-an-hour, the Manlys would be in possession of the whole particulars. They had one never-failing channel for obtaining information: Mrs Gregson, the post-mistress, was their aunt, and always let them know who got letters and who posted answers—a civility which made the Manlys prize their dear aunt's society very much indeed. The *Miss Manlys'* customers were also beneficent in their way, and lived close to the golden rule of doing to others as they would wish done by themselves: in the words of Vousden's well-known ballad,

'I had not much to give her, but what I got I gave;'

and it was wonderful how each drop swelled the ocean of scandal.

As things went, and seeing that the Manlys lived exactly opposite Mrs Jones, it can easily be supposed how well acquainted the former would be with all the preparations for the *réunion* of this Thursday. From an early hour in the day, Miss Manly, her two sisters, and the five apprentices, had kept close watch upon all the movements of their opposite neighbour—pursuing knowledge under difficulties, for there were still several dresses, intended for that evening's wear, not yet completed.

No one who is not familiar with such a place as the one here called Landeris, could imagine the petty incidents which will interest people, even in the simple matter of giving a party: the whipping of the cream, the clearing of the jelly, the fitting of the tables, the ornamenting of the dishes—all these petty matters are a source of profound interest to the people of the neighbourhood. Then the mysterious look of the dining-room windows, with the closed blinds, suggest-

ing dreamy conceptions of epergnes and frosted citadels, trifles and bon-bon crackers, with all the usual ecceteras of lights, company, and conversation! Though it is not at all probable Miss Manly and her apprentices could fully realise all this, moving as they did in a different sphere, still there was excitement enough to be obtained from any trifling incidents that did occur to minister to their love of observation. Sometimes the hall-door opened, and a servant came out; then Miss Matilda Jones, in her anxiety for the servant's return, would jerk aside the blind of the window and peep out, quite forgetting that, though her ringlets might flow gracefully some hours hence, they were then in captivity; but much allowance must be made for any one who undertakes but seldom, on such a magnificent scale, an evening party.

Poor people, all this trouble and display was intended to strike awe to the hearts of the Wyndhams, and impress them with a wondrous idea of 'our family,' while they, simple souls, were pursuing the even tenor of their way, and spending their day, reading, working, drawing, and walking, wholly unconscious of the sensation which such an everyday act as accepting an invitation 'to tea' had made, and was still to make, amongst 'papa's new parishioners.' And they met at a country dinner-hour, with scarcely more than a passing thought given to the siege they were to stand from the united artillery of about forty people, all comparative strangers—without the smallest idea that they were (to follow up the military metaphor) to be so 'put through their facings.'

'My dear,' said Dr Wyndham to his wife, 'I have been thinking all day of the great difference one perceives in the taste and manners, as well as the pursuits and ideas, of people in a large town, such as we, for instance, have lived in, from those of such a place as this. How the minds of the people here are absorbed by the most foolish trifles; and how very little interest they will take in anything they are not immediately concerned in. I declare I have met so many minds since I came here exactly the size of the place, I wonder if they ever grow larger.'

'I am sure not, papa,' said Margaret, 'for Frances and I have been observing lately, that here, the older people grow, the more contracted their ideas become. There is old Mr Rolleston, Mrs Simpson's father; I am persuaded that he holds as an indisputable doctrine, that it would be impossible, in any market throughout the kingdom, to purchase for any price such provisions as can be had here, and that the sun never rose on such an earthly paradise. To hear him talking, one would suppose that all the rest of the world were unfortunate backwoodsmen, and the people here the most civilised of Europeans in comparison—that Landeris combines the beauty of Eden with the gentility of Belgravia, and all the conveniences of Covent Garden Market.'

'Indeed,' said Mrs Wyndham, 'I find it very inconvenient to get what I require here; so different from Ousely; and there is such a monopoly of sale, a stranger has no chance whatever. That, my dear, is my opinion of Landeris and its market.'

'Oh,' said the doctor, in a most contented voice, 'I never thought about the markets or housekeeping at all; that is your province. I was thinking of the inordinate love of talking of their neighbours, which I find in every class of society. Now, for example, this morning, when I was getting my letters at the post-office window, Mrs Gregson popped her head out of the aperture, saying, in the blindest tones imaginable, "Your letters, your reverence."'

'That is not a high crime, I hope?' said Frances.

'No, Miss Frances,' said her father, 'nor did I say it was; but hear me out. She went on to say: "Some for your young ladies, too, sir; what a many they do get, to be sure. I have one, sometimes, indeed, two or three of a morning for them. I am becoming quite familiar with the Ousely postmark. I have no doubt they are great favourites where you came from; for, even in so short a time as you have been here, every one is quite in love with them, ladies and gentlemen. I hear such praises of them; and all our ladies and gentlemen are so pleased to think they will meet you, and them, and your good lady, this evening."

Now, to tell you the truth, I had forgotten Miss Jones and her tea invitation for this evening, so I looked rather foolish, and said, "Where? How? What?"—"Miss Jones," she said, with a look of amazement at me, which recalled my wandering senses, and gave me just sufficient presence of mind to say, "Oh, I beg your pardon, Mrs Gregson; I did not understand you at first." True enough, for I could not think what the woman was driving at: "all right, oh yes, certainly;" which satisfied her evidently, for she went on to such a description of the company and etceteras, that I came away quite bewildered. I never did hear such a gossiping tongue; and how fast it runs on too!

'But, papa,' said Margaret, 'you are quite mistaken about company; for we were only asked to spend a sociable evening with an infirm old lady, who never leaves her own house.'

'All I can say, my dear, is, that I was informed your infirm old lady has asked about fifty other people to spend a sociable evening; really my informant seemed so conversant with the whole matter, I would not doubt her word for one moment.'

'And pray, Franklin,' said Mrs Wyndham, 'why did you keep all this intelligence to yourself for so many hours? I do think you might have told us all a great deal sooner.'

'There is no harm done, my dear, at all—it will make no difference in the world, as far as I can see. We will go a little later: I think it would be better. Oh! you need not be afraid; I will be home in good time.'

'Men,' said Mrs Wyndham, 'are sometimes enough to drive one distracted. Now, Franklin, do you suppose it makes no difference to the girls, or me, whether we go suitably dressed or not? Margaret and Frances, what do you intend to wear?'

'The blue dresses, mamma, we had on the night before we left Ousely; indeed, the extra boxes are still unopened in the trunk-room, and these dresses were the easiest to get at.'

'They are too undress,' said Mrs Wyndham; 'and I do not think it is well you should be so under-dressed on an occasion like this, your first evening here. Pray make some alteration. Really, my dear, you should

have more regard for your daughters' appearance. You should have told me in the morning.'

'Well, Elizabeth, it cannot be helped this time. How could I be expected to know Mrs Gregson's gossip would be of the slightest importance to any one of you? I am sure it was very well I thought of telling you at all. I was so tired of her. Did you see my paper-knife anywhere?'

There was no use in talking to her husband any more, so Mrs Wyndham hurried up-stairs after her daughters, loudly lamenting, as she went, the obtuseness of men in general, and one in particular on some points; but, as her only audience was the bannisters, and they very discreetly, with a prudence many might imitate to their advantage, railed not again, her dissertation soon came to an end, and she joined her daughters, to consult about the plaiting of hair and putting on of apparel for the coming party.

The evening came, the chaise was brought, only with this difference, that it did drive up to the door both at starting and arriving, and our friends ascended Mrs Jones' stairs, not so much perturbed as might have been expected, considering the greatness of the occasion. But alas! for human nature, which is much the same in these days as in those of Shakspeare, for very likely, had Hamlet not seen his father's ghost, he might have become a very rational member of society; but once having had a peep beyond the veil, there was no escape—the probable consequences ensued. The Wyndhams not knowing, and indeed caring but little as to those they were to meet, or what was thought of them, found their ignorance bliss, and went boldly forward, not quailing in the least, when the footman announced, in a stentorian tone, 'Dr and Mrs Wyndham; the Misses Wyndham.'

Conversation was at its full tide when the door was opened, but it must be acknowledged that the sudden ebb was as great in proportion, and the thousand lances at Ivy were trifles in comparison to the glances levelled at them simultaneously from anteroom and drawing-room, crowded with people, who were disposed on chairs, ottomans, and sofas, with an ingenuity quite wonderful. There were

old people and young people, small people and great people, in every sense of the word; blondes and brunettes; people with every style of nose—Roman, Grecian, and Celeste (which every well-educated person knows is the proper name to apply where that organ has a little upward inclination—in fact, where *retroussé* was formerly in vogue); there were bachelors and benedicts; sporting characters (also in every sense) and spoonneys; farmers who could flirt, and farmers who could not attempt such a thing; juvenile young ladies, and not a few *'en été'* juveniles—among the latter class not the least conspicuous being the daughters of the hostess, who fluttered in a light and airy manner from gentleman to lady, and from lady to gentleman—here a compliment, there a quiz. Now they put some forward, one back; again they are bringing some backward, one forward, with a tact certainly most charming to behold. They believed themselves still in the golden age, when a gossamer fabric in their evening dresses kept them on the first bend of a certain stream called 'Time,' of which the next turn is styled 'Old Maidenland.'

Scattered over the tables throughout the room were numerous articles of bijouterie and vertu, each designed in turn to contribute something to the delectation of their guests—statuettes, miniatures, perfume bottles, annuals, books of beauty, books of scenery, books of poetry, old china, new flower-mats, and card-baskets. These latter were of a peculiar construction, inasmuch as they always kept turned up to the world's admiring gaze what we shall term here 'the court cards;' for did not Lady Emma Clare's faded ticket overtop plain Mrs Whittlefield's, though, heaven knows, the latter lady must have left some dozen or two since the advent of this poor, solitary, yellow denizen of Clare Abbey. And did not 'Sir Stephen Norris' stand vauntingly on the diminutive 'i' of 'Dr Price?' It is ever in the world as in this case: 'put the best foot foremost, old fellow;' and so the Joneses certainly did. Did I name an album on any table? I think not; at any rate I will make sure, and devote a few sentences to this album aforesaid. In the entire '*bibliothèque*

Jones,' there was no book so valued, no book so handled, no book so desecrated on as this. You had merely to glance at the binding, and it would be sure to call forth from its enthusiastic owners a detail of its many wonders, of which not the least was, that a great many more than half of the drawings done on its delicately-tinted leaves were the productions of military men. Why the listener did not at once drop down insensible at the feet of the narrator, on being so suddenly burdened with such astounding intelligence, is more than I can tell. But then I may be perhaps naturally a little obtuse; for, besides that I cannot see in what lay the amazement at the performance of such a very commonplace politeness, it may be that officers are not generally much given to the fine arts. The wonder, therefore, might be that they ever did anything half so clever, it being a well-known and long-established fact—indeed, so antique that it now amounts to a truism—that 'good for nothing else is just fit for the army.' But, as a number of them showed very good blood indeed in the Crimea, I shall for their sakes pass over their companions-in-arms who have no good blood to show, sparing them any animadversions in this chapter. Let those who can only draw a cedar-wood sword, thank those who were able to draw a few inches of cold steel before breakfast at Inkermann.

At page twenty the album is sure to open, and there is portrayed the fair Matilda, in flowing scarf and ringlets, looking very much as she does this evening, with the very strikingly original and brilliant words beneath, 'I'd be a butterfly.' Why she preferred this excessively aerial state of existence, the artist had failed to narrate; but a very short acquaintance with her would go far towards convincing a stranger that she was more of a Latter-day Saint in her creed, as there was little doubt she would object strongly to support so interesting a character, provided she must first assume the chrysalis form. 'Turn the leaf, and you will see,' as Madame Hoffman says, in that matchless child's book, 'The Struwelpeter,' the delight of every nursery where it has admittance—on this page is inscribed, 'A

Free Translation of 'Di Tanti Palpitti,' by Captain Fitzwonder; humbly inscribed to Miss Ann Jones—a wretched set of lines, that would disgrace a penny valentine. And on the opposite page were written, in a cramped schoolboy hand, 'The Recollections of Ensign Walters. Lines written after waltzing with Miss Matilda Jones, on the evening of the day on which Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria commenced her happy reign, June 20, 1837.' That was an old story. When that same sovereign's eldest daughter was old enough for her parents to plan an alliance for her, not a few years had passed over other heads as well as queenly ones. Yet Ann or Matilda, whichever was present, always explained by saying, 'We were but children then, and thought to be at a party with an officer at it; a great event during our school vacations.'

Have any of my readers ever looked on a party as if it were the shelves of a bookseller's shop? If they have not, I will put them into the way of doing it, and depend upon it, the dullest assembly will yield subject-matter for speculation. Every person is like some particular style of book, in character, ideas, or conversation. There is the young lady, who is a circulating library novel in three volumes, with marriage at the last chapter; and she looks forward to this as the end of all her wadings through previous volumes or years. There are ladies who are mere cookery-books, with no ideas beyond the domestic *ménage*. There are gentlemen who are farming journals. There are old maids who are Hannah More's tracts; and there are some old maids who are a provincial newspaper and Mrs Warren's knitting-book. There are mothers, like Mrs Simpson, who are spelling-books, and date-books, and catechisms on common things. There are divines of many kinds—there are some books of homilies; there are some books of classics; there are some books of the Fathers of the Church (I wonder what some of the fathers would think, if they knew a few of their sons that I know), and there are a great many good, honest 'Pilgrim's Progresses,' moving onwards on their pilgrimage.

'Jones' book-shop' was well stocked

to-night; and whilst our young friends that we brought here are chatting to their neighbours, we shall cut a few leaves for ourselves, by way of amusement.

Mr Cooper is here; the girls were both acquainted with him now, and he is introducing to them his curate, Mr King. I cannot better describe Mr King than by saying he was a 'Sunny Memory,' à la Mrs Stowe—the great aim of his conversation being to show, first, how much he had travelled; secondly, how much he had read; and thirdly, how much he had been received; so you may rest assured he was 'tire-some,' and had, like the good lady I spoke of, rather too many *encores* of *moi-même*, and *je disais*, and *je pensais*.

There were Mr and Mrs Whittlefield and a few daughters, some quite grown up, and some nearly so—good, amiable, ladylike, well-disposed young ladies—all pretty stout, round-shouldered, red-and-white-complexioned, fair-haired girls, without very strong ideas on any subject, except that 'England was the finest country in the world,' a fact which their father, in the usual downright John Bullish way, proclaimed every morning of his life when he hung the broadsheet of the 'Times' over the back of his chair, to repose in solemn state until he had breakfasted. He hated foreigners, and eschewed their company as he would a plague-doctor, vowing every one he met was a Jesuite in disguise. He was a good-natured, burly, English country gentleman, thought his wife a pattern for all the wives in the country, a compound of all female virtues, domestic economy included; loved his daughters all equally well, taking no small pride in their red fat cheeks, looking on them as specimens of successful bringing up; treated them as if they were all still children, and never dreamed of such a thing as their ever marrying and superintending a home of their own. He took the world what is usually termed 'easy,' ate, drank, and slept, taking all pleasure in the goods the gods had provided him—land, wife, children inclusive; and grew fat from having nothing in the world to annoy him except the payment of the national debt. This sometimes interfered with his natural rest, till the effort of calculat-

ing principal and interest without the aid of a pencil and paper, as he was wont to do (for the sum proved at times a long one, and mental arithmetic had not been comprised in his studies), at last made all the organs of number, weight, concentration, &c., fairly run each other down, and he was obliged to take refuge in sleep.

His daughters were young ladies, according to our previous arrangement, who might be termed 'the Church Catechism.' They did their duty to their neighbours, and in that state of life, &c. &c., were seldom known to alander anybody—if they did, it was by accident; honoured their father and mother, and lived in peace and charity among themselves. They had had a good governess, a lady of sound orthodox principles, who administered a good English education, and with whom, when they grew a little, they read Numa Pompilius, Telemaque, and Corinne, which were succeeded by *Mie Prigione* and *Metastasio*. After this, they were considered fit for a finishing seminary at Clifton, and transmitted there for two years; at the end of which time they returned home to take their position in society; though, as to 'bringing out,' as the term is, they were never in, for their good-natured father had always insisted on their being permitted to accompany father and mother to a friend's house, whenever they themselves might happen to be going to spend an evening. So from their earliest years it had been no unusual sight to see the Whittlefield family-coach deposit a half-dozen people at your door, when, in the innocence of your heart, you had only expected two. As to the dresses of these girls, they were never exactly in the fashion, nor could you say they were exactly out of it—still, good as their clothes might be, they wanted 'air.' Their evening-dresses were always white muslins (clean certainly, and very neat), decorated with blue or pink sashes, according as either colour had come first to hand; and people were now so accustomed to this style of *bal costume*, that no one looked for any change; and it may be questioned if their nearest neighbours would have recognised them in any other than what Miss Lavinia Manly sweetly termed 'a baby body.'

Sir Stephen Norris is rather a favourite of mine, and this, I think, entitles him to the next place on the carpet. He was very tall, but not very stout, and not handsome; so any person who does not like plain people, especially gentlemen, had much better skip this brief notice of him, and take a *tête-à-tête* with 'Sunny Memories,' who is universally acknowledged to be a 'particularly good-looking young man,' only for the least possible curl of his upper lip.

My friend Sir Stephen had the misfortune to be what is called 'a shy man.' He had the very lowest idea possible of his own merits in comparison with others he met in society, and though he did generally go to parties, he looked when there so very uncomfortable, that you would have supposed he was heartily wishing himself out of the way. The death of his father, when he was himself very young, and his brother quite an infant, left their mother a young and handsome widow, and it can scarcely be wondered that, when she married the dashing Major Westerton, she found the little boys a great drag on her comfort—taking them with her from one town to another. The difficulty of educating them decided her on leaving them with a half-brother, a banker in London; and as this man had a large family of his own, the two poor little orphans found it their best happiness to keep close together, and make themselves as little prominent as possible. That the elder brother should ever receive a baronetcy, had never filled a place in these boys' dreams; and their relatives were not more surprised than were the lads themselves, to find that two heirs-at-law of their father's second cousin had died within a few months of each other, followed almost immediately by the cousin's death. So poor, bashful, shrinking young Stephen found himself a person of consequence quite suddenly. Ah! there was fuss enough about them now; but it was too late. No ties of affection bound them to their relatives; and I am sure they were both rejoiced when their new guardians removed them to a public school. They could not feel more lonely anywhere than they had done in that half-dependent situation at their uncle's. Thus Sir

Stephen's first act, on coming of age, was to take his brother to live with him at Prenderley, and they had scarcely been a day apart from that time up to the date when our story opens. Sir Stephen was now about thirty-six; very old, some will say, and perhaps, to be a single man, it is a little more than necessary. He had a goodly share of information on various subjects; he had abundance of good sense; and though I am writing last what should have come first—namely, that he had a warm, generous heart—that is required, that I may explain what seemingly may be a paradox; for how could he have such a heart, and still have it all to himself? But the case was this:—

His ideas of female requisites were rather Utopian, and he liked so many qualities so exactly opposite to what he was himself, that it is small wonder the ladies, who arranged their tactics so as to imitate all his peculiarities, failed utterly in their object. Not that I mean to say no impression had ever been made on his stubborn heart—far from it. More than once he had made up his mind to pass the Rubicon, but modesty, and the extreme depression of his organ of self-esteem, caused him to hang back, take courage, reconsider the thing, until, when the time came that he would really do it, it happened to be too late; the egg was chipped and the bird flown, and poor Sir Stephen returned to Prenderley, and to his brother, to meditate on his disappointment, and lay down a set of rules for the next occasion; which, as my reader must know, had been hitherto but badly adhered to. Withal, he was extremely fastidious, and the bare idea of a lady meeting his attentions half-way was death to all her hopes. He thought such a proceeding so dreadfully unfeminine, that it acted at once as an anti-magnetic, and drove him to the farthest extremity imaginable from the fair one in question. Taking into consideration all these little peculiarities, it can easily be seen what a tedious affair his wooing had ever been—how far he was from winning, and consequently from wearing. It was a great pity, for no man in the whole country would have made a better husband, and it was no secret what a

brother he had proved. A kind friend he had always been, firm, honest, lasting, through all changes of the wheels of time and fortune; and there were few among his neighbours and acquaintance who had ever known what 'trial' was, that did not come to know, when the cloud began to roll away, that they owed him something for light in darkness. Very many never knew; concealment if possible was his wont; and Mrs Selwyn never guessed what happened, when he was deputed by her father's executors and creditors to arrange business for them with her. She believed they had arranged to present to her her father's old carved bookcase and its contents—they had all been conveyed to her house; little did she guess that Sir Stephen had begged those stern men to offer this little tribute to the memory of one who had spent long years in kindness and care for their souls, and even their bodies—begged in vain, and at last, when all failed, had paid their demand from his own pocket, knowing how dear every cover was to her. Afterwards, when the daughter of their old pastor sent her simple letter of overflowing thanks to the obdurate creditors, the hardest among them were melted, and craved to be allowed to contribute their share. But the kindly baronet sent back their money with indignant scorn, for he knew shame alone would keep them silent. It did them good; for when, a few months afterwards, Mr Selwyn died, and left his widow lonely and poor, the boldest man did not dare to stir a volume from its shelves, and the recollection of their former injustice sent many a comfort to the widow's new home, that she could scarcely comprehend or account for.

Sir Stephen was pleased with the Wyndhams, and he was standing beside Frances, listening to the remarks Dr Price was making to her, now and then throwing in a few of his own. The doctor had at times an elegant lisp, which he and a few of his patients considered quite irresistible; and as he had now on what people term their 'company manner,' he was many a time very unintelligible. 'Of courth,' he was saying, 'Mith Wyndham, you think clerdthemen are the pleasthantetht clath of people

in the world to athothiate with. I thoppothe you know a great many of them?"

'I do,' said Frances; 'and just as in all other professions, a pleasing clergyman is a very pleasing person, but, if he is at all below that, "not a pleasing person at all."'

'Ah!' said the doctor, 'Mith Wyndham, I with I had been one, inthead of a doctor; but I wath too backward, too modeth; all my friendths thought tho.'

'Pretty well cured now, at any rate,' thought the young lady addressed. 'Why?' she said aloud.

'Ah! mine ith thuth an arduoth profethon; I am never thue of an hour to mythelf, or with my friendths. Every time the door openths, I think it ith the thervant coming for me to go to thome plathe. Ah! Burke looketh at me now; I wonder who ith thick.'

'Burke is only bringing a tray, I think,' said Sir Stephen.

'Yeth, yeth, that ith all; I thee now.'

'Certainly,' said Frances, 'that must keep you a little uneasy.'

'Oh yeth, my mind ith alwath a tumultuouth thea; I ecthpect to be grey-headed in a very few yearths.'

'I think,' said Sir Stephen, 'doctor, you should be on the look-out for a helpmate before that catastrophe occurs. Are you insensible to all the youth and beauty of our neighbourhood? I have heard it said you were.'

Now the doctor paid attention to not less than three or four ladies, and was quite flattered by Sir Stephen's insinuation that he was a lady-killer.

'Oh! Thir Stephen, ecthample ith better than prethep. Think of Prenderly without a mithtreth.'

'Ah! my dear sir, I am numbered among the confirmed bachelors long since. My brother has still time, and Isometimes think he hassome thoughts of that kind; but I am as condemned as General Duckett.'

As he spoke he glanced towards his brother, who was doing the agreeable, evidently with great success, to Miss Fidelia Burleigh, a young lady, the daughter of one into whose private correspondence we had a peep at the beginning of this story.

Frances followed the direction of his eyes, and she smiled a little at the pleasure Miss Fidelia evidently took in the very marked attentions of Mr Norris. Just then a summons from Miss Jones, for Dr Price to assist in the circulation of tea and cake, called that worthy disciple of *Æsculapius* from their side, and conversation sprang up briskly between Frances and the baronet, both evidently relieved from the tedium of the doctor's pointless remarks.

'You often think busily, Miss Wyndham?'

'So often that I am never conscious I am thinking; it is a part of one's-self.'

'Of you it may be, but not of every one; some people never think at all.'

'Never! but pray how would you define "thinking"?''

'I cannot, I have not words at will as many have. Of course I do not mean that people do not fix their thoughts on some person, object, or subject, but I do not term that "thinking."'

'You refer to those whose minds only receive what passes before them each hour?'

'I do; how much do you suppose our medical friend reflects daily? I do not think anything beyond "*Materia Medica*," and "*I John Price, doctor of medicine*."'

'A narrow compass, certainly; no great resource during a solitary hour—a long drive, for instance. How tired he must be of "number one."'

'By no means; his mind will never require recreation; it is never overtasked.'

'You agree with Mrs Abdy, I am sure. She says, "It is the highly-gifted mind that most has need of rest."'

'Certainly; now will you tell me this honestly? Have you ever studied Miss Bremer's writings?'

'Yes.'

'And liked them?'

'Yes; they carried me quite away from all the little petty troubles I was then enduring. I think of them always very gratefully.'

'I see now: you lead, I would imagine, two lives at once—one public, the other private. Is it so?'

'You cannot surely suppose I would answer Miss Jones, for instance, in any other than my public capacity? I have a set of thoughts and feelings that lie dormant, and when I am alone they come forward one by one, and take me by the hand; they are all either old friends, or their descendants; very much beloved they are. I can show them to my sister, who in return brings hers to me. We are never lonely, as what we call the "panoramic world" are. What is the difference between a real landscape and a panorama? In the latter you must see just what is placed before you: this is pretty, that is unsuitable; you are tired of such a thing. But, in a natural panorama, everything has indications of life: there is not a leafless tree that will not bud fresh and green again; there is not a cottage with a smoking chimney that does not roof in so many various characters, such variety of thought and action:—the smallest little trifle is a finger-post for you to look along some new road, that leads you farther and farther still.'

'You have illustrated my meaning well. Now, you see why the gifted mind is most in need of rest. It lives two years for the world's one, consequently the natural powers are overtaxed. How pleasant it is to meet some one who understands you.'

'Tea, or coffee, Mith Wyndham?'

'Tea, thank you.'

Over came Ann Jones. 'Miss Wyndham, I hope your tea is exactly as you wish it. Pray say so, if it is not; so many very obliging gentlemen as you have round your chair will, I am sure, be happy to attend you. Have you sufficient sugar?'

'I would prefer a little more, when the servant comes this way.'

'You need not wait so long for that; just ask Sir Stephen to look into it, he is so contemplative this evening.'

Frances stared; had the destinies of Europe depended on her comprehending, they must have suffered.

A *thweet* remark that of yours, Mith Ann,' said the ever-complacent doctor, thereby throwing this light into Frances' dull soul, that the steady watching of her changing countenance by her companion, during their recent

remarks, had roused the jealous mind of the baffled Ann, and caused her to whisper to more than one intimate acquaintance, 'See what *sweet* looks Sir Stephen is giving that young lady; depend upon it, she and her sister are both thorough flirts!'

'Are we to dance?' said Fidelia Burleigh to Mr Norris.

'No, I believe not,' was the reply. 'Dr Wyndham does not approve of it for his daughters, and in compliment to them, it is to be dispensed with to-night.'

'Cards?'

'No; for such the same reason; but it is understood that any who wish for them may amuse themselves in the small breakfast-room.'

'Do you mean to go?'

'Certainly not, when you are here; in any case I do not care for them.'

'Music, I suppose, then, is the order of the evening. How dull some people will find it. Positively mamma looks savage on it. Sarah had set her heart on a polka to-night, and mamma does not like her to be disappointed.'

'I am sorry to say I am much better satisfied with the present arrangement, for I mean to sit and talk to you the greater part of the night—we so seldom meet now.'

Fidelia smiled—a bright, happy smile, from a heart at ease; and then it was that Frances' look had been directed towards her. A plain girl at other times, she was quite good-looking at the moment.

Soon Miss Jones requested Mr Smith would open the evening, by giving 'a little music;' and Mr Samuel Smith, who was proverbially obliging on this point, rose and wended his way to the piano, which stood invitingly open at one end of the apartment. Mr Smith was a dapper little man, of fashionable exterior and silvery tongue, whose great pride and glory lay in one or two qualities, or perhaps I should say properties, some of which, wonderful to relate, are possessed in an almost equal degree by about half the world. Among all the various kinds of pride which can be reckoned among the children of Adam, is it not very strange that perhaps fifty people will be found, within the same number of square miles, who will pride themselves on the self-same

things? We remember hearing of a lady who tried to find out the proud side of all her acquaintances; for every person has a proud side as well as a weak side: in many the two are synonymous. She reduced her investigations to the following result:—

1. Pride of Station, as	50
2. Pride of Money, as	88
3. Pride of Family, as	100
4. Pride of Power, as	29
5. Pride of Intellect, as	70
6. Pride of Person, as	36
7. Pride of Dress, as	27
8. And the Pride that apes Humility, comprising any or all of the above divisions, which may be computed at about	36

These, of course, are comparative numbers, not statistical facts; but they may be useful to some people, inasmuch as it may lead them to calculate the number of heads under which they can claim a place for themselves. Perhaps, too, it may lead them to confine their candidature to a smaller number.

Now, among these and their branches—for of course they all branch off more or less—Mr Smith can claim a good place. First, his great musical powers, which we find under No. 5; secondly, his personal appearance, *vide* Nos. 6 and 7; thirdly, his ancient descent, *vide* No. 3; fourthly, his pride of society, *vide* No. 1—for the poor little wretch fancied, when he was invited to every '*petite réunion*' throughout the neighbourhood, that it was solely on account of his agreeability and good family, while heaven knows how many diplomatic hostesses pronounced, throughout the calendar month, the almost never-varying words, 'We must ask little Smith, on account of his music, though for my part I detest the silly, flippant creature; he cannot cross the room without gazing at his little morsels of feet, while they are nothing unusual, when the person is diminutive.'

Mr Smith had a sister, who was as well known as himself in the part of the country where our stage stands. She was one of those commonplace characters abounding in every neighbourhood, as common as her own name. She was a tall, rather fashionable-looking girl, always well-dressed, always pretty, agreeable, and con-

sidered to be 'good-natured,' with little mind of her own, and just sufficient tact to take her tone from the company she was in. With the quiet she could be quiet, but much preferred being with the boisterous, and being boisterous; with the gossips she could slander, and with the amiable could make pretty, pitying, gentle remarks, of which she always had a good many ready for use, not remarkable for much depth, it is true, but what would pass muster well. So it came to pass that there were few houses in the neighbourhood where the elegant manners and dulcet tones of Miss Smith were missing on any festive occasion which brought people together.

On one point Miss Smith was untiringly and firmly zealous—her brother; and in all that concerned his credit or comfort, she shone forth as his never-flagging support. He, in return, was always ready to take her everywhere she chose to go, and when there, to be guided by her advice in all minor matters, trusting to her woman's tact to supply his own deficiencies; in his heart believing her one of the most perfect of Eve's daughters, and according to her most willingly all the respect such perfection could call for.

Miss Smith had been called at the font, by her godfathers and godmothers, 'Eleanor.' This, by a childish pertinacity, she succeeded in placing an 'a' after; thus Eleanor became Eleanora. This, again, by a successful *coup* at school, she got changed into Leanora, which she considered more elegant by many degrees than either of the names she had so opportunely laid aside. Her own family were the most unmanageable of all. At home she was more frequently Nelly than anything else, except to her eldest and favourite brother, who obeyed most of her behests with untiring zeal and good-nature. How Miss Smith's bosom swelled with exultation when she saw her brother called forth as number one! How proud she felt that these strangers would mark his talent, would be astounded at what was coming! She at once made up her mind further to astonish the Wyndhams, by singing a duet with him by and by. He in the meantime was making a circuitous route to the piano, in order to pass

her chair; for he was quite accustomed to take his cue from her on most occasions. As he passed, she eagerly exclaimed, 'The March, Sam—the March!' and he was on the piano-stool in the twinkling of an eye.

Mr Cooper was just in the midst of a very interesting conversation with Miss Wyndham, when the almost simultaneous vibration of half the strings in the instrument caused both to suspend their remarks, and turn their heads, to see from whom this thunder proceeded. (How Leanora enjoyed Margaret's sudden turn.) But by this time the thunder had given place to lightning—which, to be sure, is a musical license; as we all know, in nature, lightning has the precedence—then came 'The March.'

Mr Cooper had enlightened Margaret as to the name, &c., of the performer; she in turn remarked what extremely odd music that was the gentleman was playing, and appealed to Mr Cooper for some information about it. His reply pleading ignorance, he followed it up by volunteering to ask the required name from Miss Smith, and after a moment or two's conversation, he returned, saying, as he came up, 'You are now hearing, Miss Wyndham, the 'Landeris March.'

'Indeed; and the composer?'

'As I first surmised, the performer.'

Margaret looked with a queer doubtful expression at the young man, and then said, 'Mr Cooper, I hope you will pardon my ignorance of the annals of my native country. At this present moment, I cannot call to mind any incident of a warlike character wherein Landeris is mentioned, nor indeed any incident at all.'

But I cannot understand how English history can be supposed to have a bearing on our friend's music.'

'Certainly; do you not hear that is a military march?'

'What then?'

'Was a regiment ever raised in this locality?'

'No; I never heard of any.'

'Have you any yeomanry corps in this county?'

'No such thing.'

'In the name of wonder, then, why call it the 'Landeris March?'

I could fancy the 'Holyrood Palace March,' for many a goodly array passed through its gates; or I could fancy the 'Culloden March,' or the 'Bosworth,' or the 'Hastings,' or the 'Blenheim,' or the 'Torbay,' where good King William landed, or a thousand others; but what a little peaceful village like this has to do with such a march, I am at a loss to conjecture.'

'You are right, but severely so. Still, you must deal lightly with the poor young man, for know that it was played in honour of you, his sister tells me. As he was the first to have the honour of saluting you on your settling here with such a glorious art as music, he considers he has bid you welcome in a very pretty manner.'

'It was a very kind thought; I am very sorry I said what I did. Poor little man, perhaps I was too severe on him; perhaps he does not deserve it.'

'But he does deserve it—pardon me for saying so. It is one of my dogmas that no one confers a favour on others, except it be something that will personally yield them gratification. I am quite convinced of it; every day I live, I see it more than I did the day before.'

'Then what becomes of self-denial?'

'Pooh, my dear Miss Wyndham, you are very young, very young indeed; people never deny themselves anything without some good reason.'

'Very likely; but may that good reason not be one of a self-annihilating character?'

'Not at all; probe the matter to the bottom, and you will find some little lurking thought that destroys all your argument.'

'Suppose, on your way home to-night, you met a poor man without a coat, and you took yours off and presented it to him, what then?'

'No act of self-denial at all, for I have three coats at home would answer my purpose quite as well as this one.'

'But supposing you were a person who had not another. Such things have been done.'

'I should in that case do no such thing; I would walk home with my own coat on my own back.'

'Yes, but you are now to suppose a case, for the sake of argument.'

'Well, it might be to get rid of the man, or it might be that he should praise me afterwards.'

'Oh! surely not; nothing so unworthy as that!'

'I am but supposing a case.'

'What, then, is your opinion of people who send anonymous subscriptions to charitable purposes.'

'Either they do not miss it, or they do it as a kind of penance, and after all, that is self-gratifying too.'

'I never was rich, Mr Cooper, and I could not give much away, but I never put down my name as a donor. E. W. answered all purposes; and as to its being a penance, I never did any penance in my life, nor very likely ever will.'

'Oh! Miss Wyndham, you evangelicals are so hot—a simple dissyllable raises your feathers in a moment.'

'You mean as regards penance?'

'Yes; now pray listen to me while I define the thing. Had you no other means at command to raise a certain sum of money for some godly scheme, and you were aware that you could possess it by dispensing with some favourite article of dress, would you not consider it very meritorious to do so? We shall suppose those pretty knots of riband of varied hues, worn by young ladies at the throat in front of their dresses—you would regret them, I am sure.'

'First, I do not think any person is entitled to any style of dress which leaves them nothing to give away; but, as that does not answer your question, I shall leave it for the present. I do not consider not wearing a neck-riband, because you particularly liked it, as doing a meritorious deed, because there is nothing wrong in wearing such a thing. Besides, one must keep in mind that all we do is not of any favour in God's sight; that all are such —'

'Oh, I see, Miss Wyndham, you have been brought up to the regular evangelical phrases. I never knew any one of them who could rightly define their faith; they have a few general phrases, which they are instructed how to bring forward with good effect, when the spirit of the thing waneth.'

Margaret thought his last speech very rude, so she turned a little, and without answering him, began a conversation with Mrs Holmdon, who was sitting almost at her other side.

'What would you say, Mrs Holmdon, with regard to giving? Do you consider it in the light of a penance, or of a grateful offering?'

'My dear, I consider it only as very small evidence of our faith. I think, "if ye love me, ye keep my commandments," and surely giving was one of them?'

'Yes,' said Margaret, musingly. Her thoughts were wandering a little, and she had asked the question almost mechanically.

'Did you ever,' said the blind lady, 'read a book bearing very much on that subject, by a Mr Arthur, formerly a missionary in India? It is called the 'Successful Merchant:' a memoir of a British merchant.'

'Mrs Holmdon,' said Mr Cooper, 'are you aware that the book you recommend to Miss Wyndham is from the pen of a dissenter?'

'I know it well,' said Margaret; 'it does honour to his head and heart. It is a valuable work; and had you seen its circulation, as I have, among a mercantile community, you would say so too.'

'I can imagine so; it is the most truthful memoir I have ever met, for it is not varnished, at least apparently so. Do you remember the plain straightforward letters?'

'But, Mrs Holmdon, he is a Methodist. Surely Dr Wyndham would not approve of Miss Wyndham's perusal of such a book?'

'He would, indeed; highly too.'

The reverend gentleman was struck dumb, and took the opportunity of the ladies being engaged by mutual remarks, to turn and converse with some others a little farther off. Mrs Holmdon and Margaret sat chatting for some time, in a pleasant cheerful vein, more than once laughing heartily at the effect their very unorthodox opinions had had on Mr Cooper, and congratulating themselves and each other, that their library was not confined to the productions of what is called 'good churchmen.' Good as they may be in one respect, they, with very few

exceptions, make bad authors for simple-minded women.

About half-an-hour elapsed, and the handle of the door was turned rapidly, to admit some one who was certainly very late. There was no servant announcing first, but every eye in sight of the door looked towards it, and every tongue in connection with the eyes exclaimed, in a breath, 'General Duckett;' and a tall, military-looking man advanced, directing his course to the head of the room, where Mrs Jones, who was in earnest conversation with Mrs Wyndham, rose to meet him.

'Mrs Jones, I claim the privilege of an old friend, to come to your house without an invitation, though I believe —'

'Oh! General,' said Mrs Jones, squeezing her hands tightly together, to produce an appearance of calmness, in order to lead people to suppose that the General was in the habit of dropping in in a friendly way, and she did not wish it to be seen how very elated she was at so unexpected an occurrence. 'Oh! General, you know how very welcome you always are, and indeed the girls called the other day at your house, to inquire if there was any use in writing a note.'

'My servants told me so; and you see I have anticipated your invitation by appearing in person, and also' (turning to Matilda, who advanced eagerly) 'to thank my fair young friends for the trouble they took on my account.'

'Oh,' said Matilda, 'we never heard you were home.'

'You could scarcely,' he said, 'for I am about an hour out of the carriage, and you see I have lost no time. I really could not resist the temptation;' and he bowed and smiled with such irresistible good humour, that Matilda was quite charmed, and passed rapidly through her mind a debate as to the respective merits of Sir Stephen and General Duckett, thinking that, after all, though the latter was much older, he was far pleasanter, and had the most money.

In the meantime Mrs Jones was saying to herself, 'What a fortunate circumstance! I wonder what Mrs Wyndham thinks?—dropping in so intimate-looking, and he is so pleasant

to-night, not at all in one of his stately humours. I wonder if I should introduce them. He certainly is their principal parishioner.'

But all doubt was speedily put to flight, by his politely disengaging himself from Matilda's attentions, turning round to where Mrs Wyndham sat, and shaking her warmly by the hand. It was the greeting of old friends, none could mistake it—mutual inquiries, and then the question, 'My daughters?' with Mrs Wyndham's light laugh, and the answer, 'They are both here; there is Margaret.' 'Daughters! why, had the General come back insane?' Many listeners thought so, for he strode across into the anteroom, where Margaret was in view, and seized vehemently both her hands.

'My dear child, how very well you are looking.'

'And feeling too.'

'Was I not a true prophet of what the air here would do for you? Frances also?'

'Very well; you cannot see her from here.'

'In that case, then, I shall go and speak to her, and return for a chat with you, except you will accompany me to where she is.'

'No, I thank you,' said Margaret, thinking she had been made quite prominent enough already by his impetuous manner of meeting her. 'You will find me here on your return.'

'Au revoir,' he said, gaily, and turned away.

Frances was talking to Sir Stephen Norris, had seen his *entrée*, and the sensation caused thereby; and though too far off to hear his voice, when he spoke to Mrs and Miss Jones, the bright twinkle of his little grey eye, which she very well knew, showed him bent on some mischief. He shook hands with her, with Sir Stephen, and one or two unavoidable cases in their vicinity. Dr Wyndham was between two ladies, firmly wedged in, and they were boring him with some lengthy remarks as to the boring of some font, and certainly the font must have been a mild case compared to his. He looked regularly victimised, being only able to extend one arm, and with the hand belonging to it meet that of General Duckett, as he passed along the room.

'Frances,' said the latter gentleman, 'I have just arrived this evening from my travels. I was in Ousely last Sunday morning; that is to say, I went to church at All Saints. I sat in a little pew near your old one; and now what am I to receive in return for the news I bring?'

'There is no hurry,' said she, blushing not a little. 'Take until to-morrow to consider your terms, and let me have the information then.'

'I am greatly afraid, if I agree to that arrangement, you are not likely to hear much for a few weeks more; for I expect to be far on the way to London to-morrow. Will you have it now? or will you wait until we all return—a month, probably, or six weeks hence?' And he watched her puzzled face maliciously.

'I do not want to hear anything,' said Frances. 'You can tell me nothing that I cannot hear quite as well through that admirable system originated and organised by Rowland Hill. My thanks are due to him, and not to you, General Duckett.'

'And what if I should be enlisted under the banners of that worthy man, and be the conveyance of half-a-dozen sheets of foolscap at the least, and a brown paper parcel. How will you arrange satisfactorily to get possession of them? Eh, fair lady!'

'Why,' said Frances, 'if the intelligence be all on paper, I am not afraid of anything you can say; you really assume rather more knowledge than the case warrants. Speak boldly, if you please to do so; I don't mind anything you ever say.'

'Do you not indeed?' said he, glancing at Sir Stephen, as if to intimate he was within hearing. 'Well, I went, as I told you, to All Saints' Church, and there I read the responses out of a little prayer-book with a silver clasp, which I stole out of a bed of rose leaves in a certain drawing-room. And after I said my last "Amen," I went back to that drawing-room—it is in Clare Street. I do not remember replacing the prayer-book.' (Frances winced.) 'And then I took some bread-and-butter, and then we talked (had you been there only to hear!) for the space of three hours; and we walked, and of course talked, for two more; and now, as that is a general ac-

count merely, I shall try a particular one —'

'I beg your pardon,' said Frances, interrupting him. 'Papa is released, and is signing to you to take a seat beside him; you had better do so, I think. I know he wants to see you.'

'I am sorry he does, for I am at present engaged. I am busy, Franklin,' he called across; 'I will be your way in about half-an-hour. Sir Stephen, don't go away, I beg, for I want you to mollify this young lady for me; I am off for a chat with her sister.'

'Anything else?' said Sir Stephen, quietly.

'What do you mean, sir? This young lady has infected you with a little of her impertinence. I will tell you a secret, for I know you are as safe as the Bank of England. But "tell it not in Gath." My object in coming home this time was to see my old friends; on my arrival, I was preparing to spend an evening with them, when I was told of the festivity here; also, that the young ladies had been to my house with a note, which, however, they took away again. I made a rapid toilet, and am here, as you see. What are you staring at now?'

'I am petrified at your assurance. I do not know how you acquired it. Had it been my case now, I do not know what I could have said. The bold face with which you told our hostess you could not resist the temptation?'

'Perfectly true, every word of it. Mrs Jones did not ask me what the temptation was, and would you have had me volunteer the information that I came to see my little girls, this you understand being one. *You* would have gone up and said some polite speech, with parentheses explaining the true state of the case, till you would have set every flower in Miss Ann's hair quivering with wrathful indignation.'

'I had not known that you and Dr Wyndham's family were such old friends.'

'Why, I mended Miss Frances' first doll for her; did I not, Fan?'

'I do not intend to speak to you, General Duckett, for many a day. You are very disagreeable to-night, and I wish you would go and annoy Margaret for a little, and leave me to

my own resources; she has far more of the Job in her composition than I have.'

'Oh! I see; the parcel and the letter.'

No answer from Frances.

'Well, let us make peace; we cannot kiss like naughty children's reconciliations, for the people would raise such a hubbub. But I will tell you the best way to make it even. You will give in to my side of the argument on last New-year's night, about the Georgium Sidus, and I will give into your hands the parcel and letter.'

'Agreed.'

'Very well. Now mark this, Sir Stephen. I never miss an opportunity of making a woman submit to me, even in a trifle. This young lady held out for six months, and behold! she yields to-night. As a reward for her submission, I shall do myself the honour of stating, Miss Frances, that I sent it to your house before I left home to-night, with directions for your Phillis to place it on your dressing-table, that it might greet your eyes on your arrival at home. That is capital,' said he, laughing. 'I must go and tell Margaret of my victory.'

'One moment, if you please. I made a full and true confession of my mistake before six creditable witnesses three months ago, as my sister will tell you. So your victory ranks about as high as mine. And another thing, I was not convinced by anything you said. My cousin's remarks had both reason and method in them; I gave in to his clear statement.'

'Your cousin has another clear statement to make,' said her tormentor; 'but I imagine some of your family will be more difficult to convince than you were on the other occasion. I am afraid my friend the doctor does not fully appreciate his "*reason and method*".'

He turned away, and Frances felt very glad to be enabled to turn her conversation also. It had taken a turn by no means agreeable in such a public place; and Sir Stephen, who saw the annoyance in the increasing shadow of her bright eyes, good-naturedly exerted himself to give her thoughts a new direction. Either he succeeded pretty well, or the thought of the fairy talisman peeping into her

looking-glass at home acted as a charm, for in five minutes she was as sunny as ever.

'Now, Margaret,' said General Duckett, 'open confession is good for the soul; in other words, tell me, have you fixed with whom here you will deposit your heart?'

'No indeed,' she said, laughing; 'heart-whole still; I am faithful to you. Now, you need not look so dejected upon it; I am not five-and-thirty yet, so you have a good many years still before you will be obliged to take pity on me.'

'What has my old friend Sir Stephen been about? Do you not like him?'

'A little; I scarcely know him; and he is decidedly not a pushing person. Another thing: I question if the Landeris ladies would approve of my setting my cap at their head boy, and possession being nine points of the law, I shall not dispute the tenth. I will continue in a state of peaceful celibacy, rather than peril life and limb in such an attempt.'

'But you are not so absurd as to fancy that he has any leaning to such a tribe of Huns as those around us?'

'Why not? His brother has; and why may not he?'

'Not at all,' he shook his head; 'he has lived among these people, and studied them, for ten or twelve years. Depend upon it, none of them are got by heart.'

'A younger generation?'

'He will never have anything to say to one of them. I could not reconcile that to my mind. The idea of Lady Norris being any one of the present roomful (with the usual exception, of course), is a disgusting, revolting idea. Faugh!'

'Speaking mildly.'

'Yes, speaking mildly, indeed. Now look at those fat Whittlefields. How awful to contemplate and think, if you pounded the whole seven in a mortar, and took the good points of each, you would not make a Christian helpmate for any man.'

'If they are nothing else, I affirm they are good Christians.'

'Because they have not smartness enough to be anything else. They have been trained up in the way they should go, and if their lives depended

on it, they could not go out of it. I declare, I should die of ennui in a week, if I were married to one of them.'

'Wouldn't they make good step-mothers?'

'Yes, if they could select step-children fac-similes of themselves. But can it be possible! Oh!' (with a groan) 'I am afraid it is. Selina is going to play. Fates defend us! and Hannah too!'

'Come, girls,' Mr Whittlefield was saying, in an encouraging way, 'give us your best, and we'll be satisfied; we'll not be too severe. There is a pedal a-piece for you. Give us the 'Drum Waltz;' one, two, three. Hannah is not high enough. Mr Smith, would you be so good as to give my daughter a music-book? Thank you. All right; away we go.'

And the red faces grew redder, and they looked at each other for encouragement; and Selina whispered, 'Are you ready?' and Hannah replied, 'Yes; are you?' to which Selina replied with her first chord; and Hannah, shocked to find Selina so far ahead of her, endeavoured to make up for lost time, which she did so well, that she not only overtook her, but shot far in advance, causing Selina to cry, 'Wait, wait!' which Hannah did. But Selina, in her confusion, omitted the bar entirely where Hannah was intended to strike in. And after some progressions of bass solo, seeing no hope of anything better, she left Selina and the company to the enjoyment of the first part, and struck boldly into the second. Selina laboured on, and counted her time with most exemplary exactness, while Hannah, seeing matters were not as they should be, hoped they would right themselves in time. But, as Hannah never was 'in time,' it may account for their not doing so. For certain it is, though she scrambled as fast as she was able to the foot of the last of her leaves, Selina was only then at the top of hers, and when Hannah 'laid down her arms,' the audience were treated to another bass solo, though of greater length, by the plodding Selina, who always gave the world honestly its due, and did not, like the naughty man and woman in the Bible, keep a

little back for her own use on a future occasion.

Now, Mrs Whittlefield knew nothing whatever of music. She did not know 'Jenny Jones' from 'God save the Queen;' she had her daughters taught, as a matter of course—just much in the way she would have left their measure for a pair of shoes. Both, she thought, indispensable for company, and she was quite satisfied with her daughters' performance. But their father, who had a sort of idea about a few old tunes, was quite delighted, and patted their necks, redder than ever after such unwonted exercise, and handed them to seats, saying, 'Thank you—thank you, my dears! I am sure we are all very much obliged to you. Perhaps, Miss Smith, you would favour us?'

'Oh, with pleasure! What will you have? A song?'

'Thank you; exactly what I was wishing for.'

'I really, though, must ask Sam to accompany me; I get so foolishly nervous when I attempt doing it for myself.'

'Perhaps you could persuade him to join you.'

'I will try what I can do for you.'

So she retired out of hearing with Sam, to supply him with the part he was intended to enact; and this done, he led her to the piano, and seated himself.

'Heaven defend us!' said the General *sotto voce* to Margaret; 'are Sam and his sister going to sing? Why, this is a new dodge to me indeed.'

Sam cleared his throat, and Leona gave one or two affected little 'hems,' while he played his prelude, and all my musical readers will feel their ears tingle with tantalisation, when they hear what a treat they missed:—

'My pretty page, look out afar,
And tell me what you see.'

Words failed to convey an impression of the way in which this charming little ballad was given; at any rate, it is doing it no injustice to say, 'it was powerfully done.' The accompaniment alone was, as the critics say, 'a rich treat;' it was entirely, every note (as Leona afterwards assured Frances Wyndham), original; and I must say that, if the crash of hands could be

considered at all equivalent to the 'clash of arms,' supposed to be alluded to at the 'rumbling of the war,' full justice was done to all parts.

Poor General Duckett—he was to be pitied. Meeting the Smiths in company always depressed his organ of veneration; and whilst the song was being sung, he concealed himself behind Margaret's chair. There he abandoned himself to a hearty peal of laughter, trusting to the noisy accompaniment to drown his voice; while Margaret cried out at intervals, 'Oh shame!' 'General Duckett, you are acting disgracefully!' 'Once for all, I'll leave my seat; you shall not disgrace me the way you are doing!'

'Oh, do be quiet! they are almost at the end.' 'General Duckett, if you have no regard for public opinion as to your own conduct, pray have some for the probable strictures on mine.'

The last appeal had some effect, for he raised his head, though with difficulty, and stared hard at a very melancholy-looking old lady sitting opposite; who, in consequence of being very deaf, heard little or nothing of what was going on. This device seemed to be resorted to in the hope that her grave face would affect his laughing one, and convey a sufficient amount of decorum to allow of his facing the company, when their attention would be released by the cessation of the song.

'Miss Wyndham, do you play?'

'Miss Jones,' vociferated the General, glad to relieve himself by a volley of words—'Miss Jones, I had the honour of standing at the font at Miss Wyndham's baptism, representative of one of her sponsors, and, as she has never seen fit formally to dismiss me from my self-imposed office, I think I am but adhering to the rubric in not considering her yet come to years of discretion. And I accordingly make it a matter of conscience always to promise and vow as many things in her name as possible; so you must reconsider your question, and put it in an improved form to me.'

Miss Jones looked puzzled. She was not quite sure whether the General was humbugging her or not, but Margaret answered, quietly, 'I do play, Miss Jones, a little.'

'This,' said her elderly friend, 'is

what I call the extreme of insubordination.' Margaret, in reply to a request of her hostess, was rising. 'Margaret, sit down until you have my permission to go. Ah, she's gone! This will never do. A *votre service*,' he said, as he gave Margaret his arm. 'Now, hear me —'

'Norma,' broke in Margaret.

'No,' he said; 'be attentive to what I am about to say. I must go home when you have given a song. I have two hours' work before I go to bed, and I start (D. V.) early. So let me have the prayer from 'Mose in Egitto' before I go. It is so long since I heard it, it will be like old times to hear old Rossini in his beauty again.'

'I do not think, godfather, that would answer for such an audience. All very well for one to enjoy it quietly in the old drawing-room at —'

'Pooh, my dear, I beg you won't talk in such a way to me. I am determined to have it; and if you think 'Old Joe' would suit them better, you can sing it for them when I am gone.'

She sat down, he standing beside her. All the mothers in the room turned to watch and listen to a daughter; all the young ladies ready for criticism, and the gentlemen hunting up superlatives to bring in at the close. How clear, and yet how mellow—how soft, and yet how thrillingly, her voice rose and fell; the master-thoughts were given by a finger gliding on in wondrous unison with the voice, that 'the boldest held his breath for a time,' spell-bound—I know no other word—partly because the singing was really good, and partly because it was so unexpected. She had never said, 'I only play Beethoven,' or, 'Don't you adore Mendelssohn?' or, 'Pray, what school have you studied in?' as the Miss Beckfords did. Nor did she talk incessantly of '*my* master,' as Miss Jane Simpson did, as if he was no one else's master. She had never been heard to say, as Sarah Burleigh often did, 'I hope no one will ask me to play to-night, there are so many good players in the room'—a sorry cover-dish for vanity-pie; or again, 'I shall not be able to sing if I am asked to-night, for I feel a hoarseness coming on—a gentle hint to be asked at once, before it came. I would scorn the

Wyndhams, as I do all girls guilty of such egotistical trickery, and always try if possible to disappoint them, if they were guilty of such a thing; but thank Heaven, and the father and mother who brought them up, they were above it.

Shortly after, General Duckett

slipped home, and the evening lagged on wearily enough. Not a few were glad to lay their heads on their pillows, it had been such a dull evening to some; and one and all looked forward to comparing notes the next day on what had passed, as the pleasantest part of it all.

CHAPTER VII.—IN WHICH 'TO-MORROW' BECOMES 'TO-DAY.'

'The whole town was full of it. That is a charm in a little town, everybody is so sympathetically full of the same events. . . . And, indeed, I had little idea at the time how such sayings and doings were the seeds of such great events in Dunscombe.'—MR HARRISON'S 'CONFESSIONS.'

'A man must serve his time to every trade
Save censure—critics all are ready-made.'—BYRON.

If you wished to give a party with very great *éclat*, and had your own choice of a *locale*, take my advice, and choose a country-town. Weigh carefully all the advantages you have in a city—of numbers, confectioners, and musicians—against those in a small place, such as this book attempts to portray. In the larger town, you bring together, after infinite trouble, vexation, mortification, and disappointment, your acquaintances. Perhaps, though, the very persons you most wished for are pre-engaged, or send you a very lame apology. Others come, however, and you do your utmost to make the night pass off pleasantly and successfully; and what is the result? Some who came go away, and style the whole 'a vast bore.' They went because they could not help it: Mrs Fitzandrews is such a touchy person. Frightfully slow the whole affair, but had nothing better in hands for that evening. A few criticise the supper; others throw off all recollection even of the dresses when they put off their own; and others turn to another *soirée dansante*, held elsewhere the succeeding night, whose brilliancy tenfold eclipses yours.

But, on the other hand, look at a country neighbourhood. No sooner are your plans matured than they take wings, and, like the cricket, have a chirp on every hearth; so that it would be a bold spirit, could even such be found, who would arrange a party on the same day, thereby leaving all the eligible beaux at your beckon, and all the playing ladies without a shadow of an apology.

Then the interest, as I said in the last chapter, which every one takes in your arrangements. Why, your

entire credit is at stake for the success.

Again, if you are merely a guest, think what an advantage it is to know the tactics of all the groups as they enter. Everybody has advised about everybody else's dress, and everybody is curious to see everybody in the dress aforesaid. You wonder if Mr A. will dance more with Miss B., or with Miss C.; if with Miss C., you have knowledge enough of Miss B.'s mamma to know exactly what she will think and say on the subject. You know Miss P. is saying, in an audible voice, 'that she disapproves of cards, novel-reading, and dancing,' in order to attract that lauky curate, who is within hearing.

You know exactly what things are best worth paying attention to, with regard to what will be the leading feature in the next day's gossip. For know, unsophisticated reader, that in Landeris this was considered by far the most amusing part of the entertainment; and wo to the absent or strangers, when a knot of these domestic politicians met for 'the feast of reason and the flow of soul.'

Now Mrs Selwyn, of all the townspeople, had been the only absent person on the previous evening, and it was but kind and friendly that a few friends should run in, to give her the earliest intimation of the success of Miss Jones' undertaking. This lady was not present herself: she would not have considered it dignified to have trumpeted her own fame. But Mrs Simpson was there; and Mrs Burleigh, notwithstanding she had half-a-mile to come, was there; and Miss Cooper, who had spent the night at Mrs Rolleston's, was there; and Miss

Smith was there; and Dr Price was there; and Mr King, who had come over from Wickham, Mr Cooper's parish, for the purpose of driving Miss Cooper home, was there; and Mr Cooper, who seldom went to the widow's now, was not there: but he was the only missing member of all these families we have named.

Certainly 'We are among friends,' Mrs Burleigh's opening remark, had been the 'Open sesame' to some of the most severe speeches that it ever was the lot of any circle of people to make.

* * * * *

'Girls,' said Dr Wyndham, as they sat at breakfast, 'you must either send to the post-office for your letters, or go yourselves. I have some business at the Registrar's Office at Plimton, and I must start early.'

'Very well, papa, we will see to it.' Frances stood in a window, very irrelative, for some minutes; internally, a contest waged between inclination and duty. One kept rising every moment, and beating the other down, which rose as quickly to the surface, now in turn the victor. At last duty conquered, by the help of her two little sisters, who entered the room, as she debated on the right and wrong. 'Are your lessons ready, children?' She half-hoped they would say 'No;' it would be a little respite.

'Oh yes,' they said, eagerly. Her heart sunk. But they added immediately, 'Margaret said you had something to do, and she is going to teach us this morning, in the dining-room; we have cleared the writing-table in your room for you.'

'Thank you, dears,' she said; adding inwardly, and Margaret also.

An hour or two elapsed, and Margaret entered their room, with two bouquets of flowers in her hand, carefully tied up.

'Ready, Frances?'

'How kind of you, Margaret, to take the children; I was so reluctant to call them. I felt as if I had not an idea to devote to them.'

'Of course not; I did not expect you would. But do you really wish to walk this morning?'

'I do; I want to talk with you. But what do you intend doing with the flowers?'

'One is for Mrs Selwyn; she seemed so pleased with those we gave her the other day. I could not help thinking of her last night. Every one we know here was present, and she must have been sitting all alone in her little parlour. I think of myself often as an old maid in some such cottage, and you and Edward as civil as you are capable of being to a cranky old woman.'

'My dear Margaret, there is no such picture in my whole collection. The conception is so very imperfect, I would not admit it for one moment. But the other bouquet?'

'Miss Holmdon asked me last night for some. See! all her grandmother's favourites are there.'

'Do you not think it was an odd request, as you are, you may say, almost a stranger to her?'

'No; I liked her for it, and I told her so: she did it so naturally, and spoke so pleasingly. I do not think she wished her grandmother to hear her, for she lowered her voice almost to a whisper when she asked me.'

'Sir Stephen Norris is to me rather like an admirer of hers. He asked me last night if I did not think she had a very pretty face; and when I agreed with him in thinking it such an attractive one, he looked quite alarmed at having said so much, and launched forth into breathless praise of all the plain people in the room.'

'He need not be afraid of us turning tell-tales. I dislike very much that practice of trumpeting to all comers every little symptom of passing admiration one sees in society—it is very indelicate. Sir Stephen heard her make the request last night, and he said, in a rather reproachful tone, "Miss Holmdon, you are passing me by for a recent acquaintance. I do not of course intend any disrespect to Miss Wyndham, but a few flowers are the only return I can make for much you have given me."—"I am not aware you are in my debt, Sir Stephen," said she, in a proud voice; "and as to passing by old friends, why, the thing is done every day."—Sir Stephen looked stunned, but at last said, in a forced way, "Yes, you have given me a great deal of good advice, which ——" "Was not taken," she said, interrupting him, "so all is even."

I do not think people ever quarrel in that sort of way, without a mutual understanding at some time previous.

'What was General Duckett telling papa over in that window so long?'

'Of the letter he brought for you, and some of the contents.'

'As much, I suppose, as had been told him. But I am sorry Edward placed such confidence in him; he is a traitor to our cause, I know.'

'You are wronging him, Frances; he had given a promise to repeat Edward's arguments verbatim. I know he did so.'

'Yes; and when asked his own opinion afterwards, gave it against us. I know his way of old.'

'Be reasonable now, Frances. He has always been accustomed to have plenty of money; he has a different idea of its relative value from what we would have, and a rise in an income of fifty pounds a-year seems to him but a feather's weight. And when papa said, to tell him candidly, were his own child's prospects in debate, would he consent? he was forced to say "No," adding—"but no child of mine has contentment or sweetness enough to put up with a lodging and a drawing-room two feet by one larger than the one in Clare Street. There lies the difference." To this, he told me, papa shook his head, and poor Edward's fate was sealed.'

'And mamma?'

'Did not know anything of it until we came home. As I was going upstairs, papa followed me, and said, "If Frances tells you of her letter, you had better come down and talk to your mother about it." I did so, and they desired me to tell you the result of the conference; but, as you were asleep when I came up, I had to postpone it until this morning.'

'I only pretended to sleep. I was not in mood to talk; the long debate down-stairs foreboded opposition to me, and I knew, if the decision was good, you would have awakened me to communicate it; and now I am determined, as my friends will not allow me my own way in one thing, I will take it in another; and from this day forward, I shall lose no opportunity of flirting with every gentleman I meet,

until mamma's hair will stand on end with horror and indignation.'

'Frances, are you mad?'

'Far from it, except with indignation at old Duckett.'

'You will not do him justice, I see; you do not know your best friends. I will tell you what he told to me, though not to papa. He went to Ouseley for the sole purpose of having an interview with the heads of the firm, to whom he had introductory letters, to persuade them to release Edward from the five years' engagement, and thus enable him to accept a more lucrative one. To which they replied, "They were too well aware of the value of Mr Celbridge as a foreign correspondent, to allow of parting with him at all under the time he had bound himself." It was then the addition to his salary, though a small one, was made; it was the only concession they would make. So you see what a blameable person "Old Duckett," as you please to call him, is; and as to papa and mamma, they are as sorry as can be for your disappointment. Don't you see it in their faces when they address you? and papa, in a fit of absence of mind, helped you four times to butter during breakfast. How affectionately he watched your face as you came into the room, to see how you bore it, and they had asked me so many questions beforehand:—"How you looked." "What you had said." "Did I think you would be able to take any breakfast?" &c. &c. Do you not see this long ride to Plimton is only a ruse to get away from you, and have an opportunity of schooling himself to do what he knew to be best for you? Mamma cried, and said it reminded her of the life of hope deferred she led when engaged to papa; and she might, for all I know to the contrary, have been crying until morning; but papa cheered her up, by reminding her how happily all had ended, and how comfortable we all were together now, and how we enjoyed our prosperity after those probationary years. Indeed, Frances, you are most ungrateful. Here you are murmuring and repining, and abusing your best friends, who have been doing their utmost to compass your happiness, &c. &c.'

And Margaret bestowed on her re-

fractory sister so sound a homily, that by the time they had reached the post-office, Miss Frances was as docile and tractable a young lady as was ever met. The daily mail had not yet arrived, so they decided to walk on and leave the flowers with Miss Holmdon, returning in time to receive whatever portion of the contents of the mail-bag might fall to their share.

They were shown into the library, where sat the old lady, with her embossed Bible on her knees, reading to herself. She rose on hearing their voices, and gave them a warm greeting, adding many grateful words for the fragrant nosegay. Presently, Annette, not knowing of their arrival, ran in to ask advice from her grandmother as to some household duty she was performing. Margaret could not wonder at Sir Stephen's admiration; she looked the picture of some fresh little rosebud, so bright and smiling, so neat and ladylike, with smooth glossy hair, and clean cambric morning-dress; throat and wrists encompassed with what Mr Cooper styled 'her Puritan bands,' plain stitched linen, which might in some people have given them a 'formal' look, but not to pretty Annette Holmdon, who was nature itself in her sunniest mood.

'Flowers, my dear, the Miss Wyndhams brought us.'

'Thank you both very much.' Annette looked as well as spoke her thanks.

'We have been trying to make an apology for such an early call,' said Frances; 'but Margaret had cut the flowers, and she seemed determined they should not suffer by being exposed to the rays of the sun, as it grew hotter, for she started at once with them.'

'Do not think it is at all too early; but grandmamma was tired after last night's dissipation, and we were very late at breakfast. Do not look shocked at my apron, I forgot I had it still on; and, taking off her housekeeping garment, she folded it up, and went on. 'I had a presentiment all morning I should receive a bouquet of flowers from some good soul, and I had two vases of fresh water left on that table ready to put them in at once;' and drawing them towards her, with a laugh directed to Margaret,

she commenced the arrangement of the flowers.

'Why, my dear,' said Mrs Holmdon, 'I think it a very curious circumstance that you should get a bunch of flowers on the very day and hour you expected you should—a most extraordinary incident.'

'Not at all, grandmamma; I do not think it at all strange, when we have so many kind friends, who are always thinking of how they will please us; we are always receiving kindness without intermission. Smell that wall-flower.'

'But, my dear, that Miss Wyndham should have thought of us! Now, if it had been Sir Stephen, who is so kind as to bring us them very often, I would not wonder.'

Annette looked uneasily at her visitors, and said, slowly, lowering her voice as she spoke, 'A fortnight ago his last were quite withered.' Then suddenly resuming her usual manner, said, quickly, 'Were you late home last night?'

Frances replied, but Margaret was thinking of some fine hothouse flowers Sir Stephen had ridden over with to them but a few days before, but being obliged to take a part in the conversation going forward, she forgot the whole circumstance, until some months afterwards another train of events recalled all that had passed this morning; and she wondered how shortsighted she had then been.

* * * * *

'So they speak French well?' said Mrs Simpson, alluding, as may be guessed, to the Wyndhams.

No answer from any one.

'Keep no man-servant in the house, I hear?' was heard from Mrs Burleigh.

'Dooood good fweet,' said little Sam Smith, who was always thinking more or less of his own two.

'Very proud,' said Sarah Burleigh.

'Disagreeable,' said Miss Smith.

'Flirt awfully. Don't you think so?' replied the young lady addressed, finding her neighbour likely to agree with her in the *summum bonum*.

'Perhaps I did not see that eldest one with the General!'

'Yes; and the other with Sir Stephen. I could scarcely believe my eyes when I saw him take her down to supper. And he was intended for

mamma; Mrs Jones told us so. Of course, that Frances made him do it.

'Scandalous.'

'Scandalous, indeed.'

'I will tell you something I heard; but don't tell I told it, for people are always blaming me, you know. Well, after Sam and I had sung, I was sitting beside the second one, and the General came across, and said something to her, I did not hear what. But she said, "How is she now?" and both looked towards the eldest one, who was talking to Miss Cooper, and he said, "She is better now, but she never was nearer having a fit in her life. I thought she would have fallen on the floor;" and the girl said, "Hush! hush!" Depend upon it, she is subject to fits. Wouldn't it have been a scene if she had taken one in the room? I suppose excitement of any kind brings them on.'

'How awful!' said Miss Burleigh. 'I wonder if Sir Stephen knows! Of course they are in the family. He ought to be told. But who would do it?'

'I cannot tell; but I wish for his own sake he knew it.'

'Poor man!'

'Poor creature!'

Both these young ladies had their eyes of futurity on Prenderley, and felt much aggrieved at the supposed tactics of the new arrivals.

In a few minutes, Miss Leanora's secret had crept round the room, and

just when all the recipients were full in the expression of their horror, the innocent causes entered the room, for the purpose of presenting a few flowers gathered from what had been in old times Mrs Selwyn's flower-garden. They were certainly unprepared for the very full room they were ushered into, being such a very early hour in the day; and it was a formidable effort to greet all those assembled acquaintances, and start a little conversation to replace the very personal one they had interrupted. But, as their partial old friend General Duckett once observed, 'the girls were equal to any emergency;' and this being undoubtedly one, they exerted themselves to the utmost, to relieve, if possible, their poor frightened little hostess, who, having in vain endeavoured to stem the torrent of condemnation poured out before, now looked and felt as if she were justly punished for allowing such remarks to be passed under her roof. She felt very much relieved when a few daring spirits, finding themselves what is called 'extinguished,' rose to take their leave, mentally resolving to have it out another time. And they kept their resolution, for the subject of Miss Jones' party lasted the good people for conversation for many days, and all the rival factions felt the agreeable change it was to join in the attack on a common foe; and village and suburbs tasted the sweets of unanimity for no little time.

CHAPTER VIII.—HOW FATHER TIME'S WING BRUSHED OUR FRIENDS DURING A FEW WEEKS OF THAT PLEASANT SUMMER.

'A blue-eyed child that sits amid the noon,
O'erhung with a laburnum's drooping sprays,
Singing her little songs, while softly round
Along the grass the chequer'd sunshine plays.

All beauty that is throned in womanhood,
Pacing a summer garden's fountain'd walks,
That stoops to smooth a glossy spaniel down,
To hide her blushing cheek from one who talks.

A happy mother, with her fair-faced girls,
In whose sweet spring her youth again she sees,
With shout, and dance, and laugh, and bound, and song,
Stripping the autumn's orchard-laden trees.

An aged woman, sitting in a wintry room,
Frost on the pane, without the whistling snow,
Reading old letters of her far-off youth,
Of sorrows past, and joys of long ago.'

BENNETT'S 'FOUR SEASONS.'

Time passed on a little, bringing few material changes in those we have lately been seeing something of. Not-

withstanding much severe criticism, the Wyndhams were making way; they are such favourites of mine, I

cannot wonder at it, though many did, and amongst the number was Miss Jones. She could not make anything of them; they would not permit her intimacy, but, as they seemed to be on equal terms with all their neighbours, and as they joined no particular clique, she had no excuse for taking any active part for or against them. General Duckett had never made his appearance since his brilliant *entrée* the night of their party, and it was always pleasant to think of the startling effect his presence so unexpectedly among her guests had caused—the whole entertainment was a never-failing subject of conversation when the Jones family were *en famille*. Mrs Jones grumbled much at the expense—she was rather of the disposition of John Gilpin's 'loving spouse'—and talked incessantly of the economy they must practise in consequence; but her daughters generally silenced her remarks in their usual impetuous manner, feeling they had achieved a social victory over Mrs Simpson and others of their neighbours, who had humbly followed in their wake; to that economy was nothing in comparison. In consequence of this, the poor old lady was obliged to wait for their walking-hour each day to take a peep at the bills, which she kept quite secretly in a table-drawer; but invariably, just as she reached a certain point, Ann and Matilda were sure to knock at the door, and in the scuffle to conceal the memorandums, their order was entirely deranged, making it imperative to commence all over again the next opportunity. That was the real result of it all to her, poor woman.

Little Nannie Selwyn had grown pretty stout again, and was fairly installed as plaything to the Rectory children. They, though several years older, liked her pretty baby ways quite as well as her gentle mamma liked their winning, graceful sisters; and Margaret and Frances, in return, liked the transparently-honest mind and genial nature of the widow. Her shrinking timidity and ignorance of the world made her in a kind of way dependent on their brave spirits, and made them feel pleasure in helping her to be courageous, and not to fear measuring people and things by her

own truthful natural judgment, instead of the artificial substitute she was inclined to draw from those around her. Of gentlemen visitors, Sir Stephen Norris was certainly the most frequent; but, as a cross-road led from Prenderley to the Rectory without passing through the village, Matilda Jones knew not how many soft June and July evenings, and sunny mornings too, a book, a newspaper, a flower, a coming parish-meeting, or some other trivial excuse, turned Sir Stephen's horse towards the Rectory gate. Once turned towards it, it is not unnatural to suppose he went under the limes and elms to the door; and if his master was only fortunate enough to find Dr Wyndham at home, he was sure of an invitation to 'rest his horse;' and by a little tact the horse's master succeeded in getting the Rectory's master to return to the writing he had interrupted, and hand him over to the ladies for further entertainment; and the ladies could not help suggesting his remaining for tea, especially when he complained of the dulness of Prenderley, as his brother had to go over to the Priory every day, to assist the Miss Burleighs, who were superintending improvements in their flower-garden.

To Mrs Holmdon all the Wyndhams were frequent visitors, though the Rectory was too distant for the old lady to reach often, and Annette seldom came alone. Her grandmamma had made a request of Mrs Wyndham, that she would allow her daughters to be often with Annette, to which they all most willingly acceded; but somehow the intimacy did not progress. Frances accounted for it by saying, that whenever you are quite determined to be very intimate with any one, the very determination creates formality. It may have been so. The Wyndhams' knowledge of her devotion to her aged relative prevented them thinking her shyness the effect of design, but, as it often happens, the force of circumstances. They had come to know much more of Mrs Holmdon than any one else in the village did of her. She felt she could talk freely of all her private affairs, without the risk of having them canvassed in every house within twenty-four hours; and she found Mrs Wynd-

ham's clear head and abundant fund of common sense always at her disposal, when matters more weighty than usual called for arrangement. It was now about the first week in July—hot weather, even in the country: how much worse in the towns—and Mrs Westerton, the fashionable mother of our two friends, Sir Stephen

and Mr Norris, a lady whose constant study was to conceal the fact of her having passed the meridian of life, made her summer migration to Whitby, at which place her two sons annually paid their devoirs. And their absence seems a good time for introducing more particularly those but casually alluded to before.

(To be Continued.)

SHAMROCK LORE.

WITH A POSTSCRIPT ON THE SCOTCH THISTLE.

BY GEORGE LAWSON, PH.D., &c.

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'Through Erin's Isle,
To sport awhile,
As Love and Valour wander'd,
With Wit, the sprite,
Whose quiver bright
A thousand arrows squander'd;
Where'er they pass,
A triple grass
Shoots up, with dew-drops streaming,
As softly green
As emeralds seen
Through purest crystals gleaming!
Oh! the Shamrock, the green, immortal
Shamrock!
Chosen leaf
Of bard and chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock!
Says Valour, See,
They spring for me,
Those leafy gems of morning.
Says Love, No, no,
For me they grow,
My fragrant path adorning.
But Wit perceives
The triple leaves,
And cries, Oh! do not sever
A type that binds
Three godlike friends,
Love, Valour, Wit, for ever!
Oh! the Shamrock, the green, immortal
Shamrock!
Chosen leaf
Of bard and chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock.'

LAST year a paper on Shamrocks, from the pen of an Irish lady, appeared in the pages of *TITAN*.* In that pleasant paper, the authoress pointed out many mistakes that had been made by various writers in regard to the shamrock, and urged the claims of what she considered to be the true shamrock of Ireland. The subject being an interesting one, the Editor mentioned to me, previous to publication,

some of the results brought out, and my own opinion on the subject was expressed in a note appended to the article.

That the subject excited interest among the readers of *TITAN*, was soon evinced by the correspondence that ensued, and I have readily acceded to the Editor's request, to reconsider the whole matter, and try to clear up some of the points that remain obscure. It is not desirable, however, that this article should consist of a mere series of items of botanical, philological, and antiquarian criticism; and I therefore crave the liberty of introducing, in the first place, some general information respecting the shamrock. These preliminary paragraphs are to be found in several popular books, but the matter may be useful to those who have not been 'reading up' the subject.

In Hone's 'Every-Day Book,' and 'Year Book,' we find some curious notices of the shamrock, and its uses among the Irish on St Patrick's Day. He gives the following animated description, under 17th March:—

'This being the anniversary of the day whereon St Patrick died, it is commemorated as a high festival in the Catholic Church; and it is celebrated to his honour in that country, with every demonstration of affection for his memory as the apostle and patron saint of Ireland, that a warmhearted, enthusiastic, joyous people can possibly express. An eye-witness represents that St Patrick's Day in Dublin is a scene of festivity and mirth unequalled by anything observable in this country. From the highest to the lowest, all hearts seem inspired by the saint's beneficence.

* Vol. xxiv., p. 289.

At daybreak flags fly on the steeples, and the bells ring out incessant peals till midnight. The rich bestow their benevolence on the poor, and the poor bestow their blessings on the rich, and on each other, and on the blessed St Patrick. The "green immortal" shamrock is in every hat, sports of manly exercise exhibit the capabilities of the celebrated "shillelah," and before night many a head gives token of the application of its wonderful powers by a muscular hand. Priestly care soothes querulousness; laughter drowns casualty; innumerable bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked, jaunty lasses dance with their mirth-loving lads; old women run about with children in the hoods of their cloaks, to publicly share care-drowning cups of sweet consolation with each other; and by the union of wit, humour, and frolic, this miraculous day is prolonged till after morning dawn. A popular song on this festal occasion contains these verses:—

"Saint Patrick's the holy and tutelar man;
His beard down his bosom like Aaron's ran;
Some from Scotland, from Wales, will declare that he came,
But I care not from whence, now he's risen to fame;
The pride of the world, and his enemies scorning,
I will drink to St Patrick, to-day, in the morning!
He's a desperate big, little Brin go brag;
He will pardon our follies, and promise us joy.
By the mass, by the Pope, by St Patrick,
so long
As I live I will give him a beautiful song!
No saint is so good, Ireland's country adorning;
Then hail to St Patrick, to-day, in the morning!"

Hone also observes, as the custom of his day:—"In London St Patrick's Day is observed at court as a high festival, and the nobility crowd to pay their compliments in honour of Ireland's tutelar saint. For many years past it has been selected as an occasion for soliciting and obtaining aid to a great national object—the promotion of education. It is the anniversary of the "Benevolent Society of St Patrick," for clothing and educating children of Irish parents who need the assistance, by voluntary contribution. The festival is attended by Irishmen of different political parties and religious persuasions, and many of the highest rank. On this anniversary in 1825, the Marquis of Londonderry was in the chair, with the Duke of Leinster on his

right, and the Marquis of Lansdowne at his left hand. Several of the king's ministers and nobility were present. The report stated, that 400 children were educated in the school; the funds admitted of only 240 being clothed—the rest were supplied with shirts, shoes, and stockings; and the committee earnestly invited inspection of the schools, from nine till two every day, except on the Sabbath and Monday. A donation to the charity from his Majesty of 100 guineas was followed by others, and by hopes that absent Irishmen and Englishmen who could would cheerfully contribute towards an institution, which, on its merits, required general support. Speeches from the chairman and noble guests, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr O'Connell, Mr Huskisson, and other distinguished characters, breathed sentiments of universal good-will, and must have inspired every individual to kindness and desire of extending and cementing the conciliation so happily commenced between the people of both countries.

'It is related, that during dinner the party at the head table were much amused by a bottle of genuine *illegal* poteen, neat as imported from the Emerald Isle, being handed to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who, forgetting the good of the revenue in the memory of St Patrick, put a portion of the naughty *liqueur* in his glass, and drank it with becoming devotion.'

The following memoranda are also from Hone:—"As the British Druids and bards had an extraordinary veneration for the number three, so, says Vallancy, the mistletoe was sacred to the Druids, because not only its berries, but its leaves also, grow in clusters of three, united to one stalk.* The Christian Irish hold the seamroy sacred in like manner, because of three leaves united to one stalk. The 'seamroy' is thus mentioned in the Irish-English Dictionary.

'*Seamroy*. Clover, trefoil, worn by Irishmen in their hats, by way of a cross, on St Patrick's Day, in memory of that great saint.' Spencer, in his 'View of the State of Ireland, 1596,' speaking of 'these late warrs of Mounster,' 'which was, befor, a most rich and plentifull countrey, full of corne and cattle,' says the inhabitants were so reduced, that, 'if they found a plot of water-cresses or

* This is an error. The mistletoe is dichotomously branched, and has opposite leaves in pairs.

shamrocks, there they flocked as to a feast for the time.' Sir Henry Piers says, that in Westmeath, between May-day and harvest, 'butter, new cheese, and curds, and shamrocks, are the food of the meaner sort all this season.' Wythera, in his 'Abuses Strip and Whipt, 1613,' has this passage:—

'And, for my clothing, in a mantle goe,
And feed on sham-roots as the Irish doe.'

'The shamrock is the trefoil. The Druids used it to cure diseases. The Irish use it as a national cognisance. It is said that, when St Patrick landed near Wicklow to convert the Irish in 438, the pagan inhabitants were ready to stone him. He requested to be heard, and endeavoured to explain God to them as the Trinity in Unity; but they could not understand him, till, plucking a trefoil from the ground, he said, 'Is it not as possible for the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, as for these leaves, to grow upon a single stalk,' then the Irish were immediately convinced.*

The plant which the writer of the former paper in *TITAN* supposes to be the shamrock is *Trifolium minus* in a barren state. This I have ascertained from specimens which were kindly forwarded to Edinburgh. The circumstance that it dies on being transplanted is readily explained by the fact, that it is an annual plant, and does not grow a second season. Its flowers, when produced, are yellow.

The sequel will show that great difference of opinion exists as to what is the true shamrock, although the *T. minus* (according to information furnished to me by Mr B. Reeve) is certainly one of the plants in actual use in Ireland.

The Rev. Dr Thomas H. Porter has published an elaborate paper in the 'Ulster Journal,'† which forms by far the most valuable contribution that has hitherto been made to our knowledge of this interesting subject, and to which I am indebted for much of the following information.

Dr Porter alludes to a passage in Herodotus (i. 132), in which the ancient Persians in their sacrifices are spoken of as cooking the flesh of their victims, which they placed on the softest herbs, 'but particularly the trefoil.' This allusion suggested whether there might be any more remote origin than is commonly supposed for the regard paid in Ireland to the

shamrock. To suppose that St Patrick used it as an *argument* would, in Dr Porter's opinion, be derogatory to his reputation for orthodoxy and wisdom; for how could the shape of a leaf be accepted as proof of anything in the Divine nature? 'It would be easy to show that no one rightly instructed respecting the Holy Trinity could admit any material resemblance whatsoever as an adequate or suitable representation of the Trinity in unity. I should, therefore, think very meanly of St Patrick as a Christian missionary, if I suspected him of resorting to such a poor attempt at argument or illustration. But, if we suppose a trefoil to have been already venerated by the native Irish, we may easily imagine that, on hearing of Three Persons in One Undivided Godhead, they may have supposed some fitness in their favourite emblem to shadow forth the newly-revealed mysterious doctrine.'

This line of argument does not appear to me to be very satisfactory; but Dr Porter's subsequent remarks have more point. He observes:—'Every one knows the reasons which have been alleged for believing that the Pagans here of old were fire-worshippers. I need hardly dwell on the lighting of fires on St John's Eve, or the Irish name for that festival, Beal Tein6, so plausibly interpreted, "Fires of Baal." Assuming, then, the oriental origin of Celtic-Pagan worship, we at once receive as appropriate any observation taken from the practices of other Persian fire-worshippers. Next, considering the greatness and renown of that people, we might naturally expect to find traces of the same notions among other ancient and neighbouring nations. Now, in Bonomi's 'Nineveh and its Palaces,' p. 155, is a figure of a priest holding in his left hand what is said to be "a branch of a tree, terminating in three pomegranates." A somewhat similar figure occurs in p. 206, having in the hand a branch terminating in a lotus flower, with two leaves at the sides—a combination nearly approaching that of the three leaves. In the same work, p. 198, I find "*fleurs-de-lis*" mentioned as ornaments on a throne; and the common figure of the *fleur-de-lis* might certainly better stand for a trefoil than a lily.'

I may here mention, that, in examining many ancient ornaments of various kinds, I have often found the greatest difficulty in deciding whether a figure was meant for a *fleur-de-lis* or a trefoil. It must be

* Brand's 'Pop. Antiquities.'

† 'The Ulster Journal of Archaeology,' vol. v., p. 12.

kept in view, however, that the modern *fleur-de-lis* is a very distinct representation of the *Iris*, and quite different from the trefoil.

Passing to Greek authorities, Dr Porter quotes from Homer ('Hymn in Mercurium,' i. 526)—

'Of riches and wealth I will give a most beautiful rod,
Golden, three-leaf'd, immortal, which shall protect you.'

Also Callimachus ('Hymn in Dianam,' i. 164)—

'From Juno's meadow having mown, they bring
The swift-springing trefoil, which also Jove's horses eat.'

Pliny says (Nat. Hist., lib. xxi., c. 21)—

'I know that the trefoil is believed to prevail against the stings of serpents and scorpions, . . . and that serpents are never seen upon trefoil; moreover, on famous authorities, that it is a sufficient antidote against all poisons.' Does not this remind one (observes Dr Porter) of St Patrick and the serpents?

In Worsaae's 'Primeval Antiquities of Denmark,' certain *trefoil-shaped clasps* are referred 'to the last period of Paganism,' but no satisfactory evidence has been brought forward to show that trifoliate devices were in use in Ireland before the introduction of Christianity.

'If we assume that some trifoliate plant was held in honour among the Celtic nations in pagan times, we need not take any pains to conjecture why it obtained this veneration. The Pythagorean notions about the sanctity of the number three were borrowed from the Egyptians, and sufficiently account for the employment of such emblems.'

But we now come to the great practical point of dispute. Granted that the ancient Irish held sacred a trifoliate plant, under the name of shamrock, or scamar-óg, what plant was it that they so revered?

It is a remarkable circumstance, that the authors of our modern Floras of Great Britain and Ireland give very little help in settling the shamrock question. Even in those works in which the common names of plants are ostensibly given, we fail, in most cases, to find the slightest allusion to the shamrock.

A correspondent of the 'Phytologist,' H. B.,* observes:—'The word shamrock, which is the name given by the Irish to the trefoil (a variety of *Trifolium repens*), which they wear on their hats on St

* 'Phytologist,' 2d series, vol. i., p. 366.

Patrick's Day, is, I am certain, derived from the word *shomrecha* (in Psalm cxxi., 5). The word is composed of four Hebrew letters and four Hebrew vowel points. The first letter is *sh* (shin), the next is *m* (mem), the next is *r* (resh), the last is *ch* (caph). The root is *shamar*, "to preserve or keep;" and the verbal noun, with the pronominal affix *cha*, is *shomrecha*, and means "thy keeper." The sense of "*Jehovah shomrecha*" is "the Lord thy keeper." St Patrick is reported to have been asked how he would define the blessed Trinity. He took a leaf of the trefoil, which is parted into three divisions on one footstalk, and illustrated the Trinity by it. I have no doubt but that this is the meaning of the word *shomrecha*. I therefore conclude that we should not think that a variation in the vowels ought at all to set aside my interpretation of the word shamrock; and as for *ck* at the end of the word, we know at this day how perfectly unsettled the spelling of words was, even among those whom we should justly call well-educated people. I, who do not use the points, should feel myself justified in pronouncing "shmrch" *shemrek*, or *shamrak*.'

Mr W. M. Hind replies:—'Your correspondent H. B.* has travelled very far to find the derivation of shamrock. May I suggest to him a derivation equally probable, and found in the shamrock's native home? The word is *shamrog* in Irish—a diminutive of *shamar*, trefoil—and literally signifies *young trefoil*.'

Lightfoot, who gives in a careful manner the Gaelic names of plants in his Flora of Scotland, refers the name *scamar*, *scamrag*, to the *Trifolium repens*.† The *Oxalis* is called *Biadh-cunain*, *fenda-coille*.‡

It is worthy of remark that the common Hepatica, or liverwort of gardens, the Edel Klever of the Danes, received from botanists in early times the name of 'Herba trinitatis.' Gesner and Matthioli both use this term, which is also quoted by Mentzelius.§

A correspondent of the 'Gardeners' Chronicle' has lately been trying to puzzle Professor Lindley with the troublesome question, to which he replies, 'The

* W. M. Hind. 'Phytologist,' 2d series, vol. i., p. 519.

† Lightfoot: 'Flora Scotica,' i., p. 404.

‡ Ibid., i., p. 238.

§ Index Nominum Plantarum multi linguis (an. 1682), p. 307 (under *Trifolium Hepaticum*).

Shamrock; it is either *Oralis Acetosella* or the common white clover, with a spot on each leaflet. Both are common in England. Yellow clovers have no right to be called shamrocks.*

Dr Porter seems to favour the idea that the white clover was the original shamrock. 'Until lately there seems to have been but one opinion,—that it was the *Trifolium repens*, white clover, or Dutch clover. This grows abundantly all over Ireland; and its sprigs (especially in the small state of its leaves, when growing on roadsides, and other poor ground) are always worn on Patrick's Day, as the national symbol. It is well known what magical virtues are attributed by the Irish peasantry to four-leaved specimens of this plant, which are very rare indeed; but this superstition is equally prevalent among the Scottish peasantry, for even in the busy time of harvest the reaper will not pass a four-leaved clover without waiting to pluck it as a good omen.†

Dr Porter objects to the *Medicago lupulina* (Black Medick, or Nonsuch), that it is by no means common in many parts of Ireland, and that the old Irish-speaking people have never given it the disputed pre-eminence, invariably recognising the small white clover as the shamrock. The Irish dictionaries, he says, as well as 'Armstrong's Gaelic Dictionary,' are unanimous in the same interpretation. It is true, he adds, that the Irish name of shamrogue (*seamrog*) is applied to any plant whose leaves resemble those of the clover—the laburnum being popularly called in the south the shamrogue-tree, as another species of *Cytisus* is called by nurserymen in the north 'the shamrock-tree; and the wood-sorrel is called by children in the south 'three-cocked-hat shamrock.'

The editor of the 'Ulster Journal'‡ calls attention to some ingenious speculations on the origin of the name 'shamrock,' contained in Grimm's second treatise on the 'Formulas of Marcellus':—'Among the names of plants mentioned in the work of Marcellus, page 435 com-

* 'Gardeners' Chronicle,' June 6, 1857.

† Mr Drummond's idea that four-leaved clovers form the 'real Irish shamrock' appears to be without foundation.

‡ 'Ulster Journal of Archaeology,' vol. v., p. 17. I must not omit to call attention to this work, as a most valuable repository of archaeological research, which is by no means so extensively known among archaeologists as it ought to be.

mences with the remarkable one, *uisumarus*, for the clover or trefoil. This is the word now found in the Irish language in the form *seamar*, *seamrog*, pronounced in English *shamrock*; while, on the other hand, it is unknown in the Welsh and Armorican dialects. The *seamrog* has continued to be a national emblem to the present day, and is always worn by the Irish in their hats. The origin of the name of this sacred plant has been long unknown; but its meaning seems to me to be elucidated by the more complete ancient form of the word. The Irish *samh* signifies the sun as well as the summer—i. e., the time of the warm sun; and our modern German *sommer*, old high German *sumar*, Anglo-Saxon *sumar*, old Norse *sumar*, correspond in sound with this word *seamar*, "the trefoil." *Sum* and *seam* must have been equivalent in the old language, and we meet also with other words, showing the transition of the short *u* into *a*, or the corrupted *ea*. . . In the prefixed syllable, *ui* of *uisumarus*, I recognise the modern Irish *ua* or *o*, a "child," "son," "descendant," &c., which goes before so many proper names (such as O'Brien, O'Reilly, O'Donovan, O'Neill), as is also the case with *mac*, "a son." . . . *Uisumar* (or *uisumarus*) would therefore signify child, offspring of the sun, of the summer; a striking expression for that summer delight of which our mediæval German poets so often sing. [Here a number of examples are given from old poets, the *klee*, or clover, being introduced in connection with summer.]

'If now-a-days, as of old, the finding of four-leaved clover is looked upon as a sign of good luck; if in Swedish provinces the clover is called *solgras* ("sun-grass"),* and when it folds together its leaves, people can tell, even in clouded skies, the approach of sunset, it might well have been considered by the Celts as a plant peculiarly sacred, the especial flower of spring or summer, and thus may have become personified in the old German poems.' 'Again, in Sweden and Norway, the name *smære*, and in Iceland *smári*, occurs for the clover: this can be explained only by the Celtic *seamar*, and it affords a new evidence of the ancient connection between Scandinavia and Ireland.'

It is now a good many years ago since

* This name reminds one of the plant called *Ros solis*, or sundew, so common in peat-bogs.

Mr Bicheno advanced the claims of the wood-sorrel, *Oxalis Acetosella*, which he thought was the true Irish shamrock. He was led to adopt this view by allusions in old authors to the eating of shamrocks by the Irish people—the *Oxalis* being well known in the present day as an agreeably acid herb.

Bicheno observes: 'The term "shamrock" seems a general appellation for the trefoils, or three-leaved plants. Gerard says the meadow trefoils are called in Ireland shamrocks, and I find the name so applied in other authors. The Irish names for *Trifolium repens* are *seamarog*, *shamrog*, and *shamrock*. In Gaelic, the name *seamrag* is applied by Lightfoot (in 'Flora Scotica') to *Trifolium repens*; while, in the Gaelic Dictionary published by the Highland Society, under the word *Seamrag* many plants are mentioned to which this word is prefixed as a generic term: as *Seamrag-chapuill*, purple clover; *Seamrag chré*, male speedwell; *Seamrag Mhuire*, pimpernel. I conclude from this, that shamrock is a generic word common to the Gaelic and the Irish languages, and consequently not limited to the *Trifolium repens*.' He infers, from the following notice in 'Fynes Moryson,' so late as 1598, that the shamrock was a spring plant: 'Yea, the wilde Irish, in time of greatest peace, impute covetousness and base birth to him that hath any corn after Christmas, as if it were a point of nobility to consume all within those festivall days. They willingly eat the herbe *shamrocke*, being of a sharp taste, which, as they run and are chased to and fro, they snatch like beastes out of the ditches.' . . . Nor is it difficult to account for the substitution of one plant for the other. Cultivation, which brought in the trefoil, drove out the wood-sorrel. The latter, though now not common, was doubtless an abundant plant so long as the woods remained; but these being cut down, partly by the natives, to supply their wants, and partly, also, by the government, to prevent their enemies from taking refuge in them in the wars, the commonest plant became the scarcest, and it was more easy to obtain that which was cultivated. Upon the whole view of the case, I apprehend it can hardly be doubted that the *Oxalis Acetosella* is the original shamrock of Ireland.'

Plausible as this view may at first sight appear, it seems to me that the exchange of wood-sorrel for white clover, induced by the changed conditions

of the country, cannot be regarded as sufficient to account for any change in the symbolical plant, although certainly cultivation greatly increases the prevalence of white clover in a country. This is well shown by Mr H. C. Watson.*

Mr Bicheno's views are well discussed in Rennie's 'Notes of a Naturalist,' in 'Time's Telescope' for 1832, an annual containing much valuable information:—

'When I was in Ireland some years ago, I was shown by an amateur a plant of the spotted trefoil (*Medicago maculata*), which had been brought from a great distance, and kept in a garden-pot with much care, as the genuine Irish shamrock; in the same way as I have frequently seen the cotton-thistle (*Onopordum Acanthium*) cultivated in gardens in Scotland as the genuine Scotch thistle. It appears to me that it is no less vain to hunt after the actual botanical representatives of these national floral emblems, than after the griffins, dragons, and blue lions of heraldry. Yet, if readers are not satisfied with this, I think that some very common species ought to be fixed upon rather than one which is rare. If we take the practice of the Irish in selecting a sprig of shamrock to decorate their hats on the 17th of March for our guidance as to the species, I should be more inclined to say that the white clover (*Trifolium repens*) is the genuine shamrock, than a plant of such confined locality as the one alluded to above. The Irish themselves, indeed, seem not to make any discrimination between the various species of trefoil; and, if we go to the traditional origin of the emblem—St Patrick selecting the leaf to indicate the Holy Trinity—we may well conclude that he picked up the first trifoliated leaf that came to hand. From these considerations, I am not inclined to agree with Mr Bicheno, that the wood-sorrel (*Oxalis Acetosella*) is the true Irish shamrock. The flower, for one thing, has nothing to do with the emblem; and even if it had, it would be as hard to find a wood-sorrel as a white-clover in flower so soon as St Patrick's Day, since it does not blow before April. Besides, the oxalis is not a very common Irish plant; for, although I have seen it in Derry, and in Antrim, and in the woods of Blarney, near Cork, there are extensive districts where it does not occur at all.'

The use of the herb *shamrocke*, or, as some authors have it, *sham-root*, as an

* 'Cybele Britannica,' i., pp. 291, 292.

article of food by 'the wilde Irish,' is a point perhaps not less interesting than the determination of the emblematical shamrock; and it is surprising that no better attempt than that of Bicheno has been made to ascertain the plant, for it is quite clear that they could not subsist on wood-sorrel, nor on *Medicago lupulina*, nor even on white clover.

I am unwilling to burden the literature of this subject by bringing a *new* plant on the stage, on purely hypothetical grounds; but, on due consideration, there appears to be sufficient reason for directing attention to it, as better agreeing with the requirements of the herb spoken of by Fynes Moryson than any other.

In duly weighing the claims, as probable food-yielding plants, of Irish species common in ditches, no plant appears to me to afford the required characters so nearly as the meadow Iris, or water-flag; or, as it is better known, the fleur-de-lis (*Iris Pseud-Acorus*). It grows in ditches, and has a large root and seeds which might have been used as food, of which they would afford an abundant supply. An objection may be stated at the outset, that the meadow Iris, and its ally, the stinking Iris, belong to a family of plants characterised by universal acridity; but, if we pursue the examination, this objection disappears. 'The wilde Irish . . . willingly eat the herbe shamrocke, *being of a sharp taste*.' Now, is the Iris capable of affording food? In its fresh state the root apparently is not, but on drying, like many other plants, it loses its acridity to some extent, and this probably disappears altogether on the application of heat. Although we have no modern British examples of Iris-eating, we know that the Hottentots eat the tubers or corms of various plants of this order, especially species of *Gladiolus*, whose starch renders them nutritious. Those of *Trichonema edule* are eaten by the natives of Socotra, an island well supplied with useful plants, and the stem of *Witsenia maura* is said to abound in rich saccharine juice.*

But even the Irish species of Iris appear, from obscure references in books, to have been actually used for food. According to Gray, the roasted seeds of the common kind form a good substitute for coffee; and we find it stated in Professor

Graham's valuable report* on the adulteration of coffee, that of the various substances experimented on, this was the only one that gave the aroma of coffee. Goats eat the leaves when fresh, and cows eat them after they have become dry. The root being rich in starch, of course becomes eatable when the acrid juice has been removed, which is equally necessary in the case of Portland sago and the cassava, being effected by boiling, &c. The leaves of the fetid Iris are said by Withering† to smell like rancid bacon, a circumstance of itself sufficient to arrest the attention of 'the wilde Irish,' after exhausting all their resources in Christmas revels. Sir James Smith says the smell of the bruised leaves 'resembles that of roast beef';—still more attractive. And it is, in fact, called the roast-beef plant.

It will thus be seen that the *edible* Shamrock is *possibly* the Iris. Now the Iris is probably of greater antiquity than the trefoil as an architectural ornament, and it is also an open question whether it may not have suggested the trefoil ornament. As we have already seen, it approaches it very closely in its conventional character, as exhibited on many works of art. The flower is the part from which the ornament is taken, and its parts are in threes, and display a beautiful symmetry, as well as graceful form. If the hints which I have thrown out are supported by further investigation, an interesting connection will be made out between the Fleur-de-lis ornament and the allied trefoil one. I by no means assert, however, that the Iris may have been the shamrock of St Patrick, even if it were proved that the Iris was viewed as an object of regard by the Irish before his time, and bore the name of shamrock; for we know that the names of natural objects are often transferred, and if the Irish had a holy plant before, it is not improbable that, on another being introduced to their notice, in the manner of the St Patrick myth, it would supersede the other, and acquire its name. Analogous instances daily occur in our times.

I shall only farther remark, in regard to our native Iris, that it appears to be an economical plant of considerable anti-

* 'Quarterly Journal of the Chemical Society.'

† 'Arrangement of British Plants,' Third Edition, i., p. 70.

‡ 'English Flora,' i., p. 49. See also Hooker & Arnott's 'British Flora,' p. 427.

* See Lindley's 'Vegetable Kingdom,' Third Edition, pp. 160, 161.

quity. Its root furnishes a dye, and has also been employed, in place of galls, in the manufacture of ink.

Now that I have brought before the reader the various results of inquiries and suggestions that have arisen on this subject, let me ask him what conclusion is to be drawn? I must say, that after bringing all my information together, there did not seem any very definite hope of determining either what was the original shamrock of the ancient Irish, or what is the orthodox shamrock of the present day.

In these circumstances, I thought of adopting the usual practice in like cases—viz., to submit the point to a jury of competent scientific authorities, and I accordingly addressed letters to three of the principal botanists in Ireland: viz., Professor Dickie, Belfast; Professor Wyville Thomson, Belfast; David Moore, Esq., Curator of the Glasnevin Botanic Garden, Dublin. My letter to each of these gentlemen consisted of the simple question, *What plant is the Irish Shamrock?* The following are their replies:—

BELFAST, March 20, 1857.

DEAR SIR,—I believe the story is, that St Patrick was preaching to a flock on the doctrine of the Trinity, and by way of familiarly illustrating his subject, he plucked the trifoliate leaf of some plant at his feet. On Tuesday last—the saint's day—the more patriotic of our natives wore sprigs of Dutch clover in their hat-bands and button-holes. The opinion of some is, that *Oxalis Acetosella* is the true shamrock, and I am inclined to adopt that view. It is common enough in some localities, but not sufficiently so, nor so well known, as to be adopted for the emblem on the saint's day.—Truly yours,

G. DICKIE.

P.S.—Poor boys sell bundles of trefoil, in the streets here, on St Patrick's Day.

G. D.

DEAR SIR,—I have just got your note. As this happens to be St Patrick's Day, I have ample opportunity of ascertaining that the shamrock of this part of the world is *Trifolium repens*. It seems to be completely made out that all over Ireland the peasantry wear scarcely ever anything else. Here and there you find in gardens plants of *Medicago maculata* in pots, cultivated as the 'true shamrock,' just as in Scotland *Onop. Acanthium* is grown in gardens as the 'true Scotch

thistle,' and with as good reason. The Irish word *seamrog*, of which shamrock is a corruption, is derived from the Irish 'sámh' or 'samr,' 'summer,' and the diminutive 'og,' 'the child of'—and is applied indiscriminately to all kinds of trefoils. Thus laburnum is called 'shamrock-tree.' Bichenow's idea that it is the *Oxalis* seems to be entirely without foundation. The *Oxalis* is comparatively scarce: it is one of the set, however, and is called in Irish 'seamrog.' It is a curious coincidence that the *Oxalis* is half sacred in France, and called 'Alleluia.'

There is no doubt that the legend connecting the shamrock with St Patrick is a myth, and that we got our shamrock with our fires of Baal, 'Beal Teiné,' long ago from the East. You see trefoil all over the Nineveh remains.

The shamrock is any trefoil, usually *Trifolium repens*, or *Medicago lupulina*, because they are the most common. This is all the information I can give you; I hope it may be of use.—Very truly yours,

WYVILLE THOMSON.

6 UNIVERSITY TERRACE,
BELFAST, March 17, 1857.

GLASNEVIN, 19th March, 1857.

MY DEAR SIR,—The plant which is generally regarded as the shamrock, and worn by the peasantry of Ireland on the 17th of March, 'Patrick's Day,' is the *Medicago lupulina*, and probably as often *Trifolium repens*. I have seen both used. I need hardly say to you, I suppose, that these were not the shamrocks of the ancient Irish, which consisted of a sour plant found on the borders of woods, and eaten by them on the 17th of March. There is no doubt about the sour plant alluded to being *Oxalis Acetosella*.—With much esteem, I remain, &c.,

D. MOORE.

These letters, it will be seen, all differ from each other, as all literature does on this ill-fated subject, the shamrock; but one circumstance is satisfactory, namely, that the *Trifolium repens*, or Dutch clover, has a prominent place in all the three letters. I am, therefore, inclined to think, that, as for the convenience of artists and for other reasons it is necessary we should adopt some plant, we should accept the *Trifolium repens* as the modern shamrock, and leave as an open question, inviting inquiry, the whole subject of the ancient shamrock.

Last year I called the attention of the Botanical Society, at one of their

evening meetings, to this subject, with the view of serving to clear up the point, and I may here repeat a remark which I made on that occasion:—It may seem that it does not matter much how such questions are settled; and to the mere botanist it does not matter. But we are all anxious that the applications of our science should be extended, and if we recommend artists to pay a little more re-

spect to the laws of vegetable development, it is for us first to settle such points as those referred to. At the present moment no botanist can dogmatise as to what is the Scotch thistle or the Irish shamrock, and we are not to charge artists with at least wanton neglect, if they do not refer to nature as their original when they are called upon to embody these our national emblems.

A POSTSCRIPT ON THE SCOTCH THISTLE.

'Then callit scho all flouris that grew on field,
Discirnyng all their fashions and effeiris:
Upone the awfull THRISSIL scho beheld,
And saw him kepit with a busche of speiris;

Considering him so able for the weiria,
A radius crown of rubeis scho him gaif,
And said, *In feld go furth, and fend the laif.*

DUNBAR—THE THRISSIL AND THE ROIS.

Everybody knows the thistle, of course. That does not require much botanical knowledge; for in our early days the thistle and the nettle soon attracted attention by their appeals to our corporeal sensations, while we loitered by the waysides gathering dandelions and daisies.

But if we bring together the plants called thistles which grow in the fields and by the waysides, and compare them, we shall find that they are so different from each other in their size and form of leaves and flowers, that they must be regarded as totally distinct plants, and that not merely in the sense in which a brown horse is different from a grey one, but as specifically different as a horse is from an ass, a dog from a fox, or a crow from a pigeon.

This circumstance has given rise in modern times to inquiry as to which thistle is the Scotch one.

I believe, with Dr Johnston, that it behoves the botanist to aid the antiquary in the right determination of the species. In the 'Border Flora' it is stated that the plant carried in the processions of freemasons is the *Onopordum Acanthium*; and the friends of Burns have planted this tall and stately thistle around his grave in Dumfries, 'forgetful, surely, of the inappropriateness of planting an alien over the remains of him whose boast it was to sing, in wood-notes wild, the rural scenes and rural pleasures of his native soil, in his native tongue.' It is concluded, from the terms in which Burns alludes to it, that the *Carduus lanceolatus* was regarded by him as the Scotch thistle:—

'The rough *bur thistle* spreading wide
Among the bearded bere,
I turn'd the weeder-clips aside,
And spared the symbol dear.'

Dr Johnston having, in the 'Berwickshire Flora,' assumed the milk thistle to be the 'emblem dear of Scotland's sons,' this assumption was controverted by Mr Dovaston, who was 'told by an intelligent gentleman in the Hebrides, Donald M'Lean, a young chieftain, that the *Carduus eriophorus* was the Scotch thistle. At Inverness, Sir James Grant said the Scotch thistle was the only one that drooped (*Carduus nutans*). After many such remarks, we were at length told (he continues) by a very intellectual gardener at Roslin, and by Sir William Drummond at Hawthornden, that no particular thistle, but any thistle the poet or painter chose, was the national flower of Scotland; and this opinion (continues Mr Dovaston) we heard repeated in Edinburgh at the tables of several learned and hospitable gentlemen. Though generally emblematical of the whole nation, it is, in particular, the badge of the clan Stewart. On the wet sides of some hills we not unfrequently found the *C. heterophyllus*, or gentle thistle, which was much and justly admired, and by some (erroneously) thought peculiar to Scotland. This, however, could not be the national emblem, as, being destitute of thorns, it would ill accord with their formidable Latin motto.'

The *Carduus heterophyllus* is a highly ornamental plant, and chiefly occurs in the Scottish glens—as Glen Clova, &c.—where I have seen it in abundance. It also occurs, however, in the south of Scotland; and we must not too hastily exclude it from the list of probable species, on the ground that it has no spines, for the Latin motto, '*Nemo me impune lacessit*,' was added by James VI., who was not the first to use the thistle.

With reference to Mr Dovaston's argu-

ment, Dr Johnston observes: 'Mr Dovaston has somewhere made himself merry with the "Cockneys," and yet who but one of that race would have gone amongst the Gael to inquire after a Scotch device or fashion, more especially after the badge of a clan which had a Merse or Berwickshire origin? And the reason Mr Dovaston assigns for excluding *Carduus heterophyllus* from the honourable distinction, ought to have equally convinced him that the opinion of his learned friends in and about Edinburgh was untenable;' for there are several thistles to which the motto is inapplicable.

Dr Johnston was the only botanist who set himself in real earnest to search for the true Scotch thistle. His search did not bring about great results; but it will not be idle if I shortly recapitulate the points at which he arrived. He sought to solve the question by an examination of the figures impressed on the money of the kings of Scotland.

The first who so marked his money was James V. On the coins of his reign (1514 to 1542), the head or flower of a thistle only is represented. On a coin of James VI. (1599), there are three thistles grouped and united at the base, whence two leaves spread laterally, and the stalk of the plant is spinous.

On later coins (as in one of 1602) there is only a single head, while the leaves and spines are retained; and this figure is the same given on all subsequent coins—the form of the flower itself having suffered no change from its first adoption.

The above evidence seems to put the drooping thistle and the greater number of the species out of court, and very much to invalidate the claims of the *Onopordum*; and Dr Johnston thinks that it affords an argument in favour of the milk-thistle being the chosen emblem of the national pride and character, al-

though it must be admitted that the resemblance between the plant and the picture of the artist is somewhat postulatory.

I can scarcely agree, however, that the milk-thistle is 'almost the only species that would naturally suggest it, or that really deserves it;'^{*} for the common lance-leaved thistle of our waysides (*C. lanceolatus*) seems equally well entitled to the distinction, so far as *fitness* goes. I would, in fact, be inclined to declare in favour of this species, for it is our common thistle in Scotland; is an indubitable native; agrees sufficiently well with what may be regarded as orthodox figures; and, although not peculiar to Scotland any more than either the 'English Rose' or 'the little English Robin'† is to England, or the Shamrock to Ireland, it is, nevertheless, a very familiar plant in Scotland, and is probably the only thistle according with our national motto, which nineteenth of her Majesty's loyal subjects, in that part of Great Britain anciently called y^e kingdom of Scotland, have ever recognised.

The milk-thistle is a rare plant in Scotland, and perhaps not a native. It certainly has arguments in its favour, arising from its early ecclesiastical associations in this country, which arose from its dedication to the mother of our Saviour—a drop of whose milk, having fallen on the leaves, imprinted the accident in those white veins which so remarkably distinguish them.' Hence its name, 'Our Lady's Thistle.' But, without more definite information as to the origin of the thistle as a national emblem, the *Carduus lanceolatus*—our common wayside thistle—must, I think, be regarded as best entitled to the distinction, so far as it is possible to limit the emblem to a particular species.

* 'Botany of the Borders,' p. 181.

† Wordsworth.

PUDDOCK'S GREEN.

A WILTSHIRE STORY.

I HAVE sometimes heard country gentlemen, who are sportsmen, complaining of the dulness of their lives in summer-time; of the lack of interest in the dozen square miles or so which lie about them; and protesting that they should like to live in town. Now,

to me, who *do* live in town, this seems very strange and unjustifiable. As for the additional expenses which they assert their necessary cattle and garden entail upon them, I am scarcely a judge of that, for we have only a small terrier dog at home, and a box of mig-

nionette outside the parlour window; which, of course, afford us little experience in this respect. But that they should ever get tired of such a place as Allenleaf, for instance, with its lanes, and woods, and moorland, is to me incomprehensible. We have not been there ourselves more than three weeks; but I feel already as though I had been born and bred there, and should like well enough (but not at all before the proper time) to be laid in its high churchyard, and sung to, in my long rest, by the pebbly stream that encircles it, for ever. My profession is that of a coal-merchant; and the general opinion is, that I am far from being romantic. But, nevertheless, such as I say have been my feelings ever since I came down hither. I seem to have left all the dust and ashes of the world behind me, and to have come to a place where there is nothing worse than the best screened Wallsend to be procured.

But, friendly 'Titans,' before I get farther, let me drop a sentence, to explain that I wrote these lines in autumn, although I print them in spring. Why? Because it *tells* best upon *you*. Every fisherman knows that honest Isaak Walton's book is most enjoyable in winter. I am quite sure, therefore, that this is the best time to bring out my little summer-sketch. Now, then!

Nothing to do! Oh, my melancholy country gentleman, did you ever, upon such a day as this, try burying yourself in clover, and cocking your hat over your eyes to keep off the sun? (not your hat, indeed, uncomfortable, hideous, town chimney-pot that it is; but your large flapping wide-awake, whose band your little children have stuck full of meadow blossoms.) 'I cannot see what flowers are at my feet'—these lines are those of a young man of great talent, whose poems my wife has been reading to me since we came to Allenleaf—'nor what' (something or other) 'hangs upon the boughs, but in embalmed darkness guess each sweet with which the favourable month endows the grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild, bush hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine, fast-fading violets covered up in leaves, and mid-May's eldest child, the coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine; the numerous

haunt of flies in summer eves; darkling I listen;—that is just my case. I hear the murmuring flies, I hear a thousand little piping trebles from the unseen sprays; there is water falling somewhere in the green coolness of the wood close by—'spinnny,' the good folks call it hereabouts—there is a sort of lake below, named Dixey's Pond, with willows leaning over it; and I can hear, when the wind takes them, their long thin tresses whisking in the ripples. There's a bean-field over the hedge, which, I declare, smells better than New Bond Street when it gets opposite Atkinson's; and, besides all this, there is a general sense of delight inexplicable made up of scent, and sound, and warmth, and even, as it seems, of life itself, which quite pervades me.

Nothing to do, my country gentleman! Did you, then, never try leaning over yonder gate upon the hill (or is it possible that you have grown tired of it?), and gazing upon that great picture framed by the sky itself? the beautiful rich hillside, almost as bright with insects as with flowers, growing greener and greener as it nears the winding river in the hollow, where the cattle stand in the shallows, hour after hour, without movement, save wetting their lips, and switching their tails, the innocent epicures! and where, in the bathing-place all day long, as it seems, the naked village boys holloa and splash, and must needs be the happiest creatures alive. Then the wooden bridge, with the old lady in the red cloak crossing it (who I wish would cross it for ever, and I think the parish might maintain her in so doing, not injudiciously), and the pathway that leads into the copse, and the copse itself so filled with hidden beauties, though the knell of its blue-bells has tolled, and the spire of the church with the vane gleaming golden over the yew-tree—how can one ever be dull with such sights as these? I protest, for all the purple of distant hills beyond them, I think I should rarely be lured from that same gate (as it is, my partner has his own holiday to take next week; and I go back to Darden-dox Yard on Monday, as the phrase is, for good). Nothing to do! Why, there is character enough amongst the good people of Allenleaf to occupy all

your life-long in the study of it; nor is there a single spot in the bounds of your little parish but seems to me to have some absorbing interest of its own—Blind Man's Corner, Pedlar's Lane, Lover's Spinny, Miller's Hole—there hangs a tale to every one of them well worthy of record; some with as great a claim upon human sympathy as the story of Helen of Troy, and others with an extremity of horror equal to the revelations of the Inquisition itself. Perhaps a stranger, like myself, may have been informed of matters which the relaters have concluded an inhabitant must needs already know; and although this tale of Puddock's Green be strictly true, it may be yet news to the good Squire of Allenleaf.

Old Georgy Millet, the warrener, who is my informant, was a grown lad of eighteen years old when the thing happened, which was in the second year of this present century; and, 'with one leg in the grave, sir, and to so kind-hearted a gentleman,' says Georgy, 'it is not like but that I should tell you true.' The eulogium I have easily obtained by sharing with the old fellow, whenever we chance to meet, the contents of my tobacco-pouch; and, indeed, we have a pipe together, in defiance of the 'Lancet,' almost daily. 'Six poipes a-day,' remarked Mr Millet, when I informed him of the late tobacco controversy, 'for fifty-five years. Now, if I was a scollard, I could tell how many poipes that were, which I've a-smoked, and I yent dead yet, ye see.' It was in the third of our many rambles together about the parish, by which time, 'although I was young, and Georgy seventy-three,' we had got to be quite fast friends, that we took that path-way I have spoken of across the river and through the copse, which soon after branches in twain—the one path leading to the village, and the other, which was our way, climbing slowly and by many a dip and dell up to the moor. After two miles or so of the most peaceful, pleasant sights one can imagine, we got into a thicket of golden gorse, growing very thick and high, and shutting us out of sight of the landscape; only we could still catch glimpses of the river, which took a bend in that place; and very cool and

refreshing they were. We had been walking hitherto upon a bare path, all rough with little roots and dry pieces of sticks, which is the case at almost all seasons, where gorse is; but presently we came upon a large space forming a complete circle quite under shade, and covered with greenest grass, out of sight of even the river, though not out of its pleasant sound.

'Well,' said I, throwing myself at length upon the yielding sward, 'what a glorious place this would be to gipsy in!' 'Gipsies?' quoth the old fellow, very angrily, and entirely misunderstanding what I meant, 'you'll never see a gipsy here as long as you bide in Allenleaf, I'll warrant; the cruellest, most murdering thieves as they are upon this earth; and of all places in the world, say nothing to their credit here in Puddock's Green.'

Then I remembered how I had already thought it singular that I had not yet seen one gipsy in all the parish, although Allenleaf seemed just the place for them; so much so, that even I myself had had some idea of getting a little tent from town, and living in it instead of in lodgings; only my wife objected to the arrangement rather positively. So I said, 'Let us have a pipe together here, Georgy, and tell me all about the gipsies and Puddock's Green.' Whereupon he told me this, which I endeavour to tell, as far as may be, after his own manner.

In the autumn of 1802, there lived one Farmer Harris at the Home Farm in Allenleaf, who was a hard man, although just enough in his dealings, and laid a heavy hand upon all vagrants and such like, not making enough allowance, maybe, for temptations to which he was not himself exposed. There had been very many depredations committed in the parish by wandering gipsies summer after summer; and he hated the whole tribe of them, the more because he could seldom catch them in the act, so as to send them to jail; the live stock which they stole being in their pot in a few minutes, so as to be quite unrecognisable, even if it were not eaten; and articles of value, it was said, being buried in the ground at once; although, indeed, it is doubtful whether they appropriated anything of that sort at all. On this particular year there was

agrand band of these wanderers camped in Allenleaf; and one of their favourite haunts was this same green: it consisted of no less than fourteen persons, besides children—eight men and six women; one of these, a girl of sixteen or so, whom they called Miriam, was as beautiful as any Christian might be; and she was the daughter of a certain Tilgah, the brother of the chief of the tribe, and the greatest poacher of the whole lot. People said that Miriam must have been a stolen child, her face being without the gipsy scowl, and her voice so soft and different from that of her countrywomen; but she was as dark, and even darker, than they; and as for her manner, she was a sort of princess amongst them, and they behaved to her with respect and tenderness; and gentle treatment makes gentle folks, as we all know. Farmer Harris's head-man at this time was poor Matthew Puddock, as handsome a lad of five-and-twenty or so as could be seen in these parts; but headstrong and over-bold, like his master himself: he was the best wrestler and deftest cudgel-player in the whole countryside; but did not make much account of the lasses, although a goodish many, near and far, were setting caps at him. Those who love late love longest, as the saying is; and, although Mat had not the chance of proving *that*, poor fellow, yet when he did fall in love, it was downright terrible earnest, as you shall hear; only, instead of choosing out of the Allenleaf girls, who were a sight lissomer and better favoured than they are now, who should he set his wilful heart upon but this outlandish heathen, Miriam, the gipsy girl! He saw her first when she came to the Home Farm to tell some foolish hussies their fortunes; and it seemed to him, as he himself confessed, that she was more beautiful than it was woman's lot to be, and even as though she belonged to another world; which, indeed, it is like enough that she did; and, maybe, bewitched him, as such folk can do, with the evil eye. Farmer Harris, when he found out what was happening in his backyard, would have had her whipped out of the place, had it not been for Matthew, who flamed up, and swore no man on earth should lay a hand upon her, though it were

the squire himself. The girl was grateful to him belike for this good turn; and from that hour a kindness grew up, on her side, for him. But any way, soon afterwards they began to keep company, and walk together, when they could get the chance, just as though they had been plighted lovers, with their banns read out for the third time in Allenleaf Church—a thing which, of course, could never possibly come to pass. Matthew's friends were amazed and ashamed enough; but, wonderful to say, the gipsies themselves were ready to tear the girl to pieces for rage. It seems this wandering people have strange proud laws of their own, and never permit any Christian to intermarry in their own tribe; and it is said that many awful scenes took place on this very spot between Miriam and the rest about the matter; Tilgah and the chief threatening to do dreadful things with her, and she answering them as queenly and scornfully as could be: but when they threatened Matthew, she grew quiet, and promised that she would make her lover change his faith, and become a gipsy himself; with which, it seems, they would have been well contented. Then, again, poor Mat would try to persuade the girl to turn to our religion, and to leave her own people for good and all; but this, for all her love for him, she positively refused to do, for she was a staunch, fine-hearted lassie—or would have been, that is, had she not chanced to be a gipsy. Whether it was, however, that at last she consented to this, and the tribe got wind of it, or whether, as is too likely, despairing of their ever being wedded, the poor girl went wrong with Matthew; certain it is that after awhile Miriam was missing. It was a woful sight then to see the young man in his agony, wandering, wandering, all day long, as though he were a gipsy himself; or watching and listening at the old trysting-places for the footfall that he was never to hear again. Even Farmer Harris, proud man that he was, was so moved by it, as to come down with Puddock into the very camp here, to see what had become of the woman, or whether any offers might get her back again; and here they found the eight men sitting, and the five women; but not

one single word would either of these speak; only when poor Mat actually went down upon his knees to Tilgah, to entreat him for his daughter, that he might marry her, a savage sort of glitter came into the men's eyes, and took the place of that relentless malice with which they had fixed their looks upon him before. Harris was even over-bold, as has been said; but he declared afterwards that he did not think his very life, and far less Puddock's, was safe with them that day. Matthew, however, never gave a thought to this, for he was thinking of Miriam. After they had thus treated him, and especially after that look of triumph in their eyes, he began to have it firm in his mind that they had murdered the girl—which there is little doubt was indeed the case, for no mere threat or restraint could have ever kept such as she was from her desire; and this begat in him a most inextinguishable rage and hatred against the gipsies: his whole employment seemed to be now the setting snares for them, and getting them punished. Farmer Harris had been opposed to them enough before; but henceforward his head man egged him on to acts of still greater severity. No less than three of the men and two of the women were sent to jail for fowl-stealing, and one of the men was publicly whipped. At last there was a sheep missing from a fold in the neighbouring parish, and Puddock himself showed the constables whereabouts the camp was hid (for it had moved just before this to Lover's Spinny); and there they found the entrails of the animal, and even the head, by which it was easily identified, covered up in leaves; for, since the misfortunes which had befallen them, the gang seem to have taken less precaution than before. What was of more consequence still, Matthew Puddock swore to having seen the chief coming from the fold in question upon the preceding night with a burden; and mainly by this evidence got the fellow committed for trial for the theft; whereby, in course of time (although Mat never lived to see it, as he had promised himself), the man got hung.

And now comes the terrible part of the tale, and that which makes this spot so feared in Allenleaf. The gipsies, after the capture of their chief, seemed to have left the parish, and nothing was heard of them for several weeks; only Matthew, who was almost crazed in his mind by this time, still travelled everywhere night and day in hopes to come upon them in some crime—thinking of his murdered Miriam. One night he did not come back to the Home Farm at all—only one of his dogs came back, bloody about the head, and lamed. It seemed to be known at once that some dreadful fate had happened to him; but no man surely could ever have guessed what.

Old Georgy's weatherbeaten face grew white when he had got thus far: 'We found him,' said he, in a sort of terrible whisper, 'living, yes, living, unhappily for him, poor fellow—such a sight was never seen since the days of the blessed martyrs as I have read of—tied to that very tree, and flayed alive. There, that's the truth; but let us have no more of it. We killed some sheep, and put him into their warm skins, and so kept him with us for two days. Nor was he in such great pain as may be supposed (the pulling off the flesh at his finger-nails was the worst, he said), but made the depositions regular before his death. The fury of the country-side was beyond measure; and by that same night we had all four of the wretches in safe keeping. One of them died, indeed, before his trial, having been nigh torn to pieces by the people, frantic not only at the abominable cruelty and horror of the thing, but because poor Mat was known and liked amongst us all. In the early spring of the next year, the other three wretches—they confessed their guilt, and how they had travelled back many a day's journey without their women, on purpose to perform this hellish act—were hung in this same place, amidst a multitude such as is not credible to hear of, and on this very tree whereto they had tied their victim. And this, sir, and no wonder, is the reason why no gipsy can be safe in Allenleaf, and why we call this place, as looks so pleasant, Puddock's Green.'

THE WELSH PULPIT.

WITHIN less than a day's journey from the metropolis, there is a people amongst whom the pulpit is a power. The alienation of the working classes is a theme there never discussed. This 'vexed question' is to many a Welsh pastor, who has never set foot on Saxon soil, a complete puzzle. In his country 'the masses' are under the power of the gospel: 'Bethel,' 'Capel Sion,' 'Bethesda,' and 'Ebenazer,' are always thronged. The most ignorant on the affairs of this life at least feel some interest in questions pertaining to another. In the busiest day of the week, the smith leaves his anvil, the grocer his shop, the shoemaker his last, the farmer his field, to hear the stranger-preacher, whose name, though he heard it on the Sunday, he may have quite forgotten. Follow them to their respective employments, listen to their conversation, their shrewd remark, their warm discussion, and deduct, object, detract, philosophise as you may, the impression still clings, that the pulpit is there a power.

On the still Sabbath morning, station yourself by that 'lonely house of God.' The chapel-house is the only habitation near; you see no other human residence. Can a congregation ever be assembled there? Can the place ever be filled? It is about ten. The worshippers 'come, and still they come'—through silent glen, over mountain-top, through pass and defile, along stony lane, or scarce visible foot-path on horse, or on foot, in small groups or one by one—all pointing their way to that small, grey, low-roofed house, surrounded by that (oh, how quiet!) resting-place for their dead. They all confess to some mysterious power of attraction there. It is past the time; the place is now filled; the dirge-like but soothing sound of praise, in fine harmony with the scene around, now ascends. Wait awhile; the text is read; the discourse begins; and you soon see that grey-coated shepherd, red-plaided matron, burly farmer, giddy youth and sober age, alike confess, by look and attitude, that there is power in the Word preached.

And the associations—those great annual gatherings—the 'May meetings' of Wales, who can describe them? Everything about them proclaims the presence of a power. A truce is given to denominational differences: the Methodist is less a conference-man; the Baptist less baptistical; the Churchman less lofty. Hospitality, boundless and indiscriminate, is the 'order of the day.' Everybody rises early that morning. Cottages and farmhouses, newly white-washed, glisten in the sun. The dust of a year is disturbed; a general purification has been going on for weeks. 'Godliness and cleanliness' are seen strikingly associated. Even the very few who never go to any place of worship have put on their best apparel. The association is the theme of every tongue; it has inspired dreams of pleasure and of pride; it has brought up to the surface, along with the good, some evil. The whole country is moved; the people for miles around keep 'holy-day.' The roads are thronged with pedestrians, horses, and vehicles. The whole population seems on pilgrimage. A vast assemblage of people, in a not populous country, meet on a sloping field—one of nature's own galleries—before a tented platform, from which they are addressed. You are girt around, it may be, with lofty hills, some richly wooded, some bare and bleak, with here and there an opening, through which you catch an entrancing glimpse of deep blue sky, or of boundless sea; openings which, in your present mood of mind, seem like avenues into eternity. Nature wears her richest garb, for it is in June. The public services begin in the evening. The bustle does not yet subside. You wonder when the people will cease to come; the mass before the platform is still increasing. The first sermon is already over; but the circumstances are yet unfavourable, for still they come. The multitude, worn out with fatigue and excitement, rest themselves on the grass, on vehicles, or on rude extemporised seats. Another preaches, grows warm, and brings us still more into sympathy with the occasion. When

he finishes, we are prepared for more. The solemn stillness of evening has stolen on. There is a pause as solemn in the worship. Oh, look at that gorgeous sunset! Was ever magnificence like that? Surely this is the richest grandeur of time, intended to tone us into sympathy with a grandeur imperishable. The hills, the trees, the fields of growing corn, the meadows, the thousands of upturned faces, seem bathed in an atmosphere of softest light. How the ray flutters and trembles on the distant wave! The preacher, too, feels the beauty of the hour. Pale, and with befitting emotion, he rises, and says, simply (but with what effect!), 'I am warned by the down-going sun not to occupy much of your time; thank God, the Sun of Righteousness never sets!' and then reads for his text, 'The Sun of Righteousness has risen, with healing under his wings.' The allusion brings around us the glory of both worlds. The inspiration of nature and of religion is evidently upon the preacher; he has a genius in sympathetic contact with the scene around him; he seizes every passing incident, and makes it contribute to the great end which has brought him there. As he proceeds, his voice awakens the distant echoes. He raises no vulgar shout: his voice is but the wing of the soaring soul. His ideas and his tones expand and swell with the growing elevation of his theme. Glowing with holier afflatus than the scenery of time, however grand, can inspire, the line which divides the perishing from the immortal is fast fading from his rapt prophetic vision. Sources which bubble ever fresh in the depths of eternity, supply the rapid current of his thought. Away on loftier heights than Alexander, Cæsar, or Napoleon ever reached, he surveys interests more varied, and destinies more stupendous, than ever floated in the vision of statesman, or inspired the ambition of king. He sees nothing before him but deathless spirits; he is now a prince in the world of thought; he bears sway in the kingdom of souls; his sceptre waves over a territory in the unseen. Presumption quails beneath that imperial glance; rebuke, winged with sarcasm, transfixes the cowering hypocrite; towering pride is scathed

with the lightning of holy indignation; consolations fall like the dew of heaven upon the troubled conscience; hope for the guilty and oppressed is lifted high; wonder, amazement, gratitude, remorse, and thanksgiving—these are the various emotions kindled—emotions the consequences of which reach on for ever. The vast throng disperses, to meet on the morrow, when something similar will again be witnessed.

In a country where this is a specimen of what not seldom occurs, the pulpit must be a power.

Here, then, we have a fact worth volumes of recent discussion on preaching. What are the elements of this power? Doubtless there are some peculiarities in the social condition of the people. Less political agitation prevails. A large commercial class, with its attendant good and evil, does not exist. The town system, with its peculiar vices and corruptions, is not so largely developed. A lower order, dependent upon a class above, yet fearfully distinct from it, cannot be found in any large numbers. When the revival of religion took place, it thoroughly penetrated the nation. These and other circumstances must be borne in mind, in the attempt to form a just estimate of the Welsh pulpit.

What is emphatically designated the 'hwyl' is a peculiarity so striking in Welsh preaching, it so immediately arrests the unaccustomed ear, that we are justified in giving it especial and early attention. The word 'hwyl' (pronounced *hooil*), like many other Welsh words, is a highly figurative one. A ship is said to be in full 'hwyl,' when it leaves port with full and spread sails, under a favourable breeze. And a preacher is said to be in full 'hwyl,' when, in happiest mood, thoughts and words coming quick and apt, and rising like a man inspired to the loftiest heights of his theme, he inevitably, and as a matter of course, *intones* or *chants* his fervid thoughts. No! English reader, let us at once confess, neither of the above words adequately expresses this peculiarity. It is something between a chant and a song, but greatly unlike either. We are not unaware that what is thus described will, in some cases, when listened to,

excite a smile. Nor are we ignorant that some of the more '*knowing*' among the Welsh themselves think the practice rather absurd and vulgar. And not long since we read the remarks of a learned American doctor, on a similar peculiarity in American preaching, and his dictum on the matter is, that to adopt any tone peculiar to the pulpit is highly absurd. Is it really so? At first the preacher *talks* very simply; by and by he changes his tone, you would then, perhaps, say that he *discourses* to you; he still rises: you now see and hear something of the orator—he *declaims* and *reasons*; at length, passed through all these stages, you see clearly that passion and feeling—the grandest forces of the soul—are at work. Winged thoughts and words come forth, all-glorious with the hues of heaven. They are poetry. How can they be otherwise? Reason, imagination, feeling, and passion, are the factors. Figures and metaphors become the native speech. With such thoughts, is the '*hwyl*' so unnatural or absurd? Occasionally, you may fancy you hear in its tone the wail of unearthly sorrow, or the jubilant song of the redeemed. Are not poetry and music twins? And is it possible to be impassioned upon the most elevated themes, without adopting a tone more or less peculiar to them? We think not. The style and tone must accord insensibly. The principle is illustrated in all oratory. The peculiarity of the Welsh '*hwyl*' is, that the principle is carried to a farther extent, and acted upon in a mode that accords most remarkably with the genius of the language and the people. When it is a mere habit, without inspiration, it is an intolerable oratorical vice; as such let it be condemned; but whatever material for criticism it may furnish, it has a power, when natural and genuine, over the masses of the Welsh people, which none but those who have witnessed its effect can easily believe. Until the preacher has arrived at this stage of his discourse, whatever he may have said, he has got no farther than the Welshman's understanding; the '*hwyl*' at once finds its way to the heart. Under these overpowering intonations, even Englishmen have been subdued by the mystic power of an

unknown tongue. Like music and song, they evoke a sympathy scarcely dependent upon words. Christmas Evans was scarcely less indebted to those magic peals which made his hearers tremble or rejoice at his imperial will, than to his marvellous allegorical and dramatic power.

The efficient Welsh preacher is generally a man of rude and vigorous health. The athlete who stands before you on the Association-day (and he represents a class), is daily braced by the up-hill walk or mountain ride. His is rarely a student's life. His soul and body are not shrivelled by prolonged subsistence upon Greek and Hebrew roots. He is no effeminate recluse. He may be a pluralist in the best sense of the word—having the care of more churches than one, and the duties thus devolving upon him contribute not a little to his vigour. His firm step, and face bronzed by blast and sun, betoken all this. He converses more with nature than with books. He has, in consequence, that kind of mental and moral vigour which a good, athletic frame so highly favours. If his thoughts are not often profound, never subtle, they are generally manly. His ministry glows with life. Whatever defects it may have, it has the redeeming elements of energy and force. There are striking exceptions to this rule even in Wales. At the present day, one of the most gifted men in the Welsh ministry has always suffered from feeble health. Still the rule is as we have stated, and as might have been expected. The amount of work now done by the most notorious preacher of the day, and which is regarded by many as Herculean, has been the ordinary life-service of many a Welsh preacher '*unknown to fame*,' except amongst his own native hills. Wales has been evangelised by such men, and the pulpit of the present day owes no small share of its popular power to its possession of such men still.

Nor let this fact of adequate physical power be underrated. In no profession, if its duties are properly discharged, is every energy more continuously taxed. *Mens sana in corpore sano*, ought to be a condition of entrance into all our colleges. Physical, mental, and moral health, are closely

connected. Men who, as preachers, move the world, must be in all respects men of power.

Fancy then, reader, a mind and body thus well strung, brought to bear with *wondrous entireness* upon the work of preaching. This concentration of the Welsh preacher is quite remarkable. The social condition of the people favours it. We have known many a man of power in Wales, whose thoughts by day, and dreams by night, seemed utterly engrossed with their favourite work. They seem to know little else, to care for nothing else. This was the focal point in which all their powers and passions met. How to make every sermon *tell*, of this they thought, of this on every fit occasion, and with every congenial mind, they talked. Yes! preaching was with them a passion, all-engrossing, all-absorbing: upon it they mused till the fire burned. With them the apostle was never allowed to degenerate into the pedagogue, nor the pastor into the clerk. They were no committee men; they would never have excelled as secretaries; they did not attempt a little of everything, far less to teach it. The thousand heterogeneous claims upon his English brother do not press upon the Welsh preacher. We will not pause to enlarge upon the difference; let the fact be noticed, and let it have its proper place among the reasons which must be assigned for the power of the Welsh pulpit.

But probably the main difference between English and Welsh preaching, and the source of the peculiar power of the latter, must be sought in the language and the mode of thought employed. It has frequently occurred to us, that if ministers, natives of English manufacturing districts, and who happened to have sprung from the lower orders, and who have therefore been familiar with their language and entire mode of thought, would in the course of their ministry, if suitably located, lay aside their acquired speech and style of thought, and speak, on occasions especially devoted to this purpose, to the degraded thousands around them the words of God in their own peculiar tongue, the effect would be great. To some men in the ministry, whose

education is imperfect, and to whom a more polished mode of speech is by no means natural and easy, this temporary self-degradation, if such it may be called, for a lofty purpose, would, we conceive, be no very difficult thing. There need be no coarseness; there *might* be less in reality than sometimes marks pulpit exhibitions of higher pretence. All that is meant is, that their usual medium of communication be adopted. An educated style of speech and thought separates the English pulpit probably more than is suspected from the uneducated masses of the English people. No language has such power over a man as that in which he thinks.

All classes of the Welsh people—all who speak the Welsh language, rich and poor, educated or otherwise, use precisely, with the slightest possible variation of dialect, the same medium of communication. In ordinary conversation, the language of the most highly-educated minister is that of the meanest of his people. The distinction between the conversational language of an educated Englishman, and that, say, of an illiterate peasant, has no counterpart in Welsh social life. This fact must be duly noted; then let it be observed that this popular medium of communication is, with scarcely an exception, used in the pulpit. Nor is there anything in this language that is offensive or disagreeable to the most educated and critical. Probably, the Welsh language has been more cultivated of late years than at any previous period in its history, still the most learned men in Wales find it quite natural and agreeable to use in all ordinary conversation the language of the least cultivated, and the most accomplished Welsh preacher feels it no condescension to clothe his thoughts in the language of the poorest in the throng. The same time-honoured word, the same homely idiom, the same colloquial abbreviation, the same occasional, but by no means glaring incorrectness, the same natural but negligent grammar, may be observed in the sermon as in the fireside talk. There is no polishing of sentences, no elegantly-turned period, but there is the natural euphony of impassioned word and thought. There is the heightened

language with the rising thought. But the thought is still expressed in the people's tongue. In his wonder at the little power which English preaching has over English poor, the Welshman is apt to forget this fact. The almost exclusive care which the Welsh preacher bestows upon the *thought* is quite marvellous; all the study has been to simplify it, never to elaborate, to turn it round and round, to put it in many lights, and under many hues—to humanise, and if, as is not seldom the case, it be of English origin, to Welshify it. The farmer carries home with him the abstrusest principle, it may be, packed in the homeliest words of a homely illustration. This was the pre-eminent glory of Williams of Wern; he put the thoughts of a philosopher in the language of a child. The highest philosophy fell unsuspectedly from his lips, and the people rose to the height of great arguments unawares. What would be like grave chapters in moral science, as treated by some 'Rev. Dryasduets,' we have heard inwrought in sermons, that *told* on every peasant. We have even witnessed the singular process, by an accomplished artist, of doing Hamilton of Leeds into Welsh; some of the glory was lost, but none of the power. It is in this peculiarity of the Welsh pulpit that we find the main source of its great popularity.

The dominant aim of the Welsh preacher is impression. He seems thoroughly to understand the peculiar mission of the pulpit. More 'intellectual preaching,' however a few may urge it, is certainly not the demand of English audiences. Upon this point, facts are decisive. The most instructive preachers are certainly not the most attractive. Nor are the causes far to seek. Those who seek intellectual excitement, and a high order of instruction—who are interested in the discussion of lofty and difficult themes—know well that the popular orator is not the man, nor the pulpit the place, for

them. More 'intellectual preaching' is the cant cry of the intellectually small. There exist more efficient means of high instruction. In this respect, the pulpit can never vie with the press; the attempt is generally as weak as it is foolish. In our day the press must be supreme in the domain of abstruse thought, and those who are capable of it, will find in books the best answers to their highest questions. Disguise it as we may, the pulpit of the present day is only to a limited extent the instructor of the people. The preacher is no longer an oracle. There are other teachers whose mode of teaching will admit of more profound, more pertinent, more consecutive instruction, than any oral teacher can pretend to furnish. Thought, in our day, germinates and matures under other influences than those of the pulpit. Views are formed, questions are settled or unsettled, elsewhere.

The conclusion is, that *impression* must be the predominant aim of the preacher; it is not the understanding that is to be mainly addressed. He must sway the conscience; that is the end, all else is but means. For this, the pulpit has a power which the press can never wield. In his sphere, the preacher has no rival. This distinction borne in mind, the idea of his ever being superseded is highly absurd. As long as the living voice retains its mystic power; as long as its tones become tremulous with the burden of the thought conveyed; as long as the countenance can be made luminous with mind; as long as words and manner can be inspired by 'thoughts which breathe' within; as long as truth incarnate is truth the most impressive—so long will the preacher occupy a position unrivalled and alone. For bringing home to human souls those questions which, in the highest sense, affect human destiny, the pulpit is a means unique and all-powerful. The effective Welsh preacher is pre-eminently a man who understands all this.

Titan's Pulpit.

OF SEEKING THE GLORY OF GOD.

AMONGST all the obligations which Christians lie under, one of the most essential, most sacred, and most indispensable, is that of referring all things to *the glory of God*; and yet, of all duties, that is that which is most generally, most scandalously, neglected. Of all the sins capable of being committed by Christians, one of the most odious, most heinous, most abominable, is that of *seeking their own glory*, making themselves the scope and centre of all their actions and designs; and yet no sin is more frequently, more universally, committed. Nothing is more becoming a creature, nothing more acceptable and pleasing to our Creator, than a pure, simple, and disinterested intention of honouring God; and yet nothing is more seldom to be met with: nothing is more unsuitable to a creature, nothing more injurious to our Creator, than an impure, corrupt, *Pharisaical* intention of making it our ultimate design to gain honour to ourselves; and yet nothing is more frequent among those who profess themselves to be Christians.

If we consider what man is by nature; what he ought to be, in order to fulfil the law of God; and what he must do, to obtain the happiness he aspires after; all these considerations do indispensably oblige him to refer all his actions to *the glory of God*; to direct everything which he attempts, everything which he designs, everything which he saith, and everything which he doth, to God as to his ultimate end. Our nature carries us to act for some end or other; and no end short of the glory of God is adequate to the appetite implanted in us by nature. The Gospel of Christ requires that we should observe the laws of God, not only as to the matter of them, but also according to a right manner, and out of a right principle: and we never serve God in a true manner, and out of a true principle, but when we perform our duty, for his sake, and to his honour. In order to acquire everlasting happiness, we must do those good works which God hath commanded us, upon those motives which God hath proposed to us; and good works are no otherwise good, no otherwise well-pleasing to God, no otherwise available to everlasting salvation, than as they are done out of a view of glorifying his holy name. In whatever respect therefore we consider ourselves, whether as reasonable creatures, or as Christians, or as destined to everlasting happiness, we find ourselves obliged to copy the example of our Saviour, and to say after him, with truth and with sincerity, *I seek not my own glory, but the glory of God.*

Old Letters.

*James I. to the Lords of his Privy Council, upon his entering England.**

'6th April, 1603.

'Right trusty and right well-beloved cousins and counsellors, we greet you well. This day is Roger Ashton come to us with the money sent you, for your diligence wherein used we give you our hearty thanks, and have thought good to let you know that we are thus far on our way, having made our entry into this town about four or five of the clock in the afternoon, and from hence we purpose, within a day or two, to remove to Newcastle, and so to hasten toward you as much as conveniently we may, and will be at Burghley, as you advise, we hope, in short time, and there be glad to see you. But touching your opinion that so far we should come as it were in private manner, and that thither you would send us such provision as you should think to be needful for our honour, we have thought good to let you understand that we could be well contented so to do, were it not that our city of York lieth so near in our way, as we cannot well pass by it. And being a place of so much note in these parts of our kingdom, and the second city thereof, and the country so full of nobility and gentlemen of the best sort, we do think it fit for our honour, and for the contentation of our subjects in those quarters, to make our entry there in some such solemn manner as appertaineth to our dignity. Wherefore we require you that all such things as you in your wisdoms think meet for such a purpose, and which you intended to have sent to Burghley, that you

* MSS. in Mus. Ashmol. Oxon. James I. thus speaks of his accession to the English throne, in a letter to the King of France:—'You will have heard from your own ambassadors with us, that in consequence of the said queen having departed this life, we have been called to the succession of the said crown, as well by right of consanguinity as by the universal consent of the nobility, the good cities, and other people of the realm, with so much cheerfulness and promptitude, that we heard almost sooner the notification of our right, than the report of her death. And for this we confess we have very great reason to praise the providence and bounty of God, in having, contrary to the appearance of things, and the expectations of men, established us peaceably in the possession of that which of right belonged to us.'—MS. Cotton. Calig. B. x. art. 81.

will cause them to be sent to York, so as they be there before we make our entry, and serve to do us honour at the same. For your own persons we can well be content to spare your travail, the journey being so long, and expect you at Burghley, except any of you that is able to abide such travail shall think fit to come to York to us. As touching our guard, because we are informed that the custom of this kingdom hath been that they should attend the corpse of the prince deceased until the funerals, we can be well contented therein to do that and all other honour that we may unto the queen defunct. And likewise for the point of her interment to be done before our coming or after, we do refer it to your consideration, whether shall be more honour for her to have it finished before we come, or to have us present at it. For that we do so much respect the dignity to her appertaining, being not only successor to her in the kingdom, but so near as we are of blood, as we will not stand so much upon the ceremonies of our own joy, but that we should have in that which concerneth her all that to be done, which may most testify the honour we do bear towards her memory. Wherefore as we refer this point to your consideration, so do we desire to hear therein your advices speedily, that we may frame our journeys thereafter. Further, forasmuch as we do intend to bring into this realm, as soon as possibly we can, both the queen our wife and our two elder children, which be able to abide the travail, we must recommend to your consideration the sending hither of such jewels and other furniture which did appertain to the late queen as you shall think to be meet for her estate, and also coaches, horses, litters, and whatsoever else you shall think meet. And in the doing thereof, these shall be warrant to you to command those that have the keeping of any such jewels or stuff for the delivery thereof to you or to such persons as you shall appoint to receive and convey them to us. And forasmuch as for many services necessarily to be attended both about the queen's funeral, our reception into the cities and towns of this our realm and our coronation, the use of a lord chamberlain is very needful, and that the Lord Hunsdon, who now hath that place, is not able by reason of his in-

disposition to execute the services belonging to his charge, we have thought good to appoint our right trusty and right well-beloved the Lord Thomas Howard of Walden to exercise that place for the said Lord Hunsdon, and for that purpose we have directed our letters specially to him.

'Given under our signet at our town of Berwick, the 6th of April, 1603, the first year of our reign of England.

'To our right trusty and well-beloved cousins and counsellors, the lords and others of our Privy Council at London.'

HERO AND LEANDER.

I.

Up to the temple's porch the youthful train
 Glide, wreath'd in garlands of the sweetest flowers—
 Fresh with a recent bath of mellow rain—
 New pluck'd from neighbouring rose and myrtle bowers.
 Brighter than Day those maids to mortal eye;
 Around them glows the rich and violet air,
 As if enamour'd of them while they fly,
 Or pace with dignity and motion fair.
 Their long locks float in waves of lustrous black
 Adown their shoulders, dazzling like the snow;
 And the perfections of each sculptured back,
 Each fine-curved neck, in lines of beauty flow.
 They glance like forms of which we see the wreck
 Still in our galleries and pictured halls;
 A waving broider'd robe half seems to deck
 Their limbs, half bare them, as it flies and falls.
 But one who leads the van is fairer far
 Than all besides in that procession long;
 And light around her lies as round a Star,
 When melting in auroral radiance strong.
 Her beauty mixes with the lustrous Day;
 The Day casts back its beauty upon her;
 Around her welling with a constant play,
 As if each beam were her sweet minister.
 Shaking her tresses, with a fine faint gleam
 Of rose-light flushing through her pearly cheek,
 Comes forth a subtle fragrance, like the steam
 Of some far eastern plant, profuse and weak.
 Shaking her tresses from her bosom white,
 Darken'd too long with their black raven streams,
 Comes forth a warm, and soft, and glowing light,
 Flooding the senses with delicious dreams.
 The Stranger standing in the holy shrine,
 Sees all her beauty—he himself conceal'd:
 Oh! what a glimpse of Love's own wo divine,
 That one short flash of snowy light reveal'd.
 His soul is plunged in depths unknown before,
 He looks, and looks, he sees but one fair form!
 If Love can teach him such a wondrous lore,
 Oh can it not unfold the Future's storm?

II.

And now the tale of young affection told,
Joy pulses in the spirits of the twain
With equal beat; beneath the daylight's gold—
Beneath night's mantle, taste they that sweet pain.

But the paternal power is strong and stern,
And Hero weeps in silence o'er her love:
'Alas! can man's frail vision not discern
That Venus rules omnipotent above?

'How vain it is to bar her onward way;
How vain it is to check her wondrous pow'r:
O goddess! hear how I, thy priestess, pray,
And send me triumph in my doleful hour!'

Night falls upon the verdant scene around;
Starry and blue the sky, of vapours bare;
Low splash the waters with a bubbling sound
Upon the beach's shells and pebbles rare.

Love prompts Leander to a feat of strength;
Across the Channel, wrestling with the waves,
He pants—he struggles onwards—and at length
Wins the blest harbour which his spirit craves.

'Ho, love, awake! through cold wet surges borne,
Behold me—cold and wet my weary limbs;
I rest beside thee till the rosy Morn
Night's silver lamp with flaming gold bedims.'

And Hero rises at the welcome call,
Breathing to Venus an adoring prayer
Of thanks, for those rich mercies that befall
The worshipper in her complete despair.

She opes the door; with foot as light as wind
He enters the dear temple of his dreams;
The home for which his spirit inly pined—
The chamber whence his light of being streams.

Flashes the spicy wine upon the board;
Upon the hearth the fire flashes too;
And Hero draws on all her fragrant hoard
Of kisses sweet, to warm him through and through.

She wrings his raven locks, that soaking drip
Still with the salt ooze—'O how wet they be!'
She breathes upon him—'Love, how hot thy lip,
After the cold foam of the gurgling sea!'

III.

Loud roars the winter-blast on field and bower;
Sunshine is darken'd in the vales of Greece;
Where once the bee flew murmuring round the flower,
The tempest's notes wail on, nor pause, nor cease.

Loud booms the storm upon the Channel waves;
Surge hurl'd on surge—the waters whitely splash—
Up from the depths of Neptune's dreary caves
Harsh sounds rush mingling with the billow's dash.

And where is Hero's and Leander's love?
 Has it decay'd with the decaying sun;
 Fled with the nightingale and summer-dove—
 Fled, ere its honey-time had well begun?

No! still the lamp gleams forth from Hero's tower—
 A burning star athwart the blackest night;
 And still Leander, strong in passion's power,
 Cleaves wrestling through the waves to meet its light.

Far gone the eve—within her chamber lone
 She sits; the tresses on her heaving breast
 Quiver, as if a sudden breeze had blown
 Across that warm and fragrant land of rest.

So throbs her bosom with love's doubts and fears;
 'O wherefore comes he not? the night is dark:
 In such a stormy blast no helmsman steers,
 Through such a pile of surges shoots no bark.

'O wherefore comes he not? O rather, why
 Comes he at all in this black thundrous gloom?
 Across my lattice light strange phantoms fly;
 The Hellespont is but one yawning tomb!

Worn out with vigils, to the beach she goes—
 Her hair all streaming in the midnight blast;
 Around on every side a glance she throws—
 A glance with mingled hope and horror cast.

There lies Leander's body, gash'd and dead!
 One look suffices—with a cry of wo
 She falls beside him—lifts his lifeless head—
 And round his frame her white arms winding grow.

'One kiss on those pale lips from which I drank
 And drank so oft of Love's immortal wine—
 One kiss!'—she hurries to a rocky bank,
 And plunges into the resounding brine!

J. J.

THE POPULATION OF CHINA.*

A LETTER ADDRESSED TO THE REGISTRAR-GENERAL, LONDON,
 BY SIR JOHN BOWRING.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, HONG-KONG,
 13th July, 1855.

SIR,—I wish it were possible to give a satisfactory reply to your inquiries as to the real population of China.

There has been no official census taken since the time of Kia King, 43 years ago. Much doubt has been thrown

* This letter has already appeared amongst the papers published in the *Transactions* of two societies specially devoted to such inquiries—the China Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, and the Statistical Society of London; but the numerous points of popular interest which the document presents warrant its publication in *TITAN*.

upon the accuracy of these returns, which gave 362,447,183 as the total number of the inhabitants of China. I think our greater knowledge of the country increases the evidence in favour of the approximate correctness of the official document, and that we may with tolerable safety estimate the present population of the Chinese Empire as between 350,000,000 and 400,000,000 of human beings. The penal laws of China make provision for a general system of registration; and corporal punishments, generally amounting to 100 blows of the bamboo, are to be inflicted on those who neglect to make

the proper returns. The machinery is confided to the elders of the district, and the census is required to be annually taken; but I have no reason to believe that the law is obeyed, or the neglect of it punished.

In the English translation of Father Alvares Semedo's history of China, published in London A.D. 1655, is the following passage:—

'This kingdom is so exceedingly populous, that having lived there two-and-twenty years, I was in no less amazement at my coming away than in the beginning, at the multitude of the people. Certainly the truth exceedeth all hyperboles; not only in the cities, towns, and public places, but also in the highway, there is as great a concourse as is usual in Europe on some great festival. And if we will refer ourselves to the general register book, wherein only the common men are enrolled, leaving out women, children, eunuchs, professors of letters and arms, there are reckoned of them to be fifty-eight millions fifty-five thousand one hundred and fourscore.' The minuteness of the enumeration would seem to show that the father had quoted some official document.

I forward herewith two tabular statements which I have copied from Dr Williams' 'Middle Kingdom,' one of the best books on China. The first (No. 1) gives a list of the various estimates from A.D. 1393 to 1812, with the authorities quoted. The second is a re-arranged statement of censuses taken at different periods (No. 2).

As there are few men in China more diligent or better instructed than Dr Williams, I thought it desirable to communicate with him in order to ascertain his present views as to the credit which may properly be attached to the official statistics of China. I send a copy of his letter (No. 3).

I do not know that there is any safer course than to reason from details to generals, from the known to the unknown; and I have taken every opportunity which my intercourse with the Chinese has afforded me, to obtain, if not correct, at least approximative, information as to the true statistics of the country. It may be affirmed without any hesitation, that as regards the Five Ports and the adjacent districts, to which we have access, the population is so numerous as to furnish arguments that the

number of inhabitants of the entire empire is very much greater than is represented by the official returns. These localities cannot be taken as fair averages; for, naturally enough, increased commercial activity has brought with it a flow of new settlers, and there can be no doubt that some of the ancient seats of commerce have lost much of their population in losing their trade; but whether all the causes of decline in particular spots have much counteracted the fecundity of the Chinese races considered as a whole, may well be questioned.

Some years ago I had an opportunity of discussing the subject of Chinese population with the mandarin at Ningpo, who was charged with making the returns for that district. Ningpo can scarcely be called a progressive place—it is decidedly the least so of the Five Treaty Ports; but I found, generally speaking, that the real returns were considerably in excess of the official estimates.

And I would remark that, in taking the area of the eighteen provinces of China at 1,348,870 square miles, the census of 1812 would give 268 persons to a square mile, which is considerably less than the population of the densely-peopled countries of Europe.

According to ancient usage, the population in China is grouped under four heads—1. Scholars; 2. Husbandmen; 3. Mechanics; 4. Merchants. There is a numerous class who are considered almost as social outcasts, such as stage-players, professional gamblers, beggars, convicts, outlaws, and others; and these probably form no part of the population returns. In the more remote rural districts, on the other hand, the returning officer most probably contents himself with giving the average of more accessible and better-peopled localities.

I have no means of obtaining any satisfactory tables to show the proportions which different ages bear to one another in China, or the average mortality at different periods of human life; yet to every decade of life the Chinese apply some special designation:—the age of 10 is called 'the Opening Degree;' 20, 'Youth Expired;' 30, 'Strength and Marriage;' 40, 'Officially Apt;' 50, 'Error Knowing;' 60, 'Cycle Closing;' 70, 'Rare Bird of Age;' 80, 'Rusty Visaged;' 90, 'Delayed;' 100, 'Age's Extremity.' Among the Chinese the amount of reverence grows with the

number of years. I made, some years ago, the acquaintance of a Buddhist priest living in the convent of Tien Tung, near Ningpo, who was more than a century old, and whom people of rank were in the habit of visiting, in order to show their respect and to obtain his autograph. He had the civility to give me a very fair specimen of his handwriting. There are not many establishments for the reception of the aged, but the penal code provides severe punishments for those who refuse to relieve the poor in their declining years. Age may also be pleaded in extenuation of crime, and in mitigation of punishment. Imperial decrees sometimes order presents to be given to all indigent old people in the empire. I am not aware of any detailed statistics giving the number of such recipients, since a return published in the time of

Kanghi (1657). Kienlung (1785) directed that all those claimants whose age exceeded 60, should receive 5 bushels of rice and a piece of linen; those above 80, 10 bushels of rice and two pieces of linen; those above 90, 30 bushels of rice and two pieces of common silk; and those above 100, 50 bushels of rice and two pieces, one of fine, and one of common silk. He ordered all the elders to be enumerated who were at the head of five generations; of whom there were 192, and, 'in gratitude to heaven,' summoned 3000 of the oldest men of the empire to receive imperial presents, which consisted principally of embroidered purses, and badges bearing the character of *shau*, meaning *longevity*.

The Kanghi tables, showing the numbers who enjoyed the benefit of the edict, are these:—

PROVINCES.	Above 70 Years.	Above 80 Years.	Above 90 Years.	Above 100 Years.	Totals.
Chihle.....	...	11,111	535	...	11,646
Leautung.....	244	88	5	...	337
Kansuh.....	41,991	9,043	250	...	51,284
Shantung.....	65,225	26,067	1,330	9	92,631
Honan.....	8,132	3,651	451	5	12,239
Keangnan.....	...	34,088	1,065	3	35,156
Chekeang.....	...	21,866	982	...	22,848
Shanse.....	13,382	11,582	317	...	25,281
Hookwang.....	37,354	25,544	2,850	4	65,752
Keangse.....	...	7,190	580	...	7,770
Kwangtung.....	17,369	9,415	591	...	27,375
Kwangse.....	...	489	114	...	603
Fuhkeen.....	10,213	5,232	369	...	15,814
Szechuen.....	176	99	13	...	288
Kweichow.....	...	749	94	...	843
Yunnan.....	...	3,618	450	...	4,068
	194,086	169,832	9,996	21	373,935

As these returns bear no proportion to the general population of the country, or to the relative extent of the various provinces, many fortuitous and local circumstances must have caused the obvious incongruities. For example: in the adjacent provinces of Kwangtung and Kwangse, in which the whole mass of population is in the proportion of two to one, the recipients are as 46 to 1, and as regards age, while the proportion of those above 80 is represented at 19 to 1, those above 90 are only a little more than 5 to 1. In all these matters the greater or less co-operation of the local

authorities is one of the most important elements in producing a result. Kwangse is extremely mountainous, and bordered on the north-west by the country of the Meao-tsz, or aborigines, the districts adjoining which are but in a half-reclaimed state, and governed by officers of a character and denomination distinct from those of the provinces. But it is inexplicable that the province of Pechile, in which Peking is situated, should exhibit so small a proportional return, especially as compared with the adjacent province of Shantung. Hookwang, with a population of 26½ millions.

has 37,354 indigent persons above 70, while Szechuen, whose population is 21½ millions, presents only 176 persons in that category.

I think there is abundant evidence of redundant population pressing more and more heavily upon, and suffering more and more severely from, an inadequate supply of food. Though there are periods when extraordinary harvests enable the Chinese to transport rice, the principal food of the people, from one province to another—sometimes even to foreign countries—yet of late the importations from foreign countries have been enormous, and China has drawn largely on the Straits, the Philippines, Siam, and other places, to fill up a vast deficiency in supply. Famine has, notwithstanding, committed dreadful ravages, and the provisions of the imperial granaries have been wholly inadequate to provide for the public wants. It is true that cultivation has been greatly interfered with by intestinal disorders, and that there has been much destruction by inundations, incendiarism, and other accidental or transitory causes; but, without reference to these, I am disposed to believe that there is a greater increase in the numbers of the population than in the home production of food for their use. It must be remembered, too, that while the race is thus augmenting, the causes which lead to the destruction of food, such as the overflow of rivers, fires, ravages of locusts, bad seasons, and other calamities, are to a great extent beyond the control of human prudence or human exertion. It would be difficult to show what new element could be introduced which would raise up the native supply of food beyond its present productiveness, considering that hand husbandry has given to cultivation more of a horticultural than an agricultural character.

The constant flow of emigration from China, contrasted with the complete absence of emigration into China, is striking evidence of the redundancy of the population; for though that emigration is almost wholly confined to two provinces—namely, Kwangtung and Fookien, representing together a population of probably from 34,000,000 to 35,000,000—I am disposed to think that a number nearer 3,000,000 than 2,000,000 from these provinces alone are located in foreign countries. In the kingdom of Siam, it is estimated that there are at least a

million and a-half of Chinese, of which 200,000 are in the capital (Bangkok). They crowd all the islands of the Indian Archipelago. In Java, we know by a correct census there are 136,000. Cochin-China teems with Chinese. In this colony we are seldom without one, two, or three vessels taking Chinese emigrants to California and other places. Multitudes go to Australia, to the Philippines, to the Sandwich Islands, to the western coast of Central and Southern America: some have made their way to British India. The emigration to the British West Indies has been considerable—to the Havana greater still. The annual arrivals in Singapore are estimated at an average of 10,000, and 2000 is the number that are said annually to return to China.*

There is not only this enormous maritime emigration, but a considerable inland efflux of Chinese towards Manchuria and Thibet; and, it may be added, that the large and fertile islands of Formosa and Hainan have been to a great extent won from the aborigines by successive inroads of Chinese settlers. Now these are all males—there is not a woman to 10,000 men: hence perhaps the small social value of the female infant. Yet this perpetual outflowing of people seems in no respect to diminish the number of those who are left behind. Few Chinamen leave their country without a fixed purpose to return to worship in the ancestral hall—to bring sacrifices to the tombs of their fathers; but it may be doubted if one in ten revisits his native land. The loss of life from disease, from bad arrangements, from shipwreck, and other casualties, amounts to a frightful percentage on those who emigrate.

The multitudes of persons who live by the fisheries in China afford evidence not only that the land is cultivated to the greatest possible extent, but that it is insufficient to supply the necessities of the overflowing population; for agriculture is held in high honour in China, and the husbandman stands next in rank to the sage or literary man in the social hierarchy. It has been supposed that nearly a tenth of the population derive their means of support from fisheries. Hundreds and thousands of boats crowd the whole coast of China—sometimes acting in communities, sometimes inde-

* 'Journal of the Indian Archipelago,' vol. ii., p. 286.

pendent and isolated. There is no species of craft by which a fish can be inveigled which is not practised with success in China—every variety of net, from vast seines embracing miles, to the smallest hand-fillet in the care of a child. Fishing by night, and fishing by day, fishing in moonlight, by torchlight, and in utter darkness—fishing in boats of all sizes—fishing by those who are stationary on the rock by the sea-side, and by those who are absent for weeks on the wildest of seas—fishing by cormorants—fishing by divers—fishing with lines, with baskets—by every imaginable decoy and device. There is no river which is not staked to assist the fisherman in his craft. There is no lake, no pond, which is not crowded with fish. A piece of water is nearly as valuable as a field of fertile land. At daybreak every city is crowded with sellers of live fish, who carry their commodity in buckets of water, saving all they do not sell to be returned to the pond, or kept for another day's service. And the lakes and ponds of China not only supply large provisions of fish—they produce considerable quantities of edible roots and seeds, which are largely consumed by the people. Among these the esculent arum, the water chestnut (*scirpus tuberosus*), and the lotus (*nelumbium*) are the most remarkable.

The enormous river-population of China, who live only in boats—who are born and educated—who marry, rear their families, and die—who, in a word, begin and end their existence on the water, and never have or dream of any other shelter than the roof, and who seldom tread except on the deck or boards, of their sampans—show to what an extent the land is crowded, and how inadequate it is to maintain the cumberers of the soil. In the city of Canton alone it is estimated that 300,000 persons dwell upon the surface of the river: the boats, sometimes twenty or thirty deep, cover some miles, and have their wants supplied by ambulatory salesmen, who wend their way through every accessible passage. Of this vast population, some dwell in decorated river-boats used for every purpose of license and festivity—for theatres—for concerts—for feasts—for gambling—for lust—for solitary and social recreations: some craft are employed in conveying goods and passengers, and are in a state of constant activity: others are moored, and their owners are engaged

as servants or labourers on shore. Indeed, their pursuits are probably nearly as various as those of the land population. The immense variety of boats which are found in Chinese waters has never been adequately described. Some are of enormous size, and are used as magazines for salt or rice; others have all domestic accommodations, and are employed for the transfer of whole families, with all their domestic attendants and accommodations, from one place to another. Some, called *centipedes*, from their being supposed to have 100 rowers, convey, with extraordinary rapidity, the more valuable cargoes, from the inner warehouses to the foreign shipping in the ports. All these, from the huge and cumbersome junks, which remind one of Noah's ark, and which represent the rude and coarse constructions of the remotest ages, to the fragile planks upon which a solitary leper hangs upon the outskirts of society—boats of every form, and applied to every purpose—exhibit an incalculable amount of population, which may be called amphibious, if not aquatic.

Not only are land and water crowded with Chinese, but many dwell on artificial islands which float upon the lakes— islands with gardens and houses raised upon the rafters which the occupiers have bound together, and on which they cultivate what is needful for the supply of life's daily wants. They have their poultry and their vegetables for use—their flowers and their scrolls for ornament—their household gods for protection and worship.

In all parts of China to which we have access, we find not only that every foot of ground is cultivated which is capable of producing anything, but that, from the value of land and the surplus of labour, cultivation is rather that of gardeners than of husbandmen. The sides of hills, in their natural declivity often unavailable, are, by a succession of artificial terraces, turned to profitable account. Every little bit of soil, though it be only a few feet in length and breadth, is turned to account; and not only is the surface of the land thus cared for, but every device is employed for the gathering together of every article that can serve for manure. Scavengers are constantly clearing the streets of the stercoraceous filth—the cloacæ are farmed by speculators in human ordures—the most populous places are often made offensive by the means

taken to prevent the precious deposits from being lost. The fields in China have almost always large earthenware vessels for the reception of the contributions of the peasant or the traveller. You cannot enter any of their great cities, without meeting multitudes of men, women, and children, conveying liquid manure into the fields and gardens around. The stimulants to production are applied with most untiring industry. In this colony of Hong-Kong, I scarcely ever ride out without finding some little bit of ground either newly cultivated or clearing for cultivation.

Attention to the soil—not only to make it productive, but as much productive as possible—is inculcated as a political and social duty. One of the most admired sages of China (Yung-chin) says, 'Let there be no uncultivated spot in the country—no unemployed person in the city;' and the 4th maxim of the sacred edict of Kanghi, which is required to be read through the empire, on the 1st and 15th of every moon, in the presence of all the officers of state, is to the following effect: 'Let husbandry occupy the principal place, and the culture of the mulberry-tree, so that there may be sufficient supply of food and clothing.' Shin Nung, the name of one of the most ancient and honoured of the Chinese emperors, means 'the divine husbandman.'

The arts of draining and irrigating—of preserving, preparing, and applying manure in a great variety of shapes—of fertilising seeds—indeed all the details of Chinese agriculture—are well deserving of note, and all display evidence of the inadequate proportion which the produce of the soil bears to the demands for the consumption of the people.*

The Chinese, again, have no prejudice whatever as regards food: they eat anything and everything from which they can derive nutrition. Dogs, especially puppies, are habitually sold for food; and I have seen in the butchers' shops large dogs skinned and hanging with their viscera by the side of pigs and goats. Even to rats and mice the Chinese have no objection—neither to the flesh of monkeys and snakes: the sea-slug is an aristocratical and costly delicacy, which is never wanting, any more than the edible birds'-nests, at a feast where honour is

intended to be done to the guests. Unhatched ducks and chickens are a favourite dish. Nor do the early stages of putrefaction create any disgust: rotten eggs are by no means condemned to perdition; fish is the more acceptable when it has a strong fragrance and flavour to give more gusto to the rice.

As the food the Chinese eat is for the most part hard, coarse, and of little cost, so their beverages are singularly economical. Drunkenness is a rare vice in China, and fermented spirits or strong drinks are seldom used. Tea may be said to be the national, the universal beverage; and though that employed by the multitude does not cost more than from 3d. to 6d. per lb., an infusion of less costly leaves is commonly employed, especially in localities remote from the tea districts. Both in eating and drinking the Chinese are temperate, and are satisfied with two daily meals—'the morning rice,' at about 10 A.M., and 'the evening rice,' at 5 P.M. The only repugnance I have observed in China is to the use of *milk*—an extraordinary prejudice, especially considering the Tartar influences which have been long dominant in the land; but I never saw or heard of butter, cream, milk, or whey being introduced at any native Chinese table.

While so many elements of vitality are in a state of activity for the reproduction and sustenance of the human race, there is probably no part of the world in which the harvests of mortality are more sweeping and destructive than in China, producing voids which require no ordinary appliances to fill up. Multitudes perish absolutely from want of the means of existence; inundations destroy towns and villages, and all their inhabitants. It would not be easy to calculate the loss of life by the typhoons or hurricanes which visit the coasts of China, in which boats and junks are sometimes sacrificed by hundreds and by thousands. The late civil wars in China must have led to the loss of millions of lives. The sacrifices of human beings by executions alone are frightful. At the moment in which I write, it is believed that from 400 to 500 victims fall daily by the hands of the headman in the province of Kwangtung alone. Reverence for life there is none, as life exists in superfluous abundance. A dead body is an object of so little concern, that it is sometimes not thought worth while to remove it from the spot

* See a valuable paper on Chinese Agriculture in the Chinese Repository, vol. iii., pp. 121-127.

where it putrefies on the surface of the earth. Often have I seen a corpse under the table of gamblers; often have I trod over a putrid body at the threshold of a door. In many parts of China there are towers of brick or stone, where toothless—principally female—children are thrown by their parents into a hole made in the side of the wall. There are various opinions as to the extent of infanticide in China, but that it is a common practice in many provinces admits of no doubt. One of the most eloquent Chinese writers against infanticide, Kwei Chung Fu, professes to have been specially inspired by 'the god of literature' to call upon the Chinese people to refrain from the inhuman practice, and declares that 'the god' had filled his house with honours, and given him literary descendants, as the recompense for his exertions. Yet his denunciations scarcely go further than to pronounce it wicked in those to destroy their female children who have the means of bringing them up; and some of his arguments are strange enough: 'To destroy daughters,' he says, 'is to make war upon heaven's harmony' (in the equal numbers of the sexes): 'the more daughters you drown, the more daughters you will have; and never was it known that the drowning of daughters led to the birth of sons.' He recommends abandoning children to their fate 'on the wayside' as preferable to drowning them, and then says, 'there are instances of children so exposed having been nursed and reared by tigers.' 'Where should we have been,' he asks, 'if our grandmothers and mothers had been drowned in their infancy?' And he quotes two instances of the punishment of mothers who had destroyed their infants, one of whom had a blood-red serpent fastened to her thigh, and the other her four extremities turned into cows' feet.* Father Ripa mentions, that

* Doubt has been sometimes expressed as to the practice of infanticide in China on any great scale; but the abundance of evidence of the extent of the usage may be found in Chinese books. The following is a translation of a Decree of the Emperor Kanghi, entitled,—

'Edict prohibiting the drowning of Children.'—'When a mother mercilessly plunges beneath the water the tender offspring to which she has given birth, can it be said that it owes its life to her who thus takes away what it has just begun to enjoy? The poverty of the parents is the cause of this wrongdoing; they have difficulty in earning subsistence for themselves, still less can they pay

of abandoned children, the Jesuits baptised, in Peking alone, not less than three thousand yearly. I have seen ponds which are the habitual receptacle of female infants, whose bodies lie floating about on their surface.

It is by no means unusual to carry persons in a state of exhaustion a little distance from the cities, to give them a pot of rice, and to leave them to perish of starvation when the little store is exhausted. Life and death in China, beyond any other region, seem in a state of perpetual activity. The habits of the people, their traditions, the teachings of the sages, all give a wonderful impulse to the procreative affections. A childless person is deemed an unhappy, not to say a degraded, man. The Chinese moralists set it down as a law, that if a wife give no children to her husband, she is bound by every tie of duty to encourage and to patronise a concubine, through whom his name may be preserved, and provision made that when he leaves the world honours will be done to his manes. One of the most popular of Chinese writers says, 'There are in the world wives who, never having borne boys nor nourished girls, even when the husband has reached the age of forty, prohibit his bringing home a concubine, or entertaining a handmaid, for the purpose of continuing his

nurses, and undertake all the necessary expenses, for their children; thus driven to despair, and unwilling to cause the death of two persons to preserve the life of one, it comes to pass that a mother, to save her husband's life, consents to destroy her children. Their natural tenderness suffers; but they at length determine to take this part, thinking themselves at liberty to dispose of the life of their children, in order to prolong their own. If they exposed these children in some unfrequented spot, their cries would move the hearts of the parents: what, then, do they! They cast the unfortunate babe into the current of a river, that they may at once lose sight of it, and in an instant deprive it of life. You have given me the name of Father of the People: though I cannot feel for these infants the tenderness of the parents to whom they owe their being, I cannot refrain from declaring to you, with the most painful feelings, that I absolutely forbid such homicides. The tiger, says one of our books, though it be a tiger, does not rend its own young; towards them it has a feeling breast, and continually cares for them. Poor as you may be, is it possible that you should become the murderers of your own children? It is to show yourselves more unnatural than the very beasts of prey.'—*Lettres Edifiantes*, vol. xix., pp. 101, 102.

posterity—they look upon such a person with jealous hatred and malignant ill-will. Alas! do you not know how fleet is time? Stretch as you may your months and your years, they fly like arrows; and when your husband's animal spirits and vigorous blood shall be exhausted, then, indeed, he can never beget children, and you, his wife, will have stopped the ancestral sacrifices, and you will have cut off his generation; then repentance, though you may exhibit it in a hundred ways, will indeed come too late—his mortal body will die—his property, which you, husband and wife, have sought to keep together, will not descend to his children, but be fought for by multitudes of kindred and relations; and you will have injured not one person—not your husband only—but even yourself; for who shall take charge of *your* coffin and *your* tomb? who shall bury you or offer sacrifices? Alas! your orphaned spirit shall pass nights in tears. It is sorrowful to think of. There are some wives who *do* control their jealousies, and allow their husbands to take concubines to themselves; but they do so (ungenerously) as if they were drinking vinegar, and eating acids—they beat Betty by way of scolding Belinda*—there is no peace in the inner house. But I beseech you to act as a prudent and virtuous woman. If you have no children, provide, with openness and honesty, a concubine† for your husband. If she bear him children, to you he will owe that the arteries and veins of his ancestral line are continued—*his* children will honour you as *their* mother; and will not this comfort you? Give not way to the malignant jealousy of a wicked woman! Prepare not a bitterness which you yourself must swallow.‡

Generally, however, the wife willingly coincides with the husband in introducing into the household any number of concubines whom he is able to maintain—since she exercises over them an undoubted authority, and the child of a concubine is bound to pay higher respect to the first wife than to its own mother. The Chinese illustrate all the domestic relations by imagery, and are wont to say, that, as the husband is the sun, and the wife the

moon, so the concubines are the planets and the stars of the domestic firmament.

And it has been often truly observed that, though the Chinese may be called sensualists, there is no deification of the grosser sensualities, such as is found in the classical pantheons, and in many of the oriental forms of faith. Tales of the amours of their gods and heroes seldom figure in their historical books or traditional legends. The dresses and external habits of the women in China are invariably modest, and, on the whole, the social arrangements must be considered friendly to an augmentation of the human race. The domestic affections are strong. Parents are generally fond and proud of their children, and children obedient to their parents. Order is, indeed, the first law of Confucius—authority and submission the apex and the basis of the social pyramid.

The sentiment of dishonour attached to the extinction of a race by the want of descendants through whom the whole line of reverential services (which some have called religious worship) rendered to ancestors is to be perpetual, is by no means confined to the privileged classes in China. One of our female servants—a nominal Christian—expressed her earnest desire that her husband should have another wife in her absence, and seemed quite surprised that any one should suppose such an arrangement to be in any respect improper.

The marriage of children is one of the great concerns of families. Scarcely is a child born in the higher ranks of life ere the question of its future espousal becomes a frequent topic of discussion. There is a large body of professional matchmakers, whose business it is to put all the preliminary arrangements in train, to settle questions of dowry, to accommodate differences, to report on the *pros* and *cons* of suggested alliances. There being no hereditary honours in China—except those which reckon upwards from the distinguished son to the father, the grandfather, and the whole line of ancestry, which may be ennobled by the literary or martial genius of a descendant—the distinctions of caste are unknown, and a successful student even of the lowest origin would be deemed a fit match for the most opulent and distinguished female in the community. The severe laws which prohibit marriages within certain degrees of affinity (they do not, however, interdict it

* *Chang* for *Lee*; i.e., they punish the concubine's servants, to be revenged on the concubine.

† Genesis xxx., 1-13.

‡ From the 'Perfect Collection of Household Gems.'

with a deceased wife's sister) tend to make marriages more prolific, and to produce a healthier race of children. So strong is the objection to the marriage of blood-relations, that a man and woman of the same *sing* or family cannot lawfully wed.

Soldiers and sailors are in no respect prevented from marrying. I expect there is—from the number of male emigrants, from the greater loss of men by the various accidents of life, and their abstraction in many circumstances from intercourse with women—a great disproportion between the sexes, tending naturally enough to the lower appreciation of women; but correct statistics are wanting in this, as, indeed, in every other part of the field of inquiry.

The proportion of unmarried to married people is (as would be deduced from the

foregoing observations) exceedingly small. To promote marriages seems everybody's affair. Matches and betrothals naturally enough occupy the attention of the young, but not less that of the middle-aged and the old. A marriage is the great event in the life of man or woman, and in China is associated with more of preliminary negotiations, ceremonials at different steps of the negotiations, written correspondence, visitings, protocols, and conventions, than in any other part of the world.

I am in hopes that we may be able to obtain the vital statistics of some given district, from which more accurate results might be deduced than are afforded by any existing data. I keep this object in view.—I have the honour to be, sir, yours very faithfully,

JOHN BOWLING.

To Geo. Graham, Esq.,
Registrar-General, &c. &c., London.

TABLE I.

Reign of Monarch.	A D.	Population.	
1 Hungwu.... 26th Year,	1393,	60,545,811	} Mirror of History— <i>Chinese Repository</i> , vol. x., page 156.
2 Hungchi.... 4th ...	1492,	53,281,158	
3 Wanleih.... 6th ...	1579,	60,692,856	
4 Shunchi.... 18th ...	1662,	21,068,600	
5 Kanghi..... 6th ...	1668,	25,386,209	
6 49th ...	1710,	23,312,200	
7 49th ...	1710,	27,241,129	} Yih-tung Chi, a Statistical work— <i>Morrison's View of China</i> .
8 50th ...	1711,	28,605,746	
9 Kienlung... 1st ...	1736,	125,046,245	} General Statistics— <i>Chinese Repository</i> , vol. i., p. 359.
10 8th ...	1743,	157,343,975	
11 8th ...	1743,	149,332,730	
12 8th ...	1743,	150,265,475	} <i>Mémoires sur les Chinois</i> , tom. vi.—quoted by Grosier, and by De Guignes: <i>Voyages à Peking</i> , tom. iii., p. 72.
13 18th ...	1753,	103,050,060	
14 25th ...	1760,	143,125,225	} <i>Les Missionnaires</i> , De Guignes, tom. iii., p. 67.
15 25th ...	1760,	203,916,477	
16 26th ...	1761,	205,293,053	} General Statistics— <i>Chinese Repository</i> , vol. i., p. 359.
17 27th ...	1762,	198,614,553	
18 55th ...	1790,	155,249,897	} Yih-tung Chi, a Statistical work— <i>Morrison's View of China</i> .
19 57th ...	1792,	307,467,200	
20 57th ...	1792,	333,000,000	} <i>Mémoires sur les Chinois</i> , tom. vi.—De Guignes, tom. iii., p. 72.
21 Kiaking.... 17th ...	1812,	362,447,183	

Atterstain: Grosier: De Guignes: tom. iii., p. 57.
Z. of Berlin, in *Chinese Repository*, vol. i., p. 361.
General Statistics—Dr Morrison, *Anglo-Chin: Col: Report*, 1829.
Statement made to Lord Macartney—Statistics—*Chinese Repository*, vol. i., p. 359.

TABLE II.
Table of the different Censuses of the Eighteen Provinces.

PROVINCES	Area in English Square Miles.	Average Population to a Square Mile, according to last Census.	Census in 1710, or before.	Census of 1711.	Census of 1743.	Census of 1763.	Census of 1762, or 1765.	Census of 1792 (Macartney).	Last Census of 1812.	Revenue in Taels of \$1.33 each.
Chihli.....	58,949	475	3,260,075	3,274,870	16,702,765	9,374,217	15,222,940	38,000,000	27,990,871	3,942,000
Shantung.....	65,104	444	...	2,278,595	12,159,680	12,769,872	25,180,734	24,000,000	28,958,764	6,344,000
Shansi.....	55,268	252	1,792,329	1,727,144	8,969,475	5,162,351	9,768,189	27,000,000	14,004,210	6,313,000
Honan.....	65,104	420	2,005,088	3,094,150	12,637,280	7,114,346	16,332,507	25,000,000	23,037,171	5,651,000
Kiangsu.....	44,500	850	3,917,707	2,656,465	26,766,365	12,618,987	23,161,409	32,000,000	37,843,501	11,733,000
Nganhwui.....	48,461	705	1,350,131	1,357,829	6,681,350	12,435,361	22,761,030	19,000,000	34,168,059	3,744,000
Kiangsi.....	72,176	320	5,528,499	2,172,587	15,623,990	5,055,251	11,006,640	21,000,000	23,046,999	5,856,000
Chehkiang.....	39,150	671	5,710,649	2,710,312	7,643,035	8,662,808	15,429,690	15,000,000	26,256,784	2,344,000
Fukien.....	53,480	276	1,468,145	706,311	4,264,850	4,710,399	8,063,671	14,000,000	14,777,410	2,091,000
Hupeh.....	70,450	389	469,927	433,943	4,568,860	4,568,860	8,080,603	13,000,000	27,370,098	1,905,000
Hunan.....	74,320	251	376,782	335,034	4,336,332	4,336,332	8,829,320	18,000,000	18,652,507	3,042,000
Shensi.....	67,400	153	240,809	2,150,696	14,804,035	3,851,043	7,287,443	18,000,000	10,207,256	563,000
Kansuh.....	86,608	175	311,972	368,525	15,181,710	2,133,222	7,812,014	12,000,000	15,193,125	968,000
Sz'chuen.....	166,800	128	144,164	3,802,689	6,006,600	1,368,496	2,782,976	27,000,000	21,435,678	2,193,000
Kwangtung...	79,456	241	1,148,918	1,142,747	6,006,600	3,969,248	6,797,597	21,000,000	19,174,030	794,000
Kwangse.....	78,250	93	205,995	210,674	1,143,450	1,975,619	3,947,414	10,000,000	7,313,895	185,000
Kweichau....	64,554	82	51,089	37,731	255,445	1,718,848	3,402,722	9,000,000	5,288,219	432,000
Yunnan.....	107,969	51	2,255,666	145,444	1,189,825	1,003,058	2,078,802	8,000,000	5,561,320	...
Shingking....	4,194	...	236,620	221,742	668,852	...	2,167,286	...
	1,297,999	268	27,241,129	28,605,746	150,265,475	103,050,060	198,614,553	333,000,000	362,447,183	58,100,000

CANTON, 29th June, 1855.

DEAR SIR,—In respect to the question of the population of China, I have nothing new of any general application to the subject. It would be a good service to the statistics of the race, for Hienfung to make out a general census, as his grandfather did, now forty-three years after the last.

The visits made to villages and towns in this prefecture since the breaking out of disturbances last June, have strengthened rather than diminished one's faith in the accuracy of the census. Large towns, like Shihlung, Kiúkiáng, Kinchub, Fuhshán, Sintsium, and others, have been found to contain even larger numbers than the representations of the Chinese had led one to believe. Fuhshán occupies even more ground than Canton, rather than less; and several observers agreed in estimating the portion which was burned last autumn as large as the entire western suburbs of Canton. Sintsium is estimated at half-a-million, though data are wanted to confirm this figure. You will see a list of villages enumerated by Mr Bonney, in the 'Anglo-Chinese Calendars for 1852 and 1853,' all of which were situated within a radius of two miles of Whampoa, or on Fa-té Island, west of Macao Passage. Few spots in the world maintain a denser population than the delta of Pearl River, nearly

all of which is included in the prefecture of Kwángshan, which is about one-ninth of the whole province. Its density of population, doubtless, is greater than any other equal area in the whole province; for if the whole contained as many, the entire amount could hardly be less than thirty millions, instead of nineteen millions, as now reckoned.

The Registrar-General must needs be content with an approximate estimate, from the nature of the case, our inability to make minute personal examination, and the lapse of time since the last general census. Huc, I see, estimates the combined population of Wúcháng, Hányáng, and Hánkau in Húpeh, at the high figure of eight millions, if I remember aright, for I have not the book to refer to. This is more than I have seen any one else reckon it. He gives one the impression of a highly-cultivated and well-peopled region in Eastern Sz'chuen, too, and through the valley of the Yangtze' in Húpeh. I have no special data to add to these general remarks on this subject; but if I could put as much credence in Chinese historical and political statements as I do in their statistical, I should think much more of their value. It is a melancholy reflection to think that so vast a portion of our race is almost entirely ignorant of God and his truth. Most truly yours, S. W. WILLIAMS.

The New Books.

Thorndale, or the Conflict of Opinions.

By William Smith, Author of 'Athelwold, a Drama,' 'A Discourse on Ethics,' &c. Crown 8vo, 608 pp. London and Edinburgh: William Blackwood and Sons.

THE MIRAGE.

OFTEN have I, when looking up into the sky, seen a brilliant white cloud extend itself across the blue ether in the exact model of an angel's wing—one wing, never the angel complete. Such have been my visions of the Future Society. Both wings would never come fairly out; no complete angel would ever manifest itself.

Some months after this, behold me plodding my solitary way, 'melancholy

slow,' through the streets of the city of Manchester. I had paused midway here on my route to London, to satisfy a curiosity I felt to see those factories which I so often heard talked of. To come from the fresh mountain air to such a place, is not a mode of approach the most conciliating. Here men live buried in bricks—buried above-ground in a sort of open catacomb: the dwellings of the workmen deserve no better name. I passed through interminable rows of brick hovels, foul and noisy, in which I am sure I should have sighed for the peace of the catacomb. Not a leaf of a tree visible; no sky, only smoke; no running water but what runs with filth. Men have built thus for their habitation!—a race of breathing, seeing, reasoning creatures, have built

thus on their beautiful planet Tellus! For leave to live in habitations like these, where air and light, beauty and fragrance, are shut out for ever—where one foul cell looks only into its neighbour—men and women are toiling as no other animal on the face of the earth toils.

Not much to jeopardise here, I said to myself, of domestic joy, of spontaneous activity, of the sacred privacy of home. The official eye might enter here without great detriment to the institution of the 'family.' Personal liberty, or freedom of movement, short of being incarcerated, seems here at its *minimum*. Not much to sacrifice of self-government and free enterprise. One might submit here to be 'cared for' a little more, at the risk of being governed a little more.

I had been anxious to see our great factories; but being a stranger in the place, and having brought with me no letters of introduction, I had great difficulty in doing so. Into the most eminent of them I failed to obtain admittance. Those which I did *not* see, I can quite understand, were better arranged than those I was permitted to enter. What I saw, however, *were* factories, full of veritable men and women, and vast numbers of them. I entered an enormous brick building, rising storey above storey, every floor packed as full as it could hold with its living machinery. As I ascended this huge pile, the air grew closer and more offensive at every stage, till I was fain to content myself with looking from the doorway down the long crowded room, dim from its thick atmosphere, and stunning you with noise from the whirr of wheels and the clattering of the looms. In this stifling atmosphere, and amidst this incessant din, pale and spiritless men and women were moving about, performing their monotonous and subsidiary services to the steam-engine. They themselves were at once as restless and automatic as those clattering looms they attended on. It was some consolation to think that habit might render them almost as insensible as the iron machinery about them.

Is this the last phase, I said to myself, of our even-handed, self-reliant scheme? Men and women spend ten hours and a-half every day—parliamentary measurement, as I am told—in this sort of service. What is it *for*? what great object? what urgent need? what new and pressing emergency has fallen on mankind? None; it is the

work of every day and all life long, and it is for the oldest need man has—the need of some sort of body-clothing. When was it known before that this matter of clothing cost all this toil? Is this your *progress*? Make garments out of cotton, and teach the steam-engine to help in the manufacture—but, men and women! bethink you into what you are manufacturing yourselves.

After visiting several factories and workshops of different descriptions, I found myself pacing to and fro upon one of the bridges. I shall not easily forget the view from Blackfriars Bridge, Manchester. The river runs beneath you black as ink. Fresh streams of filth are pouring into it from the factories that line the banks, or a jet of steam escapes in puffs, the white steam looking conspicuous and ghastly enough, contrasted against the black river. From square ungainly buildings (such palaces has Industry built for herself) tall chimneys arise, throwing volumes of smoke into the air. Through the intervals of these enormous chimneys, and quite overpowered by them, the steeples and towers of the distant churches struggle into sight, forming, in an architectural point of view, and perhaps in some other points of view, a very incongruous arrangement. The people who pass and repass before you fully correspond with the scene—dreary-looking men, and slatternly girls, with ragged shawls hanging loose upon their shoulders—nothing feminine about them but their dress. Men and women, boys and girls, walk past you with the same hard, callous, indifferent, unhopeful demeanour.

As I stood lingering upon this 'Bridge of Sighs,' my attention was caught by a printed placard, inviting 'the Religious and Philanthropic Public' of Manchester to an anti-slavery meeting. The object of the meeting seemed to me—in the humour I was then in—singular enough. The religious and philanthropic gentry of Manchester, the owners of these factories, their wives and widows, sons and daughters—all living upon cotton—were to meet and energetically to protest, as with one voice, against the cultivation of cotton by slave labour. Protest by all means, if simple protestation can effect anything; but is the raw cotton the only article of commerce that goes forth into the markets of the world with some moral taint clinging to it? If the South Carolinian stood

with me upon this 'Bridge of Sighs,' he might think that it was also in the weaving that the cotton goods got a certain infection from misery and injustice.

But there is no Arcadia for us—none at least to be reached by *going back*. We must push forward. We cannot simplify society; we must master its complexities. Cotton-growing and cotton-spinning will both be one day conducted in a better fashion. The slave will rise to the position of the paid labourer, and the paid labourer may be rising to a quite new position. We must push forward—forward through the din and smoke of this very Manchester. Here, at all events, men are learning to combine, and different classes are also learning to combine for mutual assistance. Amidst all the heat, and toil, and tribulation of this scene, a welding process is being carried on, that may have many good results. From all I understand, there is no town in England which manifests so enlightened a public spirit as this of Manchester. There is no going back. We must transform this Manchester itself, bit by bit, stone by stone, man by man, into a pleasant city, and a city of the just. Science must teach us to consume this smoke; these dwelling-houses must be made healthful and cheerful. Improved processes of manufacturing shall disconnect our industry from the filth which poisons the river, as well as that which infects the air. Our 'manufacturing era' is an age of apprenticeship. I always return to this indisputable truth: it is by doing our best under the existing state of things that we shall work out a better. It is by improving our own present system that we create the nobler system that is to follow.

I am in London. Have others felt the same contrarities as I have done? If, at one time, the aspect of a great city has excited glorious anticipations of the future, from reflection on the sciences and arts that are cultivated therein, at other times it has called up terrible apprehensions; and I have felt nothing but alarm, lest whatever of civilisation has been already accomplished should be swept away in some mad and desperate revolution.

Look down that long street—every house on both sides of it is a spacious mansion, replete with all desirable comforts—the abode of wealth and refinement, of active intelligent men, of beautiful and cultivated women. And look

again at those groups of haggard mortals, with envy, hatred, and malice at their hearts; they stand or they saunter under those windows, behind which sit unseen your gentle and your wise. That thing lies alone interposed. What if this haggard multitude should in its frenzy resolve to enter—where it can enter only to destroy? For me, I sometimes draw my breath in fear and trembling, as if in an agony of suspense, when I think what brute power might do, if stung into anger and desperation. 'Come out—come down to us!' What if an insensate crowd should cry out thus? 'We cannot rise to you—come down to us!'

If any pensive gentleman, in quest of a 'new sensation'—whom not even the last novel will appease—should apply to me, I think I could help him to a suggestion. Let him throw over his shoulders an old cloak, and put some weather-beaten cap upon his head, and seat himself, as I once did, amidst the rabble and the riff-raff of one of the crowded streets of London. There, level with the pavement, let him contemplate society from this new point of view. Looking up from this lowly position, the old familiar structure, if I mistake not, will wear a singularly novel aspect to him. He will also find himself surrounded (not, thank Heaven! with the men who form the foundation of society, but) with an obscene race, that burrow into the foundations deep and mischievously enough.

I once quite undesignedly found myself in such a position. I had returned to London from a long sojourn in the country, and had lost much of that awe and respect for conventional proprieties which distinguishes every reputable citizen. In the fields where I had been in the habit of walking, some old horse, projecting its head over the gate, was the severest critic of my costume and demeanour I was likely to meet. If I was tired, I sat down on the first convenient resting-place. This liberty—unheard of in the respectable citizen—I took even in the streets of London. Being wearied, I sat down on the steps of a church.

I sat down under the portico of a church in Regent Street—a place which, at that time, was a good deal infested by loiterers of all descriptions. I found myself amongst beggars, itinerant vendors of knives and slippers, women with large pieces of wash-leather displayed for sale, Italian boys with their images and the

like. It was November; I had on a travelling-cloak and cap; I was probably taken for a foreigner. With our populace a foreigner is either a prince or a beggar; it was plain I was not the prince; no one took any heed of me.

Out there in the street before me rolled by carriage after carriage—elegant equipages, as they are called. How very palpable it became to me, as I now sat here on the pavement, that those who looked out of carriage-windows regarded us as a quite different race of beings, as quite out of the pale of humanity. Evidently the dogs in the street, the lamp-posts on either side of the way, or the heaps of mud scraped up for the scavenger's cart, were just as likely to occupy their thoughts as the human group to which I then belonged. The lady and gentleman who walked past us, with stately or with careless step, were equally indifferent. Unconscious they of our presence, unless as obstacles in the path, to be especially avoided. We were at their feet, but far beyond their vision! So!—thought I—this it is to sit on the lowest round of the ladder. It is well to try the place. How very near the dirt we are! What if this were verily my position in society? I imagined for the moment that it was, and identified myself with these children of the streets.

I learned something from my new position, and the novel society around me. I felt that the passionless neglect of our superiors was returned by us with something far more energetic. You simply pass us by; you have no hostility, nor dream of exciting it; you think no harm, you would not hurt us—no, nor would you hurt the crawling toad upon your path; you avoid us both, and for the very same reason—the contact would be disagreeable. Simply you do not love us—this is the extent of your feeling; but ours? I detected that we return neglect—with hate!

I heard the beggars whine out their pious supplications, as in times past they had often done to myself; but from my new position I heard the *aside* also of these miserable actors. I heard the brutal curse that followed on the pious supplication when it had not succeeded, and the triumphant jest, somewhat more carefully expressed, when the disgusting hypocrisy had prospered. How the eye spoke of plunder, as it caught the glitter of any ornament on the passers-by! how

of sullen hate, as it followed the bold and confident step of the English gentleman!

One thing I noticed (and I have noticed it on other occasions), which at first appears very inexplicable. Criticism on dress or equipage one expects in the windows of a club-room. But to find it here!—amongst these!—and of the most intolerant description! Any singularity of costume is punished, amongst us of the streets, with the most unsparing ridicule. Many of us, who never rode at all except in a dung-cart, greet a sorry equipage with jeers of derision. How is this? Is our taste so very refined, or have we really so keen a sense of the ridiculous? I apprehend that it is nothing more than an overflowing of the bile—a demonstration of our spite. Any excuse for a brutal jest is greedily seized upon. Our most absurd laughter is in fact a poor species of retaliation.

A coarse fellow stands near me. A gentleman and his dog passes. The dog thinks proper to assail the man—does not bite, but barks, as if he was very much disposed to do so. The gentleman calls off his dog—chides and reproves the animal—but, as the manner of the English gentleman is, he does not cast a look, a glance, apologetic or otherwise, upon the man! All passes as a breach of discipline on the part of the dog. But the man followed—not the dog, but his master—followed with a scowl that made my blood run cold. 'Our turn may come one day,' he muttered between his teeth, 'and then!'—some horrible imprecation was lost in the jostle and turmoil of the street.

Without a question, we of the pavement, if we had our will, would stop those smooth-rolling chariots, with their liveried attendants (how we hate those clean and well-fed lackeys!)—would open the carriage-door, and bid the riders come down to us!—come down to share—good Heaven, what?—our ruffianage, our garbage, the general scramble, the general filth.

'War to the knife rather!' they of the chariots would exclaim—'war to the death rather than this!'—and with good reason. Meanwhile they ride there softly, thinking no evil—thinking very little of anything at all.

The fashionable crowd thickens; there are more carriages, more pedestrians, more gazers at the shops and at each

other; and throughout all this stir and glitter, mark that slow-creeping scarecrow of a man, creeping along in the gutter, with his mouth glued to his harsh and screaming clarionet. He is worth observing. That he should be there torturing all ears, speaks not much for city life in the nineteenth century; but that he himself should most contentedly live by the exercise of this unlimited power of torturing others, is the point I would notice. I look upon him, as he there perambulates the streets, to be a sort of incarnation, or living symbol, of our commercial spirit. On he creeps, screeching eternally; nothing to him the curses and the jeers of men; he has to live. Whether he extorts his pence from charity, or from afflicted mortals who bribe him to quicken his tread, he cares not; cares nothing for the motive, cares only for the pence. 'Buy my music—my intolerable screeching! It maddens you; that is your affair, not mine. Buy! Buy!' It does madden you. You fling curses at his head, but you fling pence too. You buy it that way. He wants nothing else but such curses and sufficiency of pence.

I sat on the steps of the church for some time unnoticed, and undisturbed by high or low; but now a shabbily-dressed man took his seat beside me, and without needless preface or the formalities of introduction, began to talk out the thoughts that were in him. Something, I suppose, in the manner in which I was surveying the scene led him to conclude that he should find in me a ready listener. He was no bad representative of the spirit of discontent which resides down here upon the pavement.

The man spoke well and energetically, and, considering his theme, not without a tone of moderation. I suspect that, although he gave me to understand that he was a printer by trade, he had a little practised the neighbour craft of authorship; possibly had contributed many a political tirade to the journal which he helped to print. We were then in the year 1842, a period of unusual distress, and certain revolutionary opinions were, in consequence, making head amongst us. They have since subsided with the same severe distress which had brought them forward. His conversation, as I remember, ran thus. My part in it will be chiefly indicated by some turn in his own expressions.

'You may well look, sir, at these glittering shops, and all the toys and trappings of luxury displayed behind their plate-glass windows. Here we are, sitting on the steps of a Christian church, and looking at the pomps and vanities which it seems have *not* been renounced. And here and there, hovering about these plate-glass windows, you may catch sight of some of the children of the poor. Clothed in rags, fed on refuse, they will at night be kennelled like dogs—or worse. Human children are brought up like wild beasts; and these shops are blazing with silly jewellery and gaudy stuffs. Yonder is one full of fantastically-carved upholstery. Absurd! as if sound sleep were to be got out of architectural bedposts!

'Straight before is a vast magazine stocked with lace, embroidery—I know not what—flimsy things of no use, and little beauty. You would say that men had done all their serious work before they sat down to the manufacture of such things as these: you would imagine that the artisans of such flimsy productions were easy, well-conditioned men, on whose hands time was hanging rather heavily—that the homestead and the larder had been built and filled before men took seriously to making lace! No such thing. The wan and meagre artisan of this *fabric*, as they call it—which fashion prodigally buys to-day, and may toss aside contemptuously to-morrow—worked at it for very bread, and hardly got the bread he worked for; ay, and trembled all the while lest he should lose his precious employment. He could not use his strong right arm in building up the homestead that he wanted, and he had no other way to get his food but this. A man's life hangs on such a thread! A living man works all the day with his head down—I know it—all the time the blessed sun is in the heavens—works at his loom, with famine looking over his shoulders, to produce this tawdry, flimsy stuff! His life hangs upon this thread!—hangs just now on the glib nonsense of yonder courtly shopman persuading some silly woman to purchase what can be of no earthly use to her.

'Equality! why talk to me of equality! Who cares for equality? What is it to me that my neighbour lives more sumptuously than I, so long as I am dieted sufficiently? If I have a good brick house to fend me from the weather, what

is it to me that my neighbour covers his with stucco and Corinthian pillars? What are his Corinthian pillars to me? What care I for his architectural bedposts? The evil lies here: That the labour of man is misdirected to the production of superfluities, whilst a number are left unsupplied with the essentials of a humanised existence. There is a palpable misdirection of human industry. All this elaborate fringe-work and embroidery, and many thousands starving in their rags.

'How can I draw the line, you ask, between luxury and essentials? What is superfluity to one man, is necessary to another. Mere cavil. The old quibble. Of course, I cannot draw the line, but the two provinces are nevertheless distinct enough. There are certain matters which, experience has by this time taught us, pertain to health, to decency, to morals, to the prevention of absolute suffering. We must all have warmth as well as food; we ought all to breathe fresh air. Pure water should be attainable by all. Such implements of furniture as are needful to health and repose might be manufactured for all. These are not in their nature luxuries, which, I take it, are things a man may dispense with unharmed. Draw the line! Who ever drew a line yet? Nowhere, so far as I have learned, in science or in morals, has a line ever been drawn. No physiologist, as I am told, can say where animal life itself begins, or point out the first in his order of living creatures that feels *pain*—which yet is a very unmistakable matter where it is felt. Am I to be compelled to draw the precise line between utility and luxury, before I remonstrate against the injustice which herds a whole family into one miserable garret, and decorates half-a-dozen spacious apartments for a man who rarely enters one of them?

'Yea, yes! If all cannot be decently housed, this is no reason, I admit, why a few should not have both decent and decorous habitations. If our society, with all its skill and industry, can manage to build and furnish only a certain proportionate number of habitable dwellings, let it by all means build and furnish just so many as it can. The rest of us must wait or endure our want with patience. But is it so? I do not forget—I too have read my political economy—I do not forget that the materials for building, as of all human industry, are the produce of the soil, and are not illimitable. But

will any one contend that the skill and industry of the society has here done its utmost for the service of society? or that it is the want of building-material that prevents us from exceeding the present limit to the house-accommodation of our populace? Are there not thousands of strong arms that would work at this, if our system permitted them to work? Of clay, to make bricks with, and all articles of crockery, of iron, and of glass, the supply may be said to be co-extensive with the labour men are willing to bestow in obtaining it. Timber may fail us; but I do not find that the supply of timber runs short for any building purposes of the rich. When it is proposed to pull down the narrow streets and alleys where the poor reside—not to build larger houses for them, but to make room for more houses for the rich—driving the poor into streets and alleys already overcrowded, I never hear it objected that the supply of timber is likely to fail.'

I could not but here interpose to explain, as well as I was able, that the misdirection of industry, of which my oratorical companion complained, had a tendency to correct itself, and will correct itself, with the gradual progress of all classes of society, and especially of the class of operatives. When the more intelligent workman *spends his wages better*, and, owing to the same increasing intelligence and prudence, *has more wages to spend*, the industry and the capital of the country will be in a still larger proportion devoted to the supply of our substantial comforts. This misdirection of labour will, in fact, vanish as the prosperity and intelligence of the whole country advance. He heard me with some impatience, and then broke in—

'Sir, you talk the language of the safe, idle, orthodox progressionist. All is to come right by the slow operations of causes already in the field. The instructed workman will become more prudent—prudent especially in the article of marriage: his wages then will rise; he will become a larger consumer—the capitalist will accordingly work for *him* in an increased proportion. Thus this sad misdirection of human industry will be remedied. It is a pleasant faith: and those who do not suffer from the disease may very patiently wait for the remedy. But the system itself is at fault. Your prudent operatives *have* raised their wages, and now observe what follows. Profits fall. If capital is abun-

dant and profits low—which is the prosperous condition of things for the operative—forthwith a number of rash projects and speculations are set afloat; any scheme that promises a large profit is seized upon; the capital is wasted on such schemes, or it is spent in an unproductive consumption, or it is sent abroad to be employed in other countries; or perhaps war breaks forth, and it goes that way. By this means the amount of capital is reduced, and wages are reduced; prudent or imprudent, the operative must suffer. What is called the *normal rate of profits* is restored. Political economists teach us that this is the usual, the *scientific* order of events. A Christian economist, in his 'Bridgewater Treatise,' applauds this nice adjustment of the social machinery, by which capital is always prevented from being too abundant, and compares it to the beneficent arrangements of the Deity in the natural world. But what then becomes of the hope that the labourer will raise himself and his class by his prudence? What avails his prudence? His wages are again reduced by a reduction of the amount of that capital which is to be spent in wages—a reduction brought about by a prodigality or cupidity of the capitalist,—which is part of the *normal* state of things. Nay, without laying any blame upon the capitalist, is there not in our present system, as it now works, an incompatibility between the interests of the capitalist and the workman? *The prosperity of the man of wages is the adversity of the man of profits.*

I protested against this notion that there was a fatal antagonism between the capitalist and the workman; I insisted that it is not one class only of the community that has to improve, or that will improve; and that, so far from the prodigality and impatient cupidity of the capitalist being a necessary part of our social machinery, I felt persuaded that these periodical fits of recklessness would cease with the generally advancing intelligence of mankind—that the capitalist would learn to be content with smaller profits—that he would feel himself in too responsible a position lightly to fling away that fund from which the wages of the labourer were paid. All society, I said, moves on together. If the operative becomes more prudent, the capitalist also takes a higher view of his own duties, and feels himself more responsible.

I did not make much impression upon

my companion. 'If landlords and capitalists,' he replied, 'are to become wise and benevolent, let them adopt some steadfast scheme, some permanent arrangement, which shall do away altogether with these terrible fluctuations in what is called the labour-market. Because *money* fails one class, thousands of another class are reduced to beggary. If the *harvest* has failed, some of us may be compelled to starve. My proposition is, that with corn in the granary there ought never to be seen such a spectacle as honest and able men petitioning in vain for work.'

'You belong, I suspect, to those philanthropic and benevolent reformers who would educate the lower classes, but protest, at the same time, that their education is not to bring with it any desire for social or organic change. What care I for this education of the people, unless it *does* bring with it some organic change? What is education to a man who has no leisure given him to read or to think? Educate as much as you please, but do you think to render men more content with an unjust system, by giving them faculties to see, and sensibilities to feel, its injustice? Education, unless it modifies directly or indirectly the whole condition of the operative, will be no boon. A toad, they say, will live—such life as it is—in a block of stone; but if you drill holes to it, and stir it up with galvanic or other excitement, I think, in common mercy, you should cut away something more of the stone, and give it freedom.'

'Oh yes! very philanthropic are our public men—up to a certain point. They have lately taken the factory children and the factory girls under their especial protection. But these kind guardians stop at a very critical point in the interest of their ward. A poor factory girl might say to her legislators: "All my life I obey rules—rules of the factory, rules of Parliament—I live by rule. I was educated according to some public law; I rise from my bed, I enter and leave the factory, I take my meals, by strictest regulations; I work my ten hours and a-half, statute measurement; every hour of recreation is meted out to me by others; I exercise no will of my own; I am a creature in the hands of others. Well, I obey—I work patiently, punctually; you will surely see that I *have* always work to do—that I can earn these poor

wages which represent for me the means of life."

"My poor good girl," her legislative guardian would reply, "that one step further in your behalf, which you plead for with such simplicity, would revolutionise the world. Neither for you, nor for any of us, is there security for the future. The capitalist who employs you may break to-morrow; the shopkeeper who takes the goods of the capitalist may be a bankrupt the day after he has purchased them. We are all gamblers; you, too, must risk your trifle of wages at the table. We are all gamblers, and apparently we like the excitement: we should do nothing without it. To you, my poor girl, the excitement may not come in the most agreeable form. But there is no help for it; you must stake—what you have to stake."

'But does not every honest-hearted man rise up in revolt against a system like this? I ask you, can it last? Say that the rich and prosperous fold their arms in perfect apathy and content—are there not miserable multitudes who are beginning to feel that their misery is not a necessity of nature, but a social injustice—at all events, a social blunder? They take measure of the power and the knowledge now realised by man, and they say, Let this power and knowledge be exercised for the benefit of all. Here is God's land that he has given us, and the science that he has taught us, and the strength of numbers, and the combination of varied intellects—say that the past was as perfect as it could be, there are now powers, aspirations, capabilities for a better system than the past could accomplish.'

In the solitude of my own thoughts, I could dream of new social forms to be developed in some remote era of the world's existence; but when I heard another speak of them out aloud, as schemes to be forthwith advocated and attempted, I recoiled with alarm. 'But, good God!' I exclaimed, thrown somewhat from my balance, 'what is it you would do? What is it you propose? Do you teach Communism? Look about you! Communism between *These* and *Those*! Very possible, if you could build your fraternal community on mutual fear, hatred, distrust—not otherwise. These are the only feelings I find in common between the extreme classes of society. Misery that is full of anger, wealth that

is full of pride—what Communism will you construct out of these?

'The Communism,' I continued, 'of the downtrodden classes rising into sudden power (France has shown it to us) has sensuality for its end, and murder for its means. Some revolutionary enthusiast may possibly be dreaming of universal peace, of diffused intelligence, of truth and justice, arts, letters, music, and philanthropy, but he will awake from his dreams, to find himself in the orgies of a brothel, and at his first step his foot will be slipping in human blood, and he will catch, for all support, the fraternal grasp of drunkards and assassins! Oh, it is madness! madness!'

What answer my companion would have made to this energetic outbreak (which was more due, in fact, to some previous cogitations of my own, than to anything he had said), I cannot tell; for at this moment our conversation was suddenly interrupted by the authoritative voice of the policeman, ordering us to 'move on.' My orator started to his feet in indignation at this command. I, too, found my latent dignity roused in an instant by the touch of the policeman's hand upon my shoulder. This, too, was a 'new sensation'—a novel experience, and one that brought me very rapidly back to a due sense of conventional proprieties. I 'moved on,' but not without having gained something for further reflection as I proceeded on my way.

Orations and Lectures on Sacred Themes.

By Daniel Gorrie. Crown 8vo, 248 pp.
Edinburgh: James Nichol.

THE CHRISTIAN HERO.

In three pregnant clauses Paul sums up the labours and struggles of his Christian life. These proclaim at once the thoroughness of his work, the sternness of his battle, the completeness of his conquest, the singleness of his purpose, the strong sincerity and fiery earnestness of his heart, and the tenacity with which he clung to the faith once delivered to the saints. '*I have fought a good fight.*' Stern is the battle of life; but the 'battle of eternal life is sterner still.' Many are the men who could say, at the close of their earthly career, and when casting a lingering look behind, '*I have fought a fight.*' One might say, '*I have fought for fame.*' I rose up in my youth with the resolution to write my name on the

heart of the world, to live on the lips and in the memories of men. It became the one pervading passion of my heart, the one grand and overpowering purpose of my life. For that I spent my hours, my days, my years, in literary toil; the morning sun saw me at my task, and the light of my lonely taper illumined the night. For that I struggled on amidst obscurity, detraction, and malignant abuse; and ever, when my heart wearied in the greatness of its way, the vision of glittering laurel still lured me on, and re-strung my resolution.' Another might say, 'I have fought for power and martial glory. To obtain an imperial rule over men, and to be enrolled amongst the heroes of the world, I have gone down to the field of death as to a festal scene, and shouted in the shock of host encountering host. I have marched over burning sands and trodden down winter snows; and ever was the trumpet's call my timbrel of joy, and my royal robe "the war-cloud rolling dun."' A third might say, 'I have fought for wealth, and for the luxuries and splendours that wealth alone can supply. To get gain has been my only ambition, the one great end to which all my energies have been directed. For this I have struggled and strained, plotted by night, and schemed by day; risen on the ruins of others' fortunes, and raised an altar to mammon on broken hearts.' But what are fights like these compared with the noble life-battle of Paul? and what consolation could the retrospect of many long years so spent, impart in the hour and power of the darkness of death? The fame-worshipper had fought for a 'name to die'—the power-worshipper for a shadow that shall serve as a shroud—the mammon-worshipper for a pompous funeral and a costly tomb? Who, amongst the innumerable multitudes that waste the vigour of life in battling for similar shadows, can declare, in the prospect of dissolution, 'I have fought a *good* fight? That alone could the great apostle assert, or those who, like him, war a good warfare, holding faith and a good conscience. He contended earnestly on another field; he fought with other foes—defending the holiest cause, animated by the noblest aims, and looking forward to an incorruptible reward.

If we think merely of the material hardships and persecutions he endured in the proclamation of the truth, his life might well be regarded as one long war-

fare. It teemed with trials. It was full of perilous adventures, and dark with disaster. Whither could he flee from the spirit of persecution? Where human animosity could not assail him, the very elements of nature, like messengers of Satan sent to buffet him, stormed around his path. In the wilderness or on the thronged highway, in the city or on the sea, among his own countrymen or among the heathen, he was beset by perils, he was encompassed with dangers as with a ring of fire. Upon him lay the care of all the churches, yet he wrought with his own hands that he might be burdensome to none. Amid all these toils and trials, sufficient, one would think, to crush the strongest soul, the brave heart of the man bore on 'in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness.' But over and above that material conflict, he had to fight the battles of the Lord, armed with spiritual weapons, and opposed to spiritual foes. Sheathed in the whole armour of God, he strove with the rulers of the darkness of this world; and when no man stood with him, but all forsook him, strong in the might of Heaven, he stood and resisted alone. A valiant, fearless soul, bruised, but not broken; faint, yet pursuing; wounded, yet unwearied in the warfare of God! Truly hast thou fought a *good* fight. Blessed is the man who, like thee, can mightily grow in the power of the truth, and, so growing, prevail.

'*I have finished my course.*' In taking a retrospect of his stormy life, Paul was exultingly conscious that he had fulfilled his task, accomplished the work given him to do. His course was not a fragment; it was a rounded whole. He had not left the field while it was yet high noon. He had not fallen from his chariot in mid-career, while yet it bickered and burned to gain the goal. He had done all that man could do, even strengthened with might from above. He had wrought with superhuman energy, and produced superhuman results. He gives utterance to no misgivings, no regrets for labours unaccomplished, for duties unfulfilled. He does not say, 'That ought I to have done, and not to have left the other undone.' He never fled from the Spirit of God, nor made danger a pretext for shrinking from duty. His heart burned within him to spread the gospel over Asia, to carry the ensign of the cross

into far Orient lands; but he did not resist the Spirit, when he was commanded to retrace his footsteps, to turn his face towards the setting sun; and when in a night vision the kneeling form of a Macedonian wailed over the waters for help, he yielded up without a sigh his long-cherished schemes, and at Philippi commenced his European crusade. From the time when, smitten to the dust on the Damascus way by the presence of the Persecuted One, and blinded by the sudden dazzle of celestial light, he lifted up his voice and said, 'Lord, what wouldst thou have me to do?'—from that period, down to the hour at which we now find him, in the grasp of the fiercest tyrant that ever banqueted on human blood, he had remained faithful to his trust, instant in season and out of season, never denying that gospel which it was his glory to proclaim, nor saying, like Peter in the hall of the high priest's house, when accused of being a follower of the Man of Nazareth, 'I know him not.' With what thoroughness did he accomplish every task he undertook! With what earnestness did he preach the Word! With what conclusive power in his Epistles did he lay bare the vital principles of the Christian faith! His bodily presence might be weak, yet there was that within which overawed the strong. His speech might be contemptible, yet it could make a Roman governor tremble, almost persuade King Agrippa to become a Christian, and arrest, for a time, the fury of the relentless Nero. Think of his noble attitude, and of his difficult position, when he stood in the midst of Mars Hill, and addressed the men of Athens in that city, so renowned of old for philosophy, for eloquence, and for art. Great must have been his faith, strong his persuasion of the vital truth of Christianity, dauntless his heart, when he quailed not before the assembled crowd of sneering sceptics and scoffing sophists. He went not to laud the glories of Minerva's town; to speak of the grandeurs of their architecture and their sculpture, their Pantheons and Apollos; or to tell them how, in foreign lands, men wondered at the power of their eloquence and the beauty of their classic song. He had another and a mightier mission than to flatter their pride, and to burn incense in their praise; and well he knew with what difficulties and what dangers he had to contend, in pulling down ancient prejudices, in tear-

ing away pleasure from the eager grasp of the Epicurean, in humbling the heart of the Stoic, in scattering sects, in making foolish the wisdom of this world. But the loins of his majestic mind were girded for the task—he was strong in the strength of God. There stood the fearless apostle, one believer in a city of idolaters, with the latest message from heaven trembling upon his lips, while around him were gathered the men of Athens, eager to hear what the babbler would say, and with upturned faces visibly expressing incredulity, hatred, or contempt. How strangely must the first sentence of his immortal discourse have sounded in the ears of that proud populace, proud alike of their wisdom and their worship! It was truly no flatterer who said, 'I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious.' In the prosecution of his labours he never feared the face of man. 'Lord of the lion-heart,' he appealed, with a grandeur of independence, with the dignity of a free-born man, from the verdict of subordinate courts to the imperial Caesar. He never manifested a temporising spirit, nor sacrificed that which was *right* for that which was *expedient*. He was conscious that God had chosen him, as one of the weak things of the world, to confound the things that are mighty. Necessity was laid upon him, and every action of his life had one grand aim. He considered nothing a degradation—if by stooping he could conquer—if by humbling himself he could raise the fallen. By weakness he strove to gain the weak, by simplicity the simple, by wisdom the wise. He became all things to all men, that he might by all means save some. Thus he laboured, unfaltering in his faithfulness as the dreadless Abdiel; and looking back from the borderland of death upon a life so spent, might he not with rapture exclaim, 'I have finished *my* course!'

'*I have kept the faith.*' It was because he had kept the faith that he was enabled to fight his battle, and to finish his course. Had he lost the grasp of *that*—had he ceased to lay hold on eternal life—he would have fought as one that beateth the air; his preaching would have been vain, his labour would have been vain. But he had stood 'steadfast in the faith,' and that thought is to him as a fountain of the purest joy. There was no danger of his being a 'castaway,' since those truths which he proclaimed to others had ever given vitality to his own

heart, and filled him as if with the spirit and power of Elias. No mimic actor was he in a mimic scene. He had what he gave; he possessed what he proclaimed; he was what he wished the world to be. Yet consider what a source of triumph it was to have kept fast to the faith through such a troubled life, through such a fiery period of persecution. To escape from scourgings, stonings, imprisonments, from the heathen's rage, and the malice of his own countrymen, from the cruelties of the imperial tyrant, and the proud man's contumely—to escape from these he had only to become ashamed of the gospel of Christ, to forsake, like Demas, the faith for which he had fought, to gain the world, and lose his own soul. When he was led to the judgment-hall, sounds of joy and the light laughter of the multitude ran along the streets—when he was in perils in the wilderness and on the sea, the companions of his youth were dwelling in security at home—when he lay bound in a prison at Rome, suffering for the sake of the despised Nazarene, the amphitheatre was filled with the shouting throng, and mirth seemed most to abound where the Christian faith was most condemned. Why should he endure so much, when Pleasure from her golden horn poured the oil of gladness on other hearts? Why should he spend his mental vigour and bodily strength in teaching truths, for which he only received in return the hootings and spurnings of a world's scorn? But, glory to God in the highest! if ever the tempter suggested such unhallowed thoughts to his mind, he received power from above to 'resist the devil,' to stand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand. He had 'kept the faith,' as the standard-bearer grasps the banner-staff through blood and fire, and dies rather than yield, with the tattered colours for a winding-sheet.

Such was the noble retrospect that excited in the heart of the apostle a lofty exultation. There is a glorious gospel embodied in the life of that heroic man. It was a rugged reality, yet harmonious and complete. It was a living epistle—a genuine epic, written within and without in letters of light, in syllables of fire. To the vast proportion of men, this world is a glittering Vanity Fair, where the traffickers in toys and the seekers after pleasure weave their light life-dance beneath the solemn overarching heavens, and like shadows disappear. But this

man *saw* the things that are eternal through the shadows of time, like stars shining down through the rifts of midnight clouds. Looking unto these, and sustained by the Spirit of God, he revealed by his labours of love, by his patience under affliction, and by godlike endurance, the genuine strength and reality of the gospel of Jesus Christ. He showed how, from its purity sprung its power, from its very loftiness its adaptation to the needs of the lowly. Because he strongly believed, he strongly acted, and with fervour spoke. From the vigour of his faith arose the virtue and value of his works; and his works testified to the imperishableness of his faith. Both worked together for good, and both combined to make his life, in its wholeness and earnestness, a model for man. It is neither DYING NOR DEATH that we have so much to fear as Christian men—it is *LIVING* and *LIFE*. If we live well, we shall die well. If we work in faith and love, with zeal and sincerity, as living witnesses to the vital power of Christianity, we shall conquer death as Christ conquered, as Paul conquered. We see, too, in the case of this ardent apostle, how the Christian religion takes up all the native powers of the mind and manifestations of character, and, while consecrating them to the service of God, gives them new vitality and a loftier impulse. Paul was naturally a man of great energy and of impassioned temperament; and he who, before his conversion, breathed out threatening and slaughter against the saints, after that event, and when filled with the fulness of the Spirit, directed the same energy and the same ardour into a different channel, and to a different end. Work all things into your work, like the apostle; labour with your whole heart, and strength, and mind; be a reality amongst realities, and the great problem of life is solved.

PARTIAL AND PERFECT KNOWLEDGE.

Let us imagine a man of the widest capacity, of the clearest reason, of the loftiest powers. Let us imagine that he had been enabled to concentrate and combine in his one mind all the results of human knowledge from the earliest to the latest age—that not one fact in mental and material science, not one thought of the thinkers of old, not one truth treasured in the libraries of the world, had escaped his observation. Let us farther

suppose that all this vast and varied knowledge—so great, that we cannot grasp it even in thought—instead of crushing down the energies of his mind as under a mountain-mass, had only given new strength, new clearness, and a higher vantage-ground to his mighty intellect. Is not this a Colossus, you would say, godlike in knowledge and in power, possessed of all but omniscience? And yet what would this intellectual Anak be but a nothing before infinity, weeping, perchance, for other worlds to conquer, while he knew not the mysteries of his own being, and while all the knowledge he possessed was less than a sand-grain in comparison with the grand sum of things, even as this round of earth is but a *point* of light in the universe of God? 'We know in part,' say the Newtons and Bacons, the Platos and Miltons—kings in the realms of matter and mind. 'We know in part,' say those holy men upon whom sat the cloven tongues of Pentecostal flame. 'We know in part,' would the hoary patriarchs of the fore-world have said, though their brows were laden with centuries of thought, and calmed by centuries of contemplation.

Revelation has, indeed, to us cast much light on what was formerly veiled in the deepest darkness, and rendered certain what to the highest Pagan minds was only a shadowy dream. It has held the mirror up to our natures, and accounted for our misery by our fall from original greatness. It has, in the plan of salvation, and in the enforcement of faith, satisfied our spiritual wants, and afforded a resting-place for hope. It has made the heavens brighter above, and the earth less dark below, and shown us an angel sitting in every sepulchre. It has brought us nearer to God, and revealed the links of the golden chain that binds the world to his mysterious throne. To form a conception of all that Christianity has done for man, we have but to transport ourselves in thought to those earlier ages, when the blind were leaders of the blind; when philosophers debated whether sleep was waking, or waking was sleep; when some affirmed, and others denied, the attainability of happiness and truth; when there were gods of the mountain and the plain, of the forest and the sea; when the doctrine of immortality rested on no surer foundation than undefined instinct and dim conjecture. But, while revelation has dissipated much de-

lusion, and on many important points has changed conjecture into certainty, it has made other and greater mysteries loom into view, and it has not lifted the veil from the things we most eagerly long to know. The object of revelation was not to explain all contradictions, to solve every problem; but to point out to man the way of holiness, and to fit him for fuller knowledge, when that which is in part shall be done away. It has not laid open the 'deep things of God' before eyes that might have been blinded by the light; but it has given us instead a sure word of promise and of hope; it has pointed to the future as the goal of our greatness; it has proclaimed the perfectibility of man. Were there no prospect of our partial being exchanged for perfect knowledge, of our earnest longings being gratified, and of our dim vision waxing into clear, distinct sight—were there no such prospect for us, life would indeed be a delusion, and annihilation a blessed boon. 'Why hast thou made me thus?' might each one then ask of the Father of Spirits—'why hast thou made me in reason only a little lower than the angels, in misery more abject than the beasts of the field, and with a doom like theirs—to die?' Such, however, is not our destiny. God has not made us in vain. 'Now, we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face.'

WINTER FRUITS.

Nature may now be dead and unproductive, but she has already done her duty, and provided a supply of sustenance for man and beast. She rests in no inglorious ease, but, like a weary and earnest-hearted labourer, renews her strength and prepares her powers for another period of effort. Let those, then, who have spent the more genial parts of the year in open-air enjoyments or comparative idleness, now reverse the order, and in the sleep of nature work vigorously for the cultivation and enlargement of their minds. The labour of all seasons may be carried on in the soul at once; and it need not at any time remain fallow and inactive. We may sow the seeds of truth and knowledge, or engraft new thoughts upon an old stem; we may nurture flowers that are fading in the Eden of the heart, or gather in needful fruit to the storehouse of the mind. This very arrangement of the seasons, this temporary absence of what is considered

most inviting in nature, appears almost to have been predetermined by Providence for the mental and moral benefit of man. If we would but read aright the hieroglyphics of heaven, frost, instead of being a bitter foe, is our warmest friend, and all those natural powers and agencies that are apparently the most repulsive, wisely warn us to introvert our gaze, and to seek for our highest instruction and delight somewhere else than in the outward world.

It is only in winter that the true value of books can be fully felt and acknowledged. To the ear of sense they give forth no sound, but they make melody in the heart, and speak to the soul with a still, small voice, and an immortal tongue. They contain the purest record of that which is purest and best in man; they preserve for us the living spirit of the past, when the material body of it has crumbled into decay. Every library is a Garden of Eden, full of trees bearing all manner of fruit, and the tree of life is there, and the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, of whose fruit we may now partake, under no new penalty of death. There we stand in a world within a world—the paradise of sainted souls. The kings of men cast their crowns at our feet, poets pass before us with harps in their hands and golden vials full of odours; the shades of sages appear with melancholy eyes divine, and voices are heard coming from the green primeval world. The old belief in the transmigration of souls is no delusion after all, and the era of miracles is not for ever gone. For books are not mere dumb pieces of matter; they are instinct with life; and every man in the privacy of his own chamber can pass, as it were, from earth to heaven—from the company of men to communion with angels. 'Libraries,' says Lord Bacon, 'are as the shrines where all the relics of the ancient saints, full of true virtue, and that without delusion or imposture, are preserved and reposed.' When treasured in books, great thoughts never grow old; they flourish in immortal youth, and are ever fresh with the dew of heaven. From these the meditative mind derives an indescribable delight; for the highest pleasures are those that, while they exhilarate, also profit the soul. Such high pleasurable feelings can, of course, only be produced by the best thoughts of the best and wisest of men. Then, during the winter months, when

clouds dim the earth, how much 'light is sown for the righteous,' how much 'gladness for the upright in heart' in the Oracles of God! The man who possesses the 'big ha' Bible' has a library more valuable than the Vatican—the divine essence of all wisdom, and the sum of all knowledge. It is the *logos*—the thought of God clothed in the language of man. The works of highest genius seem to become stale with frequent perusal; but this book can never weary the mind, because its wells of living water are inexhaustible; and new truths, new beauties, and new spiritual consolations, are welling forth always, and the longer we drink, we have the less desire to refrain. Another point in which this ancient oracle manifests its superiority to all earth-born books is, its wonderful adaptation to all ages and capacities, and every mood of the mind. It suffers little children to come unto it, and blesses them unaware; it enchains the wise man by its wisdom and strange power of speech; it commends itself to the simple by its child-like simplicity; it calls upon the poor to come and eat, to buy wine and milk without money and without price; it hallows the joy of the joyful, and ever unfolds a lower deep of delight; it sympathises with the sorrowful, and has a healing balm for every wound; it surrounds the throne of truth with the rainbow of beauty; it is truly and emphatically all things to all men. Like the daughter of the King, this blessed book is all-glorious within; every leaf is luminous with the light of heaven, and vibrates with the everlasting voice of God. Still as a stone, and dimmed with age, it lies on the single book-shelf of the humble cottager, and makes no sign of its heavenly birth; but, when opened before the inquiring eye, it becomes a Patmos, full of the visions of God and the voices of vast multitudes, such as no tongue can number.

How wise and good might man become, if the impressive hints and suggestions of nature at this season were fully understood—if the long evenings were devoted to solemn meditations, to the purification of the heart, and the culture of the mind. But the very persons who appear to shrink most sensitively before the pelting of the pitiless blast, are those who turn the rigours and inclemency of the weather to the least advantage. They zealously endeavour to maintain an artificial sum-

mer-heat and joyance in public places of amusement—their eyes sparkle with delight when the crashing of the orchestra drowns the wail of the wind—and they attend fêtes and dancing-parties as faithfully as an 'innocent,' of whom I have read, was wont to accompany every funeral, for miles around his dwelling, to the churchyard. Thus, the period of the year best adapted for study and mental culture is frittered away in vain and idle amusements, and when spring-time comes again, they have made no advancement in knowledge; they have gained no new accessions of delightful experiences and happy remembrances, but they have retrograded in morals and in religion, and petrified the springs of purest happiness. How the fresh bursting leaves and new generation of flowers must mock them for their past apathy and indifference!

Orphans. A Chapter in a Life. By the Author of 'Margaret Maitland,' 'Lillieleaf,' 'The Days of my Life,' &c. Small 8vo, 316 pp. London: Hurst & Blackett.

THE ORPHANS' ELECTION.

One hears a great deal spoken now of the want of work for women; perhaps there is—perhaps it is hard that sewing, governessing, and novel-writing, should be the whole extent of the occupations open to feminine efforts. Perhaps maiden ladies might be improved in mind and circumstances, by being permitted to attempt surgery, to make watches, or to keep books. I cannot tell, and don't attempt to meddle with the subject; but I think it is the want of natural duties which makes women, perhaps ambitious—perhaps clever—possibly something higher than both—chafe at the narrow round in which they are supposed to be held. I confess I do not believe in that hypothetical woman which has no genius for children; and all the ingenious cravings of extreme civilisation cannot, when you think of them soberly, influence more than a tithe of those human creatures who answer, as a whole, to the impulses and instincts of nature, sooner than to any artificial motive under the sun. I think for my own part, that to talk about extended means of working for women is a very poor begging of the question. I am not young: I daresay I thought otherwise once; but now I confess it appears to me that it is only in the natural offices

of life that solitary people like myself can find any comfort of this existence. Men somehow harden into habits of selfishness and loneliness (I beg their pardon; I have Mr Hyde before my eyes), which are more difficult for women. But I think I had rather be Mary in the kitchen, who can do a great deal to keep a whole household in comfort if she chooses, than an individual of superior powers, working at the mechanical work, which has been usually men's work, and earning the dreary men's wages, to indemnify her for her own independence. Independence is a sad enough thing for anybody, but misery for a woman. The poor governess, perennially ill-used, does, even in novels, live under human shelter still, and have her place in nature, more so than her neighbour and unfortunate fellow-labourer, the poor tutor; but so far as my poor wit goes, I see no place in nature for the female mechanic. Hardship there may be—hardship, though it seems hard to say it, is involved in every circumstance of nature—and I think what we learn best from the experience of life, is to accept those natural hardships, and make the best of them, and to forbear from wild endeavours and expedients to escape, which only land us in dilemmas sorer still.

As I have here been seduced into letting loose my opinion, I beg everybody's pardon, and trust that my good friends who are indifferent to my opinion will do me the favour to skip the passage.

It was with these thoughts that I went down, a bewildering journey through that strange Babel called the City, with Matilda and Sophy Nugent towards the place where the fate of Miss Austin's nephew and their *protégée* was about to be decided. My amiable cousins were in a flutter of excitement and importance. They carried with them an embroidered bag, full of folded papers, which they counted and recounted with zeal and perseverance, and which, I was given to understand, were proxies for the election. Presently we came to the important scene of this event, and were ushered up a long staircase, patched with the placards of various candidates, with cards of the same tied to the balusters, strewn on tables in the landing-places, distributed in every possible corner where they could catch the subscribing eye. The room itself, when we reached it, was a long room, used for all kinds of purposes—public dinners, public meetings, important com-

mittees, charities, and, as in the present case, elections. It was filled with a succession of little tables, each placarded with the name of a candidate, each in possession of some one, agent and representative of the same. 'Vote for John Smith, one of seven children, dependent on the mother, who keeps a school.' 'Vote for Harriet Johnson; five little brothers and sisters under six years old; no means of subsistence,' with hosts of other polling-bills of like import, aggravated by all the possible details of poverty, met my eye on every side—and my companions made their way hastily through the crowd to a table, where appeared, in colossal letters, the paper which poor Miss Austin had torn into fragments. 'Vote for James Tancred, ten years old; both parents dead; two little sisters dependent on an aunt of limited means.' This was the present termination of our journey. At this table sat two ladies—one of them Mrs Austin, one a stranger to me—busily engaged in counting the proxies which they also carried in little carpet-bags; and looking out for friends and assistants among the crowd. Upon this crowd I looked with astonished eyes. There were a great many ladies of various kind and degree; some gentlewomen—some rather doubtful imitations of the same; a number of rusty men in black, who looked like agents, to whom this was a profession—with a respectable sprinkling of comfortable, stout, red-nosed gentlemen, who went about with easy indifference, and their hands in their pockets, and who, Sophy Nugent informed me in a whisper, were 'people from the City with quantities of votes.' This miscellaneous assemblage circulated about the tables with—after the first surprise was over—a good deal of monotony. Sometimes the buzz of talk brightened with the triumphant declaration of some one that '*my candidate*' was sure; sometimes a stranger with votes to bestow blundered through the crowd—which encircled him eagerly, anxious to intercept his progress, and turn him each to their own particular table—looking for the name to which he had pledged himself. Sometimes a figure in ringlets and flounces, like my cousins, made her way along the rank, asking us, among the rest, if we had any votes to exchange. I think Mrs Austin had some; whereupon there ensued a scene of lively chaffing, in the midst of which I was disturbed by the

sudden apparition of a very poor, forlorn-looking woman, in rusty crape and widow's weeds, who held out to me, with a pathetic expression on her hopeless white face, a card, which she did not evidently expect me to take. I had seen her before, making her silent way up and down the room, saying nothing, only holding out her card, and turning that wistful despairing look to eyes far too busy and important to notice it. I held out my hand for it; the poor woman started, paused, her eyes filled; but then she glanced hopelessly at the placard on the table where I was standing, and at my companions, and went on again, on her melancholy way, as if her heart were too sick to allow any hope to enter. *My heart*, which had been growing hard in spite of myself under the influence of this business-like charity, melted in a moment to the one touch of nature. Poor woman! perhaps some other spectator like myself noticed the weary, dragging, noiseless step, the mournful, faded garments, the look of hopeless, melancholy patience; but, as for the managers of to-day's business, they were all too busy with their proxies and exchanges, and nobody took any notice of the only real applicant there, whose whole heart was in the '*case*,' for which her pitiful look pleaded.

The Bentley Ballads. Edited by Dr Doran. Small 8vo, 408 pp. London: Richard Bentley.

THE LOVE MERCHANT.

It was not until after I had written the following fable that the similarity of its point to that of the beautiful song, 'Who'll buy my love-knots?' occurred to me. I am aware that my case may be thought to resemble his, who, when accused of having borrowed his thoughts from the immortal Bard of Avon, replied, 'It is no fault of mine that Shakespeare and myself should have had the same ideas.' Nevertheless, I venture to assert that my humble muse is not more indebted to that of the '*Modern Anacreon*' for the conception of this fable, than is the midnight lamp for its glimmering rays to the glorious orb of day. It was entirely suggested by a '*fresco*' painting, still existing on the walls of a house in Pompeii; and if my readers could have watched, as I did, the process of removing the envious '*lapilli*' which had concealed it for so many ages, they would, I think, allow for the impression it was likely to produce, and acquit me of plagiarism. The painting represents the figure of an old man, with a long white beard and flowing garments. Before him stands a large cage, or basket, containing several imprisoned

'amorini,' one of whom he has raised from it, and is holding forth by the wings, to attract the attention of a group of females. On the foreground lie a pair of compasses, and a mathematical figure described on a tablet.

O'er Cupid and his quiver'd band
Chronos, who seem'd in beard a sage,
Had gain'd a most complete command—
Thanks to philosophy—or age;
For 'twas a subject of debate
To which he owed his tranquil state.
The old assign'd the former cause,
The young insisted on the latter,
And quite denied 'that Wisdom's laws
Had help'd the dotard in the matter.'
But though one passion was assuaged
In Chronos' breast, another raged,
And gain'd unlimited control
(Spite of the virtue rules confer)
Over the calculating soul
Of that self-styled philosopher.
This stumbling-block was love of gold
(A vice well suited to the old),
Which led him to conclude, 'twas vain
To triumph where he could not gain;
And, after some slight hesitation
As to such mode of speculation,
Induced him to sell off the prizes—
Loves of all characters and sizes,
Which he by some strange arts had won
From Venus and her fav'rite son.

Nor did the miser Chronos stop,
As moderns would, to paint his shop;
No brassen plate announced his trade,
But, o'er the baskets he display'd,
On a rude board, which served as well,
He simply chalk'd up, 'Loves to sell!'

Now Loves, though always in demand,
Had ne'er been kept as 'stock in hand,'
Or shown for public sale before
(I write of very ancient days):
So, when our sage produced his store,
The chronicle I quote from says,
That 'there ensued a perfect race
Amongst the ladies of the place;
That old and young, the gay, the staid,
Each wife, each mother, and each maid,
With one accord were seen to start,
And crowd and jostle round the mart,
If not to buy, at least to stare
Upon this novel sort of ware.'

I hear some blooming reader say,
'What had the old to do there, pray?'
But I declare, by those bright eyes,
Although the fact may raise surprise,
E'en grandmammars were seen among
That motley and excited throng!
At their tenth 'Istrum' men may cease
To listen to fair Venus' call,
May offer up their prayers for peace,
Suspend their trophies on her 'wall,'
And with some quiet, dull employment,
Replace love's turbulent enjoyment.
But—when they once have raised on high
The scarlet flag of gallantry—
Women will still prolong the war,
In spite of wrinkle and of scar!

Nay, frown not, fair one, for 'tis true—
Though, mark, I do not write of you.
Goddess of Courtesy forbend
That aught by me should e'er be penn'd
'Gainst one whose charms of form and face
Yield only to her mental grace!
I write (perhaps my muse is rash)
Of those to whom, like Lady —,
A certain character is given,
But who contrive to be 'received,
Because the mates they fit for heaven
Are either patient or—deceived:
And I assert as my conviction,
Without much fear of contradiction,
That such will oft defer the age
For quitting Love's seductive 'stage,'
Till Death, whose 'management is certain,'
Cuts short the 'farce,' and 'drops the curtain.'

But let us turn from this digression
To Chronos in his new profession.
That cunning rogue, who knew how best
He should consult his interest,
Determined that his sale should be
A 'Ladies' sale' exclusively;
And, thinking that to flattery's art
Their strings alike of purse and heart
Would soonest yield, display'd his skill
To gain his customers' good-will—
He held his Cupids high in air,
To move the pity of 'the fair,'
And raised his profits 'cent. per cent.,'
By many a well-turn'd compliment.

'First, I declare,' the sage began,
'That I'll not serve one single man,
Until each lady in the crowd,
Who may to purchase be inclined,
Has been, with due respect, allow'd
To choose a Cupid to her mind.
Then hasten, lovely dames, nor fear
To meet with disappointment here;
For my capacious cages hold
Loves for the young and for the old,
Loves for the beauteous and the plain!
Though, pardon me, I see 'twere vain
'Mongst those assembled here to seek
A plain or e'en a wrinkled cheek.
Yet, though you're young and handsome all,
Love comes not always at your call;
Or if it does, you do not find
Your *lovers* always to your mind.
Then haste with confidence to me,
And take what suits you best—for see!
These pretty captives do but wait
Your choice to free them from the state
Of thralldom into which they're thrown
By me, for your dear sakes alone.'

As thus he spoke a cage he shook,
When, such was the imploring look
Of each poor pris'ner, as in turn
He flutter'd to the close-barr'd side,
That every heart began to yearn;
And, whilst the poorer deeply sigh'd,
To think that poverty's control
Must check the promptings of the soul,
The richer dames, who could afford
To feel, approach'd with one accord,
And each, with mingled blush and smile,
Requested that from durance vile

The little Love she most approved
Should to her keeping be removed.

'Twas for the sage no easy matter,
Amidst so great a din and clatter,
To hear and satisfy the claim
Preferr'd by each aspiring dame;
Yet so much patience he display'd
In carrying on his novel trade,
That, ere the shades of evening fell,
He'd not a Cupid left to sell.
And not alone did men complain
Of having tarried there in vain;
But (since his wares had all been sold
At heavy prices to the old,
Or matrons 'of a certain age,'
The next his notice to engage)
Full many a disappointed maid,
Who her last drachma would have paid
For e'en a feather from the wing
Of such a pretty flutt'ring thing,
Went home in anger and despair
To dream of joys she could not share.

The miser chuckled when alone
To see such piles of wealth his own—
At thoughts of having taken in
The richest ladies of the place
His wrinkles gather'd to a grin,
And tears of joy bedew'd his face.
But still one thought would dash his pleasure—

The dread of losing such a treasure;
And whilst an extra cruse of oil
Was burn'd, in counting out his spoil,
His door that night was doubly barr'd,
The dearly-cherished wealth to guard.
Nor was the sage's caution vain;

For with the morning came a crowd
That sought admittance to obtain,
With angry voices, shrill and loud,
Together crying out—'You old
Curmudgeon, give us back our gold;
For all our Loves have flown away!'
'I never told you they would stay.'
Said Chronos, peeping safely o'er
A broken panel in his door:—

'The Loves that ladies deign to buy
Have wings expressly made to fly!
I cannot now refund their price;
But for your money take advice,
And, to insure affection true,
Seek not for love—let love seek you!'

W. B. LIZ GROS.

The Industrial Museum of Scotland in its relation to Commercial Enterprise.
A Lecture delivered at the request of the Company of Merchants of the City of Edinburgh, on Friday, the 4th December, 1857. By George Wilson, M.D., F.R.S.E., &c.

COMMERCIAL TRAINING.

When that museum shall be erected, I will ask its architect to sculpture on its front an emblematical device—namely, a circle; to imply that the museum re-

presents the industry of the whole world; within the circle an equilateral triangle, the respective sides of which shall denote the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms, from which industrial art gathers its materials; within the triangle an open hand, as the symbol of the transforming forces which change those materials; and in the palm of that hand an eye, selecting the materials which shall be transformed.

Gazing through that eye, let us see what the Industrial Museum can do for commercial enterprise.

The commerce of the world deals, in the first place, very largely with mineral, vegetable, and animal substances, as related to industrial art, in three ways. 1. Many of them we style raw materials. The term is a very expressive one, as implying that they need to be cooked, and that they admit of being cooked. Originally applied to food, the meaning is not felt to be forced as used in relation to coal, to metallic ores, to sugar, to skins, or to other bodies, which can be changed, especially by chemical processes, from useless into useful substances. 2. Whilst, however, we are all willing to regard coal as a raw material from which gas and naphtha are prepared, and skins as a raw material from which glue is elaborated, we should scarcely call marble the raw material of a statue, or linen the raw material of paper. The term *genetic*, which I have used elsewhere, I feel to be too pedantic for general use, and the equivalent word *parent* is too vague. Let us say *workable* material, and we can include in a second division all those substances, such as wood, stone, gutta serena, which are convertible, chiefly by mechanical treatment, into articles of higher utilitarian value. Take as examples the difference between sheep's wool and Yorkshire broadcloth, or between the silk-worm's cocoon and imperial velvet. 3. There is a third large class of substances, which are neither raw nor workable materials, but rather serve to modify both—such, for example, as the iodine and bromine which the photographer uses, the chlorine and alkalies applied by the bleacher, the colours used by the dyer, the oils employed by the leather-dresser.

Now one-half, at least, of all the ships and waggons of the world are continually occupied in transporting from point to point over the earth's surface, the raw,

workable, and modifying materials of mineral, vegetable, and animal origin, on and with which our manufacturers exercise their skill. One great service, accordingly, which an Industrial Museum may render, is to enable those whom it concerns to detect and distinguish from each other the various important raw, workable, and modifying materials with which Industrial Art works. A collection, therefore, of all the more prominent characteristic or typical utilitarian materials, so arranged that the public might readily understand their nature, could not but be of signal service. Consider how the case stands at present. No systematic effort is made by our merchants to search the earth for its liberal treasures. The noblest, as men speak, and the vilest of things, gold and guano, are stumbled on by chance, and gathered at haphazard; and this whether they occur at our own door, or at our antipodes. With a kind of mad patience we go submissively year after year to the same cotton-land, and sugar-land, or tea-land. If it shall please Providence to make cotton, sugar, and tea-plants grow elsewhere than in those lands, we of course shall go to the new regions, but we must wait till these are revealed. We are reckless and daring enough in unceasingly scouring strange lands and seas, but of what avail is all this, if we only guess at the value of the strange objects which we encounter? Charles Dickens has, however undesignedly, profoundly satirised this folly of ours in his account of Captain Cuttle's endeavour to keep the shop of his friend the philosophical instrument maker. All went well till a customer inquired for a particular instrument. Whether it was one of the many strange pieces of apparatus consigned to his care, the captain did not know. And as his customer, on being asked if he would know what he wanted if he saw it, replied in the negative, the transaction came to an end. We are like the captain's customer. We go forth in hundreds every year, as pilgrims over the earth, *to seek*, as we say, *our fortune*, as if all the seeking were on our side, and we should certainly know our fortune if we saw it. And all the while, it may be, our fortune, like a lost bride, is seeking us, and too often, like Gabriel and Evangeline, in Longfellow's sad story, we pass each other in the dark, and, all unconscious of the fact, bid farewell for ever.

How many of the young men who visit foreign countries or the colonies, bent on commercial enterprise, could tell gold from mica or pyrites, or diamonds from rock-crystal, or platina ore from iron sand? How many of them, if shown a white shining stone, would be able to say whether it was quartz, limestone, alabaster, cryolite, felspar, or apatite? The first they might afterwards discover was of no pecuniary value; the second might be wrought as marble; the third might carve into sculptures, and would at least burn into stucco; the fourth is the choicest ore of the strange metal aluminium; the fifth is to the potter, enamel-maker, and other industrialists, of the greatest value; the sixth, mineral phosphate of lime, is at present the object of universal search among agriculturists. How many of the youths in question could tell whether the exudation from a tree was a gum, a sugar, a manna, a resin, a gum-resin, a camphor, a caoutchouc, or a gutta percha? How many could tell whether the white crust or hoar-frost-like efflorescence on the soil was carbonate of soda, nitrate of soda, nitrate of potash, borax, or common salt, substances of immensely different money-values? How many could say whether the coloured juice or infusion of a particular plant or tree was a fugitive or permanent dye? Whether a particular seed would yield oil or would not? Whether the fibres of a plant were suitable or not for textile fabrics, for ropes, and for paper-making? Whether a particular wood was soft or hard, lasting or destructible? Whether a particular rock would yield a good building stone or not? Whether the district they had travelled over was a limestone, granite, or sandstone formation? Whether coal was likely to be found in it? Whether it possessed any metals, or metallic ores, or other precious minerals? Whether water was likely to be plentiful all the year round? and so on.

Now, were it proposed to teach any single youth to distinguish with certainty, wherever he found them on the earth's surface, the various objects which have been referred to, you might well pronounce the endeavour madness. It is not necessary, however, that he should attempt this.

The naturalists who accompany our exploring expeditions are not trained to identify on the spot every remarkable mineral, vegetable, and animal they encounter. In truth, seeing that it is

strange objects which they are specially sent to discover, it is impossible that they should be forewarned of these novelties. It is counted enough that they are amply qualified to detect and preserve all the rare things which come in their way. Of some of these they recognise the full significance at the time, but the majority they send or take home for careful investigation by themselves or others. Besides those purely scientific agents, a large class of travellers of all professions aid natural history solely by sending home the objects with which it is concerned. So important are the services of this class of naturalists to the cause of science, that under the auspices of Sir John Herschel, prompted by the Admiralty, a manual was drawn up some years ago by some of the ablest writers of the country, suitable for the guidance of all intelligent voyagers who may feel desirous to gather materials for our Natural History Museums whilst wandering in distant lands. In this volume instructions are given as to the objects worth collecting, and the observations worth making, by those amateurs for whom the work is intended. But natural history includes a much wider range of subjects than industrial art, and it should be as easy to instruct travellers how to serve the latter as the former: that it is even more easy, I think, will appear from the following considerations.

The raw (and other) materials of Industrial Art are not after all very numerous. Food, clothing, fuel, building-stones, mortars, timber, clays, metallic ores, and some other minerals, drugs, vegetable extracts, dye-stuffs, manures, oils, acids, and alkalies, form the chief material pabulum of intelligent industry. Now even, if we suppose a young man sent with a roving commission to search for *all* of those materials throughout the world, it would not be difficult to teach him how to recognise each one, at least to the extent of ascertaining to what class it belonged. It would of course be still more easy to equip him intellectually for a search for some of them. He could only learn by actually looking at, tasting, touching, and otherwise handling the typical representatives of the objects which he sought to gather; but, if he laid a foundation in this practical experience, he could afterwards in distant lands widely enlarge it, and be enabled, by a guide-book or manual, both to refresh his memory

and to extend his knowledge. Thus, in the matter of food, it can be shown—M. Soyer and all the other culinary authorities concurring—that the nutritious value of every edible vegetable, root, fruit, seed, or stem, can be ascertained sufficiently well for all great practical purposes, by resolving it, as it always can be resolved, into one class of substances represented by starch, gum, sugar; and into another represented by the curd-like body called albumen or fibrin, which gives to wetted flour or dough its stickiness. Had this simple test been trusted and applied, Ireland would not have been decimated by the potato famine; nor, were it believed in at home, would unwise mothers tantalise hungry infants with meagre arrowroot, or unwise farmers, attracted by its cheapness, diet their horses upon sago; neither would mysterious noblemen advertise their restoration to health through assimilation of costly packets of Revalenta Arabica.

Again as to fuel. No doubt it is a nice question, What is coal? and somewhat hard to answer; but there is no difficulty in ascertaining whether a strange body is combustible, and if so, whether it is easily kindled, burns long, burns brightly, gives off much or little smoke, yields a large cinder, and leaves little ash.

As for clothing materials, if they are of vegetable origin, the strength, tenacity, softness, lustre, colour, and durability of the textile fibres can be tested by simple and decisive means; and the hair, wool, or fur of animals is not more difficult to gauge, so far as its textile and felting characters are concerned. The essentials of a good building-stone may be counted on the fingers of one hand, and although prolonged trial often reverses summary judgments upon mineral masses, we can always at least distinguish a bad from a very good stone, and appraise with some nicety the blocks from every quarry.

The qualities of timber are not recon-dite or mysterious. As for the metals, the most valuable are the most easily detected. The softness, yellow lustre, abiding splendour, and insolubility of gold; the quickly-tarnished paleness of silver; the liquid silveriness of mercury; the obtrusive density of platina; the magnetic characters of iron ore; the striking colour of ores of copper; the prominent crystals of ores of lead, forbid their escape from keen eyes. Each, indeed, of the great classes of industrial materials has qualities with which any

moderately sagacious, and sufficiently patient, observer may soon become familiar.

In proof of this, look at the astonishing amount of information concerning the resources of a strange country which a single intelligent traveller can give us. The solitary example of Livingstone is sufficient for my purpose. He had far fewer advantages, before he left this country—as I who was his fellow-student know well—than could be placed at the disposal of travellers now-a-days; but he made himself as skilful as he could in the knowledge likely to be serviceable to him in Africa, and he turned it all to excellent account.

Some of our industrialists have discovered the importance of systematically employing trained agents abroad, and have profited by the discovery. Foremost among them are the horticulturists and florists of the country who have long been in the habit of sending skilful practical botanists to distant regions, to select and send home their rare and useful plants. All whom I address are familiar, I presume, with one or more of the works on China by Mr Robert Fortune, formerly attached to the Botanic Garden here; and know how much he has done to introduce Chinese plants into this country, as well as into India.

Recently, this example has been followed, in even a more interesting way, by the great English firm, Price's Candle Company, who have published directions for the use of all visitants of distant lands who care to look out for plants yielding wax, butter, or oil, and desire to form on the spot some notion of their value, as sources of candle and lamp-fuel, and as elements of importance in the soap-manufacture.

This example has in turn been followed by the energetic scientific officers and civilians in India, in all the Presidencies. One of those gentlemen, in particular, Dr A. Hunter of Madras, has drawn up rules for the selection and treatment of textile fibres from new plants found in the East, which would serve for the guidance of searchers for such in all parts of the world.

Next to the horticulturists, in recognition of the principle under notice, are the metallurgists. The great metal merchants of Birmingham despatch over the world skilful mineralogists to seek for precious ores. One former assistant and friend of mine is at present in Spain on such a

search; another, who knows all the mines of Northern Europe, is, whilst I speak, sailing to Chili on a similar errand.

I may also refer here to the volume of Lectures on Gold, published by the Government School of Mines in London a few years ago, as a guide to the multitudes of our countrymen flocking at that time to the gold fields of Australia. It illustrated the perfect possibility of equipping travellers intellectually for the reaping of that industrial harvest which awaits the sagacious in every land. Contrast with this the vast amount of time, labour, money, and energy which have been wasted in vain attempts to discover by chance, or through glimpses of half-knowledge, the riches of unknown regions. Bags of iron pyrites have been sent home as gold-dust; lumps of red oxide of iron, as the cinnamon ore of quicksilver; pieces of flattened lead-shot, as grains of platina. Men have exchanged abroad heavy gold dust for light diamonds, alas, too light! for they proved, on reaching home, to be quartz crystals; and single-witted knaves have felt so confident of the general ignorance, that sham nuggets, manufactured in Birmingham, have been sent out to the gold-diggings, where they were scattered on Sunday mornings over exhausted mines about to be offered up for sale: entry immediate.

Let any one, indeed, take a map, and mark upon it all of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, which is still unexplored, and after reflecting upon the immensity of the area thus brought into view, ask himself how its material riches are to be ascertained, and he will not, I imagine, propose to leave them to be stumbled on by such chance visitors as may wander aimlessly and ignorantly through that region.

Many Thoughts on Many Things: being a Treasury of Reference, consisting of Selections from the Writings of the Known Great and the Great Unknown. Compiled and Analytically Arranged by Henry Southgate. 4tc, 656 pp. London: George Routledge & Co.

INCOME.

No one is less respected than a man who muddles away a large income nobody knows how. For all expenditure there should be something to show, and that something ought to have either use-

fulness, or dignity, or permanence to recommend it. But every now and then we meet with cases of expenditure perfectly mysterious. A man of princely inheritance or preferment does nothing, makes no figure, helps nobody, has no expensive taste, yet not only spends every sixpence of his income, but gets into difficulties. His domain is neglected, his house ill-furnished, his equipages shabby, his servants ill-paid, his subscriptions in arrears, his hospitality mean, his sons stinted, his daughters portionless, his estate encumbered; in fact, everything goes to rack and ruin about him. Instead of performing his part in sustaining the great fabric of society, as far as his influence extends, there is one vast dilapidation. He may be said to crumble and crash in every direction. Nobody can say where the money is gone. It has not benefited friends, assisted dependants, built churches, fertilised the soil, ornamented the country, delighted the town, or done anything that a man can lay his hand upon. It has all been dribbled and fribbled away on hollow pretences and petty occasions, without either system or object; it has won neither gratitude, nor admiration, nor respect.

LAUGHTER.

Laughter is not altogether a foolish thing. Sometimes there is even wisdom in it. Solomon himself admits 'there is a time to laugh,' as well as a time to mourn. Man only laughs; man, the highest organised being; and hence the definition that has been proposed of 'Man, a laughing animal.' Certainly, it defines him as well as a 'cooking animal,' a 'tool-making animal,' a 'money-making animal,' a 'political animal,' or such-like. Laughter very often shows the bright side of a man. It brings out his happier nature, and shows of what sort of stuff he is really made. Somehow we feel as if we never thoroughly know a man until we hear him laugh. We do not feel 'at home' with him till then. We do not mean a mere snigger, but a good, round, hearty laugh. The solemn, sober visage, like a Sunday's dress, tells nothing of the real man. He may be very silly, or very profound; very cross, or very jolly. Let us hear him laugh, and we can decipher him at once, and tell how his heart beats. We are disposed to suspect the man who

never laughs. At all events, there is a repulsion about him which we cannot get over. Lavater says, 'Shun that man who never laughs, who dislikes music, or the glad face of a child.' This is what everybody feels, and none more than children, who are quick at reading characters; and their strong instinct rarely deceives them.

MANNERS.

The custom-house officers of every nation I have yet travelled through have a different manner of examining your luggage. Your crusty phlegmatic Englishman turns over each article separately, but carefully; your stupid Belgian rummages your trunk as if he were trying to catch a lizard; your courteous Frenchman either lightly and gracefully turns up your fine linen, as though he were making a lobster salad, or, much more frequently, if you tell him you have nothing to declare, and are polite to him, just peeps into one corner of your portmanteau, and says, '*C'est assez.*' Your sententious German ponders deeply over your trunk, pokes his fat forefinger into the bosom of your dress-shirts, and motions you to shut it again. But none of these peculiarities had the Russians. They had a way of their own. They twisted, they tousted, they turned over, they held writing-cases open, bottom upwards, and shook out the manuscript contents like snow-flakes; they held up coats and shirts, and examined them like pawnbrokers; they fingered ladies' dresses like Jew clothesmen; they punched hats, and looked into their linings; passed Cashmere shawls from one to the other for inspection; opened letters, and tried to read their contents (upside down); drew silk stockings over their arms; held boots by the toes, and shook them; opened bottles, and closed them again with wrong corks; left the impress of their dirty hands upon clean linen and virgin writing-papers; crammed ladies' under-garments into gentlemen's carpet-bags; forced a boot-jack into the little French actress's reticule; dropped things under-foot, trod on them, tore them, and laughed; spilled eau-de-Cologne, greased silk with pomatum, forced hinges, sprained locks, ruined springs, broke cigars, rumpled muslin, and raised a cloud of puff-powder and dentifrice.

TITAN.

THE MILWALL TITAN.

WHEN the celebrated Duke of Bridgewater consulted a regularly bred engineer about the practicability of the upstart Brindley's plan for the famous Bridgewater Canal, the regularly bred engineer replied, that 'he had heard of castles in the air, but he had never seen any built;' and so the regularly bred shipbuilders, if they had been consulted about the great ship at Milwall, would probably have said that 'they believed in Noah's ark, but thought it impossible in the present day.' Yet, notwithstanding the opposition and sneers of regular professionals, Brindley's castle in the air was built, and Mr Brunel's impious attempt to rival Noah's ark has succeeded. It is curious that nearly all the greatest engineers and inventors of modern times have never been regularly brought up to their calling. Smeaton, who commenced as an architect, finished as an engineer; Telford commenced life as a builder of dry dykes, and taught himself how to build bridges and make canals; James Watt was a mathematical instrument maker before he became a machinist; Robert Stephenson was a common smith; Paxton, a gardener, now an architect; and so among the shipbuilders, Sir William Symonds was an officer in the queen's navy; and Brunel has been, and is, an engineer. Amongst all these, there is not one that was regularly educated to his ultimate destiny.

Steam, which owed its first step to Newcomen, a village blacksmith, its second to Smeaton, the architect, another to Watt, the mathematical instrument maker, and yet another

to Stephenson, the colliery smith, now is indebted for its last, not to a shipbuilder or engine-maker, but to a civil engineer. Ocean steam-navigation seems to be indebted for everything to Brunel: he was the architect of the Great Western, the first steamer that crossed the Atlantic; also of the Great Britain, the first steamer in which the screw proved its pre-eminence over the paddle, and in which iron showed itself preferable to wood; and now he completes his work by building a vessel capable of performing the circuit of the earth by means of steam.

The Great Western had, indeed, two predecessors claiming the honour of being the first sea-going steamers—namely, the American ship *Savannah*, and the British ship *Enterprise*, built for India in August, 1825. But the story of the *Savannah* having crossed the Atlantic under steam in 1819, though told and re-told by Brother Jonathan with the most circumstantial details, is compelled by stern evidence to yield to be included among the other myths connected with steam-navigation in America.

The *Enterprise* was built to win a prize offered by the India merchants of a lac of rupees to the vessel that should perform the first steam-voyage out and home, averaging seventy days either way. This vessel, after several postponements, finally started from Falmouth on the 16th August, 1825. Only one dépôt of coal had been provided, contrary to the suggestion of the captain, who had urged the adoption of at least three (at the Cape de Verde, the Cape of Good Hope, and

the Mauritius). In order to make her coal last to the Cape, she was loaded with as much coal as she could carry, bags of coal being even stowed over her boiler, which nearly caused her loss by fire. She was also furnished with iron boxes full of coal as ballast, these being intended to be filled with water when the coal was exhausted. The apertures of these being extremely small, rendered the labour of shipping the coal extremely heavy, and the men actually fainted in extracting it from some of the tanks near the flue. The captain was finally obliged to make St Thomas, to shift coal, clean boilers, and to water. After remaining there three days, he proceeded to Table Bay under canvas. Having coaled there, he proceeded, and reached Calcutta (where he had been anxiously expected) on the 8th December. The period of the voyage, including the detentions, had been 114 days, of which 63 were under steam and 40 under sail. The result of this experiment greatly disappointed the public and the shareholders, for it appeared impossible for the *Enterprise* to do the voyage under 85 days. As a speculation she had failed, as she took very few passengers, and the inconvenience they suffered from coal dust and heat, and the length of the voyage, rendered it very unlikely that she would command passengers for the homeward voyage. Thus the first attempt at ocean-steaming was a failure. Fortunately in this case the government had learned to appreciate the aid of steam in military purposes, and bought the *Enterprise* for £40,000, so that the speculators lost only £3000.

Thus, in the case of the *Enterprise*, an attempt at long voyages by steam-navigation had failed, but by the presence of this ship in India the military importance of steam was established. This fact soon began to have an influence in the construction of vessels in the British navy, especially for the Indian station. Another idea in connection with ocean steam-navigation was the first (an unsuccessful) attempt to establish the overland route. The projectors of this latter plan, taking warning from the disagreeables of the voyage of the *Enterprise*, made use of a tug, instead of a vessel carrying her own engines. The ship that was tugged,

however, acted as a tender to the tug, carrying her coals for her, herself at the same time furnishing room for cargo and passengers. The first trip with this tug (the *Emulous*) and its tender proved that the whole thing must of necessity be a failure.

Yet this attempt of the *Emulous* was the precursor of the overland route to India. That mode of reaching India having been proved, by the indefatigable Lieutenant Waghorn, to be possible in less than two months even by sailing-vessels, and some years after the attempt of the *Emulous*, the Peninsular and Oriental Company was established. The ships of this company are able to coal at two points at least in going (as well as at Alexandria)—namely, at Gibraltar and Malta—and consequently, without using very large vessels, are able to carry sufficient coal for the voyage from station to station. The passengers having crossed the desert to Suez, are met by a vessel from India; here again coaling stations are found at Aden, situated at the mouth of the Red Sea, and also at the Mauritius, half-way between Aden and India. This route, though so successful in speed, is of necessity expensive, as very little cargo beyond treasure and goods of great value in a small compass can be carried; and on account of the great value coals acquire before they reach Aden round the Cape of Good Hope, the fares for passengers were and still are enormously high. Yet the Oriental and Peninsular Company has been a successful company, and from year to year has built larger, swifter, and more comfortable steamers. They were in modern times the builders of the Himalaya, which was sold to government during the Russian war, and which did so much service as a transport; this, indeed, was more than twenty years after their establishment, but it shows the energy of this company that they now possess some of the largest, and have at one time owned the very largest steamer in the world.

Undoubtedly it was greatly owing to the success of the Peninsular and Oriental Company that steam-navigation has reached its present wondrous development. When men could reach India in six weeks, they naturally began to grumble at being nearly a month

in attaining New York from Liverpool, scarcely one-third of the distance. Consequently the feat of reaching New York by steam became a favourite enterprise among 'men that go down to the sea in ships.' It was discussed by sailors over their grog, and by philosophers over their wine or tea, and by both pronounced to be impossible, nay, ridiculous, in short, an insane project. There was one man, however, who was neither a sailor nor a philosopher, but a mixture of both, that thought differently. If he was not a book-worm mathematician, he had extensively applied the principles of science in practice; if he had not been much on the water, he had been a good deal *under* it, for he had helped his father to build the Thames Tunnel; in that situation he had learned the perseverance of the seaman without his prejudice. Isambard Brunel proposed to steam across the Atlantic. 'Why not?'—'Because you'll run out of coal, as between England and New York you cannot establish a coaling station without quitting your course.'—'But suppose I do not require a coaling station?'—'Ay!'—'Why, by building a ship large enough to carry her own coals.'—'Oh! oh! quite impossible; you'll require a ship, sir, at least of 1300 or 1400 tons, and 236 feet long.'—'Yes, that's about it.'—'Indeed, why that's larger than the largest man-of-war ever built; she won't float—she won't launch—she'll break her back between the waves. Then look at the weight of the engines you'll require; why, sir, they'll go through her bottom.'—'Oh, sir, we can avoid all these things.'—'Can you?'—'Yes; at least we intend to try.'—'Madness' (Exit conservative seaman.) Such is the kind of conversation that may be supposed by analogy to have taken place many a time with Brunel concerning the Great Western, for the same class of arguments have been produced by the never-dying old school, ever since man was permitted to exercise ingenuity.

Brunel not only did try, but persuaded several persons with purses to aid in trying, and in 1836 the company was formed, and commenced their operations by building the Great Western. She was considered a marvel of size at the time, and made almost as much sensation as the Leviathan of to-day;

and the same wise prophecies were made about her as are now made about her great successor; such as, she 'was too big to swim,' that 'she would be doubled up' as she rested on the crests of the waves, &c. We all know how those prophecies were fulfilled. Every coasting-skipper thought himself a better judge of the question than the distinguished projector himself; just as every clown who keeps a donkey thinks himself a judge of a racer. The expectations of this company were considered very extravagant at that time, but would be considered singularly modest now: they expected to make the outward voyage in twenty, and the home voyage in thirteen days. They succeeded in making the first voyage in 14½ days. So successful was this vessel, that, between 1838 and 1844, she made in all 84 voyages, her longest being 15, her average 13½, and her shortest 12½ days. This vessel, thought to be so enormous, that, on her arrival, all New York turned out to see her, was only 1350 tons, and 236 feet long; or about one-third in length of the Leviathan, and one-ninth in tonnage. She carried 600 tons of coals, consuming about 30 tons in the 24 hours.

With the success of the Great Western may be said to have arisen ocean steam-navigation in the true sense of the word, for that could scarcely be called *steam*-navigation that required the aid of sailing-vessels to coal the swifter ships. The example of the Great Western was soon followed; and it having been proved that a ship large enough to carry its own coals for 3000 miles, not only would swim and not break her back, but perform rapid voyages, English enterprise and speculation immediately took the direction of ocean steamers. In 1842 was started the West India Mail Company, the owners of the unfortunate Amazon, and also of the largest paddle-wheel iron steamer existing, the *Atrato*, of 3500 tons, nearly double the tonnage of that pioneer, the Great Western. Two years previously, in 1840, the Cunard Mail Company established a line of steamers to run between Liverpool and Halifax, and subsequently to New York. They have since had a rival in the American line of Collins; so that the Atlantic has been for the last few years a steam race-course, on

which, it must be acknowledged, a neck-and-neck race has been run. For some years the question of ocean steam-navigation seemed to stand still: the companies, indeed, built larger and larger vessels each year, but the limits of enterprise seemed to be attained. We must, however, remember that, for the ten years after the starting of the Cunard line, both enterprise and capital were mainly directed to the rival speculation on shore; that is to say, railroads.

During the next few years were rising to perfection three inventions destined to make a complete revolution in the history of steam-navigation—the construction of iron ships, the wave-line principle, and the screw-propeller. We do not know the date of the construction of the first iron vessel, save that it must be of modern times, and dependent on many other inventions. Of course it has been long known that ships do not depend for their floating power on the lightness of wood, the ancient material, but on the hydraulic principle, that if a body displaces, when put into water, a weight of fluid greater than its own, it will float, and rise in the water, until the amount of water displaced is equal to the weight of the body or vessel. It is clear that, on this principle, all cellular bodies, or bodies with impervious vegetable cells, such as wood, pith, and cork, will of necessity float. In a similar manner, if a heavy substance be so moulded or hollowed as to displace, when partly immersed in water, a weight of water equal to its own, it will float. A ship is such a hollow substance, so that the specific gravity of the material it is constructed of is of no importance. But before building an iron ship much had to be done. Iron bars of an extraordinary length and strength had to be rolled, iron plates of a size larger than any previously known had to be made: these plates had to be bent by machinery to the required form; for though the hammer might do it, the expense and labour would be enormous. All these things required improved or new machinery—not that we mean that all such machines were expressly improved or invented for the first iron vessel; yet, until these machines had attained their perfection for

other more direct purposes, the iron ship was not a possibility. At the present time the trade of iron shipbuilding is so extensive, that tools and machines are daily invented for this craft alone. The iron ship, after having been constructed, had yet to prove herself; the seaman was prejudiced against her, and urged, not unnaturally, that, if she sprang a leak, there was no immediate means of repair. Of course all those interested in wooden vessels were the first to cry aloud; the shipwrights, caulkers, and copperers, whose trade was threatened, naturally scandalised the new invention. The trial of this invention came to the test in the case of the *Great Britain*, the largest vessel in the world of her time, built by Brunel at Bristol; and, until the launching of the *Leviathan* (though no longer the largest), the finest model afloat. This vessel, almost in her first voyage out of Liverpool, was carelessly grounded in Dundrum Bay, Ireland. There she lay a whole winter, in a situation that would have been fatal to the strongest ship of the line. The reputation established for iron ships by the *Great Britain* has been confirmed by the manner in which the ship *Tyne* has ridden out several storms. Iron ships are, in fact, more strongly bolted than any wooden ship can be; they actually weigh less in dead weight than a wooden ship of the same tonnage, and are therefore more buoyant. Finally, they are much cheaper vessels than those of wood. It is not improbable that wooden ships will, in a few years, be wholly discontinued for commercial vessels. They will still be retained for vessels of war, as it is found that iron ships will not stand shot.

During the same period was gradually being perfected the wave-line principle; that is, a new principle on which to shape the bow of a vessel. The old forms of ship-bows, though modified by practice, seems to have been copied either from the breast of a duck or the head of a fish. The former has been much adopted in Dutch vessels, and in merchantmen, where capacity was preferred to speed. The latter has been used in swifter vessels. Both models were, indeed, inapplicable to the purpose, as the duck is intended to float steadily on the stream rather than to swim, and the fish is immersed,

the conditions of both being different from that of a ship. Popular as the old models were, there was one practical shipbuilder, Mr Scott Russell, who thought both to be wrong.

The bow is intended so to separate the waters in front of the ship, as to make sufficient room for the body of the vessel to pass. In order to do this, the ship's head must be of such a form as to throw the water away from the ship's sides as nearly as possible in a direction at right angles to the direction of the ship's motion. Now, it is evident that, if a ship's bow is as nearly square, for example, as that of a Dutch hoy, it will be able to give very little lateral motion to the water, and that consequently, the water against which the front of the ship presses, not being divided, becomes heaped up before it. This retards it in two ways: force is expended in overcoming the retarding power of the piled-up water, and also the head of the ship being thrown up higher than the stern, the keel ceases to be level, and a larger surface of resistance is presented to the wave. Again, if the vessel's head is sharp enough to divide the wave without heaping it up, but convex in form, there is still a waste of power; for, from the convex form of the bow, a greater lateral motion is given to the water than is sufficient simply to make room for the ship at her broadest part. Of course, some of the propelling power must be wasted in creating this additional motion. The problem solved in the 'wave-line' is the finding of such a form for the bow as shall just make room for the vessel, and no more, without heaping up the water in front, or wasting power in dividing the water. By hard reasoning, and more than 20,000 experiments, Mr Scott Russell discovered this necessary curve.

In the 'wave-line,' the bow, instead of being entirely convex, is concave from the head, and then gradually changes into convex near the swell of the vessel. A horizontal section of the bow would be like two of Hogarth's lines of beauty joined together, so as to make a sharp angle, which would be the ship's cutwater, their counterbends forming the thickest part of the ship's bow. Mr Scott Russell made a vessel on this principle, called the Wave, of about seven and a-half

tons burden, and seventy feet long. Vessels built on the finest French lines reduced the resistance to one-fifth of that which the resistance would be if the head of the vessel were perfectly square; it was found that the Wave reduced it to one-twelfth. Successful as this was, the wave-principle might still have remained obscure but for the accident of Scott Russell's wave-line having assisted Professors Lubbock and Whewell to overcome a difficulty in the investigation of the tides, which had hitherto obstructed them. They brought the despised speculation of the then unknown shipbuilder before the British Association, at Dublin, about twenty-two years ago. The Association found the means of enabling the inventor to prove the value of his invention. One hundred and fifty models of every kind of ship that could be procured were made and tested. Ten more years of experiment were added to the labours of Scott Russell. On his principle he built steamers; and their speed was so superior, that their lines were copied by others in sailing-vessels, and gave rise to the American and Aberdeen clippers.

We now come to the screw. The insufficiency of the paddle for long voyages and for war purposes had, at the time of the first great success of the screw, long been felt, and were, at the time of the first Atlantic steam-voyage, strongly urged against its probable success. The paddle contains so many parts, that, in a heavy sea, some are apt to be broken; then the high paddle-boxes form a purchase for the wind, and cause the ship to lurch, so that, in heavy weather, one paddle is entirely out of the water, and the other so immersed as to become waterlogged. Again, there is a permanent scientific defect in the paddle with fixed floats: the float acts only in direct propulsion of the vessel when it is perpendicular to the surface of the water; when inclined to the water, its propelling power is lost, in a peculiar proportion, to the inclination of the float; it is clear that when it is horizontal it has no propelling power at all. Yet, the whole time the float is immersed, its whole surface is acting against the water, and as much force is required to move it through the water as if its whole propelling power were in operation.

To remedy this defect, paddles are so placed in the ship, that, as nearly as possible, only one float shall be fully immersed at a time, and a very small portion of two others. Yet, even with this arrangement, there is a loss of motive-power. Again, the floats out of the water beat against the air, and force is required to move them through the atmosphere. Any one accustomed to row will at once say, 'feather' your floats; and accordingly there have been many inventions patented, making the floats moveable, so that they shall enter the water vertically, and, when out of it, meet the air edgeways. The most successful of these is the 'eccentric paddle;' but the great objection to this invention is the number of moveable parts, all liable to be acted upon injuriously by the sea-water. If one little bar gives way, there is a stoppage of the whole. The paddle is also plainly very much exposed to shot in war-steamers.

On these considerations, very soon after the introduction of steam as a marine motive-power, a submerged propeller became a desideratum, and was sought after by engineers. The first idea that seems to have presented itself was the sails of a windmill: for example, if the head of the mill were floating in the air, and the sails were moved round from the inside, we know from science that the head of the mill would be propelled in the air. If, then, for the air we substitute the water, and for the head of the mill a ship, and for the sails small, but similarly-shaped fans, at the stern of the vessel, we have a screw-propeller. The fans need not be so large as the sails of the mill, as they are intended to work in a denser medium. The sails of a mill are each a part of a spiral screw. A screw-propeller had been patented on this principle (but with three fans only), as early as 1794, by a Mr Littleton. He had, however, been preceded in 1785 by the celebrated Bramah, who took out a patent for a kind of submerged smoke-jack to move vessels. Ships of war were successfully moved, in 1802, by a screw worked by manual labour, invented by Mr Shorter. The first success was, however, attained in really propelling vessels by the well-known Swedish inventor Ericsson, the unsuc-

cessful competitor of Stephenson in the great locomotive race. Ericsson's invention seems to have consisted of a complete spiral screw, like a slip of paper wrapped edgeways round a pencil. It worked astern of the rudder. His first experiments in London were made in a circular bath, with a boat not two feet long. With this little craft he attained a speed of three miles an hour. His next attempt was with a vessel about forty feet long, to which were attached two propellers, each rather more than five feet in diameter. With this vessel he was enabled to tow brigs of 150 tons burden at the rate of seven miles an hour. This invention was exhibited to the Admiralty; the Admiralty barge, with some of the lords of that department, and several eminent engineers, being towed down the river at the rate of ten miles an hour. The engineers, and consequently the Admiralty, being doubtful, the question seems to have been settled by Sir William Symonds, who remarked, that 'even if the propeller had the power of propelling the vessel, it would be found altogether useless in practice, because the power being applied at the stern, it would be absolutely impossible to make the vessel steer.' Sir William was nearly right as to Ericsson's first propeller, though that remark does not apply to the modern screw: the present invention, in fact, aids the steering.

Ericsson's propeller was an imperfect instrument: it was a complete screw. Now, anyone knows that when a screw is driven into wood, the *back* part of the thread obtains a *purchase*, that is, presses against the substance in contact with it. It is the same with a screw working through water, with this difference, that the water being fluid, when the back side of the spiral, or screw, presses against the medium, it not only advances the screw, but by the same pressure sets the water in motion in a backward direction. Thus there is a strong current from the forward towards the hindmost parts of the screw—and impinging on the front surface of the thread of the latter. This stream not only neutralizes the effect of the hinder parts of the screw, but tends to destroy the effect of the forward part also. Even when the screw consists

of only one turn, a part of this stream meets the hinder part of the screw. This defect, and its cause, was discovered by an accident. Mr J Pettit Smith, an English inventor, had been long engaged in trying to find a better mode of fixing the screw—his plan was to place it in the dead wood, in front of the rudder, where it now is usually placed. In order to place it there, he was obliged to cut it down until only two turns were left. This was fixed in a vessel called the *Archimedes*, and on the day of public trial, by a fortunate accident, the screw was broken, so that one turn, or probably less than one turn, only remained. The inventor was in despair, but was determined to make the experiment with the damaged screw, as it had been very publicly advertised. To his great astonishment, the screw acted better than ever, and all in consequence of the accident. The reason began then to be perceived, and experiments were made of cutting the screw still smaller, and, of course, as they got rid more and more of the retardation produced by the back stream we have mentioned, the screw acted better and better, until at last a mere fan was left. In thus cutting away the screw, there was a loss of purchase on the water, but this was remedied by having fixed opposite, on the same boss, another fan, in fact a part of another but similar spiral. In the *Leviathan* it is proposed to have four such fans.

Ericsson subsequently brought out a propeller, consisting of four fans surrounded by a broad flat metal ring. On the outer rim of this ring were placed other fans. This last propeller became the subject of a trial in the Court of Exchequer, Westminster, at which we were present; on which occasion the scientific witnesses gave the explanation to the jury which we have outlined above. The superior merit of the screw was not fully tested until the building of the *Great Britain*, by Brunel, in Bristol. The screw at that time had been perfected under the Screw Propeller Company, who spent £50,000 in experiments. The *Great Britain* commenced her career on 26th July, 1845. After various delays and accidents, in which her strength was severely tried, and after making some

most splendid voyages to America, she was placed upon the Australian line, and here, immediately, her success became doubtful. For this voyage she was not able to carry her own coals, and the principle on which Atlantic steam navigation had succeeded, not being applied to the Australian route, the steamer found a rival in the clipper. In order that steam should succeed as a power for so long a voyage as that to Australia, it was necessary that a ship should be built of such a size as to carry coals for a voyage of 23,000 miles. Hence the *Leviathan*.

Before saying anything more about the 'great ship,' we will mention, that *after* she was commenced, but *before* she was launched and fitted for sea, a most successful attempt was made to reach Australia upon another plan. We have said that the *Great Britain* had not excelled the clippers in the speed of her long voyages, and although she was a popular ship, her expenses were great, and her rates high. Yet, in one respect, she excelled the clippers: her voyages were more certain. Most persons now know that there are peculiar constant winds north and south of the equator, called the 'trade winds.' The trade winds north of the equator carry a ship from Liverpool close on to the Brazils, when she wears, and, directing her head towards the Cape of Good Hope, under the influence of the south trade wind, endeavours to reach that point. This course is always more or less successful, but between the two 'trades,' and on the line of the equator, there is a broad belt of calms, or light winds, varying in width from 3 to 7 degrees, according to the season. It is across this region of stillness that the sailing vessel has to expect her longest delays. If she has by storms been driven out of her course, and gets too near the coast of Africa, the danger of her being becalmed for a long time becomes extreme. To overcome this, a new plan was tried in the case of the *Royal Charter*. This was a clipper ship of the first class, and was fitted with an 'auxiliary engine and screw,' intended to be used only in calms, light baffling winds, or against directly contrary winds. The engines were of low power, and the screw so arranged that it could be ungeared, and hauled

up when not required. The Royal Charter, under this scheme, has made the shortest voyage of any rival to Australia and back. On her first voyage (the quickest passage then on record), she was under steam only thirteen days, yet it was that small aid that enabled her to beat her rivals. Had this system been adopted earlier, it is not improbable that the Leviathan would never have been built.

The Royal Charter not existing, and the clippers having superseded steam, it might have been thought that steam voyages to the antipodes would be abandoned; but yet it was evident that steamers had the palm of victory so far as speed was concerned, but they had lost money; the fastest, in one voyage, with a full complement of passengers, and a full cargo, had lost £1,000, and others from £10,000 to £12,000, in a single voyage. Meantime it had been found on other stations, that to make a steam vessel pay, the tonnage must be nearly a ton for each mile of the intended voyage, and she must carry her own coals for the whole distance. Now, the distance from England to Australia and back is about 25,000 miles, and Brunel therefore conceived the idea of a vessel from 20,000 to 25,000 tons. When we remember that the largest vessel afloat at the time of this idea was under 4,000 tons, its boldness may be well understood; the man who suggested such a stride beyond all old prejudices must have foreseen all the difficulties he had to deal with.

The advantage to be gained by such a ship, if she could be built, is thus stated by Mr Brunel himself, in his report to the directors in 1853.

'In avoiding the *delay* of coaling on the voyage, your ships will also escape the great *cost* of taking coals at a foreign station. Coals obtained on the Indian and Australian route cost on the average, including waste and deterioration, four or five times as *much* per ton as in this country. The company's ships will not be obliged to stop at any place by the way to take in coal, stoppages for coal not only causing great delay by the time required for coaling, but compelling the vessels to deviate widely from the best route, in order to touch at the necessary coaling stations. Existing

steam-ships have generally lost from twelve to twenty days in this manner, and so extended the duration of their voyages nearly to the time occupied by fast-sailing vessels, thus incurring the cost of steam without securing its advantages. But your ships will take their whole amount of coals for the voyage from near the pit's mouth, at a rate not exceeding for the best quality 12s. or 14s. per ton. On the voyage of existing steam vessels to Australia or India and home, the consumption amounts to from 4000 to 6000 tons: the cost of which would supply 15,000 to 20,000 tons if taken on board at some port in immediate communication with the coal-field.


'Each of the company's ships will carry, besides their own coals, upwards of 5000 tons measurement of merchandise, and will have 800 cabins for passengers of the highest class, with ample space for troops and lower-class passengers. These you will not only be able to carry at rates much smaller than those by existing steam-ships, but with an unprecedented amount of room, comfort, and convenience.

'In thus determining the size of the ships, your directors believe that they are also obtaining the elements of a speed heretofore unknown, and if hereafter coals applicable to the purposes of steam can be supplied from the mines of Australia, the carrying capacity both for cargo and passengers will be proportionably increased. The great length of these ships will undoubtedly, according to all present experience, enable them to pass through the water at a velocity of at least fifteen knots an hour, with a smaller power, in proportion to their tonnage, than ordinary vessels now require to make ten knots. Speed is, in fact, another result of great size. It is believed that by this speed, combined with the absence of stoppages, the voyage *between England and India*, by the Cape, will be reduced to thirty or thirty-three days, and between England and Australia to thirty-three or thirty-six days.'

The Eastern Steam Navigation Company having determined to build the Leviathan, and in the yard of Mr Scott Russell, at Milwall, that gentleman designed her lines, and Mr Brunel

was intrusted with her construction. We shall now take up her progress, step by step.

For reasons hereafter explained, it was resolved to build her sideways to the river, and about 300 feet from low-water mark. The length resting on the yard was to be 680 feet, and as her probable dead weight, when furnished with her engines on board, would be about 12,000 tons, a foundation was carefully prepared. The place chosen consisted of 30 feet depth of river-deposited mud, resting on a bed of gravel. In order, therefore, to make a firm platform for the keel, or rather for the lowest plates, 1400 long piles were driven through the mud, hard down on to the gravel. Around them, the intended site of the ship, were erected a number of long poles, called derricks, each 100 feet long, and kept in place with strong tackle. These poles had stepping-pieces nailed on them like the rounds of a ladder. They were placed one on each side of the ship, where the bulkheads were to come, so that there were 10 pairs of derricks. Four square towers of open timber framework, with staircases up them, were also built, two on each side.

When these preparations were completed, the foundation-plates of the great iron ship were laid on the 1st May, 1854. The keel-plates were laid flat along a level platform prepared for it out of baulks of timber about five feet from the ground; then the centre web, which answers a little to the keel of an ordinary ship, only that it is put inside instead of outside—so that, strictly speaking, the *Leviathan* has no keel. Then come other plates, laid flat on the top of the centre web, the three together making a figure like the letter H laid flat on its side thus, . The object of this was, that from the lower plate the outer skin of the ship was to spring, and from the upper the inner: for the *Leviathan*, as high up as the second deck, consists of two skins of iron plates, 2 feet 10 inches apart, or like one ship inside another. This is to admit the building of the ship's sides on the tubular principle. Here we must go back a little.

When iron was first applied to ship-building, nothing was changed except the material. The ship was still constructed with ribs of iron instead of

wood, and iron plates were riveted upon them, instead of the old plank-ing; the works were made lighter as they approached the deck, and the whole was crowned by a wooden deck. The consequence of this arrangement was, that the deck (which acts as a tie-beam does to a roof) had not sufficient power of resistance when any extraordinary strain was put upon the vessel; and if the deck were broken, she would collapse and sink at once, as was the case with the unfortunate *Birkenhead*. But, in a ship of so great dimensions as the *Leviathan*, some new principle of construction was required, and Brunel determined to adopt the tubular principle of the *Menai Bridge* invented by Messrs Stephenson & Fairbairn. This principle of construction, and the extraordinary strength it gives, depends upon simple facts familiar to every one.

Everybody knows, that if you take a piece of plank, half-an-inch thick and only a foot long, the human hand cannot bend it, and such a board, placed between supports at its ends, will bear a very great weight, but if we take a plank of the same thickness, 10 or 15 feet long, it will bend by its own weight. But if the long plank, instead of being merely supported at the ends, were supported by traverse pieces of wood (equal in length to the breadth of the plank), we should have a firm floor that we could walk on. One plank of a common floor, supported by its joists, is just what we mean. Now, if, instead of being supported by the earth, the traverse pieces were themselves supported by a plank under them, we should have a beam of a very light description, but of great strength. For still, as when the earth was the support, the upper plank is divided into parts of a foot each, each resting on a support. It is clear that no one of the parts can bend unless the traverse pieces (which are supposed to be firmly fixed to the planks) lose their position, but these are kept in their position by the tension of the remainder of the two beams. Now, suppose the planks were one foot broad, and one foot apart, and suppose we close up the open sides by nailing planks one foot broad, and the same length as the others, along the open sides of our beam, we should not only have the

additional advantage of the new planks as edge-boards, but our beam would in fact consist of a number of square or rather cubical boxes, and before it could give way, one or more of these boxes or cells must be destroyed. Now we all know how strong a square box (as it is called) is, how independent its strength is of the thickness of the boards: remembering this, it will be easy to perceive how strong the cellular beam we have constructed above must be. Yet this is the whole principle of the strength of the Menai Tubular Bridge. This principle has been used throughout the Leviathan.

The hull is, as we have said, built of two skins, but these are kept apart by traverse and other irons standing edgewise between them, and strongly riveted to both skins, so as to divide the space between them into innumerable watertight cells. Now, however strong this wall may be in itself, it was necessary to strengthen it by some interior resistance, as well as to have something to build against. After, therefore, laying the keel plates, 10 bulkheads or partitions, the same shape as a section of the intended ship, at the point at which each is placed, were built of iron plates, half-an-inch thick. These bulkheads are stiffened by vertical iron webs, 2 feet 9 inches deep; that is, by broad planks of iron, riveted edgewise and vertically upon them. The ship is by these iron partitions divided into 12 watertight compartments below the lower deck, and nine above. The second and upper decks are also cellular in construction, and are so stiff, that, though nearly 700 feet long, they would not bend even if supported on their extreme ends, without anything in the middle. The inner skin ceases at the lower deck, 35 feet 6 inches from the keel, and above that there is only one—the outer skin; but the lower part of the vessel, which is most exposed to accident, is thus entirely surrounded by a cellular iron wall. But even this construction would be too weak for the bow and stern; the former of which will have to resist and to divide the rush of waters, and the latter to sustain the enormous vibration of the huge screw-propeller. Accordingly, the inner skin or ship is not so long by many feet as the outer, and the space between them at the

bow is rendered rigid and strong by many horizontal and vertical webs. Similarly at the stern.

Having explained the principles on which this iron hull (the largest and strongest in the world) is constructed, we will give some of its dimensions. The length of this monster of the deep is 691 feet along the upper deck, and 680 between the perpendiculars; that is, between two imaginary perpendicular lines, one at each extremity of the keel. Her breadth at her broadest part is 83 feet, and 118 across the paddle-boxes. Now, to ordinary persons, unaccustomed to measurement, these numbers give very little idea of her actual size. To those who may have seen other large ships, we say that she is more than twice the length of the Great Britain, nearly twice the length of the Himalaya and the Persia, and nearly three times as long as our greatest war-ship, the Duke of Wellington. Those who know Liverpool, may be told that her upper deck differs little from the deck of the great landing-stage, itself a marvellous work, and considered a wonder, although it is intended only as a floating pier, and not for locomotion. By some the Leviathan has been compared in magnitude to Great George Street, Westminster; but that street is not wide enough to admit her, since she could only just fit into Portland Place, though of course not so long. It is said that she would not go into either Grosvenor or Belgrave Square, and that Berkeley Square, lengthways, would only just admit her. Being 691 feet or 230 yards in length, she is 10 yards over an eighth of a mile, and of course four turns up and down her deck will make a mile; a possible walk, as her level deck is unencumbered with aught save the skylights of the saloons.

The Leviathan is intended to carry 800 first-class passengers, 2000 second-class, and 1200 third-class. For so large a freight of human beings, the most extensive accommodation has been provided both in saloons and sleeping cabins. The saloons are nine in number; the largest is 100 feet long, 36 feet wide, and 13 feet high. Above are two others, one above 60 feet long, and another 24; both are 25 feet wide and 12 high. The smaller of these latter is used as a ladies'

cabin. There are whole streets and squares of sleeping rooms, about 14 feet long by 7 or 8 feet wide, and above 7 feet high; in fact, quite large rooms. If nothing else had influence, this would make the *Leviathan* popular. In most large steamers, it is the sleeping cabin that is the discomfort. The main cabin is generally large and airy; the table perhaps better than many passengers enjoy on shore: it is in the berth, that they find discomfort—the close crib, with perhaps another fellow-passenger on the shelf above.

This magnificent range of saloons and sleeping-rooms extends to about 330 feet, and is divided into different sets or 'hotels,' between which there is no communication except by the upper deck. Each hotel has its own saloons, bedrooms, kitchen, and bar, and is conducted independently of the other. It is plain that it is only by some such arrangement that 4000 guests could be properly served, when we consider the mass of provisions and drinkables that will be daily consumed, and the amount of linen, plate, china, &c., that will be daily used. Unless the passengers are to clean their own rooms, and make their own beds, it will require between 40 and 50 servants, to work six hours a-day, merely to arrange the sleeping apartments. We trust the timid will not be alarmed, when we tell them that the passengers are placed immediately over the boilers, in the centre of the ship. They are, however, separated from the boiler-room by a strongly-arched roof of iron, above which are bunkers of coal, so that no heat or noise will be communicated to the saloons. The passengers being placed in the centre of the ship, will diminish the sensation of motion; and as it is expected that the *Leviathan*, by her great length, striding three Atlantic waves at once, will neither pitch nor roll, sea-sickness aboard of her will be almost unknown.

Besides 4000 passengers, the ship will carry a crew of 400, officers, seamen, and servants. This is smaller than we should expect from her size, but she will be much assisted by her *steam sailors*, or donkey engines, purposely placed by the motive engines, to haul up the sails, pump the ship, to raise coals and the anchors, &c.

She has a captain, a chief officer, a chief engineer, twelve other sailing-officers, sixteen subordinate engineers, a sailing-master, a purser, and two or three surgeons.

This wonderful ship will also be able, besides her coals, to carry as much cargo as six first-class A-1 clippers could together, and on a push as much as ten. She has large holds, devoted exclusively to cargo, at the ends of the cabins. They are both 60 feet long, and are the whole depth and breadth of the ship. Each is capable of holding about 1000 tons of cargo. The total quantity of cargo must of course depend upon circumstances; but she will, in the holds and unappropriated places, be able to stow away about 6000 tons in all, or even more. Thus, together with her 12,000 tons of coals, she will carry 18,000 tons of dead-weight, to say nothing of tons upon tons of provisions, &c. How is such a vessel to be loaded, and where is the stevedor that will undertake it? where are the crowd of lumpers that can do it in a reasonable time? Here, again, novel requirements have called up new arrangements. The railway waggons containing the coals and goods are to be run into the ship itself, and for this purpose she has no less than 20 ports on the lower deck. There are also 60 ports, 2 feet 6 inches square, for ventilation, and numerous dead-lights.*

From the construction, size, and accommodation of the *Leviathan*, we pass on to her powers of propulsion. Every known means of marine locomotion, except oars, is to be applied to her: sails, paddles, and screws. The idea of combining the paddle and the screw in the same vessel is due to Mr Brunel. Why it should never have occurred to any one before is difficult to see; but the simplest conceptions, which are generally the most complete and powerful, seem to be property of great minds alone. It is the opposite action of the paddle and the screw that favours this combination—the paddle pulls, and the screw pushes.

The propelling machines are of course in proportion to the size of the ship. The paddle-wheels are each larger than the circus at Astley's, and

* The *Leviathan's* draught unladen is 15 feet 6 inches; laden, 30 feet.

the fans of the screw have been described, when lying on the ground, as resembling the blade bones of some huge antediluvian monster. Some notion may be gained of the speed of parts of these propellers, when we observe that each paddle is 56 feet in diameter, or nearly 60 yards in circumference. Each paddle must therefore make about 30 revolutions to a mile, or 720 in one hour, to carry the ship 24 miles per hour; that is, 12 revolutions in one minute, or one revolution in five seconds—or, in other words, when the vessel is making 24 miles an hour, each float-board of the paddles moves a linear distance of 12 yards per second. The revolution of the screw is even more rapid. This latter propeller is 24 feet in diameter, and weighs 36 tons. It is the largest ever made, and has four fans, fitted into a large cast-iron boss. The shaft intended to move the screw is 160 feet long, and is, of course, constructed in parts. Its length will be understood, when it is observed that 160 feet is 53 yards, a fair distance for a lady's archery practice. This shaft weighs 60 tons—one portion of it is 47 feet and 35 tons. This heavy piece of wrought metal was manufactured this enormous length, in order that the junction of it with the remaining portions should not interfere with the floor of the after-cabins. The other pieces of this shaft are each 25 feet long, and 16 tons each.

The engines to move these huge propellers, as might be expected, are the largest marine engines existing. To produce steam for the paddle engines, their boilers are heated by no less than forty furnaces, and those of the screw engines by sixty. The paddle engines are the smaller, yet the cylinders even of these are seven times as large as the great bell of St. Paul's, and twice and a third as large as the unfortunate Big Ben of Westminster. The engines of both paddle and screw are made on the oscillating principle; that is to say, the cylinders themselves oscillate backwards and forwards on pivots at their bases—a contrivance that enables the piston-rod to be connected directly with the crank, without the intervention of a beam or parallel motion. Each engine has four cylinders, and is, in fact, a

combination of four engines complete in themselves, with a separate crank, condenser, and air-pump. These four subordinate engines can either be worked together or separately, by means of disconnecting gear. Thus, if anything happens to any one of them, it can be cut off from the rest at a moment's notice, by a single movement of the hand, and be repaired, while the other cylinders, its companions, are propelling the ship—the three cheerfully doing their own work and that of their lame brother also.

To each ten furnaces there is a boiler; so that to the forty furnaces of the paddle-engines there are four boilers, and to the sixty furnaces of the screw-engines six boilers. These boilers are upon what is called the tubular principle. When the steam-engine was first invented, the boiler consisted of nothing but a huge iron pot. Yet the power of an engine depends as much upon the steam-generating power of its boilers, as upon the size of its other parts. If there is no steam, there is no action; if little steam, little action; and if much steam, great action. Even if the engine cannot use the steam as fast as it is made, the size of the boiler gives power; for much of the superfluous steam retained in the boiler attains a higher pressure and great elasticity. The great object of a boiler is to generate steam rapidly, and this does not depend so much upon the size of the boiler, as upon the amount of heated surface in contact with the water. Steam is generated only at points where a heated surface touches the water. At first the boiler was surrounded by the fire, and to increase the heating surface, the size of the boiler was increased, until both the boiler and the furnace became unwieldy. Various plans were then tried to increase the interior surface of the boiler, without enlarging its size. At first the square sides were arched inwards, then an interior tunnel was made through the boiler, separated from the water by a wall of iron, just as an ordinary railway tunnel is parted from the earth by a wall of brick. The fire, then, was not only allowed to pass round the boiler, but through the tunnel. If this tunnel were a foot across, and the boiler six feet long, the surface gained would

be nineteen square feet nearly; and as not more than thirty square feet would, in such a case, be exposed on the other surface of the boiler, this simple contrivance went far towards doubling the steam power of the boiler. But when the railway locomotive came to be invented, it was no longer possible to have the fire outside the boiler, and heating by means of the interior tunnel could alone be used, but this did not generate enough steam, not having, indeed, sufficient surface. Had boiler invention remained there, railways would not have existed. The idea, however, occurred to George Stephenson (we believe) of piercing the boiler lengthways with a great number of small tunnels, no larger than tubes—in fact, tubes—but which would not take up more room in the water than the tunnel. Now, if each tube were one inch in diameter, it would require as many as 112 such tubes to take up as much space altogether in the water as the tunnel of one foot across did. But mark the difference; the tunnel presented only 19 heated square feet of iron to the water, whereas the 112 tubes present no less than 168 square feet. Thus, without any loss of space, or without enlarging the boiler, its power was increased by the use of these tubes nearly nine times, and more than five times, even if the fire were outside as well as inside. This is the principle of the tubular boiler. It consists simply of a cylindrical boiler with flat ends, in which are fitted these numerous tubes, which lie in the water: the furnace is at one end of the boiler, and the flue at the other, so that the fire of the furnace must pass through the tubes to reach the flue. The tubes are heated in its passage, and the water boiled.

Some notion may be gained of the immensity of the *Leviathan* engines, from the reflection that the paddle-engines alone took twelve months to put together in the erecting shop. They were then taken down, and re-erected in the ship. The actual time this consumed was about four months, independently of various delays which occurred. The building and erecting of these engines went on simultaneously with the erection of the ship.

Attached to the paddle-engines are the *steam-sailors*, or donkey (*i. e.*, auxi-

liary) engines we spoke of above. These two engines are together 60 horse-power when working at 40 lbs. per square inch, but may be worked up to 60 lbs. The combined paddle-engines, nominally of 1000 horse-power, can be worked up to an indicator power of 3000, and under certain conditions to a power of 5000 horses. Similarly, the screw-engines, which are nominally 1600 horse-power, can be worked up to 4500 and even to 6500 horses.

As well as having the largest steam-power, the *Leviathan* can spread more canvas than any vessel in the world. When we consider that she is expected to go eighteen miles an hour certainly, and that twenty-four miles an hour are hoped for her, there is apparently little use in an extensive rig; but sails are always useful in keeping a steamer steady, as well as providing against accidents to the machinery; besides, should she meet with winds highly favourable to her progress in her course, she may hoist sails, and cut off steam, or a part of it at least. At any rate the projectors have thought it advisable to give her the fullest rig, and accordingly she will carry six masts, and spread no less than 6500 square yards of canvas. Her sails accordingly would be sufficient to make an awning to Belgrave Square. All her masts (except the sixth) are of iron; which, strange as it may seem, are from their peculiar construction actually lighter in weight than wooden masts sufficient for the same duty would be. The rigging of the iron masts is of wire rope.

The sixth mast is of wood, and its rigging hemp, and upon it, fifty feet from the deck, will be placed the compass. When iron ships are built, they acquire magnetic properties during their construction. The hammering and riveting which the vessel undergoes enables that huge magnet, the earth, to establish inductively the magnetic state in these masses. The result is not entirely confined to iron ships. All large vessels have so much iron in their frames, that they contain magnets in their structure when they are launched for service upon the waves. To neutralise the effects of this, the vessel is what is technically called 'swung,' as soon as it is ready for sea, with its compasses on board. Its

head is turned in all possible directions, while some land object is still kept in sight, to indicate what the precise position at any moment is, and the deviation of the compass from its proper bearing in each position is marked and recorded. The record is then preserved, to be employed as a check upon the compass in future. In working the ship, the error of each position is allowed for; and so the mariner manages to direct his path aright with an erroneously-pointing guide.

'Swinging' vessels answers very well with wooden vessels; but with vessels entirely built of iron it is of little service. These vast structures start upon their voyages with their magnetic dispositions accurately ascertained, but the shock of heavy seas, the long-continued tremor set up by the working of the steam machinery in a smooth sea, or even passing a prominent headland, will produce a change of deviation in the compass needles. The astronomer-royal, Mr Airy, devised a plan of placing fixed magnets near the compasses, in such a position that they exactly undo what the magnetic masses of the ship accomplish. The veteran Arctic voyager, Dr Scoresby (now deceased), adopted a much simpler and more certain plan. That is merely to keep a standard compass up aloft, with which the working compass may be frequently compared. The compass being removed away from the deranging influence of the magnets in the sides of the vessel, magnetism of the earth gets full play, and the compass goes right. In the *Leviathan* it is proposed to steer directly by means of the compass aloft, either by the helmsman reading off the points from above, as they appear through a transparent card, with an illuminated face like a clock-front, or the shadow of the trembling needle will be projected down a tube upon a card below, to save the helmsman the trouble of looking up.

Supposing the *Leviathan* to be on her voyage, with all things necessary in order, now comes the question, how is she to be commanded. The captain on the bridge will be 300 feet away from the steersman, supposing the latter placed at the stern; or, if in the middle of the vessel, the look-out will still be 300 from the look-out on the bow, and 60 from the engineer work-

ing the engines. In small vessels the look-out cries to the master of the watch what he sees ahead; the master gives the word to the helm, such as 'Port;' the helmsman obeys, and cries, 'Port it is;' so that it is known that the order has been heard, understood, and executed. On large vessels this is done with the aid of the speaking-trumpet. But at the distances here required that instrument will fail. Accordingly, on ordinary occasions, a semaphore will in the daytime give the word to the man at the helm, whilst at night and in foggy weather he will be signalled how to steer by a system of coloured lights. The electric telegraph will be extensively used in conveying orders about the ship, and she will light her own way across the darkness of the waters by means of the electric light.

We have left ourselves little space to say much more about the ship itself, before we come to the arrangements for launching, so reluctantly successful. When her voyage is over, she will have to drop her anchors and to haul out her boats. It is doubtful, had not an ingenious invention called Trotman's Anchor happily preceded, whether the *Leviathan* could have conveniently been made fast in every port, and still more questionably in open roads. But the anchor of Trotman presents a form that will part rather than drag. The anchors of the *Milwall Titan* are a cargo for a good-sized ship. She has altogether 10, and these, with their stocks and 800 fathoms of chain cable, weigh in all 250 tons.

Of other auxiliaries—her boats numbering 20, some resemble little yachts, with masts and sails complete. In addition, she carries two small screw steamers, 100 feet long. Sir Walter Raleigh says that 'an hundred feet by the keel and thirty-five feet broad is a good proportion for a great ship.' The great ship of the present day carries two of Sir Walter's monsters as accessories only. She will, besides, be furnished, it is said, with the new collapsing, or bellows-boat, as the sailors call them. These curious structures, invented by the Rev. E. L. Berthon, open and shut like a Gibus hat or the hood of a carriage, and half-a-dozen, when closed, take up no

more room than an ordinary jolly-boat.

Our space preventing us from going more into the details of the ship itself, the launch becomes our next object of attention. Preparations had to be made for this from the moment her keel was laid down. Many persons have supposed that she was launched sideways on account of her situation and the narrowness of the river. But that is not so, and Mr Brunel's own explanation is the best refutation to many wild opinions that have been advanced.

'Launching,' he says in his report, 'is generally effected by building the ship on an inclined plane, which experience has determined should be at an inclination of about 1 in 12 to 1 in 15, the keel of the ship being laid at that angle, and the head consequently raised above the stern say 1-15th of the whole length of the ship. In the present case, this would have involved raising the fore part of the keel, or the fore foot, about 40 feet in the air, and the fore-castle would have been nearly 100 feet from the ground; the whole vessel would have been upon an average 22 feet higher than if built upon an even keel.

'The inconvenience and cost of building at such a great height above ground may be easily imagined; but another difficulty presented itself, which almost amounted to an impossibility, and which has been sensibly felt with the larger vessels hitherto launched, and will probably, ere long, prevent launching longitudinally vessels of great length. The angle required for the inclined plane to insure the vessel moving by gravity being, say 1 in 14, or, even if diminished by improved construction in ways, 1 in 25, is such, that the end first immersed would become waterborne, or would require a very great depth of water before the fore part of the ship would even reach the water's edge. Vessels of 450 or 500 feet in length would be difficult to launch in the Thames, unless kept as light as possible; but our ship could not be so launched, the keel of the stern-post being required to be, as I before said, about 40 feet below the level of the fore foot. Some mitigation of the difficulty might be obtained by an improved construction

of the ways; but the great length of the way to be carried out into the river would, under any circumstances, be a serious difficulty.

'These considerations led me to examine into the practicability of launching or lowering the vessel sideways; and I found that such a mode would be attended with every advantage, and, so far as I can see, it involves no countervailing disadvantages. This plan has according been determined upon, and the vessel is being built parallel to the river, and in such a position as to admit of the easy construction of an inclined plane at the proper angle down to low-water mark.

'In constructing the foundation of the floor on which the ship is being built, provision is made at two points to insure sufficient strength to bear the whole weight of the ship when completed. At these two points, when the launching has to be effected, two cradles will be introduced, and the whole will probably be lowered down gradually to low-water mark, whence, on the ensuing tide, the vessel will be floated off. The operation may thus be performed as slowly as may be found convenient, or, if upon further consideration more rapid launching should be thought preferable, that might be adopted.'

This mode of launching, owing to the partial failure of the plan at first, has been freely criticised, and, we believe, ignorantly. It has been asked why the vessel was not built nearer to the water; the answer is, that the spring flood-tides would have interfered with the work. Again, why was she not built in a graving-dock? There was at the time no graving-dock large enough for such a purpose; and to build one would not only have cost time, but a large sum of money. Then building a vessel at a depth *below* the surface is not less inconvenient than building at a height *above*, and as nearly expensive, to say nothing of the loss of light, and the damp and wet that always accumulate, in a dock. It is urged that a graving-dock such as would have been sufficient for the Leviathan would have done for a series of Leviathans, but so will the launching-ways and keel-bed already made. The experiences of the present launch will much facilitate the progress of the next.

The launching-ways on which the *Leviathan* was lowered into the water were of the strongest construction; each of the ways is 300 feet long by 120 wide, and the distance between the two is 120 feet; so that there would be a very large portion of the vessel outside each way resting upon nothing, after the struts and shores had been knocked away. Any ship but this would have fallen to pieces under such a trial. The foundation of each way was constructed upon seven rows of piles, the four outside rows being driven at three feet intervals, and the three inner rows at six feet. These piles were all forced home to the gravel of the river-bed, so that they graduated from a length of 32 feet under the ship's bottom, to 10 feet at low-water mark. To the sides of the heads of the piles, side pieces, called 'walings,' were bolted, and the whole area was then covered with concrete to the depth of two feet. On this were the timbers necessary to support the bridge-rails, down which the ship was to be launched. When the ship was sufficiently ready, two cradles of peculiar construction were built, resting on the ways, and fitting close to the ship's bottom. To effect this closeness of contact, many parts of the cradles were driven into place by a huge battering-ram. The cradles were shod with iron. Thus the vessel was to slide down with an iron surface resting upon a lubricated iron surface. This has been much condemned; but it was only after many careful experiments that Brunel determined to launch the vessel upon iron instead of baulks of timber.

The apparatus for launching her was of two kinds: the means to restrain the ship, in case her movement into the water was too rapid; and that to start her off and keep her in motion when once started. She rested, as it were, on two iron-shod sledges, intended to slide down the surface of the rails of the ways, bearing with them the ship. This plan of launching her side-ways was no source of doubt as to success, as vessels have been launched in this fashion in India, America, and France; but the use of two iron surfaces in contact (notwithstanding Brunel's experiments), while sliding over one another under great pressure, if not doubtful, was at least untried.

Hitherto greased wood has been used for this purpose, sufficient amount of grease being applied to prevent the weight of the ship squeezing it out, so as to bring the surfaces of naked wood together. It had been found, with these greased surfaces, that, with a slope on the ways of 1 in 24, the ship would not move, and that, with 1 in 12, it moved a little too fast, and the overspeed required to be checked by mechanical means. The behaviour of iron upon iron under such circumstances was unknown; in this case, too, not grease, but a composition principally containing black lead, was used as the antifrictional medium.

The plan proposed was to set her going by a push down the ways, and then, when she was once moving, to keep her moving, by means of chains and powerful windlasses placed on a lighter attached to the city moorings, which are very nearly opposite to the ship. The instrument used in starting or pushing her was the hydraulic ram. This machine was invented by Bramah, the celebrated inventor of the Bramah lock. Up to the time of the raising of the Menai Bridge, it had been used for little else than as a press for compressing hay, flannels, and other light articles, into a convenient form for cargo. It was first applied as an instrument of great power by Mr Robert Stephenson, for raising the tubes of the Britannia Bridge, hitch by hitch, to the required place. From that time the machine took the name of the 'hydraulic ram,' a name formerly applied to another hydraulic instrument used for raising water.

The hydraulic rams have thus of late years come to be universally applied in the arts whenever great power is required, and *speed* is of comparatively little value. The most remarkable examples are the raising of the tubular bridges, the driving of piles, the raising of the Russian fleet from the harbour of Sebastopol, and the launch of the *Leviathan*. The larger rams resemble huge pieces of ordnance; and there has been a photograph of Mr R. Stephenson leaning against one of them, like a general resting upon a huge breaching-gun.

The ship having been started, it was intended that she should be kept moving by the hauling-chains in the

river. These, however, entirely failed; and, after having been replaced by other chains attached to a heavy set of Trotman's anchors, and then to a system of piles firmly driven into the ground on the opposite side of the river, seem never to have been used extensively throughout the whole of the launch. The ship was, in fact, launched by the hydraulic rams, not slowly and continuously—slowly, indeed, but by a series of short jumps or slips. The first operations of the launch were singularly unfortunate, and Mr Brunel was blamed on all hands for a failure, which the accusing parties did not understand, and which they were entirely incompetent to mend. The machinery was once entirely broken. The cause of the failure of the early efforts to move the ship is not at present known; whether it was owing to the ways being of iron, or to the unequal pressure of the rams, is not known. The latter circumstance would clearly explain much, for it is quite clear that, if one ram pressed harder than another, and moved the ship, the pressure of the others would, as it were, be left behind, and the launch would lose the full benefit of all the rams. This was finally got over by connecting the rams in threes, by means of pipes of great strength. On the principle of the uniformity of pressure in the same body of water, the pressure per inch in the three rams so connected would be the same, and the final pressure, therefore, very much equalised.

At length, on Sunday, February 1, 1858, the *Leviathan* floated, the tide rising under, and, as she rose, the cradles rushing up the water in masses, floated up the river, and stranded on its banks like the ruins of a wrecked vessel. After one or two more mishaps, the ship was towed down to her moorings, to have the masts stepped.

The *Leviathan* having been successfully built and launched, the prophets of ill omen now declare that she never can pay; that she will never get 2000, nor 1000, nor 500 passengers, nor 6000 tons of cargo, nor nothing like it, and so on. Now, this vessel is intended to trade to Australia and Polynesia in general. The exports alone from this country amount to nearly fifteen millions annually in declared value; there

will, therefore, be no lack of cargo for her, supposing she can supersede the sailing-vessel. But how much, and how many things, can be sent by a vessel that takes only thirty days, instead of the laggard ninety of the regular trader, is plain enough. Many classes of goods that can be kept from perishing in thirty days, are destroyed in a voyage of ninety. Take, as a commercial example, the case of a merchant that is advised by his Melbourne correspondent, that a class of goods, if sent out within a given time, will command a sale, but, if delayed beyond a certain period, the demand will be past (such a case is a common one): under the present length of voyage the speculation could not probably be entered into; but, with the *Leviathan* at hand to take out the goods in thirty days from the time of the next start, the merchant might feel himself justified in embarking his capital.

As to her attractions with regard to passengers, after the first prejudice against her is worn off (and that will be with the first voyage), no vessel could be more likely to draw to her the crowd of emigrants that flock, not only from England, but, through England, from Germany. She is the strongest, swiftest, staunchest vessel ever yet built, and has every assurance of safety about her. Then she exceeds in comfort the most luxurious of the royal yachts, for she has that which the Queen's vessel has not, abundance of room; in fact, the passenger will, in comfort, find little difference between the hotel ashore and the ship afloat, save, perhaps, in the superiority of the latter. Except in the very greatest storm, sea-sickness will be unknown upon her steady decks; stretching, as she will, three waves at a time, they must be high rollers that will make her pitch; and her high speed will keep her almost entirely from the annoyance of rolling. With all these advantages she will, from the quickness of her voyages, be able to offer her passages at much below the usual fares. It is said that, with all her splendid accommodation, she will be able to take passengers of the first class for £65, of the second class for £35, and of the third class for £25; the first being under three-halfpence a mile, the

second three-farthings, and the third a half-penny, all including food and luxuries, without rent or taxes.

But it is urged that, if she makes four voyages a-year, she will not, even if she tops all competition, get passengers enough. Our answer is, that there are already more than enough passengers to fill her over and over again, and that, if she depended on emigrants alone, she will answer. Emigrants are not like men-of-business, that must be off at a moment's notice; they are always ready to await the best vessel for the price they can afford; and as the Leviathan will be the *best and the cheapest*, she will be the emigrant's vessel.

It has always been found that an advance in locomotion creates its own traffic: railways have been made between towns that scarcely paid a coach

and waggon traffic, and have paid well. So we confidently look to the Leviathan making her own traffic. The length and expense of the voyage has hitherto been a great discouragement to emigrants, who reluctantly sought an asylum from the difficulties of the old home under new and strange systems in the United States. But without that, how many friends of the exiled will visit Australia, when they can go and return in sixty days (exclusive of stay), and for a moderate sum! how many a homesick but fortunate exile will return, for one more glimpse of the green fields of Old England, the gratification of a desire perhaps impossible under the old system. These are but faint glimpses of the future of this extraordinary leap (advance is too tame a word) in the mastery of the seas.

WHICH?

OR,

EDDIES ROUND THE RECTORY.

CHAPTER IX.—A GREEN-EYED MONSTER.

'O youth! faire and goodlie season of life; how pleasant doth it seem, when we do heare right winsome wordes fall from y^e lips, where no bad and devylissh passion hath founde a doore where-in to creepe, before y^e worlde's battle hath blotted and stained y^e pure mindes; when each younge maiden, through the grace of our Lorde, doth holde her neighbour as more worthie than herself, not thinking more highlye of herself than becometh sinful flesh. Righte faith! humilitie is a goodlie sighte.'—THE MONKS OF STONLEIGH PRIORY.

'From pride, vainglory, and hypocry, from envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness, good Lord, deliver us.'

'Now, Julia,' said Augusta Beckford, jerking herself farther back on the library sofa, on the first evening of her return to Beckford Hall, after a four months' stay in London, 'I have heard quite enough of mamma's agreeable retrospections and recriminations about that unlucky mistake of the green double Berlin wool. I am sure, when one has only four months to spend in London, one has enough to do, and little enough time to do it in, without poking down into the city for country commissions. So tell me some county news. Has Henry Duckett been here lately? But stay—I had quite forgotten. What sort of people are these Windfalls—Windgalls—Windballs—what is the name of the new clergyman?'

Julia did not immediately answer, for her temper was not soothed, either by the mention of Henry Duckett, who had totally absented himself for some time, or by the lamentations as to the shortness of her sister's stay in London—a stay which had extended over a period of time which the mortified Julia had expected would have been divided into a visit for each sister, instead of being entirely monopolised by Augusta, who was the elder, and who, by virtue of being a little taller than her sister, and having a tolerable figure, fancied herself the beauty of the parish. The Miss Beckfords conjointly were convinced that they between them were more learned, more accomplished, more travelled, more musical, and more fashionable, than

all the families in that part of the county put together. Four years they had spent under a superficial governess, two years at a still more superficial boarding-school at Hastings, one season in Paris, and one at Baden and Homburg, in third or fourth-rate English society—the English society on the Continent formed of John and Jane Bulls, who are much too low and vulgar to be permitted to mix in the circle of the ducal courts, even when they have the advantage of introductions to such, and much too assuming to be received into those social, friendly, agreeable little coterie, which are the charm of continental middle-class. So that the Miss Beckfords, like certain bees of old, who extracted innoxious honey from poisonous flowers, found their 'ignorance' a state of 'bliss,' and made no effort to be any wiser themselves, but kindly permitted their intellectual lamp to flash into all the houses in the parish—fitfully, it is true, but in such a manner as sometimes to prove to the inhabitants thereof an *ignis fatuus*, and not a beacon.

Julia sitting sullenly silent, and apparently deaf to her sister's inquiry, both sisters were startled by their uncle, Colonel Wilmot, who, suddenly raising his eyes from 'The Naval and Military Gazette,' exclaimed, in a stentorian voice, 'Dr Wyndham! Augusta! you are an affected fool.'

'Indeed, yes, brother,' said Mrs Beckford, trying to speak without losing her place in her crochet-pattern; 'Augusta does make dreadful blunders sometimes. Now, I am sure nothing could be plainer than the directions I wrote her about that green double Berlin —'

'Mamma! do hold your tongue,' said Augusta, passionately; 'and now, Julia, go on about the Wyndbys.'

The Colonel here broke in again: 'It would be a difficult thing to "go on" with a thing she had not begun about or stopped in, and I will trouble you, Miss Augusta, to mention by his proper name your pastor, the Rev. Dr Wyndham, a D.D. of Cambridge and Oxford, a gold medalist, a Grecian, a scholar, a gentleman, and one of the first preachers in England.'

'Dear me!' said Augusta, 'uncle is very brilliant to-night. Now for a

description of the wife of this *rara avis*, this black swan, and pray, don't forget the Rev. Miss Wyndhams. I suppose Mrs Wyndham is of the "country-town-apothecary-wifely," and the young ladies—but perhaps you have not seen them?'

'Now, my dears,' said Mrs Beckford, 'I think Mrs Wyndham a very nice person, and has no smell of drugs at all about her—at least this crochet-pattern has none. She was very civil, and lent it to me at once, when I said I would gladly give a pound for a similar one—four chain—three long, no, four long. It *does* smell a *little* of eau de Cologne, a *very little*, but, after all, eau de Cologne is scarcely a drug, is it, brother?'

No one vouchsafing a reply to this perplexing question, Mrs Beckford relapsed into a complication of difficulties, caused by inattention to counting her stitches while scolding about the green double Berlin wool, and Julia proceeded to describe the new clergyman's family.

'Indeed, Augusta,' said she, 'you would have been provoked had you been here. They were settled in the Rectory ever so long; but, as we went with papa to Holway every Saturday for a month or more during the rent-paying time, and staid till Monday, we had not seen them in church; and, although every day, for much longer than that, mamma wanted to go and call, I would not let her. I thought it would set them up too much in their own opinion, if *we* called so soon; so with some difficulty I got mamma kept from doing so.'

'Indeed, Julia,' said Mrs Beckford, 'I wish I had taken my own way, for, if we had gone when I first wanted, I would have got the crochet-pattern then, and my *couvrette* would have been finished now, instead of which, I am only three rows above the bird's head, and have the top of the tree and the fruit on it yet to do, besides the fringe.'

Mrs Beckford's conversation comprised a very limited set of subjects, and was never listened to by her daughters; so Julia proceeded with her story, and Augusta listened, unheeding their mother's interruption: 'Well, Augusta, last Monday in bounced papa, in his disagreeable way,

screaming, "Here, child; as your mother never has time to do anything, answer this note of Lady Emma Clare's, of course in the affirmative." I had only time to gasp out, "I thought the Clares were in Germany; when did they come back?"—"Yesterday," said he, "and make haste." Out he went, slamming the door as usual. You may fancy my astonishment, Augusta, when I found it was a formal invitation to dinner from Sir Henry and Lady Emma Clare for Friday, to meet the Wyndhams! This was most unaccountable. The Clares not home twenty-four hours, and issuing dinner invitations for the Wyndhams, people whom *we* had not even called on. Either the Lady Emma was bent on taking these people out of their proper sphere, or else she had lost much of her *hauteur* in her foreign tour.

'I should think,' said Augusta, 'it was much more likely that it was intended to mortify us. Lady Emma never can bear any one who is superior to herself in mind or accomplishments.'

'Well, well,' said Julia, 'I daresay *you* are right; I have never been in London; but to go on. I had scarcely finished the note, when in fussed mamma, dressed for visiting, and told me papa had desired us to call at the Rectory that day, and that he was very much displeased it had not been done sooner. I was too much annoyed about the whole thing to care much for dressing myself, so I tied on my brown straw bonnet ——'

'What gown had you on?' broke in Augusta.

'My old pink calico,' said Julia.

'Quite good enough for *them*,' said Augusta, in a most scornful manner. 'What could people from a manufacturing town know about dress?'

'Know about dress!' said Mrs Beckford. 'Mrs Wyndham wears the very nicest caps I ever saw, particularly that one with the lilac rosettes. I wish I had one like it; but I think yellow would suit me better, or perhaps lilac and yellow mixed. I wonder, would no other colour do as well? but then, a yellow cap could never be a lilac one, at least I am afraid they would not look at all like each other.'

'So, Augusta, as I was saying, we

drove off, and papa, catching a glimpse of my dress, "hoped they would not let me in." Of course I expected the whole family would be at home; but the servant said, Mrs Wyndham was out, but one of the young ladies was within. Instead of leaving our cards, nothing would do mamma but marching into the drawing-room, where was a young lady, whom I at once settled must be a visiter—she was so much superior to what one would have expected a clergyman's daughter to be, coming from the kind of place that they did. She was as composed in her manner as if we met on equal terms. Certainly she spoke very well, and moved with grace, but her face spoiled all. I cannot bear those marked features and eyes that look through you. I thought, as we were there, we might as well ask all the questions we could, at least I mean *I* did; for mamma was so fascinated, she was offering butters, eggs, cooks, coachmen, and all sorts of things, until they should have time to settle themselves; and what do you think she (I mean Miss Wyndham) said? That they had found in three months they were quite at home, particularly as a friend in the neighbourhood had kindly prepared the way for them, by having the house cleaned and servants in it before they came. Now, Augusta—would you believe it?—all I could do, I could not find out who the friend was. I asked, was it a friend they had made since they came here? And she turned round, with one of those cool smiles she had, that seem to say, "I know what you are driving at," and answered, "No; it was a very old friend indeed; they should not have liked to presume so far on the kindness of a new acquaintance." I was so angry, I could have slapped her; so, to provoke her, I pretended to admire some moss-roses that were in a Bohemian flower-glass on her work-table, and on hearing, in answer to my question, that they were out of the Rectory garden, I jumped up in the greatest rapture, and begged to see the garden. What do you think? Madam never stirred an inch, but said, "I shall not ask you to visit the garden to-day, Miss Beckford; it has been a good deal neglected of late, and would not repay you for the trouble of going." This made me more

mad than ever, but, swallowing my wrath, I said, in my lively way, "Oh, then, I shall come to-morrow!" Mamma rising at this moment to come away, Miss Wyndham turned to me and said, "We shall be happy to see you to-morrow, Miss Beckford, or any day you feel inclined to give us the favour of your company; but it will be very many days, I am afraid, before we shall have the pleasure of asking you to view our garden."

"Asking you to visit *their* garden," said Augusta; "I never did hear of such impertinence. I think you honoured them too much by going into their house at all. I should have merely left a card at the door."

"That was not the worst either," said Julia; "for we were no sooner in the carriage, than mamma began raving me about my dress, and saying she was ashamed of me before Miss Wyndham; and there we were: and only think of mamma's stupidity, she did not know how many servants they had, or had they any brothers, or anything about them, when she had such a good opportunity."

"Ah! yes," said Augusta, shaking out her handkerchief, so as to turn out the embroidered enormity in the corner, tortured into the word 'Augusta.' 'Mamma is always so stupid! One must feel a little natural curiosity as to the way in which those who *pretend* to be of the better class carry on their *ménage*.'

Julia was about to reply, when both young ladies were startled by Colonel Wilmot turning round, and addressing himself to Augusta, saying, in the most sarcastic manner, "Well, Augusta, I never hoped to see you feel such interest and natural curiosity in your own *ménage*, as you grandly term your own and your sister's mode of life."

Augusta, who was more acute in her understanding than Julia, coloured, tittered, shook the sofa cushions, but not daring to use to her uncle any of those pleasant little remarks which poor Mrs Beckford received so liberally from her daughters, opened the safety-valve of her temper upon her sister: but suddenly remembering Julia was the impartor of very interesting gossip, she contented herself with a look of lofty scorn at the apparently-uncon-

scious Colonel Wilmot, and again composed her features and attention.

"When we arrived at Clare Abbey," said Julia, "the Wyndhams were not come, but entered immediately afterwards. I of course thought I owed it to myself to go well-dressed, so I had put on my lemon-coloured glaze, looped with lilac pansies, convolvulus and pink fuschia in my hair, and a bouquet of scarlet geraniums at my waist."

"What ornaments?"

"Oh! my garnets."

"Or your mother's?" said the Colonel.

"It is all the same, uncle," said Julia, testily. "I am sure it is high time mamma left off wearing ornaments and such things. I hate arguments about nothing. As I said before, the Wyndhams were just behind us. Of course, I expected to see professors of religion—who ought to take the lowest place, as their Bible tells them to do—sit down quietly, till some one chose to notice them; but, to my horror, they seemed perfectly at home; and that provoking old cat, General Duckett, who had most rudely usurped the whole of that delightful little exhibition-sofa, and had never moved when I came in, now shuffled down to the end, and signed to the one I had not seen before to come and sit down by him, which she did, with a calm kind of smile."

"Oh, the forward minx! without an introduction."

"You may well stare, Augusta, for my astonishment increased more and more when I saw and heard them chatting, as if it was the continuation of some conversation, as indeed it turned out to have been; but just then Lady Emma crossed the room to where they sat, and began to speak to the General, saying, "Henry, I want you," when the horrid old creature interrupted her, saying, "Now, Emma, let me alone; I will either take Margaret to dinner, or I will not go at all."—"Yes, my very precipitate and accommodating brother," said Lady Emma, laughing, "I believe you mentioned that ultimatum of yours to me before. I merely came to ask you to take the foot of the table."—"Could you not have said so at once?" said the General; "I hate those winding ways of

asking you to do the commonest things. If women would only speak to the point as you do, Margaret." I did not hear distinctly what followed, for dinner was announced, and of course the only men in the room worth anything were chosen by the Clares to guard those precious Wyndhams; and I—Augusta, you will scarcely believe it—I, Julia Beckford, had to march in to dinner, the last lady guest, with that horrid, vulgar, ignorant, stupid booby, Ensign Beresford!

'I beg your pardon, Julia,' said Colonel Wilmot, 'for interrupting your highly-interesting narrative, but I never heard of that young man before. Pray, is he any relation of that delightful acquisition to our society, Lieutenant Beresford, whose family interest is so great, that he is to get his company next month without purchase, solely on account of the Commander-in-Chief's high opinion of his many virtues? I mean that young officer who dined here every day for a month: who was a combination of the Iron Duke and Lord Chesterfield; Mr Layard, Dr Hincks, and Owen Jones; Dickens and Mrs Norton; Lord Rosse and Hugh Miller; with a knowledge of ladies' matters far exceeding Mrs Pullen, Mrs Gaugain, or Mrs Warren, and with a poetical genius far beyond Longfellow, Tennyson, or my pet, Miss Frances Brown. At least the description of him is your own and Augusta's. My idea of him was, a young man of education, with the advantage of being a gentleman, and a sufficiently pleasant manner to conceal he was not descended in a direct line from Solomon.'

'La! uncle!' ejaculated both the Miss Beckfords, with more energy than good temper; and Julia, who on this occasion retained to herself the right of spokeswoman and opponent, scornfully replied, 'Beresford is not a very common name, and I only know one person bearing that name, but of course I felt aggrieved by being taken into dinner by a person who had so disgraced himself as to propose to a governess. I really think young men so silly as not to be able to take care of themselves, should have a nurse sent through the world with them, to keep them right.'

'I think, my dear,' said the Colonel,

'Beresford, strange to say, seems to be of your opinion; that is to say, you kindly gave him the idea; but I suppose he thinks himself too old to be under a nurse's charge, and so he has put himself into the hands of a governess. Eh, Julia? However, the Montagues are as old a family as the Conquest, and the Beresfords only date from Henry the Eighth. In three or four years, Sydney Montague will have a nice little chateau in Normandy, being next heir to the old Count Florimund de Sysieres; in the meantime, being an orphan, she did not choose to be a dependant on anybody, and preferred being a governess, to living on unpaid-for goods; but pending the death of the count, and the instalment at Saint Marguerite of Madame la Comtesse de Sysieres, I do not think they will starve; for Beresford has £1000 per annum, and is as steady as any young man I know. And notwithstanding the low estimation in which you (no doubt justly) hold him, I am quite vulgar enough to expect to enjoy myself thoroughly at their marriage next week, when I shall have the great honour of acting for poor Sydney in the place of that noble veteran, her father, who died by my side "when clouds hung dark o'er Chillianwallah." Poor Montague! when we read the list of killed and wounded after some "glorious victory," how little we think of the endless ramifications of misery arising from each one of those deaths, and how few have any prospect for the future as my friend Sydney has. But I beg your pardon, young ladies; this is a very vulgar, commonplace kind of conversation for refined minds like yours.'

'And so, brother,' said Mrs Beckford, 'you are going to the wedding; you will have a nice opportunity for seeing the fashions. To be sure, it is a great drawback Miss Montague having been a governess, but perhaps the French people will never know. I know they must put their maiden name on their visiting-cards, but I suppose she need not put "governess." Oh no! I am sure she need not, for the girls had a governess, a very superior person indeed, who always said "Diable!" when she was not pleased with her dinner; and she had on her cards "*Madame de Smythe, née Yo-*

neuse à Paris," which my brother says means her name was Jones, but I am sure he was wrong, for she crocheted beautifully, and she was such an affectionate creature, and offered with tears in her eyes to send me a ball of tapestry wool, and needles of the right size, when she was going away. And her sister, who must be a most talented creature, and was the inventor of the Chinese stitch in knitting, offered to mend my Indian shawl for me where it was torn, and being bedridden, it was very kind; and Madame de Smythe took it to her, and I am afraid she was not able to get the crochet patterns or the tapestry wool, for she has not sent me back the shawl, poor thing, and I do not know her address, and it is very provoking, for I quite forget the Chinese stitch, and the girls never know anything that is of any use.

'Of course,' said Augusta, 'these Wyndham girls do not pretend to be musical!'

'Do have patience, Augusta, and you will hear. Dinner was at length at an end, and we went back to the drawing-room—but I do not know what went on there, for I had to settle my hair, and rub my cheeks a little, and hold my hands above my head to let them get white, and eat two voice-lozenges, and put some of our own red lip-salve on my lips, for the dull dinner had made me so flat; I positively looked dreadful. By the time this was done, and I came down to the drawing-room, the gentlemen were coming in, and I had a run for it to sit down and look disengaged. Lady Emma was sailing about the room, with those long point-lace lappets floating behind her, and passing me, she said, "I hope you were not indisposed, Miss Beckford; I began to fear we had left you in the dining-room."—"Thank goodness you did not," grumbled that old bear, the General, tramping along like a troop of cavalry. "What was that you told me, Margaret, about Sarah——?" I never remember those nonsensical foreign names. "The next time I write to her, you may direct the letter yourself." Miss Wyndham, laughing, said she had brought the letter with her, and would leave it with Lady Emma. Of course I did not understand what

this meant; but, by keeping my ears open, I found Miss Wyndham had had a letter from her godmother, Lady Willoughby, that morning, and you know that Lady Willoughby is half-sister to Lady Emma, and full-sister to the General. Although I listened most attentively, I could not quite understand who the people were, for they spoke of Philip, Annette, Louisa, &c., who might have been beggars or duchesses, for anything I knew to the contrary; and when they did speak of people with surnames, they were such out-of-the-way names, that I am sure they must have been some vulgar manufacturing cotton or woollen spinners in that horrid town they lived in—the Wyndhams, I mean—before they came here. They talked for an hour, I am sure, about these people, whose names were M'Clure, Parry, Kellet, Penny, Ross, and some one called Sir Edward Belcher—I daresay the mayor of the town. I am sure of the names, for I wrote them down when I came home, in order to inquire some time, when I had an opportunity, what kind of society they were in.

Mrs Beckford, with a most astonished face, raising her head from her work, was about to volunteer some explanation; but she had only got so far as, 'My dear girls, what can you be thinking of——?' when Colonel Wilmot, with difficulty controlling his laughter, begged, or, more properly speaking, commanded, her 'to be silent, as she was interrupting Julia.' The Colonel knew, though the young ladies did not, that while Mrs Beckford sat with her husband and brother at the parlour fire every evening from dinner until the time the Miss Beckfords' page announced 'that the young ladies were waiting tea in the drawing-room,' Mr Beckford most indefatigably read aloud to his wife everything that could possibly interest her, in the current newspapers; and as the Colonel was always at hand to explain icebergs by means of wineglasses, fortifications by walnut sticks and apple parings, the two hours spent by Mrs Beckford in the society of her affectionate husband and warm-hearted and highly-informed brother were about the pleasantest of her twenty-four hours. And when this is con-

sidered, it is possible that Mrs Beckford *might* have thrown some light on the list of obscure individuals which her daughter Julia had honoured by a place in her memory.

The fair Augusta evidently was dissatisfied at this account of the Wyndhams, for many reasons. In the first place, there was quite enough of young ladies in the neighbourhood without them; and, in the second place, if they did choose to come, they had no right to be either young, good-looking, or accomplished. For, although the Miss Beckfords were quite too well aware of their own superiority in every respect, to fear rivalry from any people so insignificant as two girls must be, who are supposed by Augusta and her sister to have lived the early part of their lives in an atmosphere of smoke, probably living over a chandler's shop, and going to take a cup of tea, now and then (in their morning dresses), with the family of some tobacconist or hosier, and spending the evening in a discussion on the late fall in sugar, or the probable rise in woollens, still, such people might prove troublesome; and Augusta Beckford hated trouble.

It is a fortunate circumstance that Burns was not indulged in his poetical aspiration—'oh, wad some power the giftie gie us!' &c.; for the confusion which would have been caused thereby would probably be as great in many families, as it would have been, had the Miss Beckfords seen that they themselves, and not their (as they thought) passive mother, were ignorant, silly, and self-opinionated. It is much to be feared that Mrs Beckford's life would have been far from a pleasant one, had they been favoured with this view of their own inferiority to their mother. As it was, they kindly permitted her to enjoy herself in her own way, and granting her at all times what is *very* vulgarly termed 'a fool's pardon'—begging pardon of the reader for introducing an expression so very low into a chapter describing the refined and elegant Miss Beckfords. Poor Mrs Beckford received her 'fool's pardon' in very good part, and enjoyed very much the liberty caused by her inability to join in her daughters' intellectual pursuits. Her warm-hearted, well-meaning, burly husband

lavished on her every comfort and luxury his large means could well afford; and as the worthy Colonel was always on the spot, to supply good advice when wants were found out, and nice taste in selecting articles to supply those wants, Mrs Beckford had as little care as ever falls to the lot of woman. 'The Colonel' was the great oracle of both Mr and Mrs Beckford; and often and often they expressed their astonishment how they ever got on without him, while he was in Afghanistan; but Mr Beckford generally finished the sentence by saying, they had not got on at all—which was indeed very nearly true. Nothing seemed a difficulty to the Colonel. Poor Mr Beckford would rush in, out of breath, in despair at some frightful obstacle to his plans, such as 'the mason building the chimney upside down,' or 'no slates to be had at any price for the new cow-house, all the quarries having struck work, and the rain pouring in.' Upon which the Colonel would march, in his military style, to the disturbed district, to have shingles put American fashion on the distressed cow-house—wood being about the most plentiful thing they had at Beckford Hall—merely directing a glance towards the remarkable chimney, knowing that the sound of his approaching footsteps would have been quite enough to cause the mason to cease his antipodean labours. All climates and seasons were alike to him. There was no day so hot or cold that he was not ready to ride ten or twelve miles, to choose a churn or a plough for Mr Beckford; and let his time be ever so limited, while at Plimton, he never omitted any of Mrs Beckford's odd little commissions; and, by dint of unwearying patience while executing them, was never known to have made the slightest mistake in shade or colour, although, poor man, he was often driven to the verge of despair by such a list as the following, the last he had received from her:—'5½ yards gazelle-coloured terry silk bonnet-riband; 12 yards white galloon; 3 pieces white cot Russ braid; ¼-100 straw needles, No. 6; 200 betweens, mixed; 1 sheet willow; 6 yards cotton wadding; 1 ounce yellow florelle (the pattern is in your purse); 2 spools ombre purse-silk; 1 skein black

Lady Betty; 1 ounce black floss; 1 ounce white floss; 8 yards white purl; 1 small tatting shuttle; 1 knitting-gauge; some Vanilla; and choose a pole-screen. I would like it lined with scarlet, not cerise—the library-stool is to be cerise—gazelle looks bad at night. 6 dozen ponceau narrow Stettin riband, penny width; 36 yards crimson carpet-binding (get it good). I think I will have a new respirator; the brown one I have is a different shade from my bonnet; a black one would do. And some camphor-soap. And tell Waite's young woman it was yellow amber, not oak amber, I wanted, and to give you the right wool, and I will send the other back by the cart to-morrow. And don't forget the blanket-pins, and to go for my watch; and I think you might choose a dinner-cap for me, and the hyacinths; and buy me some nice ribands for my patch-work.' Added to this, the poor Colonel had to get seakale-mata, and bass-mata, and balls of listing, and tacks, and nails, and gunpowder, and an oat-bruiser, which Mr Beckford was buying merely because he was harassed by reading, day after day, in the 'Times,' the peremptory interrogatory of Mary Wedlake, 'Do you bruise your oats yet?' besides several little matters of his own. So it redounds much to his credit, that he never failed, amid difficulties that would have quailed the heart of many a man, or woman either.

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'Ah, yes!' said Augusta; 'the person you speak of is no doubt the relic of some royal progress through that smoky Babylon. I daresay he lives at "Oil Mount," or "Ironville," or "Cotton Bank," or "Alpaca Grove." I wonder such vile towns are permitted to exist, so low and vulgar. The only use I could ever see in such places is, to provide shops for the aristocracy and *élite* to purchase at.'

'In that case, my dear,' said the Colonel, 'by your own showing, *you* can never go there to purchase anything; so I would (were I you) leave the aristocracy to be stifled in the smoke, if they wish it. You know, you would be equally ineligible as buyer or seller.'

'You know, Augusta,' said Julia, 'that there is one point you and I are

agreed upon, and that is in hating and despising "scientific musicians." It is dreadfully low and vulgar, only fit for music-masters and public singers; and, do you know, I have a strong suspicion that these Wyndham girls are. I have no proof positive, but I have a *very* strong suspicion of it. For one thing, the one in blue trimmings read or played the 'Julia Quadrilles' as well as possible. You know it was at a party at the Whittlefields', where a quadrille was got up. Of course the Whittlefield girls did not attempt playing before *me*; and I determined I would not, and did not, to vex the Whittlefields; so you may be sure there was a fine fuss to get a musician. But what do you think! Up got Miss Wyndham, sailed across the room, drawing off her gloves, saying, "Pray, let me be your substitute, Miss Whittlefield;" and down she sat, and played quite too well. I assure you such good players are no acquisition: it throws one dreadfully into the shade. I did my best to quench her, by protesting I could dance to nothing but the 'Julia' or 'Augusta Quadrilles,' knowing *she* could not possibly know them. By this means I had hoped to get her from the piano, where, indeed, I never should have let her be at all; but how could I have imagined that the girl, whose music-stand was filled with Bach, and Mozart, and Beethoven, and Handel, and Hadyn, and Mendelssohn, would or could play for dancing; but play she did, and asked for the music of the 'Julia Quadrilles,' and opened them up before her. Her sister then came over, and said, "What are you going to play, Margaret?" She never turned her head, but answered, "I at first thought it was a study on consecutives. It is a set of quadrilles, dedicated to Miss Julia Beckford, 'by her unknown admirer S-m-l Sm-th.'" I am afraid they were both laughing, for Miss Frances abruptly turned to look at a pole-screen, and the horrid Margaret coughed dreadfully. I am sure she is consumptive. However, she played them right through. To do her justice, the mistakes she did make sounded more like improvements, particularly the place where 'Vilikens' is introduced. I lost all temper with that senseless Sam Smith, for he hopped about on his horrid little

toes, deafening one with his delight at the way Miss Wyndham was playing. "Pon m'honna, now, Miss Juiwa, it's diwine pwayin, she's an angwel in pwetticoats; nowhin else. She's faw bwetta wan wittle Napowlean!!" &c. &c. This is what uncle would call a digression; so to return to the party at Lady Emma Clare's. At last Lady Emma thought proper to remember I could play the piano, and said, now that the gentlemen have appeared, perhaps you will try the piano, Miss Beckford? Before rising for that purpose, I thought it would be but good-natured to say a word or two to Miss Wyndham (you know this was before the Whittlefields' party), for of course it would be rather a mortification to a girl like that, who, I suppose, thought she played well, to have one of us to play for the first time. So I said very sweetly, as I drew off my gloves, "If you are fond of music, Miss Wyndham, you are come to the very place to have your passion gratified to the very fullest extent! We are so musical, we perfectly live on it! I suppose you do not play, for I observed there was no piano in your drawing-room. But I am aware it is not uncommon to meet people who, while they know nothing of the divine art, have a strong natural love of music; in the same way, a servant is very often the best judge of a portrait. I hope I shall find you a very merciful critic of my poor attempts at playing." I then sat down at the piano, and commenced with Quidant's 'Mazeppa Galop.' It is such a useful thing, for no one on earth can tell whether you are playing right or wrong, and I am sure nobody could play every note of it right. I then played Brinley Richard's 'March of the Men of Harlech,' then 'Talex's Mazurka,' and then Osborne's 'Pluie de Perles.' When I thought I had played enough, I rose up, determined not to play another note, let them press ever so much, for I wanted to keep all the rest of my good things for the party on Monday, but the rude beasts merely thanked me, and I sat down on the sofa beside Miss Wyndham, and said, "Oh, Miss Wyndham, I quite envy you your quiet seat! I am so fatigued! but it is the penalty one must pay for accomplishments, one's friends are so *exigeant*—I quite envy you being

spared all such things." The stupid thing said, "I am afraid I scarcely understand the cause of your congratulations, Miss Beckford, but I am glad you are come to share the sofa, for it is very comfortable." I had scarcely sat down, delighted to get the coast clear, and meaning to sift all the information I could get out of her, when over marched Sir Henry, saying, "My dear Margaret, this is most unfortunate; we cannot find 'Il Trovatore' anywhere." Imagine my horror when Miss Wyndham said, "I had no idea you were looking for it; pray, tell Emma I do not want it at all, and I am sure she does not require it either." At this moment Lady Emma came back into the room; upon seeing which, up rose Miss Wyndham, and, seating herself at the piano, she played the accompaniments and sung the solos, and Sir Henry, and Lady Emma, and the other Miss Wyndham, sung the four-part passages of an opera of Verdi's. I had never heard before of 'Il Trovatore.' Angry as I was, I could not help thinking it superb; but when they had finished, and Sir Henry asked me how I liked it, I said, Italian music was pleasing, but nothing stood the test so well as the good old English glees and madrigals, though I did not sing them myself; whereupon Sir Henry got a fusty old book, and they sung, 'Oh! happy, happy fair,' 'How merrily we live,' and several others. By this time I was well tired of their monopoly of that good piano, and fell into raptures about Mendelssohn. But I stopped pretty quickly, when I heard that horrid General growling and worrying at Miss Wyndham for some of those andante things in E's and F's and G's of Mendelssohn. I am glad she did not play them, for I am sure they must be dull things; besides, her way of refusing was rather nice, for she said, "You shall have them all tomorrow, General, but Lady Emma has promised to ask Miss Beckford to sing for us now." The nasty old chuffy walked off muttering something, which Sir Henry said was a hymn the General had learned among the wild Irish; it was very short, and sounded very like "hominy and fowl;" I daresay those poor half-starved creatures have all their ideas running on food; I daresay it means "beans and bacon," for

hominy is not very unlike beans. I am sure the Wyndhams were surprised when they heard me sing, for I concentrated all my strength on 'Robert toi que j'aime.' And when I came to what papa calls the "screech," Miss Wyndham jumped on her seat. I only sung one song, for the carriage was waiting, and papa fussing away as usual, and, as we were driving home, he chattered the whole way about the time he, and mamma, and Uncle Wilmot used to sing glees. Delightful music it must have been! and only fancy—what a fool papa is, to be sure! As Captain Phipps was handing me into the carriage, there was he (papa, I mean) bellowing to Sir Henry, "That glorious music has carried my thoughts back thirty years; we used to have such music when I was first married, till my poor wife lost her voice from a cold." Thirty years indeed! I think papa might have more sense than to tell such things; a nice age he makes us out indeed. And the whole way home he was humming, "More tuneable, more tuneable!" on and on. I was sick of the whole party. I dared not say one word, for uncle chose to come inside the carriage that evening; to be sure it was raining, but what harm would a drop of rain do a soldier?

'None!' said Augusta, impatiently;

'but I must say, Julia, you have not managed well. Surely you could have invented some plan of keeping these girls in their proper place. I wonder very much, when you saw how they were likely to turn out, you did not begin as you should have done.'

'Very well,' said Julia, 'you will have an opportunity very soon of trying what you can do, for papa insists on a dinner party here for them. We will see you and them doing battle against each other.'

'I don't care though I never saw them,' said Augusta; 'I am sure that they are very disagreeable people; but doubtless they may give us a great deal of trouble, and they should have been put down at first by a *coup de main*. I must say, Julia, though you have so little natural ability, you should have managed it in some way.'

Julia's angry retort to this speech caused an abrupt termination to come to this clear and impartial account of the poor Miss Wyndhams, and the two amiable Miss Beckfords sank into an angry silence. Mrs Beckford, not expecting to be talked to by her daughters, continued to crochet, and count and mutter her 'four long, two chain—four long, nine chain, repeat,' until the bell rang for prayers, and the Colonel and Mr Beckford re-entered the room.

CHAPTER X.—WHICH MAY BE TERMED 'A SOLO,' OR 'A DUET,' WHICH THE READER PLEASES.

'Where griplings greefe the hart would wounde,
And dolefull dumps the mynde oppresse,
There musicke with her silver sounde
With spede is wont to send redresse;
Of troubled mynds, in every sore,
Swete musicke hath a salve in store.

O heavenly gift, that rules the mynd,
Even as the stern dothe rule the shippes!
O musicke, whom the gods asseinde
To comfort manne, whom cares would nippe!
Since thow both man and beste doest move,
What beste ys he, wyl the disprove.'—PERRY'S 'RELIQUE.'

'Oh joyously, triumphantly, sweet sounds, ye swell and float,
A breath of hope, of youth, of spring, is pour'd on every note,
And yet my full o'erburden'd heart grows troubled by your power:
Ye seem to press the long-past years into one little hour.'—ANON.

'I feel sometimes as I did when I first heard a full orchestra play some of Mozart's divine harmonies. I forgot I was alive, I lost all thoughts of myself entirely, and I was perfectly happy.'—DIED.

'After all, Margaret, I think we are better at home this lovely evening, with liberty to come in and go out as we please, than sitting in Mrs Tromra's hot dining-room, undergoing the

formalities of a dinner party. Yes, there is great consolation to be had occasionally in being left out of an invitation, when one has time to reflect.'

'Consolation! I never required any, I assure you; I was more elated than resigned from the first when I heard of it; I mean to enjoy myself most thoroughly under my deprivation.'

'I hope, if you have anything very enjoyable in prospect, you will include me, for I should be relieved on the principle Sir Walter Scott did the beggarman, who said, "If your honour knew how lazy I am."'

'Your honour must throw off your laziness, then; for my intentions embrace exertion corporeally and mentally. My idea is this: it is such an age since I touched the keys of an organ, and I have "a feeling of sadness and longing, that my soul cannot resist." We can make a long evening, by having tea as late as we please, and if you will come down with me to the village, we will try and induce the old schoolmaster to renew the offer he made me the other day of the keys of the church and organ. I was too hurried to accept of his offer then, but I am sure he will not refuse them, and as that curly-headed grandchild, to whom Lucy, in a sudden fit of generosity, gave one of her chickens, offered to blow, nothing is wanting but your will.'

'Which is wanting no longer. I am overjoyed! Oh, we will have all the dear old tunes again! The mere suggestion has "soothed that restless feeling."'

Frances tied on her bonnet with unwonted celerity, and the sisters sallied forth. On, under the shade of pleasant hedgerows; on across the fields, to save a portion of dusty road; and on to the house of the old man who acted both as clerk, organist, and schoolmaster—a quiet, simple old soul, who had passed through his several duties with the most uniform diligence: each day's work was done as the previous one had been, which, in like manner, resembled its predecessor, as one year had resembled the other through his long life. 'Changes,' he said, 'were never of his seeking; they came because he could not help them.' He never swerved from 'Old Hundredth,' 'Martyrdom,' 'Devizes,' and other tunes he had carefully learned in his youth, and stoutly refused innovations of any modern ones, no matter how *celebré*. And liking Mar-

garet because she had once accidentally praised one of his favourites, he was determined that anything he could do for her should be done, even to lending the beloved keys to her, a stranger.

When Margaret and Frances entered the church, the brilliant rays of a July sunset were streaming through the stained-glass windows, throwing a long, dusty line across the old aisles, contrasting strangely with the dim walls and the rusty armour, that seemed to look down so grim and silent on the old oaken pews, as if their grave demeanour was more suitable society than such passing radiance. They at least would still remain, though the worshippers in them would pass out, Sunday after Sunday, through the churchyard into the bustling world, till at last the individuals filled up the moving type of man's ceaseless passage, by passing, at the close of life, once again the churchyard gates, not to go on in his daily course as before, but fading into the silent land from whence we can return no more. Some flies were buzzing from monument to pew, and from pew to monument, they all life and action, and all else death and repose; they were the only signs of life around, until the sisters entered, and, struck with awe at the quaint beauty of the scene, they stood looking in silence at the lights and shadows around them.

'Living dust and dead dust,' said Margaret, solemnly.

'See how plainly the sun throws out the names on the flagstones, though they are so worn—those that are near the chancel.'

'How odd people must have felt long ago, when they buried inside of churches, to sit, week after week, staring at the very stone, all through the service, that must one day be raised to cover themselves.'

'I think the feeling would wear off with custom. We see them through the window, that is the only difference. I always feel as if those inside were volumes of a book, and that the other numbers were to be found outside.'

'A book that will go on increasing through many an age still, when you and I are written in one like this.'

'Margaret, before you begin play-

ing, pray come to the railing in front, and lean over, and look at Lady Charlotte Herbert's monument; you never saw anything more beautiful. You cannot see the effect well there; but indeed it is worth coming down for. No, it will not do again; the sun is making the effect, and it will have moved before you are done playing.'

The monument was of white marble. A woman's figure knelt, with hands clasped, and face upturned towards a cloud, from whence an angel face was looking down. A loose robe shrouded the figure, the long hair streaming over the shoulders, and the lips partially unclosed, as if in prayer. The face bore a happy, peaceful expression; and the question would naturally rise to the mind of the looker-on, was it the life-expression of the subject? or had the genius of the artist brought it there to complete the conception? Underneath was written—

S A C R E D

to the memory of

LADY CHARLOTTE HERBERT,

the beloved Wife of

HOLDSWORTH HERBERT, Esq.

of Colton Manor, Herefordshire, and Landeris Hall, in this Parish,

and Daughter of **WILLIAM, Fourth EARL**

GRANBY of Granby, Nottinghamshire.

She departed this life, July 8, A.D. 18—, aged Thirty-seven years.

Watch and pray; for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of Man cometh.'

How glorious it looked to-night, that fair and lovely work of art—really glorious! For the setting sun had thrown a golden tint over it, borrowed from the stained window through which its beams fell, till it seemed to be 'a halo round the dear one's head;' and beautiful always, it was ten thousand times more so in this new soft light. Margaret stood some seconds in silent admiration, every passion for the beautiful in nature and art roused within her at the spectacle. At last she spoke.

'I have no words, O dear Frances! It is like a spell. How very, very beautiful! It almost moves one to tears. I wonder if it is a good likeness? Old Stephens says it is; but it might be fancy with him, he is so enthusiastic about all that family.'

'What did he say of Lady Charlotte?'

'A great deal. Her beauty of character seems to have equalled her personal beauty. Poor old soul! how he worships her memory! How much she was beloved! I have often wondered, since I came to hear of her, that not one act she ever did for the good of others seems to have died with her; they are all living still, all round the parish. Five years has scarcely removed one trace of her footprints.'

'Probably because she did all in singleness of heart, not for the fame of things.'

'Very likely. She was found dead on her knees one morning at prayer, as the artist represents; and that, I suppose, is why that text was chosen.'

'Whose taste, I wonder, was the whole thing?'

'One of her sons, who was much attached to her. Mrs Holmdon told me he brought over an artist from Italy for the purpose.'

'Well he might have loved her then, when she was so worthy. July the eighth! Why, Margaret, this is the very day, the very anniversary of her death. Ah, the sun does well to light up her image to-night!'

'True enough! it is a strange coincidence that we should be here, and be talking of her. I shall never read the words again, without thinking of the appearance it now has.'

'Margaret, if I had a piece of paper, I think I could sketch it; it would be a little memento for us to put into the portfolio at home. Do not begin to play until I go and ask Stephens for a sheet; or, in self-defence, I shall have to use the fly-leaf of some one's prayer-book, and the owner might object.'

And now Frances has returned, and seated herself in the corner of an old pew, with massive carving on it, in what she considers a good position for her work; and Margaret has regained her seat in the organ-gallery—not yet begun, however; there are still some more last words.

'Frances, choose something for me to play. You would like it to be in unison with your own occupation. Think quickly. Now, who can say I am less fanciful than I used to be?'

'Not I for one; and I am enchanted to see those long weary years have

not changed you in the least. Let me consider. Good Margaret, if you remember any snatches from Mozart's 'Requiem,' pour them forth; any or every pet portion that occurs to you; give the sounds birth. Listening to its volumes, one can never wonder at the old master who threw his whole soul into that last melody, and passed from earth to heaven with such divine music ringing in his ears.'

She is sounding the first note. How it swells! Now others—more and more—on and on, rushing from arch to arch, touching the roof, filling every corner with sounds such as that old creaking instrument had not, within the memory of living man, given forth before—re-pealing, reverberating, filling the very air with music, till it touches the sketcher in the pew, stirring her inmost soul with dear old memories, renewing past scenes of joys and sorrows, all equally dear through the retrospective vista the well-known notes open to her: and more than a few tears are silently falling on the faded pictures retouched by that master hand. That lovely sunset can scarcely brighten the shadows the sounds have thrown across that usually radiant face. She is sketching the cloud from the marble before her now; she has looked beyond it, perhaps, for sunshine is reflected from her own face now; pleasant happy dreams are succeeding that passing emotion, and all the enjoyment the music can afford is keenly felt. It is rolling on still; the empty pews are making echoes of the slow

and mournful parts, till a fanciful imagination could almost believe that it had raised from the adjoining churchyard the spirits of musicians long since passed away to perform their parts in the solemn strain.

'The sun is down, Frances; you cannot draw any more to-night; it is growing late. Before we go, come up and sing the 'Evening Hymn' with me, as we used when children, long ago.'

'I will be up in a moment.'

Listen to the two clear sweet voices, rising in those simple words of praise, slowly, solemnly, sweetly. They are at the last verse. Listen how the notes die away. They have finished. They are coming down together.

'I like the quaintness of the words of that hymn; it seems always as if it did me good even to repeat them. One should at least be at peace with the world, to sing them right.'

'Yes; and when I am joining in the singing, the thought always comes across my mind, how many hundreds of people—men, and women, and little children—have joined in them too, during the one hundred years since good Bishop Kenn penned them. That was before this church was built.'

'They are living lines, though he is dead.'

'A rare thing, such a trifling deed to survive the doer so many years. But they will never die, I am sure.'

'An echo through the corridors of time, and a grand one, too, in its way. But how late it is; we must walk quickly.'

CHAPTER XI.—ANOTHER DUET, WHICH HAS A NARROW ESCAPE FROM BECOMING A TRIO.

'Time passed on. Years, months, weary weeks, days, and hours, are come and gone. Again we see the two elder sisters together once more on the road of life. . . . They have grown older, and have a more thoughtful expression than they at first were. . . . Old Time, deal gently with them. Travellers on the same road, bid them "God speed!" O Earth! bid thy children deal kindly—bid them bear gently those two light burdens, and so will God prosper thee, and keep thee in remembrance.'—LIGHTS AND SHADOWS FROM DREAMLAND.

Sunset—twenty-four hours after the last we have seen.

Edward Celbridge had asked his cousins to sketch him as many views of the Rectory as would bring vividly before him the home where she he so dearly loved dwelt. Perhaps it was as much intended to give her employment, to wile away the long days of absence, as to bring him every week

or two something fresh from the hand he hoped one day to call his own. It had been a pleasant task through May and June to wander out through those green lanes, with the bright primroses and violets, with the fragrant May-blossom scenting the air, and delighting the gaze all around. It was pleasant now, in July, to sit, with book and pencil on their knees, chatting

over all kinds of girlish themes, as the fair landscape seemed to grow beneath their fingers. Thus, they had drawn their house, their church, and some objects in their immediate neighbourhood—the three important subjects in the life of a clergyman's family. Round these their daily life revolves; and what are years but made up of days like these?

This evening, Margaret and Frances Wyndham had determined on trying a new view. The old woods that lined the opposite bank, and seemed to carpet the plain beyond, had hitherto been but a point of sight; but they had decided this evening on crossing the river, and seeing what effect their own domain had when viewed from their neighbour's. Over the river, jumping from stone to stone, with the water bubbling and sparkling through them, up the other bank, firm elastic steps bring them to the top, and they stand to look back at their home. The setting sun has burnished every window like beaten gold—every old casement is touched with the enchanter's rod. The view is pretty; but a little farther still, and the sundial in the front of the house is visible. Ah, yes! that is just the spot. So they sit down.

'Margaret, I wish we had brought a book; I could then draw, as I did last night, to music—the rhyme of the poet, and the music of thy voice. Last night was so pleasant. You cannot know the feeling of luxury it was to sit there, forgetting, and by the world forgot—drawing to such sounds made melody in the soul. Do not laugh.'

'My high-flown sister!'

'Not at all. It was just one of those hours that Goethe says people live but once in a lifetime.'

'I should be sorry to think that. Do not take such a *penseroso* view of our expedition. Do you want to prove that that was one of the stepping-stones of our lives?'

'No; why should it? I do not mean that: but it was so delicious—we shut in, and the world shut out. No other sounds, in that still time—'

'You cannot say, "of breeze and leaf are borne."'

'No; I will borrow another line from

the next verse: "it breathed like Sabbath hours."'

'That is a new poetical license.'

'With Mrs Hemans' permission. An idea of Jean Paul Richter's came into my head last night, while you were playing—what he considers the most desirable form of prayer: that the minister should merely say, "Let us pray!" and that some beautiful, soul-touching music should play, during which all should pray in silence, according to the wants and inspirations of their own souls.'

'Yes, if the congregation were all made up of Jean Pauls, that is just like what he would say, but it would not do for the mass at all. Our own liturgy is far beyond that: one good earnest "We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord," is worth all the music of a Jean Paul.'

'Of course, do not think I want to establish the theory. I like Jean Paul, but I know that would only be of the senses, not the heart, and people who have no taste for music would be sadly thrown out. What would they do?'

'I do not know; seven-eighths of the world that would be, for many who would like a little music could not comprehend that sort of thing. Frances, your head is full of the German writers, and they are not wholesome reading for you at all. I wish you would give them up, they may do you a great deal of harm. I wonder greatly Edward did not know better than to let you.'

'I do not read them now. You said all that before, and I gave them up. At the same time I saw the wrong in them as I went on, and was on my guard.'

'You think that, but many a wise man thought so too, and found himself full of mistaken notions before long. Carlyle may be well enough in some ways, but I do not see that 'Sartor Resartus' is a fit book for you. I do not blame poor Jean Paul so much: that fearful dream of his shows a rather disordered imagination; it is fearful, but one of the best things he ever wrote. I say you have no business with Goethe, or Emerson, or Ehlen-schlæger. If you understand them, so much the worse for you.'

'You need not be afraid; I have given them up long ago, and I am resolved against them. It is rather good they are so mystic, it keeps them out of the hands of ignorant people. There, now, is Mrs Simpson, who assumes to be blue; do you think they would reach her understanding?'

Margaret shook her head in reply.

Frances resumed.

'To tell the truth, one is drawn on to read them, when they find it stirs up currents in the intellect that other books do not; it requires one's reasoning powers to be all alive, and the fact of having mastered some obscure passages rouses your vanity to go on to another. That is woman's way of studying. Men's intellects are differently proportioned.'

'If you fail in comprehending, what then?'

'As Keats says, "failure gives one an opportunity of trying the resources of their spirit;" try again, or take another passage.'

'Keats talks well, but scarcely reduces his words to practice; they come badly from a man who died of a critique in the *'Quarterly Review.'* But indeed, Frances, I think people talk very fluently of the resources of others, without thinking what those resources might be. I will never forget the callousness of Mrs Trenton, when that unfortunate clerk to her husband (Thompson) died; when we talked to her about the children that were literally starving, she threw herself back on the sofa, and said, "Ah, yes, poor woman, she must now depend on her own resources." I never hear the word, without its bringing back that cold face and unfeeling words. Had it not been for papa, where would they have been to-day? In the poorhouse, probably. Resources! People talk as if every one was born into the world with a resource book-book, and had nothing to do but sign their names to a cheque, and receive a sufficient portion to last till they choose to draw again.'

'Fortunately, Mrs Trenton is not the rest of the world. There is many a good soul in it, as you and I have experienced.'

'I grant it. I only allude to the priests and Levites that go by on the

other side. As to the good, generous, feeling Samaritans, if you and I can do nothing to mark their goodness, or thank them for what we ourselves have reaped from them, there is where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, thank God.

"Like the celestial ladder seen
By Jacob in his dream,"

the thanks ascend for them, and descend upon them. So be it, sister mine: the most thankful heart could do nothing better for them.'

Silence fell with the evening shadows on the sisters, sitting still under the trees, musing on recollections the last words recalled, and listening to the light breeze playing in the tree-tops—Margaret watching a few clouds that floated over them; Frances still drawing. Margaret spoke first.

'How old these trees all are.'

'Yes, that elm towards the right is crazy from age. Listen to the wind! what a peculiar sound it has passing through its branches, as if the poor old thing objected strongly to be taken such a liberty with.'

'Not that elm alone; all those here have that sound, and I observed the same in those two near our own bedroom window, and in the row at the foot of the garden. I observed it when I sat there yesterday.'

'Is it Sir Walter Scott that speaks of every tree giving forth a different sound, as the breeze touches the branches? making out the woods to be one great wareroom of *Æolian* harps.'

'I like that exceedingly, and if you go on drawing, I shall go to a little distance, and then report to you my opinion of the case.'

'Try those oaks behind us; but I am afraid it would take a most refined ear.'

Margaret walked away, but soon returned.

'O Frances, finish soon, and come and hear for yourself; the oaks' concert is charming, and the willows as well. The oak gives a fine sturdy royal rustle, as if he considered it very derogatory to his dignity to be obliged to sing in company with his subjects, particularly the willow, which has an extremely pert and presuming voice, giving little dry sentences in a hissing tone at intervals. The pine has quite

a different manner: it murmurs slowly and sorrowfully from morning until night, with a regretful sigh. It is altogether lovely. Come, Frances. Longfellow must have known something of that. In some of the closing sentences of 'Hyperion,' he speaks of the "wind sighing through a forest of pines—no more, no more." Have you tried the sycamore? It is a close-leaved tree.

'No; but I shall.'

'The sycamore is a very busy tree; there is a busy swell in the sound when you stand under it, like the noise from a large town when at some little distance from it. Will you come and listen?'

'My dear Margaret, I am at a sycamore myself at present; I cannot leave this for some minutes longer: ten more, and I shall be at your service.'

'I am all patience, and to show you that I am, I will sit down. Your gable stands out very well; a little more shadow on that walk would be an improvement.'

'I wonder where that path leads to.'

'There is a mound grown over with trees a little behind us; I am sure it leads there—a sort of place where children would play.'

'I wonder what children have played in these woods. I could imagine very happy hours for them. They must be all men and women now, for I hear the family left this many years ago—I suppose about the date of the monument in the church.'

'You and I have lived a good deal of life in that time,' said Margaret. 'I find myself so changed in many ways, I wonder if the children who played in these woods then are as much changed as you and I are, Frances.'

A step behind on the grass caused both sisters to turn their heads simultaneously. A gentleman, a stranger to both, was passing by. He looked with an air of curiosity at the girls, as if young ladies were rather an unusual sight in that place. Their first impulse was to rise, but, on their essaying to do so, the gentleman politely raised his hat, saying, as he did so,

'Pray, do not stir; do not let me disturb you. Oh! I beg of you do not; continue your occupation; pray do.'

And he passed on, and in a moment was out of sight.

They stood for a moment looking at

each other, and at last Frances broke forth:

'Such mighty condescension of our strange friend, allowing us to sit here a little longer. I wish I had had presence of mind, or rather as much assurance as he had, and I would have bid him welcome to his walk. It is really as good a joke as I ever knew.'

'Who can he be? Perhaps, though, he is some agent or person who has a right to exclude us.'

'That is scarcely possible; I think Mr Robert Norris is the sole agent and manager for the family.'

'O Frances, could he be by any possibility the owner?'

'Margaret!'

One word was enough; the suggestion evidently struck home; for off went both girls at the most rapid possible pace, never ceasing until they reached the precincts of their own home, jumping over the stones, dashing up the bank, and stopping at last in the garden to take breath and look at each other, and walk at last slowly and steadily into the house.

Tea is ready within-doors. Margaret, having recovered her lost breath, presides.

By a kind of tacit understanding between herself and Frances, no allusions are made to the evening's adventure. It is extremely foolish of people who may occasionally encounter some unlucky *contretemps*, circulating the narrative to the farthest limits of the circle they may have admittance into, boring every person of their acquaintance with a full and true account, with additions (for no tale loses in the *raconte*), and comments thereon, as if that improved matters. It always reminds me of the vulgar old story of a practical witticism for the first of April, 'Send the fool farther.' Society is full of young ladies (one meets them every day), who are brimful of innumerable anecdotes of awkward circumstances they have been placed in; oh! so often. 'How once or twice in church the eyes of a young man sitting opposite met theirs, and it was so absurd, they could not help both smiling;' and a young lady, running along a passage in an old country-house, dashed right up against a gentleman, and how at once on her entering the drawing-room he asked her to dance. Pshaw! I am

sick of that sort of thing; but thank goodness these girls had more sense, or you may be sure they would never have been promoted by me to the important and lofty post of heroines.

'Ladies,' said Dr Wyndham, 'I made a new acquaintance to-day; would you like to hear of him?'

'Certainly, papa.'

'This morning I was standing at the post-office, waiting for my letters, when a gentleman came up, whom I did not recollect having ever met before. We stood a few seconds in silence, until at length, having guessed (as I suppose, by my dress) my cognomen, he raised his hat, saying, "Dr Wyndham, I presume." I bowed, whereupon he introduced himself as Mr Herbert, our "neighbour," as he obligingly styled himself. He is, you know, the proprietor of this place. He apologised for not having called on me before, saying he was just returned from the Continent, and had been confined to the house by illness; that he hoped to do himself that pleasure to-morrow; and that I would introduce him to the ladies of my family. I do not know,' continued Dr Wyndham, 'indeed I would be afraid to say, how long it is since I have met with so pleasing a person; he is so agreeable, seems so well-informed, and was so extremely kind in his way of promising that any reforms I should wish in the parish should be, as far as he was concerned, carried out promptly. He offered me the reading of a great many periodicals, which he takes; which indeed will be a great comfort, for it is quite too expensive an affair for me to take all the newspapers I wish, and so I am

obliged to put up with a very condensed statement of what perhaps I have most at heart. But I will not praise him, but leave him for you to pass judgment on yourselves to-morrow. It does not do to say too much beforehand, especially when I see my second daughter's face giving utterance, as plainly as words could do, to her favourite Koran maxim, "Blessed are they that expect not, for they shall not be disappointed."'

Frances forced a laugh, but the chagrin on her face proceeded from the idea of how uncomfortable it would be for herself and Margaret to meet Mr Herbert, and perhaps, too, some apology would be necessary for trespassing in such an unwarrantable manner on his grounds; for it had since occurred to her that Mrs Holmdon had spoken of the permission granted to her as something quite unusual. But it was of no use saying anything to her father or mother about it; she knew, by experience, his first act would be to blurt out an apology for them to Mr Herbert; and a woman's intuition showed her the *amende* should come from the ladies, who were in fault. So, on the principle of 'least said is soonest mended,' she said the least thing at all—namely, nothing; and finished up her soliloquy by handing her tea-cup to Margaret, saying, in rather an emphatic tone—

'I will trouble you for a little more.'

'Certainly,' said Margaret, in much the same way; and as the cause of this little annoyance was narrated in this chapter, we shall leave the effect to be told in a future one.

CHAPTER XII.—AN OLD SCENE WITH A NEW FACE.

'When sorrow all our heart would ask,
We need not shun our daily task,
And hide ourselves for calm:
The herbs we seek to heal our wo
Familiar by our pathway grow;
Our common air is balm.'

CHRISTIAN YEAR.

'For more than these, my soul, thy God hath lent thee life.
To aim at thine own happiness is an end idolatrous and evil:
In earth, yea in heaven, if thou seek it for itself, seeking thou shalt not find.
Happiness is a roadside flower, growing on the highway of all usefulness;
Pluck'd, it shall wither in thy hand; pass'd by, it is fragrance to thy spirit.
Love not thine own soul, regard not thine own weal.
Trample the thyme beneath thy feet, be useful and be happy.'

TUPPER'S PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

Two days previously, Mr Vernon Herbert had returned from his travels. Weary at heart of life, and his own part in it, feeble in body, and morbid

in mind, he had come back. Thoughts of pleasant days of childhood spent in his old home, had come back upon his mind, and the man longed for the buoyant healthful spirit of the boy of past years. What had he to interest him? what use was he in the world? who cared if he lived or died? None, had been his answer to himself for five years, or until he entered the fifth. But then a change had come over him; once a circumstance had aroused him, progress had been gradually going on, and home he was now come, with an undefined resolution of doing something, or being something more than he yet had been. One mistake in life he had made, and the consequences were still haunting him; they had weighed down his spirit for many a day, and with all his efforts (effort was too new to him, to have achieved much at first) he was still depressed. He had complied with what he had fancied to be a wish of his mother's, to whom he had indeed been most tenderly attached; but the fulfilment had brought such sorrow in its train, that it is little to be wondered at if he looked back to her death as the commencement of such a dreary time, or, perhaps, rather the termination of a most happy one; for with it ended the happy days of boyhood, when every care or grief was warded off by a most loving, careful hand, and he played in the grateful shadow of his mother's love. Year by year he had grown more morbid, more melancholy: he fancied that grief for such a loss was the cause; but he was wrong. He had indulged himself in the belief that he was the most socially desolate being in the world, and duties and blessings were alike forgotten and overlooked, in the dreamy, listless wanderings of the past years. He had lived here a month, there three months, or it may be four; except once in each year, his whereabouts was uncertain: that once was the eighth of July, when he never failed to visit the scenes where her life had closed, to spend a quiet hour beside his mother's monument, in the recollections the sight recalled; and after a day or two given to making arrangements for carrying out philanthropic schemes, originally designed by her for the good of her humbler brethren, he had passed away

again from England, for another year's wandering, to dream away golden hours, given him to be used for better, nobler ends, and to nurse old sorrows, until they grew to be giants under his nurture. As I before said, a change had been coming over him. The first-fruits of it were a resolution to live at home for some time, and after a few days' rest and retirement in his own house, he determined to go forth and mix with the world around him.

Late one night he had arrived home, stealthily and unannounced. He wished his arrival to be unknown for a little, and his small household were too well accustomed to his periodical returns, to be much disturbed thereby.

Want of sleep and a restless spirit had brought him early down next morning to the library, where he lay on a sofa, in that dreamy state of mind that is neither idle ideas nor downright actual thinking. He was waiting until his usual breakfast-hour; for his housekeeper was old and infirm, and with a kindly consideration for her, he would not ask for any meal one moment before his usual hour, lest the consequent hurry should discompose her aged nerves.

As he lay, his range of vision comprehended a view of the Rectory grounds, and a portion of the dwelling-house; and, as nothing particular occupied his thoughts at the moment, his attention was caught by the unusual sight of some young ladies walking about the rector's garden.

Visitors of Miss Cooper's, I presume, trying to reap all possible benefit from country breezes, and all the good that may accrue from abundance of sun and air.

Suddenly the idea occurred to him, that Mr Cooper was there no longer, and that house and parish were under other guidance.

'True; and Robert Norris wrote me a whole sheet of paper about them, which I had not the curiosity even to read. I am afraid I burned the letter. I wish I had it; it would throw some light on who or what they are.'

As wishes in such a case availed not, he had to wait patiently until his old housekeeper, Mrs Newton, came, with curtsies, to the door, for some directions as to 'his honour's break-

fast,' when he put the question to her, as to the who and what of his new neighbours. Now, had Mrs Newton's master been ignorant of the Athanasian creed, she would have considered it very bad indeed; but then she could have laid the sin of ignorance at his godfather's and godmother's doors, who are generally considered the responsible persons in such a case; that would at least have been consolation. But she had all the ignorant hatred of foreigners and foreign countries peculiar to her class; and her master's ignorance of what to her was such an important matter, aroused all her hatred of foreign travelling, as she considered it the cause of his deficiency; and it was with an effort she controlled her strong feelings sufficiently to answer in a respectful manner. As she went on in her description of Dr Wyndham's family, her manner assumed gradually a warmer tone, until Mr Herbert felt much inclined to laugh at her enthusiasm. One incident after another was related, and one person's opinion after another was quoted, to give weight to the narrative. The conclusion of all seemed to be, that Mr Herbert was to come to the same opinion as the rest of the parish had come—that never was any parish so fortunate as Landeris in having been given such a rector; never was rectory, since the dear Harlowe days, so happy in an occupant; and, above all, never was rector so happy in a family. 'Ah, if the master but knew the ladies! they were so good and kind, so clever, so wise about everything, too. Had not Miss Wyndham seen her head bound in flannel when she went to church on Sundays? and had not Miss Wyndham all but banished that bad rheumatism, with the remedies she had given her? and had not Ned Brown, the carpenter, been quite a sober man since he began to do little jobs at the Rectory? was not the churchyard cleaned up, and the nettles taken from the old graves?' &c. &c., so much to the same purpose, that Mr Herbert came at last to the resolution, that it was quite a pity they had not been Mahometans; their names would have been made famous by being added to those of the four perfect women who are alone fit to inhabit the seventh heaven with the true believers.

Mrs Newton, like many an old woman, was glad to be asked a question on a subject on which she had a great deal to say; and a great deal she said, until Mr Herbert ran a near chance of being thoroughly wearied. As it was, however, her 'Wyndham frenzy' blew off in good time, and she retired, leaving her master again alone. Had any one told him he was really taking an interest in people he had heard of for the first time that morning, he would have 'pooh-poohed' the information, and believed himself quite unconcerned. Still, I never could account for his drawing his writing-table in front of the window after breakfast, and very often, through the morning, laying down his pen, quite unconsciously, perhaps, to watch for a pink dress flitting backwards and forwards, appearing and disappearing among the trees in the Rectory garden. A strange flutter rose at his heart; it recalled the old mornings, years ago, when he and John, two gay chubby lads, sat in the same room at their lessons, and peeped out through the same window, to see if their playmate, pretty Annie Harlowe, had finished hers, and waited in the garden for them: how the first glimpse of her pink frock made them feel a strong hatred to grammars and lexicons, and a longing to exchange Greek roots for the more congenial ones of roses and myrtles in her garden—with an occasional wonder if she had remembered to get the ball of worsted to tie up the carnations. How vividly it all came back, even the look of the showy blue-and-red wheelbarrow they wheeled away the weeds in; and he saw Annie again tripping across the stepping-stones to play on the elm hill on their side, carrying three or four kittens in the crown of her straw hat, her long golden curls shining in the sun, as she jumped from one stone to the other, disregarding all calls to wait for help.

Time had passed on—he could not help that; no more could the Wyndhams: so he should not have felt that little jealousy of the present pink dress wearer. She had every right to be happy if she could, without implying any disrespect to her predecessors; but, being very happily ignorant of the gentleman, his vicinity, or his meditations, she continued her occu-

pation, and, in conjunction with her sisters, prosecuted her horticultural labours with the zeal, and about the average success, of amateur florists of youth and inexperience.

It was the evening of the eighth, and when the sun showed tokens of the close of his daily labours, Mr Herbert strolled slowly through the park. He was going down to the church, and he wished to do so unobserved by any of the townspeople. He had no wish to be proclaimed 'arrived,' as yet, at every tea-table in Landeris. It was easily accomplished: to keep within the precincts of the domain for most of the way, then by a sheep-walk over the fields to the high-road, but a few perches of which remained to be passed until he reached the church-gates. It was a pleasant walk on such an evening, and one he generally adopted when going to and returning from church on Sundays, as by it he avoided the knots of people, with whom he must otherwise have stopped, were it only for a few minutes' conversation; but, as this inevitably involved his stopping with a few groups more, he generally made as much haste as decency allowed, and avoided the whole congregation. He was obliged to pass the church before reaching the sexton's house, but, perceiving one door open, and concluding Stephens was within, he walked quietly up to the door, and stood looking at the sight which met his eyes.

Standing underneath his mother's monument were two young ladies, the same we followed there in a previous chapter. The empty building, the solemn stillness all around, made every word uttered by the sisters quite audible; and as he listened, he stood irresolute what course to pursue. They parted, the two girls—Margaret to re-ascend the gallery-stairs; and he had only time to conceal himself, when Frances passed close by where he had stood, to go for the piece of paper to sketch upon. In 'fear and trembling' of a discovery, he remained concealed; and when, on her return, the first notes of the organ were heard, he stepped noiselessly farther into the building—there stood listening, his whole soul rapt in that matchless music of Mozart's, that they, too, loved so well. By and by, he glided into a pew, taking care to be con-

cealed by a heavy pillar, should one sister unexpectedly turn round, and with a ready mode of exit, should the other cease, and descend. He scarcely knew his own feelings; he had not yet had time to analyse them. Surprise at finding his usual post preoccupied, the unison of the few words they had exchanged with his own chain of thought, and, above all, the music filling the whole air round him, chained him spell-bound to the spot. It was many years since he had heard the same music; it had been a favourite with his mother, and he had become familiar with many of the most beautiful passages from hearing her play them. The last time he had heard it was at Colton, when she was buried. His father was but little of a judge of music himself, but from the 'Requiem' having been a favourite of his wife's, he insisted on the music being performed at her funeral, scarcely aware of the effect music will produce on the shattered nerves at such a time. Deeply as it had affected him, how much more must it have done his son, to whom every note was dear from past association with the loved one who had taught him to appreciate such music. As in the morning in the library, how the bygone days came back! There is no note unremembered, no chord untouched; memory has supplied the words, and the music seems to speak them as it moves on. He is standing beside his father in Colton Church, and the coffin before them, the silence broken at first only by the sobs of those standing round, and then, mingling with them, came the low moaning sound of the organ, and the subdued voices of the singers, whose wailing 'Lachrymosa!' rung in his ears for many, many days. Here again came those well-known notes, with such power, that he covered his face with his hands, though even then the tears might have been seen stealing through his fingers. Tears, it may be, were more womanly than manly; but, be it remembered, Mr Herbert had been ill for a long time, his nervous system had been shaken by a brain-fever, and he was but slowly recovering. Man, and brave one, too, as Mozart himself was, he was subject to such fits of strong emotion. When throwing his wondrous conception into a form to

touch (as well as astonish) distant posterity, are we not told that the faltering tones of that most exquisite 'Quare Surget' caused the dying man to burst into a paroxysm of tears?

The change of key at the 'Sanctus' seems to have worked a corresponding one on the listener, for he is listening to that 'Hosanna' with a calmer air, and the first violent storm-burst having passed away, a calm succeeds it. With his head resting on the front of the pew, he is enjoying the wandering prelude which has suggested itself to Margaret from the passages she has just played, and the sun goes down lower and lower, scarcely perceived, and the twilight steals gradually into its old place, bringing in its train such peaceful thoughts, such better thoughts, such a calm review of past years, that a useless unfilled map lay before him. Strong as he fancied he had felt his mis-spent life before, this soul-touching music brought anew his mother before him—brought her in her daily life, so good, so busy for others, so regardless of herself, so untiring in her exertions, that some hope of trying to follow any or some of the pathways she had trodden sprung up within him; and years afterwards he could trace more than one high resolve, more than one earnest action, back to its spring from that 'gloaming.' The reverie is disturbed by Margaret summoning Frances to her side, to close their evening as many a childish day had closed; and as the fading light renders concealment easy, he remains to hear them 'praise God, from whom all blessings flow.' He left the church only in time to conceal himself behind a corner of the building, at the imminent risk of discovery, until the sisters had passed on homewards, their last words to one another still sounding in his ears, blending with lines from the hymn just concluded. Thought was busy, very busy, as he crossed hastily into the fields, and gained the privacy of his own grounds. 'It was very strange,'

he said to himself, 'like an omen of something, or perhaps it has been sent me as a warning. It is the first anniversary that I have not passed some hours sitting alone there. I think even that had something wrong in it, the spirit I did it in: it is very difficult to know to whom to turn for guidance. I would gladly be of some good in the world, but I have not the least idea how to set about it.' Then again he thought, 'How strange it was looking in and seeing them standing there. Perhaps it is intended that I should put something between me and those old dreams, and look from a distance on that burial, as I did to-night standing in the porch. "Life is real, life is earnest." God forgive me, how little I have made it so. I hope it is not too late. To-morrow, with God's help, I will set out; this feeling of distaste to the people is very wrong; that at any rate must be overcome. That requiem must act as the burial service henceforward of all my past wasted life, "Learn to labour and to ——" Then floating in the evening air around him seemed to come, as he walked, the words of the hymn,

'Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;'

and he thought, 'I would still require more of life. God grant me a little more. Amen.'

Home to his own library, better, stronger, happier, than he had been for a long time. He sent away the lights, and watched the moon rising behind the Rectory. He knew every tree that slept in the shadow. Then he saw the lights appearing and disappearing in the upper windows, and he knew that all had exchanged 'Good-nights,' that every window-star that disappeared, as one by one the lights declined, the gentle spirits he had that evening had the first glimpse of were, with the other household members, not a little way on the high-road to Dreamland.

CHAPTER XIII.—A WOMANLY PREJUDICE AND MANLY PECULIARITIES.

‘For me the day
Hath duties which require the vigorous hand
Of steadfast application, but which leave
No deep improving trace upon the mind.
But be the day another’s—let it pass!
The night’s my own!—They cannot steal my night.
When evening lights her folding star on high,
I live and breathe; and in the sacred hours
Of quiet and repose, my spirit flies,
Free as the morning, o’er the realms of space,
And mounts the skies, and imp her way to heaven.’
H. KIRKE WHITE.

‘Each country (book) club bows the knee to Beal,
And hurling lawful genius from its throne,
Erects a shrine and idol of its own;
Some leaden calf—but whom it matters not—
From soaring Southey down to grovelling Stott.’—BYRON.

It is the pleasantest hour of all the twenty-four, the one before going to bed. It is difficult to say whether all girls find it so: there may be some heavy, dull spirits who think, with Miss Simpson, it is pleasanter to sleep, than to partake of the most intellectual conversation in the world. Be it so; to them we leave it, and turn with an appeal to those who think differently, to come forward and support our theory. How differently people talk then from what they do in the cold stormy daylight! how unreluctantly revelations are made that sensitive souls shrank from in the glare of noon—now flowing freely by the sympathising coal-fire! When Longfellow sung the ‘Voices of the Night,’ and Dr Cumming preached them, it was treading in old steps; tracing foot-prints, Kirke White, Young, Southey, Cowper, Byron, Montgomery trod before. Was there ever poet rhymed that missed the celebration of its varied beauties? From the ‘Faerie Queen’ to the martial ‘Bothwell,’ or the ‘Craigrook Castle,’ of our own times—even the ‘Mystic Maude’—one and all bow beneath its power. Things look differently under the new aspect: harsh lines soften down, and distance lends enchantment to many a bygone hour. ‘Stratford Will’ came nearer it than any, not more poetically, but more truthfully.

‘The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season season’d are
To their right praise and true perfection!’

When I was young, a great many years ago, one of many sisters, we were addicted to one practice; and I never

knew one of us, though all so varied in tastes and dispositions, who did not thoroughly enjoy, and seek to carry it out. Let no one look alarmed; I am not going to advocate anything wrong—no breaches of decorum; I will not recommend rouging, or powder, or patching, or any female vanity, fashionable or obsolete; nor any setting at nought of reasonable authority. None of these, except some who differ from me may think I am urging the latter. No such thing; but gentlemen are a little captious sometimes, and say a thing is wrong, when they are only a little out of temper. Our home fashion was this: when we separated in the drawing-room, it was only to meet again—we ladies, I mean—by some one’s bedroom fire, and enjoy, as we brushed our hair, a little feminine gossip. It was very pleasant, very lively, and very innocent. We talked, as all girls do, of life, love, and matrimony; of parties, people, and fashions; of jests and songs, in true womanly spirit; and, like the new members of the old beefsteak club, if we did not sing our song, each contributed at least a *bon-mot*. How my old grey hair stands up erect at the recollection, and my dim eyes are dimmer with the tears that start, as all those who lived and loved together rise before me. We were a gay set, and, like the Vicar of Wakefield’s family, ‘what was wanted in wit, was made up in laughter.’ Those days are far away now; they lie behind, like the shadows of a dream. My nieces are growing into girls, who will do as we did, and would look on their maiden aunt as a sad check to their vivacity, if she came among them at that joyous hour.

The Wyndhams were still young,

young enough to enjoy the flowery paths of their lives when their steps led through such, and just old enough to have learned by experience what 'breasting the wave' might mean.

It was a change to them, their still life here, for hitherto theirs had been no idle one. In the 'world's broad field of battle, in the bivouack of life,' they, weak, timid women, had acted like heroes in the strife. There had been days of such gnawing care, such hope deferred, that many more years would have broken their spirits past all remedy; but He who fits the back to the burden, and tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, saw fit to give them that great blessing of peace in this happy home, and very thankful they were for every comfort they enjoyed, and very thoroughly was every boon appreciated.

It is bedtime with them, and they are in that bedroom whose windows look down on garden, river, and wood; and the moonbeams are falling through them, modulating, as it ever must, the tones of the speakers. They have touched on a good many favourite themes, and they have reached the point of the day's adventure where Mr Herbert's (their landlord) appearance in the wood had put to flight two young ladies, convicted of trespassing.

'So,' said Frances, 'that was the great and grand Mr Herbert we have been hearing of ever since we came here. I did not see anything remarkable about him at all.'

'Nor could we expect, in such a very hasty interview, to see much of any manner. But I must say, after the raptures Sir Stephen Norris goes into about him, one expects something a little above common individuals. At the same time, I question whether Sir Stephen has much discrimination.'

'Are you not glad, Margaret, that Mr Herbert makes so short a stay? I for one have no fancy to meet him again.'

'Yes; and I have been thinking you and I could easily avoid him during his visit to this neighbourhood. We must be constantly on our guard; but I think we can manage it.'

So the sisters chatted and laughed over their sketching expedition, and finally went to bed, with mighty resolves for their course of action on the morrow; which day arrived, as most

to-morrows are in the habit of doing, and was quite as bright and sunny as its predecessor had been. 'The bright sun mounts in the laughing sky;' and Mr Herbert, who had scarcely taken his sight off the Rectory and the gardens for five consecutive minutes, so intense and (I am obliged, though unwillingly, to write it) vulgar in his curiosity about the new family and all concerning them, rode round to the avenue gate, through it, and to the quaint entrance, for the purpose of making his formal call. Of course Dr Wyndham had made a point of being there to receive him and introduce him; of course Mrs Wyndham had made a point of being seated in the drawing-room, arrayed in one of those tasteful caps, the envy of Mrs Beckford's heart; but I regret exceedingly to be obliged to state, that their two elder daughters had neglected to follow their very excellent parents' very excellent example, and instead of making a point, as they did, to be present, were quite out of sight; which I confess was pointed too, though rudely done, considering Mr Herbert's visit was pre-announced.

Some minutes had elapsed, and Mrs Wyndham turned to her little daughter. 'Lucy, tell your sisters Mr Herbert is here.'

A few minutes more, and Lucy had returned. 'Mamma, my sisters must be gone out. I have looked in every room for them.'

'Impossible, my dear; they were here this moment. Try the garden.'

A faint, *very* faint apology from Mr Herbert to the little one for the trouble he occasioned her, and she was gone again. This time through garden, orchard, and shrubbery, with the same result; and then to the drawing-room; where Mr Herbert, having retained his seat as long as compatible with good breeding, took his leave; his 'compliments to her daughters, and hoped he would be more successful on a future occasion,' &c.; while the vexed mother set off in pursuit of her truant children, of whom she was justly proud, and glad of an opportunity to bring into contact with refined people; for she feared they were getting somewhat mopish, and too much wedded to their darling books, pencils, and music; and besides, having been

more than usually pleased with her visiter, she regretted they should have missed such a pleasant treat as his conversation had been to her.

Home went Mr Herbert (it must be confessed), not a little disappointed. When people have made up their minds to any particular course of events, they are quite put out, if matters do not choose to arrange themselves after the manner they have mentally chosen for them, and wonder very much how it all happened. Now, our acquaintance of the Hall was at present very much in this predicament. He had chosen to call on the father of the young ladies whose music had so charmed him, and of course his intentions comprised an introduction to them. The scraps of their conversation he had heard in wood and church suggested ideas of refined minds and cultivated tastes; and he had been for two days engaged in that most aerial style of architecture, which we are told is considered as peculiarly belonging to Spain, wherein the leading feature consisted of endless requiems, monodies, marches, funèbres, and other music of a cheerful character, played by these young ladies an endless number of times—that is to say, as long as he chose to listen; and everything was to be in exact accordance with the architect's design; when, lo and behold! my lord the great man was doomed to be disappointed. These young ladies had evidently chosen to be invisible. The greatest preponderance of self-love could not conceal the fact. His broad lands and high descent had not weighed one feather more in their scale of conduct to him than to the veriest beggar in England, or even in Ireland, which is universally known as 'Pauperland and Paddyland.' Did any one else, within a circuit of twenty miles round, hear that he would call, and fail to be on the spot, to receive him with all due *empressement*? No, indeed, I rather think not. He was *the* man here, and all men, and especially women, would have treated him with the greatest pleasure *à la Juggernaut*; for was he not 'Herbert of the Hall?' and was he not the nephew of an earl? and, more than all, was he not a 'bachelor?' free to choose for himself, free to make settlements as he pleased, 'free, and

full and plenty,' as the fairy-books say, wanting in nothing save the will—and this, fair and gentle readers, be it known, he lacked in no small degree. Everywhere he went, the young ladies assumed their best manners and dresses, the mothers smiled, the brothers hobnobbed, and the fathers 'hail-fellowed' him; but as yet, they thought, with but little success; and they were right: he hated them all most cordially, and detested their wily traps; though for the world he would not have done so vulgar a thing as to be rude to any of them; feeling warm regard for only one of all his country world, Annie Selwyn, the pretty widow, *nee* Harlowe, the daughter of his dearly-beloved friend, and tutor of his boyhood, the Rev. Henry Harlowe, formerly rector of Landeris Parish. Still, as all the folks looked up, he was gracious enough to look down, in his supremely-scornful, though apparently-satisfied demeanour, till the lookers-on were ready to exclaim, with Cæsar, 'It is much better to be first in the country, than second at Rome.'

I should not be surprised if it were discovered presently, that my lord was a little spoiled with the adulation he had received from his boyhood until now, and the course of conduct pursued towards him by his lady acquaintance, spoken of in a previous passage, were to his eye so palpably false, that perhaps it is scarcely to be wondered at that he was firmly convinced all women were essentially alike, and as untrue as Dead Sea apples. His first meeting with the Wyndhams, though unknown to them, was quite of a *nouvelle* character; and the few words they spoke to one another were so unlike the usual tenor of 'young-ladyisms,' that, in spite of his misanthropical mood, he was interested, and determined to follow up his meeting with a nearer acquaintance as soon as possible—in the meanwhile, diverting his solitude by a close watch kept on the pleasure-grounds and its usual inmates, noting each little incident as traits of character, real or imaginary, which he was conjuring up, after his usual style of building, noticed elsewhere, until the hour came that he rode home, quite disappointed by the failure of *Chateau premier*.

(To be Continued.)

A L M Æ M A T R E S.

No. II.—UNIVERSITY DISCIPLINE.

'Cereus in vitium flecti; monitoribus asper;
 Utilem tardus provisor; prodigus aëris;
 Sublimis cupidusque.'

BUT it was an Indian writer who said that youth was like a bag of moist vermilion. Wherever you press it too tightly, the colour will ooze out in the opposite direction; but leave it alone, and it will find its own natural roundness.

Indeed, discipline is a puzzle, whatever be the age of the subject. Solomon and the old school thought a stout birch all that was requisite, if frequently and judiciously applied. *Paterfamilias* of to-day shrinks from the mere thought of bodily punishment, and lectures his infants on first principles. But this moral caning requires judgment and reflection, and it is troublesome to be continually playing the madhouse-keeper to your bairns; so that the stick has still its partisans; and as far as I, being a bachelor, can judge, it is perhaps the more effective system.

But, if it be so doubtful how to manage babes and bantlings, how far more so to deal with the human shoot at that age when it is neither man nor boy, but hobboddyhoy—the very age at which it is sent to a university.

Now youth being prone to excess, and the excess of liberty being license—truisms, but necessary here—it cannot be maintained that the entire absence of any discipline is a good thing. But it depends on your definition of a university whether you think it a bad thing or not. At those situated in large mother-towns, where the students have their own lodgings, such discipline as a university could exercise is impracticable; yet I cannot say that I think the students of London and Munich are morally worse than those of Oxford or Bonn, but, if anything, perhaps better; while, on the other hand, I cannot deny that those of Paris are a very heaven-forsaken lot.

It remains, therefore, to compare the systems of little discipline and much discipline, and Bonn and Oxford present fair specimens of these. Now,

in the results there is very little difference, unless the balance be in favour of the German student. There is the same drinking, the same idleness. There is less immorality at Bonn, less obscenity; and if, on the other hand, there be less piety, there is not so much profanity.

The fact is, that the discipline at Oxford is neither one thing nor the other. Oxford is not purely a university. It partakes also of the characters of a beneficiary establishment—*Anglicæ*, almshouse—and of a religious seminary. While its discipline is far too lax for those who are educated for the service of the Church, it is much too clerical for those who seek only a general preparation for the other professions. I shall give instances of this, in speaking of the compulsory attendance at chapel, and compulsory reception of the Holy Eucharist.

It is, in fact, impossible to lay down general rules for the discipline of youth. But it may be said of that age universally, that it will always act as you treat it. If you handle a young man as you would a boy, he will only add to the mischief and folly of boyhood the experience and deliberation of his growth. You must first give him your example. Who so imitative of the man as the youth? You must draw out his confidence. Who so leaning—so confiding? The cheek is still smooth, the womanly weakness still there. Grasp it, deal with it. Lastly, you must be open with youth; for who despises deceit so much? Once let him discover an underhand proceeding about you, and your power is gone.

The discipline of a German university is conducted by a university magistrate, in conjunction with the rector, the senate, and the deans of the faculties. The modes of correction are personal remonstrance, solitary confinement in the university lock-up,

of three days for minor, and not more than a month for graver offences, and lastly, expulsion. Where the last is inflicted, the student has the power of appealing, through a government commission, to the Minister of Instruction.

At matriculation the student receives a ticket, tenable for four years, which is his certificate of studentship. By virtue of this he has a right to be tried in all matters by his university, and the civil magistrates must yield to those of the academy. At the same time, there are certain crimes—as stealing, manslaughter in duels, and so forth—for which he must be tried like any other private person, his connection with the university being for the time suspended. As a general rule, the police act in concert with the university, and a government commissioner decides all differences between them.

The principal offences which the government has to fear from the university are, of course, political, and it results from this apprehension that many other offences—particularly duelling—are connived at or overlooked. There are stringent laws against large gatherings in public, and no large convivial meeting or procession can take place without the rector's permission, which is, however, readily granted. The inns and public places of resort are closed at 10 o'clock at night, and the students are not allowed to go about the town in large numbers after midnight. It is the rector's business to visit these resorts, and to look generally after the young men in their more public doings. The dean of each faculty, on the other hand, has to provide that each student attends the lectures regularly, and that his dress and general behaviour are of becoming sobriety. There is no punishment that I know of for single acts of drunkenness; and though a student may be expelled for continued or notorious excess, it may be difficult for either dean or rector to reach such cases. On the other hand, it must be remembered that the convivial meetings of these boys take place in public resorts—inns and beer-gardens—and not in their own rooms, and their characters are therefore in every man's hand.

Among the enactments for preserving order, are those against appearing

in the streets in mask, carrying arms, and insulting the Philistines; offences to which German youths are by nature particularly prone. Morality is preserved to a certain extent by imprisoning the student who is found in a house of ill fame, by a three days' confinement for high play and gambling (fourteen days for keeping the bank), and by various regulations to prevent debt and extravagance. The statutes of 1818 (still in force) enact that no barber or wigmaker may give more than a month's credit; no tailor, shoemaker, bookseller, more than three months', or for a larger sum than 25 thalers (about £4). To insure this, the creditor has no legal means of recovery whatever, unless he applies within the six months, and the credit system is thus effectually put a stop to. But perhaps the most important enactments are those relating to the sham-duelling, with which these German boys are wont to amuse themselves.

Prejudiced Englishmen are constantly talking of the 'unmanliness' of these encounters, and cry up fisticuff, as a kind of divine institution, because, forsooth, in it we use 'the weapons that God has given us.' I shall be bespattered by the whole 'muscular' school, if I suggest that this savours a little of blasphemy, and that the superiority in mechanism, and inferiority in strength, which the human hand displays, as compared with the paws of the lower animals, is a proof that its Maker meant it as a tool rather than a weapon—the servant of the mind, but not of the passions. But let that pass. By what reasoning, I ask, can you show that a cut on the cheek or lip is less manly to give and receive, than a black eye or a broken nose? If you say that two young men may batter one another's faces into jellies without killing or being killed, and then make it up, and be better friends than ever, I answer, that the German student carefully protects with padding all the vital or dangerous parts, that fatal results are almost as rare among them as among ourselves, and that the duel, even when serious, is always followed by a cordial embrace. The same art, the same pluck, the same coolness and restraint of temper, the same fair play,

are required, to succeed with the fine Solingen blade as with the British knuckles; and the spectacle of the vanquished, with his cheek begashed, is not a whit more sickening to my mind, than that of an eye lost in a red and purple swelling, or a nose flattened on the face, and covering the mouth and chin with its 'claret.' If you ask what is the use of these duels, I reply, that it is the same as that of fisticuff—to accustom the young to brave pain and meet danger, and generally to work off the superfluous irritation natural to all high spirits.

The duels in my day were usually held at a little inn at Poppelsdorf, about a mile from Bonn. One or two wretched beggars were paid to keep watch in the vicinity, and the room was provided with a wainscot-door, that opened with a spring upon a little staircase leading to a loft above. I remember once, after a series of fights between the Pfälzers and Westphalians, a spy rushed in and gave the alarm, 'Der Herr Rector kommt.' In a moment the combatants were bundled through the panel up to the loft, and the weapons and padding after them; a number of the spectators leaped from the low window, and made away across the garden, while the more sensible sat down at the tables, drew their beer-glasses towards them, and set up a chant. The alarm was a false one; but, had the rector come in, he would have seen nothing but a party of merry students carousing, and have gone away satisfied, purposely refraining from noticing the spots of blood upon the floor.

It is not rare, however, for this official to take a fighting party by surprise. The combatants and the seconds are arrested, the arms and paddings confiscated, and the meeting dispersed. The punishment for these offences, and for street-rioting, is imprisonment for a week or a fortnight, in the university lock-up, or the imposition of a fine.* Sabre-duels are punished by expulsion.

This is about the extent that discipline goes to in a German university, and I do not think its laxity is much abused, except in singing and howling in the streets; but you might as well

attempt to put this down, as to stop the Oxonian's port and walnuts after dinner. Yet any excess is corrected even in this. Thus, in my day, it was still the custom to fire pistols at your friends' windows at midnight, as the old year died; but the arms were sometimes loaded, accidents happened, and the old custom was put down.

Some one has written that tenacity is the secret of England's success. He forgot to add, 'when tempered by common sense.' It is just this most uncommon qualification that transforms into laudable caution what would otherwise be nothing but mere stubbornness. There is no institution so blindly tenacious of old customs as the University of Oxford. It cannot distinguish between time-honoured and time-proved. So Werther persisted in wearing, to the day of his death, the self-same coat and continuations which he had on when he first saw Charlotte. So Quakers love the broad brim of unaffected Penn. So Oxford clings to rotten forms, against which the sense of the age cries out.

In nothing is the blindness of this tenacity more apparent than in the continuance of the 'double government,' which is maintained in the independent action of the university and the colleges. This question touches the constitution of the university itself, and I shall not therefore discuss it now in any of its bearings, except that on the discipline of the students.

The discipline of the university is carried out by the vice-chancellor, as chief resident magistrate; two proctors, elected annually; four pro-proctors; and a wary and omniscient marshal. That of the colleges is entirely in the hands of a common-room council in each, composed of its head and fellows. The means of effecting it, common to both colleges and university, consist in fines varying from 5s. to £2, in 'impositions'—which are always written by a scout or barber for a consideration—in 'gating,' 'rustication,' and expulsion.

Now, the state has always been very generous to the universities, in granting them any privileges they might demand. These have often had in view the morality of the students;

* Only when imprisonment would materially interfere with the offender's studies.

and the power of the university over the town of Oxford is still absolute in free England. Thus, any woman suspected of being instrumental in fostering the evil desires of the students, may be at once arrested and imprisoned for at least one calendar month. Charles I. enjoined that every taverner or inn-keeper should send his own daughter from under his roof, if that damsel had the misfortune to possess a pretty face.

A ludicrous mistake once occurred, in this exercise of the proctor's functions. A late senior proctor had been a non-resident fellow for some years, and was called upon to fill the office at a time when he had forgotten the names of many of the residents. The wife of the head of a college was walking home from a tea-party one evening, escorted by an undergraduate. She was young, showy, and rather gaily dressed. The proctor, whose sole object was to do all his duty, and utterly incapable—as, indeed, are most Oxford dons—of distinguishing a lady from a female of another position, immediately accosted the couple. He was accompanied only by his own man, who knew no more about her than his master. In vain the undergraduate interposed that the lady was Mrs —, wife of the head of —. 'You can't deceive me, sir,' replied the new broom. 'Though I have been so short a time in Oxford, I am not to be imposed upon. I shall take your name and college, and you will call on me to-morrow morning at ten o'clock. John, bring the woman to the rooms.'

Of course the unhappy youth, whose escort had proved of no avail against the insults of the senior proctor, whatever it might have been against those of barges and navvies, rushed away to seek the lady's husband, and brought him to the procuratorial judgment-room, in time to find his indignant spouse locked away in a cell for the night. The denouement can be easily imagined; and we may suppose that, if the student did call the next morning on the senior proctor, it was not to receive the sentence of rustication, which would otherwise have been passed on him.*

* Accidents of a similar nature are often occurring, through the stupidity of the proctors. I have known the most respectable daughters of most respectable tradesmen

The power, therefore, of the university extends over the liberty of the female population of the town, and even over their character, which the stupidity or obstinacy of a proctor may blast at will.

No less does it affect the freedom of all residents. Any person who is proved to have influenced the morality of the undergraduates in any way may be forced to quit Oxford.

Again, it extends over the custom of the tradesmen. The university possesses the right of 'discommuning' any shopkeeper for whatever reason; that is, of interdicting any buying and selling between him and the members of the university—thus bringing a serious loss on the former. This right is perhaps the most valuable privilege the university possesses for the discipline of its students, since it is thus enabled to put an end to long credits, and late and noisy meetings at inns—powers exercised at Cambridge more freely than at the sister university. In former centuries it was even more useful, as it served as a weapon against the corporation. The mayor was constantly seizing students, and locking them up in *Bocardo*, as the old town-jail was called, and the vice-chancellor was constantly demanding their release. In 1513 the mayor himself was 'discommuned,' and the struggle ceased for awhile, but it seems to have been renewed, as we find traces of these fights up to the beginning of the last century.*

treated like the lowest of their sex, and no apology made them when the mistake has been discovered. A curious case of overcredulousness in a proctor occurred not long ago. A dissipated undergraduate brought from London an actress of low character, and introduced her as his sister to several dons, one of the proctors being among the number. He was so pleased with her charming manner, that he asked the young man and his pretended sister to lunch. It was only when a glass of wine was spilled over her dress, that, forgetting her part, she gave vent to too forcible an expletive, which ended the repast, and caused the young man's just expulsion. The fact is, that Oxford dons live so long in monkish seclusion, that they forget what gentlemen are like, if they have ever known it.

* In 1605, J. Hayns, aleseller, was discommuned 'for selling old wine for new.' It is a pity the vice-chancellor does not put a stop by the same means to a practice exactly the reverse of this, too prevalent among present Oxford wine-merchants.

I might cite many other privileges enjoyed by the university, for the purpose of protecting or correcting its junior members, but I have said enough to show that its powers over the *town* are not restricted.

If we turn now to the colleges, we find that, by a strange anomaly, the university—of which they form not only a part, but the *real* and living marrow—has no disciplinary power whatever over them. Not only may they shut their gates in the proctor's face, but that individual is positively breaking the statutes, if he attempts to exercise his functions within the walls of any college, even his own.

A curious instance of this, which at the same time shows what kind of justice is administered in common-room councils, lately occurred at Trinity. I shall give the story as it was told to me, and currently reported throughout the university. I do not hold myself responsible for the correctness of its details.

One of the proctors was a fellow and officer of this society. A supper party was given by some young man, and I daresay that it was noisy, and kept up late. At any rate the proctor chose to go to the undergraduate's rooms in his official dress and velvet sleeves, thereby protesting his official character, and peremptorily ordered the assembled toppers to retire at once to their own rooms. The host replied—and I believe with all due respect—that, had the proctor come there in his capacity of officer of the college, they would immediately have obeyed him, but they could not allow him, as proctor, to assert an authority which he did not possess there. A common-room council—nay, several, I believe—were held over the courageous but imprudent youth and one or two of his friends, and though it was distinctly proved and admitted that the proctor had himself committed a breach of propriety, the young men were sent away, and their prospects thus ruined.

Trinity, indeed, is not celebrated for the justice of its decisions. Two hundred years back, this college was guilty of a gross harshness, which old Anthony à Wood has recorded. The founder, Sir Thomas Pope, had, like some other excellent men, a monomania for appropriating anything on

which he could lay his hand. A student named Cuffe then belonged to this society. 'Now, Cuffe,' says Wood, 'upon a time with his fellows being merry, said, a pox, this is a poore beggerly college, indeed; the plate which our founder stole would build such another.*' The speech, if coarse, was venial and true, but the worthy dons could not brook the imputation on their founder's memory, and poor Cuffe was actually expelled for uttering these foolish words.

The effect of this independent authority of the colleges is to leave the undergraduate without any appeal from the injustice of a common-room council. The chancellor, as far as the university is concerned, is a blessed nonentity, who contents himself with appearing once or twice in his lifetime at Oxford, when he sits in gold lace on a throne in the theatre, and makes false quantities in his Latin. What chance would there be of a poor student having his humble petition attended to by the Earl of Derby or the late Duke of Wellington? The chancellors before the Reformation were always resident, and took a real interest in the affairs of the body. Again, the vice-chancellor must be head of a college. If there be any appeal to him—which is much to be doubted—it is highly improbable that he would interfere, if he could.

It is true, there is a visitor to every college, but this individual has even less connection with the university than the chancellor. It was not so once. Alas! Oxford, so tenacious of her bad institutions, gradually allows her good ones to grow obsolete. For instance, in the days of good Queen Bess, the fellows of Corpus Christi had the impertinence to elect a Romish president. The Protestant monarch proclaimed the election void, and restored the former president, who had been turned out by Mary. The fellows refused to receive him, and barricaded the door. The visitor—the Bishop of Winchester—took a force, battered the door in, and having gained admittance, expelled these fellows without another word. What visitor of the present day would dare do even less than this?

It is strange, too, that while the

* 'Liber Niger Saccarii,' vol. ii., p. 593.

university affords no protection to the student from the wickedness of his college, the latter can, and does, at times, protect him from the just demands of the university. In the days of good old Gaisford, the late Dean of Christchurch, men have often been pursued by the proctor's 'bull-dogs' to the very gate beneath Tom Tower, where the porter has refused to give up their names, and has been supported in this refusal by the dean. Yet, the offences of these men could not be punished by the college, which properly could take no cognisance of what was done without its walls.

That an easy and impartial appeal is much wanted in Oxford, is proved by the events of every day. The affair which I have related as having taken place at Trinity is a powerful proof. But it by no means stands alone. Listen, now, to a tale of college injustice, for the truth of which I can vouch, as it happened to a friend of mine, belonging to my own college, and under my very nose.

Smith—as I shall call him—entered Sempitern under somewhat disadvantageous circumstances. Like myself, he had been at a German university, and the narrow-minded dons took it into their heads, because he was rather lazy and irregular at chapel, that he was inclined to be an atheist. Smith was a clever man, and it is possible that in his essays he may have introduced some wild ideas; but I am certain that no man ever believed more faithfully in the doctrines of our Church.

Smith had not been a week in Oxford, before he fell into trouble. One morning, very early, he was awoken by a tap at his door.

'Come in,' he grunted, sleepily.

'Mr Smith?'

'That's my name; what's the row?'

'The senior proctor wishes to see you at the rooms, under the old Clarendon, at ten o'clock.'

Smith was amazed and alarmed. What could the proctor want with him? He had done nothing that he could bring to his conscience, except lying in bed too long, and he could not understand it. However, he went to the rooms, and there found the two proctors, two of the pro-proctors, and a body of policemen, drawn up in awful solemnity.

In serious and impressive language the senior proctor proceeded to charge him with his offence; which was, that he had been seen coming out of a low house in a low part of the town.

Smith, who was as innocent of the offence as a babe unborn, stoutly and amazingly denied it. The policemen who had brought up the charge had been on neighbouring beats. Policeman A. said, 'He had seen a gent in cap and gown go into the house in Gloucester Green, and had waited about twenty minutes till he came out again. He had not seen his face, and his figure only very indistinctly, and was afraid to turn on his lantern, lest the gent should take alarm, and bolt. He had therefore seen him slip round the corner, and meeting policeman B., had told him to follow sharp after a gent in cap and gown.'

Policeman B. stated, that, having received information, he gave chase in the direction indicated, and came after a time upon a gent in cap and gown walking leisurely, whom he followed to the gates of Sempitern, where he inquired of the porter, and found it was Mr Smith.

Senior proctor to policeman A. — 'What was the gentleman like?'

Pol. A. 'could not say exactly; hadn't seed very clear; the night was dark, and the gent slipped by in a hurry like.'

Cross-examined by the defendant. — 'Had dark trousers, he thought.'

Pol. B.—'The gent he followed was certainly Mr Smith. He wore light grey trousers. It was about five minutes between the time of the information and when he overtook Mr Smith.'

Pol. A. re-examined.—'The gent had his back towards me.'

Defendant.—'If the senior proctor will allow me, I will put on my cap and gown, and the first policeman shall say whether he thinks I am the man who came out of the house.'

Smith puts on cap and gown, and turns his back to the policeman, who says, 'he doesn't see any resemblance at all.'

Smith then explains, that, having been only a week in Oxford, he is quite ignorant where Gloucester Green is; but that, as he was wandering about last night, it is possible that he

may have been in that neighbourhood, and that, while the real culprit escaped, policeman B. had overtaken him instead. He points out the fact that he wore light trousers, which must have been noticed by policeman A., who mentions dark ones instead; and offers finally to bring a fellow-collegian, to prove that he left him only about half-an-hour before defendant returned to Sempitern, and that it was impossible he could have gone down to Gloucester Green, staid there twenty minutes, and returned to college, 'walking leisurely,' in that time.

The case is so clear, and Smith's open face so innocent, that the senior proctor at once admits a mistaken identity, and not only acquits Smith, but, in order to prove his conviction of his innocence, invites him to breakfast the next morning, an unheard-of condescension in a proctor.

Well, six months after this, Smith disgraces himself by getting drunk in the rooms of a man lodging in the town, and, being very late in returning, he foolishly climbs the walls, instead of going in at the gate. The offence is a common one, but seldom found out. Smith was charged with it, admitted it, expressed his sorrow, and was very properly condemned by the college to rustication for one term.

Now comes the iniquity.

It so happens that the senior proctor hears of Smith's misconduct. He sits down and writes a letter to the Dean of Sempitern, telling him that the said Smith had been charged with a grave offence about six months ago; that he had been then acquitted, but that, since he (the proctor) had heard of his recent misconduct, he had *changed his opinion* about him, and believed that he had been guilty in the first case.

'To take an account of the matter,

A common-room council was held:

My friends got a long imposition,

And I was just briefly expelled.'

So says a favourite Oxford ditty, which Smith has been chanting in quad a few days before, when he ran up against Tommy King.

'Take care that isn't your fate, young man,' says Tommy.

'No fear, sir,' says Smith, little dreaming how prophetic was the remark.

A common-room council was held. Smith insisted on an investigation. Policemen A. and B. repeated the statements; the matter was as clear as daylight; and the Head and Tommy Long were convinced of his innocence. Not so Mr Baddun, who believed that Smith was an atheist. I have staid before that the Head of Sempitern was a weak-minded old gentleman, and that Tommy cared more for his report than for college discipline. The dean and Mr Baddun won the day, and Smith was condemned to be expelled. Expelled! how terrible the word to a young hopeful spirit. The first great stain in life, and one that will dye it indelibly for ever. 'He was expelled from Oxford,' would be said of him for years and years. He would never recover the blow. He was ruined.

Now Smith, poor fellow, had lost his father. His mother was poor, and was pinching to keep him at college. Smith thought of his mother more than of his own disgrace, and when the dean summoned him to his room and told him of the sentence, Smith fell on his knees, and burst into tears.

'Oh! sir, my mother, my poor mother. Oh! sir, have pity on me.'

The dean was unmoved, and coldly explained that the sentence was irrevocable.

'Give me your mother's address,' he demanded, chewing his lips.

'Oh! sir, for God's sake do not write to her; leave it to me to tell her. Oh! sir, it will break her heart,' cried poor Smith, sobbing like a child.

'Your mother's address, sir,' was the sole reply. And the brute wrote — a stiff, cold letter.

Well, Smith staid away for a year or so, and was then admitted to the hall, the head of which agreed in thinking the sentence unjust. Some years after, Smith, who was really seriously minded, wished to take holy orders. I heard that the old judgment was brought up again, and that he applied in vain. No bishop would take him, and who would believe his story, in preference to that of worthy Oxford dons?

I have given this tale at length, to prove to what excesses Oxford injustice may be carried, and how the eyes

warps both judgment and heart. It is, unfortunately, no exceptional instance.

But it is not with such that we are concerned. It is the daily discipline within the college that needs our comments. I take it that discipline has a twofold object: 1. to repress excesses; 2. to encourage piety.

Now, the Oxford system, being so opposed to pious and sober living, is used to compel, where it fails to encourage.

Take the chapel, to begin with;

For heaven is mock'd, and bells to chapel toll,

To see no name be missing on the roll.*

This is, unfortunately, no longer the case. I say 'unfortunately,' because the only excuse for making attendance at chapel compulsory is thus taken away.

Now let us put aside all sentimental ideas about religious discipline—words which, in themselves, present a paradox—and examine the real facts of the case. It is consoling to Christian charity to believe that the stories of monks of old keeping up their supper parties 'till the bell for matins went ting-tong,' &c. &c., are wicked alumnies; but, when we find so clear an analogy in our modern universities, so strong a proof how revel and religious formality can be combined, we are driven to admit the possibility of their truth.

Now, how is chapel-going regarded at Oxford? Let us take the best and most pious of the young men. Do they not think it a bore, or at best only a duty? Or, if they do not think so, they dare not confess that they go to prayers for the love of God; the impious fashion of the place forces them into a weak profession of detesting it. But these men are very rare. Not two are to be found in a college, who rise cheerfully at half-past six on a raw winter's morning to pay their need of praise to God. It is related of Hooker, that he did not miss one attendance at chapel during his college career. The tale is told as a marvel, and a marvel it is, though it should not be so. Again, take the quiet men, of Mr Matinal Plain's stamp. Though they eagerly fight for

tickets of admission to the fine choral services at New and Magdalen, though they will hurry down from dinner to hear the Rev. Mr Hackman thunder furiously from his pulpit at St Paul's, they creep most unwillingly to listen to the dull, monotonous whine of Mr Baddun, or the rapid irreverence of Tommy Long.

But by far the larger number of the students look upon chapel-going as a tedious duty, and one of their earliest calculations is, as to how many chapels they can miss in the week, without getting a bad character, or a sniffing reproof from the dean.

The ordinary undergraduate wakes often from a drunken sleep, swallows a tumblerful of soda-water, just dashes a sponge over his face, brushes his hair, drags on his lower garments, and, covering all untidiness with a large great-coat, hurries down, cursing the chapel audibly, just in time to be pricked off by the chapel-man or bible-clerk. He has no time to compose his mind before entering God's house, and if he had it, he would not improve it. He is quite happy, if he can manage to stuff a novel into his pocket, to read during the service, or, if more exemplary, will pass the time in cramming his Greek Testament for 'greats.' Many a man tells you proudly, that he passed a capital divinity examination in consequence of his chapel studies!

Then, if perchance he set his mind to pray indeed, there is Bolter on his right parodying the litany in an undertone; or Scamperton on his left expressing a wish, accompanied by a stout expletive, that 'the old boy would shove along a little faster.'

But, even if this were an exceptional instead of being a very common case, it is a sufficient argument against the system, that at least nine-tenths of the men think it a bore. I do not say that there should be no chapel-prayers—far from it—but only that it should be left to the young men to go or not, as they pleased. I think it would be found that, when the compulsion was removed, many would go free choice, though, perhaps, less often; while, at any rate, those who go to desecrate the place, by reading novels, cramming the Greek Testament, and whispering to one another, would stay away. It would then be in the power of the dean

* 'The Oxford Spy.' London, 1818.

to speak seriously and sensibly to any man whom he found constantly staying away, and not merely, as is now done, to threaten him with impositions, gating, or rustication. But can we expect that men whose sense of right and wrong is dulled by continual common-room port—men who themselves attend as a matter of form and duty—men who, like Tommy Long, are not ashamed to go in a muddled state to God's house, or make gross blunders in reading prayers addressed to Him—should take a high ground with the souls committed to their charge? It is only natural that they should make that a human duty, which is really an act of love.

I shall not go into the shameful details connected with evening chapel in those colleges where the dons have attempted to put a stop to wine-drinking, by fixing seven o'clock as the chapel hour, giving just time enough for a large quantity of port to be imbibed, and plenty of profanity given out; but I must not pass over the fact, that in most—fortunately not in all—colleges the taking of the sacrament is also made compulsory. The temptations of college-life are so many, the conversation so lax, the revel and riot around so ceaseless, that even the most conscientious man, allowing that he can contrive to secure, free of interruption, a few solemn hours for preparation, must be very strong-willed indeed to carry out his intentions of leading a new life; but it has often been remarked, and my experience confirms it, that the evils of the system by no means end there. To say nothing of the reckless and indifferent, who go through the form without attaching any real meaning to it, I have known the sacrament taken by men who at midnight before were reeling drunk, and who, a few hours later, will commit the worst sins; men, too, who would not think of taking it unless they were compelled. These cases, I hope, I trust with all my heart, are rare, though I have been unfortunate enough to see several such; but, however rare, is it not terrible that, by a narrow system, even one man in a hundred should be induced to eat and drink the Lord's Supper to his own damnation?

It is somewhat in this way, then,

the colleges 'encourage' piety. There are, it is true, one or two colleges where a sermon is delivered after morning-chapel on Sunday; but the effect of this, following a long service and preceding breakfast, is somewhat doubtful. But what there is *not* in any college, is any attempt on the part of the dons to fulfil the serious charge they hold, and acquit themselves of the responsibility of the souls committed for the time to their guardianship. This responsibility devolves mainly on the dean,* who is, as it were, the chaplain of the society. No attempt is made by this officer in any college to ascertain the real state of mind in which the young men are living under his very nose; or if, as in some cases, the attempt to ascertain it is made by employing the scouts to act the spy, it is followed up, not by calm reasoning or gentle dissuasion, but by vulgar threats, which can only serve to render the gulf between the young and old so much the broader.

This is, indeed, the chief accusation that we bring against all dons alike. We may say that some are drunkards and gamblers, most of them narrow-minded, stiff, pedantic, and disagreeable; but we can predicate of all, without exception, that they make no attempt whatever to work upon the souls of those committed to their charge. No don will budge an inch, or give up one jot of his dignity, to conciliate and win over a young man whom he knows to be going on badly; no dean would condescend to visit such a student in his own rooms; and no one cares to understand and develop the characters of the junior members. Deans, bursars, principals, and tutors in general, are wrapped up in petty local politics; and as long as they give their lectures regularly, and get some of their men into high honours, they care for nothing else.

It may be said that it is difficult to 'encourage piety,' without the risk of hypocrisy. I am far from desiring that college prizes or other honours should be awarded for regular attendance at chapel, or other displays of good conduct. The danger of such a thing is obvious to all. But, in the first place, there is some force in mere example. If the dons cared more for

* Called censor at Christchurch.

the salvation of their charges, they would be more careful as to their own conduct in general.

Again, that stiff, cold, unsympathising manner, which is so generally adopted by the don to supply the want of real dignity, must be thrown off, if any good is to be done. Once show a man that you are interested in him, once make him respect and like you, and you have more hold over him than the most strong-minded companions of his own age. Again, why should not the dons be on more familiar terms with the undergraduates? They risk nothing by going to their rooms, chatting familiarly with them, even accepting the proffered glass of wine or cup of tea. It is possible, nay easy, for a really well-meaning man to preserve his dignity in an undergraduate's as much as in his own room; and it is clear that, in this more familiar intercourse, a great channel would be opened for observing and working on the characters of the younger men. But you might as well ask Jupiter to dance a jig, or the Archbishop of Canterbury to join your blind-man's-buff, as expect an Oxford don to give up one least iota of his high and mighty dignity. So by all means let him keep it.

The one great opportunity for improving the moral tone of the students, which the university possesses apart from the colleges, is sadly thrown away. I speak of the University Sermons and Bampton Lectures. These discourses, which are wonderfully well attended—some colleges requiring their members to bring up notes of them; many from others going for the sake of passing the Sunday morning; and more, who would not go to another sermon, attending this because they seem to have a certain right of property in it—these lectures are, alas! devoted not to the heart, but to the head alone. Celebrated as are the Bampton Lectures, and valuable as they may be to the student of theology, it is much to be regretted that such an opportunity as this, when sometimes as many as three hundred students are collected, should be wasted on points of abstruse controversy or interpretation, rather than seized as a mighty weapon against the kingdom of Satan. Oh! for a Coquerel, a Whitfield, or

even a Spurgeon, in the place of drowsy speculators and slumbrous etymologists. Oh! for a Paul, who would wince at no truths, and assail one and all, don and student, for their laxity, their profanity, their selfishness, and sensuality!

So much for the encouragement of piety in the university which provides our Established Church with nearly one-third of its ministers. We turn now to the regulations for repressing vice and insuring order.

Now, as regards the university apart from the colleges, I say, either leave the young men quite alone, contenting yourselves with the amount of discipline exercised by a German rector, or increase your staff and your powers tenfold. As matters now are, the existence of the procuratorial body serves only to give a zeal to improprieties, which would not be thought of in their absence. Many a freshman persists in going out at all hours without his academical costume, smoking along 'the High,' and worse things, simply to be able to say that he has braved authority, and doesn't care a rap for the proctors.

In the first place, the number of acting proctors is too small; in the next, their duties are too many.

There are only two hours in the day when the proctors walk the town for the sake of preserving order; namely, from seven to nine P.M. The rest of their time is mostly occupied in official duties unconnected with the discipline of the undergraduates.

A great part of this time is wasted in futile attempts to make the young men appear in public in their academic dress. Now, it seems quite absurd to attend so minutely to this part of the statute, and utterly disregard another portion of far more real importance; that, namely, which enjoins that the ordinary costume shall be of a simple and sober character—black, or *subfusc*—and discountenances everything that 'savours of pride and luxury.' Those fathers who have paid £400 or £500 to Oxford tailors for the three or four years' adornment of their sons' limbs, and habiliments worn a few weeks, and then thrown aside to greedy, worthless scouts, well know that their sons have been making an unnecessary display of 'pride and luxury.' It is a natural

fault of youth, and by no means a modern one at Oxford.

'I beare it,' says Terræ-filius in 1726, 'to those smart gentlemen who frequent Ligne's coffee-house in silk gowns, tie-wigs, hats, and ruffles, whether this statute be duly observed.'

Another statute against lounging idly in the streets, shops, suburbs, &c., is also utterly disregarded.

On the other hand, much time is wasted in visiting the inns, and turning out any students found there. This is very well in its way; but it is well known to the University of Oxford, that its undergraduates do not get drunk at these places, but at the wine and supper parties in one another's rooms; but, as usual, the colleges make no attempt to work with the university in curtailing the opportunities for these.

Amidst all this, those men who are bent on immorality find no trouble, and little danger, in carrying out their designs. They have only to issue forth in cap and gown, which they change for a hat at some favourite haunt, to find out which way the proctor and his satellites are gone, and the rest of the town is open to them for at least an hour.

We have all joined of late in expressing our disgust at the immorality publicly displayed in the principal streets of the metropolis; but we should scarcely expect to be asked to do as much with regard to a small country town, which, besides the ordinary police, possesses two proctors, four proctors, and a marshal, who enlists a countless number of cads and pimps to keep watch on the actions of the juvenile inhabitants.

But I will ask any one to 'swell the High' with me on Sunday evening, and judge for himself. It has been a custom, from time immemorial, for every undergraduate to turn out between seven and nine on the evening of the Lord's-day, and all the disreputable part of the female population take advantage of this usage to ply their vile trade. He will there see an immense number of young women for so small a place, undergraduates talking to them as they walk along, and hear them calling them by familiar names, and even making appointments

with them, while the proctor is engaged in fining those who are foolish enough to come out 'in beaver.'

If this is to be put down at all, it requires a much larger and more active procuratorial body.

But on no occasion is the incapacity of these velvet-sleeved policemen more apparent than in the absurd annual town-and-gown rows on the 5th of November.

I found this out in my freshman's term, when I thought it a very grand thing to go out and assert the supremacy of the academy by yelling and fistycuff.

A small body of us—some fifteen or twenty—had been surrounded by fifty or sixty of the populace, and were in some danger, till we succeeded in cutting a way through the thickest of them, and had just emerged, with streaming noses and black eyes, from the fray, when we beheld before us the whole body of proctors drawn up in a line across the corn-market, waiting to receive us. The two proctors were in the centre, a pro at each side, and the marshal and bull-dogs guarding the flanks. To attack the new foe was against all sense of honour. To retreat was impossible. In this dilemma, some one cried out, 'Charge between them.'

We bent down our heads, and made a rush upon the bull-dogs. I remember striking out on each side, having my cap snatched from my head, and making off at full speed down the street, followed by the entire number of students safe and sound. The thing was done in a minute, without the slightest difficulty.

This is only one instance among a score of the incapacity of four dreaded officials and their assistants to capture a small body of rioters; and for the rest, I have often heard of a single proctor being hustled and knocked about in a general skirmish.

On one day only in the year, the university gives up all thought of discipline. This is the day of Commemoration,

'When gouty generals, who have won their laurels
In bloodless fight of Parliamentary war,
Receive—meet offering to their port and morals—
The dubious honours of the civil law.'

This was formerly the carnival of Oxford, and the license allowed to the students was so great, that any undergraduate might mount the rostra in the theatre, and abuse to his heart's content the heads of houses, proctors, and dons. Tory Oxford could not brook the satire of the Whig juveniles (particularly of the 'Constitution Club,' founded in 1714, and numbering many fellows of colleges among its members), and suppressed this privilege in the early part of the last century; but its echo is still heard in the deafening cheers and hisses freely vented by the gallery on favourite or unpopular dons.

The exhibition is a very silly one, and serves occasionally to display the ignorance of the undergraduates. I remember that when Dr Barth, the African traveller, received his gown, not one of these boys, who had cheered each successive general till they were hoarse, knew anything about the man who had done so much for knowledge. He was received with derisive inquiries. 'Where do you come from?' 'What have you done?' 'Now, old gentleman, show your testimonials. What right have you to be made a doctor, eh?' 'Oh! don't you know; he's the late chancellor's retired butler;' and so forth.

It is much to the honour of a university, which retains among its statutes one against playing marbles on the steps of the schools, and another against shooting with cross-bows, that it interferes very little with the innocent amusements of the undergraduates. Hunting is, indeed, prohibited by a few colleges, and I think with much reason, as a man who hunts two days in the week cannot read more than two others; but, on the other hand, the prohibition against driving has been removed. But it is, I think, to be regretted that the presence of a theatrical company should be interdicted during term-time. Very few men, however quietly disposed, read much in the evening, and as a general rule, the space between dinner and bedtime is filled up with drinking and supper-parties. Even if these were entirely free from excess, their frequency would still have a very bad effect. Young men meeting day after day, and hour after hour, to drink and

smoke, can have very little to converse about that is not frivolous at least, if not obscene; and, as a general rule, this constant society narrows and depraves the mind.

I cannot see what would be the harm of a little theatre, while, undoubtedly, it would have the effect of breaking up the habit of drinking after dinner, and enable men, who are driven to noisy, drunken suppers for the sake of society, to seek relaxation in a more rational, and certainly more intellectual, amusement. The hours might be regulated by the university, and as its powers are so great, it might even, if necessary, exercise a mild censorship in the choice of pieces.*

I am convinced that the existence of a theatre is a great boon to a German university, lessening the number of Kneipes, and supplying new trains of thoughts and subjects of conversation; and though I have often seen the pit and gallery filled with students only, I do not remember any disturbance or misconduct. At any rate, there would be nothing more to fear from a well-conducted theatre at Oxford, than there is from those meetings and entertainments at the Town-hall and the Star, where a large body of police are sometimes required to quell the uproar. The treatment received by Father Gavazzi, about two years ago, is an adequate instance of their absurdity and banefulness.

My charge against the discipline within college, besides that it does not work with, but rather nullifies the effect of, that of the university, is: 1. That threats are used and punishments inflicted, where a little trouble on the part of the dons, and a little more devotion to the cause, would have far better results. Many a young freshman might be checked at the commencement of a bad career, by a little generous confidence, a little friendly, healthy, and paternal advice, and a little more intercourse generally with his superiors. As it is, he rarely sees his tutors, except in the chapel, the lecture-room, and the dining-hall. The threats of impositions, gating,

* Such is the old-fashioned horror of theatricals at Oxford, that even private displays among the students are often objected to, even at Commemoration.

rustication, and so forth, tend rather to encourage, by daring it, the rebellious spirit natural to youth; and if, which is very rarely the case, he seeks a little counsel and sympathy from the dons, he is met with that impervious noli-me-tangere stiffness, which they fancy to be synonymous with dignity. On the other hand, many an older man might be reclaimed, if he were treated like a gentleman and a man, instead of like a mere schoolboy. To be told to your face that you are a liar, without the power of reply, is not the way to conciliate or reclaim; yet this is not uncommon between don and undergraduate.

My second charge is, that the means taken by the dons to obtain information are not only unworthy of them, but tend to render them and their authority contemptible in the eyes of their juniors. Unwilling to associate in the least with the undergraduates, and too lazy to inquire straightforwardly, they have recourse to proceedings worthy only of detective policemen. Some individuals, but perhaps they are not many, are not ashamed to emulate the Rev. H. Baddun, and listen at keyholes or out of their windows. The majority content themselves with enlisting the services of the scouts, than whom a more rascally set of human beings cannot be imagined. These men, who know it to be their interest to encourage extravagant festivities in their foolish young masters, since the fragments are their perquisites, undertake to give information of everything that passes in the privacy of a man's chambers, and on this information the dons act and judge.

Practice makes perfect in the detective, as in any other system, and we recommend the following ingenious method of discovery to the notice of the stiff-collared gentlemen of Scotland-yard.

It appears that the anti-Wiseman movement penetrated even to the cloisters of Romanising Oxford, and the foolish boys at a certain college made an effigy of his lordship, and burned it one night in the middle of the quad. It was impossible to discover the delinquents, the more so that the cardinal's dress had been completely consumed in the *auto da fê*.

There remained nothing but a few charred shirt buttons, which had been sewn upon his scarlet garments. This seemed but a slight clue to the mystery, until some knowing young don suggested that undergraduates seldom purchased articles of this kind, since the washerwomen undertake the functions of the careful spouse in this particular. They therefore suspected that they must have been cut off some article of under-linen, and as Saturday was come, they applied to the washerwomen, and inspected the dirty clothes *en masse*. It must have been amusing to the aged investigators to learn that Mr Puggy had only two dirty garments that week—his usual number—and that those pink and blue ballet-girls adorned the person of fast young Carenought. Shirts there were in numbers that had one or two buttons missing, and it was a doubtful moment for those who had dressed in a hurry during the week. But no satisfactory result was thus arrived at. At length, in despair, they quietly and unobtrusively went round the college to the most likely individuals, and coolly requested to inspect their wardrobes. The entire absence of the necessary adjuncts, on two under garments, fixed the heinous offence beyond a doubt, and their unfortunate possessor was forthwith recommended to try a change of air, and to bring his dilapidated linen under the notice of his maternal relative.

The same admirable system is pursued by the proctors, who enlist in their service any low vagabond who cares to report the misconduct of a student. My third charge is, that no discouragement, but rather every encouragement, is given to a system of continuous festivities, which ruins alike the pockets and morals of the too-easy youth.

Now I am not one of those men who scowl at all the joyous outbursts of youth. Nay, I rejoice at them, and it is delightful to come from the outer world, where all is care and the lust of gold, and find this lavish hospitality, this careless merriment, this indifference to all the weighty truths of life. It is a joy to throw off all responsibility, and sip old port, that has lain breast-high in sawdust many a summer, many a

winter, gathering age to glad the youth of man; to have the amber ready to the lips, and puff rich clouds of soothing smoke; to listen to the light-hearted prattle of men who know nothing of a wife and bantlings, nothing of the cares of a curacy and fifty pounds a-year.

But alas! how wearisome is the repetition, how deadly-lively becomes the bilious gaiety at last. The port, too, is never old, the smoke-clouds are ruining a young vigorous constitution, are clouds of death and poison; the wit—can I call it wit?—is stale and often-uttered; the mirth is simple emptiness of mind—its best effusions mere obscenity, and the songs have been sung everywhere for the last twelvemonth.

Now, just hear what opportunities of 'society' an idle or a too easy man possesses at Oxford.

You are asked first to breakfast. Be well-dressed, or a loud talker, or in a good set, or a first-rate oar or seat, and you will have such an invitation for every day in the week, and probably two for Sunday. Now, refusal—unless you are known to be reading hard—is out of the question. Order your own breakfast courageously, and before you have made your coffee, up come Tally-ho Topbar and a few other spirits worse than himself, and pull you neck and crop down to the breakfast-room.

There you are for a good two hours. An Oxford breakfast is a banquet. Fish fried and boiled; change plates—hot meat; change again—cold ditto; change once more—preserves, marmalade, anchovies, and so forth. Meanwhile, coffee and tea ad libitum, and anything you like ad nauseam. When the boys have gorged themselves enough—talking little, and under some constraint, because the day is early, and they are uncomfortably sober—in come the tankards. Cider-cup, beer-cup, and strong ale, are indispensable; pipes are lit, and a little hilarity got up by the host, who, fearful his entertainment should go off flatly, at last becomes familiar even with Sniggins, who is a slow man, and brings out a long-premeditated witticism, or treasured *canard*. He is seconded by some more audacious youth telling a thundering lie about his own achieve-

ments; and he is made quite happy by an angry dispute being got up as to some trifling question of facts between two others. This sets all the party at their ease, and they smoke away till eleven o'clock bell, when all rush off, to be scolded like schoolboys at lecture.

Your invitation to lunch is a more *recherché* matter. Not that you need fear lunching alone. Some one is sure to join you. But luncheon-parties are select, and claret or hock are looked for, and therefore it is not every one who gives a lunch. It is wonderful what an appetite the prosy lectures of the Rev. Samuel Drybosh have given you. You are not sickened at the hot cutlets and steaks with oyster sauce, nor disgusted at the repetition of marmalade, bloaters, cider-cup, beer-cup, Merton Archdeacon, Brasenose Proof, or Skimmery Burton, as the case may be. You eat and drink, and talk of what is to be done after lunch.

Wherever you go between lunch and dinner, there is beer. If down the river, there is perhaps gin-sling into the bargain. If on the cricket-ground, it will be iced-beer. If on horseback, it is varied by brandy and water at every stoppage. You must be hardy headed to come in to dinner not half-mused.

At dinner the huge joints, or the piled portions, disappear as if the diners had tasted nothing for at least twenty-four hours. After dinner, Oxford port, and pale sherry, or a woody claret, dessert, weeds, coffee, and the same style of conversation—but by this time more animated; the voices become louder, the lies more audacious, the betting on disputed points higher. A little obscenity and a good deal of swearing is now appreciated, impudence becomes louder and bolder, bravado unabashed, nonsense is tolerated, and Bacchus brings out the real character, and sometimes the deepest secrets, of his devotees, to the amusement and amazement of the rest.

There is never much drunkenness at a large wine. There are always two or three men who are forced to leave early, and their vacant places throw a gloom over the rest, who find out that they have promised to play pool, or billiards, or something of the kind. The sensible man will give only

large wines. He will find that *less* wine is drunk by twenty men under these circumstances, than by a small party of eight or ten.

Small wines often go on till supper-time—that is to say, for more than three whole hours. Then comes the grand finale—then everything is forgotten, every passion let loose, every tongue unbridled; and if one-half of the men are sober at midnight, it is because they have reserved themselves to put the other half to bed. The Oxford supper-party, large or small, is always a drunken brawl.

Now, I do not say that it is easy,* under the present system, to put an end to this continued round of entertainment, which, however innocent in each several case, is perilous to body and soul, when it comes day after day with little variety. But there is one means by which it might be gradually contracted within certain limits. I mean, by the introduction of female society—by enabling fellows to marry.

The pros and cons of this question are so numerous, that it would take a whole paper to argue it properly. I must therefore limit myself to a few remarks.

The question cannot be properly sifted, without considering the other no less important one of the tenure of fellowships, the main argument of which amounts to this:

If fellows and tutors be allowed to marry, they will never give up their fellowships, and the openings becoming so rare, there will be very few prizes to offer for ability. If, again, you adopt the remedy proposed for this, and make these appointments tenable only for ten, twelve, or fifteen years, you are liable to drive away your best tutors, just when they are becoming indispensable to the education of the college.

Now to this I reply:

1. It is not merely the hope of being able to marry that now induces fellows to give up their collegiate

* It is only just to state, that in one college—Exeter—an attempt has been made to limit wine-parties on Sunday evenings. No man may invite more than two guests. I have, however, often been at Sunday wines in that college, where the two have gradually increased to ten; and again, as I have shown, these small wines are much more to be dreaded than large ones.

benefices, and take small college livings. It must be remembered that, except at All Souls', few fellows are found who have large private means. College livings are very small, and a bachelor of ten years' standing is far more comfortable with a fellowship of £150 per annum, than straining to support a wife and young family on the same sum in a remote country village. The truth is, that it is weariness of Oxford life, and of teaching the same things year after year, that induce resident fellows to resign.

2. If you make the prizes rarer, so much the better—you get better men to hold your fellowships.

3. On the other hand, if you are forced to limit the tenure to ten or twelve years, you gain rather than lose, by introducing a succession of young blood and fresh zeal.

But it appears to me that the proposition has been argued on very poor grounds. Its opponents have taken it for granted, that if you accept the reform, every fellow will immediately rush headlong into matrimony. Now, in spite of the rage for frugal marriages, I cannot think that young men in receipt of rarely much more than a hundred a-year, with very slow advancement, little means of increasing their income, but very comfortable in their present positions, would recklessly brave the cares of housekeeping, and load themselves with the 'encumbrances of the hymeneal state.' Fair and fascinating as are the daughters of England, her sons are not so unselfish as to renounce their port and penny-commons for weekly bills and yearly babies at this rate.

On the other hand, its advocates have taken only the actual fellows' views of its advantages. They have seen little to be gained from it, but the possibility of a young lover in cap and gown putting an end to his own and Mary's sighs, by the long-desired purchase of the ring. They have never put forward the many advantages that would accrue from it to university society, and the humanising influence which woman would bring to bear over monkish dons and licentious undergraduates.

The objections that have been started are not only trivial, but extremely ungallant.

It is not true, for instance, that none but young weak-minded fellows desire this reform. Of 371 who subscribed to the memorial from Cambridge, no less than 261 were fellows of more than ten years' standing, and of these 147 had been above twenty years in that position. Five of them, indeed, graduated fifty years ago, and can therefore have no eye to matrimony on their own account.

Taking it for granted that the wives of married tutors and fellows would live within college—a thing almost impossible, certainly very difficult to manage—the objectors are impolite enough to suppose that these institutions would be immediately brought under the despotic thralldom of petticoat government; cabals and gossips be increased ten-fold; and no junior members escape the risk of partiality. To this I would reply, that since the heads of houses are almost all married men, this difficulty must already exist, if at all; and, indeed, I could mention one college which is said to be governed by a principaless. Then, as to partiality, every undergraduate knows that no amount of female influence could increase that which already exists, or bring more excuses and consideration for the rich and well-born, and more insolent overbearing to the poor and insignificant.

Then it is said that mammas would be entrapping, and unmarried sisters fascinating, the unfortunate young commoners; still more the gentlemen-commoners and gold-tassels. Poor dears! what a hard fate for them to marry their tutors' sisters or daughters! They do not see that the chances of a few love-affairs of a pure description would be a great blessing to Oxford; that it would not interfere with study more than hunting and cricket do; and that it might seduce many a spooney swain from the side of his jeweller's daughter, his scout's sister, or some woman of yet lower class. Every one knows that young Oxonians are always in danger of being caught up by designing tradesmen's wives, to whose society ladies' men resort for want of any better; and we have one or two instances, even among our aristocracy, of foolish unequal matches formed only at college.

Another objection, that the quadrangles would be filled with nurses and babies, depends also on the question of residence within or without college. But, even if the wives and families were to reside within the walls, I cannot see what hurt would ensue from the occasional glimpse of an innocent infant smile amid stale dissipation, or that the grown-up babies would suffer much from contact with those in long-clothes.

A graver objection is made on the score of morality. What! I ask, is there so little honour left in English youth, that wives and daughters are not safe at the seminary which prepares men for the service of the Church? Are we accustomed to think of English gentlewomen in this light? Fie, fie!

Or if you look at this objection in another point of view—I quote what the 'Saturday Review' says about it—'it seems to us the most overstrained apprehension in the world. Simple and frugal family life, such as that of an intellectual man ought to be, is at least as edifying and improving a spectacle for the undergraduates, as the present habits and lives of bachelor fellows.' At least, indeed! I trust it is far more so. Those who have read 'Tom Brown's School-days' know what Rugby owed to the excellent wife of its best head-master, and can guess what a tutor's wife might do for young freshmen just arrived from school.

Those again who, like myself, have had the good fortune to be acquainted with the wives of several private tutors in Oxford, must remember how refreshing a change they have found in their little tea-parties from time to time, and how this occasional revival of home society checked them awhile in their licentious courses. They may remember, too, how awkward they felt at first in a lady's society, and they well know the reason of it, for there they had to bridle their tongues. Nay, this inconvenience, common alike to dons and juniors, is of old date. Sir Thomas Overbury says of the don: 'He is never more troubled than when hee is to maintaine talke with a gentlewoman, wherein he commits more absurdities than a clowne in eating of an egge.'

A more serious objection—at least to an Oxonian mind—arises from the history of the celibacy of fellows. Now, I maintain that it is nothing but a remnant of the celibacy of the priesthood before the Reformation, and has no more right to be continued than the Latin services at Christchurch. It will be remembered that Oxford adhered to Rome long after Mary's death. Nay, there were Romish disturbances in the colleges even two years after Elizabeth's popular reception at Oxford in 1566. Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer were burned in Broad Street to no purpose; and the Oxonians of to-day, retaining the Romish tendencies of their predecessors, have only emulated the hypocrisy of the Jews, in building the martyr's memorial.

Now the argument put forward is this. The statute which enjoins, 'that noe manner of person, being either *heade* or member of anie college or *cathedral church* in thys realm, shall in the same college have, or be permitted to have, *within the precincte* of anie such college, *his wyf*, or other woman, to abide and dwel in the same,' was made in 1563, after Elizabeth's accession, and does not therefore belong to a Popish age.

Very true, but observe the passages which I have italicised. It is clear from them that fellows were allowed to marry, but only forbidden to have their wives 'within the precincte' of the college. Again, the statute extended to cathedral churches, and is annulled in their case. Lastly, the statute extended to the heads of houses, who are now, and have long been, permitted to marry.

To this it is replied, that there are express clauses in the founders' statutes forbidding fellows to marry, and this is the principal objection. Now, why were these clauses inserted? Clearly because the fellows were intended, after a certain probation—generally of two years—to become priests; and the clauses were to prevent their marrying during that probationary period. Now the Reformation, in abolishing the celibacy of the priesthood, rendered these clauses unnecessary. But, to observe the will of the founders in this particular, in very spite of the Reformation, is as absurd, as it would be criminal to observe the

solemn injunctions of some of them, who left their alms solely on condition that masses should be daily repeated for their souls. If the Reformation, hated and despised as it is by many Oxonians, has had power to annul the solemn conditions of their benefactors, why should it not prevail to do away with clauses evidently inserted with a view only to lay probationers? How can a fellow of Magdalen, for instance, reconcile it with his conscience to keep that sweet girl waiting ten years in hopes of a college living, when he daily disregards the oath prescribed by William of Waynfleet, to be administered by the president to each fellow on his election, that he will, on pain and peril of everlasting damnation, neither alter nor cause to be altered, *directly or indirectly*, one tittle of the founder's laws, among which is the injunction to say mass daily for his soul? Or how is it that the celibat vice-principal of a certain hall overlooks that other solemn and no doubt salutary injunction, which made apple-dumplings, with a quarter-of-a-pound of brown sugar, and the same amount of butter, the students' proper fare for two days in the week?

In Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Maid in the Mill,' Vertigo, a tailor, when it is proposed to pay him, replies,

'Good faith! the least thought in my heart;
your love, gentlemen,
Your love's enough for me. Money! Hang money.'

Let me preserve your love.'

The Oxford tradesman, though he does not speak in blank verse, uses very much the same words as Vertigo, when he takes a freshman's measure. But let not the credulous boy be deceived into the idea that his credit will be a whit the longer, for this, than at any town in the kingdom. Oxford tradesmen have been bullied and cheated out of the long-credit system, and their sin now lies, not in the giving of credit, but in holding it out at first as an inducement to extravagance, and closing fiercely on the debtor when his time is up. 'The belly,' says Overbury, 'is an insatiable creditor, but man worse,' and young Hopeful will learn this through bitterness and agony. Let him not be deceived, when, at the end of term, he applies for his bills, and not one of them is

sent in. He is ready, able, and willing to pay them then; they are small as yet, and he has the money. But he will ask for them in vain, and if he is not strong-minded, he will spend the money, that should have gone to his tradesman, in a trip to London or some such devilry. At the end of next term he will be less willing, less able, to pay the increased amounts. At the end of the first year a few bills will be modestly sent in. He has never expected them to be so large, and to quiet the applicants—a most absurd plan, by the way—goes and orders many things which he really does not want.

Thus the system goes on quietly and imperceptibly, till two years are past, and young Hopeful has begun to think that Oxford tradesmen, like Vertigo, care only for his love. He will soon be undeceived. Those single knocks at his door just after breakfast, those humble, fawning faces, set off by an endless list of items on a long slip of paper, are the prelude to his misery. The dun is not long now in swelling into the creditor. Peremptory applications in writing follow the personal interview. An accountant's letter rapidly succeeds these. Another, and before the month is out comes the proctor's epistle, with a fine of five shillings. Now, let him not delay a moment. Be his bills what they may be, let him make a clean breast of it at home, and pay as much as he can. If not, the proctor's letter will be very speedily followed by a citation, costing £1 : 12s., and the expenses will go on increasing, till he may often have three or four pounds costs to pay on a bill of the same amount.

Many plans have been devised for stopping this absurd system. In some German universities, a list of the names of all students is published, with the amount of their incomes and expectancies affixed. Now, it is clear that the publication of such a list in England—even if possible—would leave the wealthier men, and those who had fortunes in prospect, to the mercy of fleecing tradesmen. A far better plan was proposed by 'An Oxford B.A.' in 1844. It was to make ready-money payments imperative; to exercise the powers and privileges of the university in discommuning trades-

men and rusticated students who gave or took 'tick' for more than two terms. To this it is objected, that the system has been tried in Cambridge, where tradesmen are forced to send in their bills to the college authorities, but has not succeeded; because those who were really extravagant carried on their credits with London houses. Now, it is not for the naturally extravagant that we fear: it is for those men who try to begin well, and who, if the power of so beginning were open to them, would go on honestly; those, in short, who are actually drawn into the system—willing, but weak-minded ordinary men.

The ready-money system is difficult to introduce; but both students and tradesmen heartily long for it. Those tradesmen who have braved everything, and established it, have succeeded admirably. The shops of Cooper the grocer, and Hookham & Minty the tailors, attest the success of payment on delivery.* Again, the system would not only insure the pockets of poor clergymen and widowed mothers with sons at college; it would also influence society in general, making extravagance and wastefulness no longer universal, but even rare.

But, to effect a complete alteration in the society of the students, the co-operation of the college is necessary. The scouts' hands must first be shackled.

These old inhabitants, who calmly view generation after generation fly rapidly by them; these men of many masters, are among the lowest of human beings. Bred up to the idea that everything not absolutely wanted by his masters becomes his perquisite, the scout soon loses all distinction between *meum* and *tuum*, and his fingers turn as if by right to the sugar-basin, the tea-chest, the candle-box, the coal-box, and even the wine-bin. I knew a man who never tasted sugar at breakfast, yet kept a pound or two for his friends. Day after day the basin was placed on his table, and day after day the quantity diminished slowly and gradually, till a new pound was required. He knew it, and laughed. 'Why shouldn't Charles be comfortable? At any rate, it doesn't cost me much.'

* I beg to state, that this advertisement has not been paid for.

The scout enters college three times a-day with a large empty basket on his arm. He leaves it three times a-day with that basket filled. He alone knows what it contains. Certain it is, that his legal perquisites, the broken bread and meat left at his masters' meals, form no part of its contents, for these the scout sells to the buttery-man, and they are sometimes served up again, and again paid for by the undergraduate.

But this is not the worst part of the scout's character. It is not enough to be a habitual pilferer, he must also be pimp, pander, and hypocrite. To increase his perquisites, he constantly encourages, by means of little flattering wiles, the extravagance and sensuality of the student. 'La, sir, a gent like you wouldn't give a breakfast without a shoulder-of-lamb and a turkey. You must have cider-cup and beer-cup at your lunch. It will never do to have ten gentlemen to wine, and only three dishes of dessert, for a gent like you, sir.' Alas! the flattery of the scout is far more subtle than this. I confess my inability to give any idea of it.

Then, again, he is a profound hypocrite, and expresses himself much shocked at an oath, while among his fellows he apes his masters even to their loud swearing. With the dons he wears the garb of piety, and preaches out the faults and follies of his young patrons with many looks of horror. Nor let the young freshman fancy he can be bought over. He will take the guinea, promise secrecy, and the next morning blab it all out. He is by nature ungrateful, and no amount of kindness can raise affection in him. He remembers those masters best who have been most lavish of their papas' money, and left him most perquisites. His estimate of a real gentleman is formed from the gold in his purse.

With all this, the scout is never rich, for he even outdoes his masters in extravagance. Drink is his chief expense. I know a certain little establishment in Oxford, where I have seen four scouts out of six waiting at hall-dinner, all walking on the clouds, and quite indifferent about the number of plates they dropped, or the quantity of sauce they spilled over your new coat. I remember my scout

once trying to lay the covers for supper. I noticed that he was very long about it, and fumbled the knives and forks backwards and forwards most erratically. At last he could bear it no longer, and whined out, 'I wish I *could* get these knives round the table.' He was reeling-ripe. Another beauty of the same class had a mania for sporting, made extensive bets with the Hon. George Bullfinch and young Lord Oldcastle, and would sometimes induce them to lend him a horse or dog-cart to drive out to Bullingdon.

Yet at the end of the long vacation these men are so reduced, that they are not ashamed to seek parochial relief.

But, after all, the real expenses of Oxford lie not in tailors' bills, nor even in scouts' appropriations.

The only tradesmen who give no credit in Oxford charge the highest credit prices, and fleece the boys the most cruelly. I mean the colleges themselves.

In the first place, it must be remembered that the colleges are large boarding-houses, where an average of sixty persons sit down every day to dinner; that they pay no rent; that they have large and rich foundations; that they preserve a strict monopoly in dealing with their inmates; and that they can fix their own tariffs; so that once inside you must pay what they ask, or leave the college, a proceeding always attended with some supposed disgrace.

With these advantages, colleges ought to be very cheap places of living. But the average residence of a student at Oxford is of twenty-four weeks in the year; his average payment to the college for that time, for board, lodging, and tutorage, £80; and as the so-called board does not include grocery, meat for breakfast, wine, and other drinks, besides many other things necessary to Oxford life, his expenses for board, lodging, and tutorage cannot be brought at a moderate college under £120 for the half-year—that is, he lives at the rate of £240 per annum. Incidental expenses of a moderate man, for journeys, subscriptions (compulsory at Oxford), fees, and pocket-money, amount to £25 at least, and clothes to, at the very least, £15 more; so that his expenses for the half-year are not less than £160.

I believe that there are not a hundred men in Oxford whose whole expenses are less than £130 for the academic year. I did, indeed, know one man who boasted that he reduced his to £100; but he fasted on Fridays and Wednesdays, and wore a very threadbare coat—more honour to him.

Now, how is it that, with one market and the same wants, one college is so much dearer than another? I knew a

man at Sempitern—a moderate man—who afterwards migrated to Leggerly Hall. Sempitern was a moderate college, Leggerly a somewhat expensive hall. I happen to have two of his battel-bills, each for a Michaelmas term, but with the difference, that while at the moderate place he resided eight weeks, he only kept six at the dear one. Now compare the accounts:—

	Sempitern College (8 weeks).		Leggerly Hall (6 weeks).
Battels and coals, . . .	£14 0 2	...	£17 19 10
Room-rent and taxes, . . .	2 10 0	...	4 5 8
University and College dues, . . .	1 15 5	...	4 1 3
Tuition, . . .	4 4 0	...	5 0 0
Letters, messenger, gate-bill, &c., . . .	0 19 10	...	1 3 2
	<hr/> £23 9 5		<hr/> £32 9 11

The one being just nine pounds more than the other, although the residence was shorter by two weeks. It must be observed, also, that the bill for the college never exceeded £25, while that for the hall is here much more moderate than usual. Now, let us take £27 as a very fair average, subtract £4 for tuition, and we find the expenses of mere board and lodging (exclusive of breakfast, lunch, &c., servants and washing), to be about £3 a-week to a moderate man; and when we consider that of this the lodging costs on an average only eight shillings a-week, it will be admitted that an Oxford College is an expensive hotel.

But, however this may be, why this difference in different colleges? Why at one place do you get a good dinner for one and sixpence; at another, a cold one for three shillings; at a third, a *recherché* banquet for half-a-crown; at a fourth, grease and grizzle for seven and sixpence? It does not depend on the number of members resident. Merton and Magdalen have as many as Lincoln, yet are twice as expensive. Nor do the riches of the foundations diminish the taxes on the students. The revenue of Merton is £7220; that of Magdalen, not precisely known, but estimated by Huber at £13,450; but that of Lincoln is only £2353. Again, it does not depend on the quality of the instruction or the reputation of the tutors. Merton, perhaps the most expensive college in Oxford, is in no way celebrated for scholarship; and in the last 25 years, it has only produced seven first-class-

men against 23 of Trinity, 41 of Christchurch, and 59 of Balliol. Again, the tutors' fees make very little difference, varying in different colleges never more than a pound or two per term. Lastly, the bedrooms are as tiny and close, the commones as dry, and the fare and accommodations every whit as poor, in the dearest as in the cheapest house.

The fact is, that at Oxford they rigidly preserve the prestige of position, and for this prestige you pay. The Merton man snubs the Lincoln commoners; the gentleman-commoner of Christchurch never sets foot in Worcester; the swell from New is unknown at Jesus, where the Welsh Joneses are so numerous, that it is an old joke to inquire at the lodge for that Mr Jones who uses a tooth-brush. Again, each establishment makes the best business it can. If a college be fashionable, the applications are numerous, and the terms remain high. If another be slighted, its prudent governors attract customers by their low scale of charges. Balliol, for instance, the best college for scholarship, has sometimes a balance of £2500 when all expenses are paid, and have yet no hesitation in collecting from their junior members no less than £300 per annum *for the kitchen fire*. At this rate, since the fire is lit only during six months, it must cost about £12 a-week—a mere trifle! If any one thinks I am joking, I beg to refer him to Mr Heywood's chapter on College Revenues.

Now, it must not be supposed that

the difference in the expenses of different colleges depends so much on the style of living, or the society of the place, as on the tariff fixed by the authorities of each, and the arrangements made to increase or diminish expense. If any one will take the trouble to find out a moderate man in each college and hall, and get a sight of his weekly bill, he will soon see where the difference lies. The imposition of a penny or twopence more on every item, or of sixpence more for the dinner, soon mounts up, and makes a considerable difference at the end of a term.

It is in the power of the colleges to diminish their expenses, and they ought to do so.

But a truce to these dreary details. Is it worthy, I ask, of colleges, with revenues varying from three to ten thousand, to seek to make the profits of innkeepers out of their *alumni*?

But that they do make them, the statistics sent in, and the existence of immense reserve-funds, prove beyond doubt. If they answer, that their university is meant only for those who can afford it, and those who can't may stay away, I cry, Shame on you, for truckling Mammonites and selfish belly-gods. You refuse knowledge, that you may drink port; and though priests of Christ's church, reject the poor disciple, that you may fatten on the foolish confidence of the rich. Here, by this Isis, the Druids taught, and hither Alfred the frugal sent his son Ethelward. Now you come, holding the keys of Peter, and lolling in the stalls of a thousand years, and hard, sensual, and robbers, begin by rifling the pockets of your disciples.

Is this Alma Mater, the cherisher, this a university, this the high throne of knowledge——?

WHAT BEFEL MY COMPANIONS;

OR,

MEMORIALS OF THE JOLLY DOGS.

EDITED BY FRANCIS MEYRICK, ESQUIRE.

THE STORY OF JOHN SMITH.

WE were in Meyrick's rooms, at the house that Mrs Biggs let: the time was that of after-dinner wine: the party consisted of Vernon, Peterkin, our host, and myself: Peterkin (of the Scottish Bar) was about to begin his report in the case of Smith. Of that report I now present an abridgment, along with such running commentaries as it called forth from the rest of us.

John Smith was the first-born of a country clergyman, who had an immense parish, a large family, and a very small income, somewhere in the west of Scotland. His, consequently, was not a very brilliant position; yet no sooner did John see the light, than it was resolved for him that he should follow in his father's steps, with the hope that some day he might achieve a similar destiny. Thus early dedicated to the Church, he was in due time sent to Glasgow College, where, somehow or other, he became one of our set. He was a gentle and amiable being, tall and stout, not clumsy, though perhaps a little heavy in appearance; he

had blue eyes, and fair hair, and a ruddy complexion; he really possessed considerable ability, yet at first sight he would probably have been taken by most people, that is to say, by superficial people, for a stupid man. I may add, that he was of a retiring disposition, and that I never could imagine what induced him to join the Jolly Dogs.

Through the long series of terms demanded by the Church of Scotland for her presbyters, 'our friend,' said Peterkin, 'went in due course of law: we require much more of our probationers than you do of your curates.'

'What's a probationer?' asked Meyrick.

'A licentiate, of course,' returned Peterkin.

'And what is a licentiate?' persevered the other.

'A man licensed to preach, but who has not yet got a parish,' replied our Scottish friend.

'And they are a superior body of men

to our curates?" asked Meyrick, maliciously, and with a smile, in which neither Vernon nor I could help joining.

'I should think so!' said Peterkin. 'And let me tell you —'

But here he became a little acrimonious, and I therefore pass over what he said. For, taken all together, he was a good creature. Besides, we pressed him rather too hard about his church and her ministers, more, indeed, than was just, I fear; for I believe the Scottish clergy to be, on the whole, admirably fitted for the position they occupy. I may say, however, that in the end the pert little fellow became rather personal towards myself. For, 'Whatever may be thought of our church,' said he, in a high tone, 'we of the Scottish bar do not gain admission merely by eating dinners. Ha!' And he looked at me particularly, and gave a vicious sidemod of his head.

'How then are you admitted?' I asked.

'By examinations!' cried our advocate, 'and by writing a Latin thesis!'

But, being pressed on the point, he was obliged reluctantly to confess that the examinations were mere shams,* and that the thesis could be procured for a small sum—three guineas, I think he said—from the grinder who prepared the candidates for the sham examinations, and who, he said, wrote beautiful Latin. After which confession he looked a little crestfallen. But rallying: 'It costs nearly three hundred and fifty pounds sterling, though,' said he; 'to pass advocate, I mean.'

'Ah!' interposed Meyrick, laughing. 'That must be a consolation indeed. But enough of this. I am the judge, and also a blessed Glendoveer, "'tis mine to speak, and yours to hear." Therefore, hear and obey. Judgment for both parties. Damages, a glass of wine all round, with a hob-nob. A special edict! Pass the bottles.'

'I move for costs, my lord,' cried little Peterkin, recovering his good-humour.

'I do most sincerely hope, and trust, and wish you may get them, brother Peterkin,' said Meyrick. 'Meanwhile, go on, and tell us about dear old Poodle.'

'Well,' said Peterkin, resuming his story, 'he was licensed, and then he went home, and his father, and his mother, and all the family, and indeed the whole

parish, were very proud the first day he appeared in the pulpit. But then, within a very few weeks the old minister died suddenly, leaving his widow and their children very poorly provided for. Now, John had hoped at one time to have been presented to the living as his father's successor. But the hope was disappointed. The advowson had been sold some little time before to a middle-aged lady, who now presented a relative of her own to the preferment, in the expectation that he would marry her; which, by the way, he did not do, nor had ever intended to do. Now, to no other patron had poor John Smith to look. But something he required to do, and, seeing a newspaper advertisement for an assistant in a parish-school, he applied for the situation, and obtained it. And then, every shilling that he received he remitted to his mother; every shilling at least after he had provided himself with what was absolutely necessary. What he thus sent was not much, indeed, for his pittance was very small. But it was always something to the poor widow; and, besides, it gladdened the old lady to receive such proof that she had so good and kind a son.

'Wylie,' said Peterkin, whose own words, I must now and then give—'Wylie was the name of Smith's principal. He was a bad specimen of a Scottish school-master: or rather he was really not a specimen of his class at all. For I need not tell you what an admirable institution our parish-school system is. It is to it that we owe our place among the nations—it is from our parish-schools that our sons go forth into every land, conquering, and to conquer!' And the little man went on at some length with his eulogy: I shall, however, give no more of what seemed to me at the time to be in all probability part of a debating-society speech. Suffice it to say, that, so far as I could gather, his object was to let us understand that the Scottish school-master he was about to speak of ought to be considered by us as altogether an exception. Be that as it may, he certainly succeeded in proving to us that in Scotland there was at least one parish-school, which was less a thing to be admired, than a nuisance to be abated. And he spoke from personal knowledge; for, as will be seen, he was once called by professional business to the locality. I cross-examined him rather minutely on the subject: here is the sum of what he said;

* I am told that, since Mr Poyntz wrote, the mode of admission to the Scottish Bar has been reformed.—F. M.

I should observe, however, that the greater part of his facts were derived from Smith, or rather from a sort of journal the poor fellow had kept, and which he afterwards placed in Peterkin's hands.

Wylie, the schoolmaster, did not present a very prepossessing outward appearance. He was a native of Aberdeenshire, big and raw-boned, with a very long nose, and very small eyes: altogether, he had the appearance of a great pig. And a great pig he was; not clean in his person, in many of his ways very unpleasant. What was perhaps worse, it was the same with his wife: an untidy woman, whose manners are gross, is a horrible being. Peterkin gave us some really sickening anecdotes of the couple, so sickening indeed that I cannot print them. Smith boarded with them, and had board the poor fellow got; herrings and potatoes for ten days consecutively—butcher meat, when such meat there was, as often bad as not—and so on. But the character of these people will best be elucidated by one or two of the stories Smith told of them, and which are not too disgusting to be here recorded.

Thus, Smith one day happened to say that we never see but one hemisphere of the moon. 'You would see the other if you went to Australia,' said the sapient schoolmaster, with authority.

So much for his science; now for his morality. He was wont to attend a monthly market which was held in his locality. He never had any business there, but the occasion afforded him an opportunity of drinking much whisky at the expense of others, who were led to treat him because he wrote an occasional agricultural report for the local paper, and he therein puffed their names as farmers, in consideration of their liquor. 'I have a copy of one such report,' said Peterkin, 'and a precious thing it is: I wish I had it here, but if you would like a laugh, Meyrick, when I go back to Edinburgh I will send it you. Only you must return it. Well, the dominie almost always returned home the worse of his potations at the market. And on one of those occasions a scene occurred which Smith said was the most painful he ever witnessed in his life. The wretched schoolmaster, who could scarcely stand, and was quite unable to articulate distinctly, must needs read prayers to his family. The consequence was, that the children began to exchange glances, and then to laugh; upon which the wife ad-

ministered to them, not unobserved by Smith, though she thought so, fierce admonitory kicks below the table.'

With the passing remark, that the system so much vaunted by Peterkin (and not by him alone) cannot be altogether perfect, considering that it allowed that this Wylie, perfectly notorious as he must have been, could retain his situation so long as it appeared he had done, I pass to some of our friend's tales which were merely of a ludicrous nature.

'I told you,' said he, 'that Wylie was an Aberdonian. He had been at King's College there—in Aberdeen, I mean—and had even got the degree of Master of Arts from it.'

'Stop!' cried Meyrick. 'Such a fellow as that? And besides, I thought it was called Marischal College in Aberdeen. Dugald Dalgetty, you know.'

'You forget,' said I, 'the facetious remark which Sir Robert Peel once made in the House of Commons—that Aberdeen, like England, possessed two universities. There is King's College, and there is Marischal College, and the one as well as the other is a university.'

'Capital!' cried Meyrick, 'and very funny. Go on, Peterkin, my boy.'

'Well,' said Peterkin, 'it appears that what we call the Greek class in Glasgow is called the Bejant class in Aberdeen—'

'Bejant? Bejant?' interrupted Meyrick. 'What can Bejant mean? Stay—I have it. Bejant is a corruption of Byzantine. There's an etymology for you!'

'It may be so,' said Peterkin. 'But what do you think that wise fellow Wylie said it was? The Greek class ranks as the second year, you know. Well, says Wylie, "It just means the B gents, like class A, class B, class C, and the like, at cattle-shows and the like." Wasn't that rich?'

'Rather,' said Meyrick, laughing heartily. 'Very rich indeed. Some more, if you please.'

'Well,' said Peterkin, 'here's another. One night Mr Wylie returned home late, in his gig; for he was so far respectable that he kept a gig. You know the old story, I suppose? Yes? Well, he proceeded to stable his horse. It was a young animal, newly broke; he had only had it a few days; something startled it, and away it went with all its harness on its back.'

'Like Macbeth,' interrupted Meyrick. 'And then?'

'The dominie, rightly judging that it would return to the farm where it had been bred and born, lit a lantern, and trudged off with a view to recapture. His walk was a weary one of several miles, but he was rewarded at last by finding his beast standing quietly at the door of the stable which had been its early home: it had, however, disencumbered itself during its scamper of not a few buckles and straps, and so on. These, of course, were distributed along the road; so, leading the horse with one hand, he kept flashing the lantern from side to side, and took the way home again. Suddenly the sound of approaching hoofs met his ear; it came nearer; it came close to him; it stopped; it began again; it retreated; it died away. The next moment he met the village doctor. Now this personage was at feud with him; as indeed it appeared most of his neighbours were; for both he and his wife had bad tongues, and spread scandal, and so were detested: the doctor and he had not spoken for many a day.'

'No?' interrupted I, very rudely; but the temptation was irresistible.

'Had not spoken to each other,' resumed Peterkin, in a slightly pettish tone. 'Please not to interrupt me, Poyntz, or I can't go on. Well—"What fool are you, flaring about with that infernal lantern?" cried the doctor as he came up; he was a man of very quick temper, it seems.—"Dear me, doctor, is that you?" said Wylie, turning his lantern on the doctor's face; "dear me, it's me."—"It is you, is it?" roared the doctor. "And what are you doing here, you great idiot?"—"Dear me, doctor," said the schoolmaster again, "I'm just looking for my harness."—"Your harness! Where's my horse?"—"Your horse? Dear me, doctor, what sould I ken aboot yer horse?" You may fancy how pleasantly the two returned together to the village; the doctor objugating the whole way, and the schoolmaster leading his horse, and still looking for his straps and buckles, and with his perpetual "Dear me," deprecating the resentment of the furious physician.

'He telled me files an' aft he wad breck every bone in my body; an' ance, fan I said till him he wad hae to men them again, I was muckle feared he was gaun to keep his word." So spoke the dominie, as he wiped a cold perspiration from his brow, and took his place at the domestic hearth, after putting up the

unlucky "pownie," as he called it. That's the way Aberdeen people speak, and the way he spoke familiarly, or when flurried. When he tried, he could speak a little better, but not much; his grammar was always faulty, and his Scottish accent was abominable.'

Here Meyrick's eye, and then Vernon's, caught mine, and I saw that, like myself, it was with difficulty they suppressed a smile. For our friend Peterkin himself spoke with a very curious accent; with an accent which was meant, but failed, to be an English accent; with an accent consequently which was neither an English nor a Scottish accent. I had heard something like it before, from more than one Scottish advocate pleading in Scots appeals at the bar of the House of Lords. A pure and natural Scottish accent is not, and indeed cannot be, really vulgar; but to my mind the mincing and affected accent of which I speak is vulgar in the extreme. But —

'Come, Peterkin,' said Meyrick, 'you tell a story uncommonly well.' Peterkin on this looked greatly flattered, and sipped his wine complacently. 'Yes, indeed,' continued Meyrick, 'you should have been an Arabian Nights Entertainer, and told stories about hunchbacks and ghouls, and talismans and tom-cats, and magic fish and fountains —'

'Ha!' interrupted Peterkin, with a loud laugh, 'I'll tell you something about a magic fountain—about a magic fountain,' he repeated; 'about that Wylie and a fountain. I told you that he wrote what he called an Agricultural Report for the local journal. Well, all the people employed on it, from the editor downwards, took a holiday, and visited by invitation the country-house and grounds of the member for the county, in whose election, some time before, the paper had made itself of use. Amongst the rest went Wylie; the place was within three miles of him. A few days afterwards, the member being then in London, Wylie, in the vanity of his heart, thought he would take his assistant to visit the scene where he had been an honoured guest. Mrs Wylie also went: of her I shall tell you more presently. As for Smith, he was both surprised and annoyed at the invitation, and went reluctantly; but his amiable nature feared to offend the feelings of any man. They went in Wylie's gig, a double one; and they inspected the gardens and the rest of the grounds, till finally they came

to an artificial piece of water: it was a round basin of moderate size, in the centre of which was a loaden demi-god of some sort; who had the power, when properly invoked by means of a turn-cock on the margin, to throw high into the air a strong jet of water. This machinery Wylie had seen put in play on his previous visit; and now, confident in his power to manage a thing so simple, and anxious to show off, and being naturally of a meddling disposition, he called the attention of his wife and his usher, and applied his rash hand to the waterworks. Sad was the result! He turned the screw but half-a-turn, instead of boldly bringing it round and home, and the consequence was, that the demi-god, as if he felt insulted, instead of sending his spout perpendicularly up, launched it straight at the countenance of the discomfited dominie, and actually knocked him over.

'A good shot that!' said Meyrick, laughing. 'Well done, demi-god!'

'When Wylie got on his legs again,' continued Peterkin, 'which he only did after crawling some distance on all-fours, he had the sense to see that at all hazards he must stop the deluge, for already there was a river running down the shrubbery; and at last he succeeded in turning back the screw, but not before he was as thoroughly drenched as if he had thrown himself head foremost into the pond. Well, during all this, his wife did nothing but titter—he—he—he! For she was an idiot, and a very ugly idiot she was; I saw her when I was in that quarter. She was as flat, both to a front and to a back view, as if she had been squeezed between two boards; she was slovenly, and never looked clean; her skin was like old parchment, only it was full of wrinkles; and then it was clammy. Smith said that the first time he shook hands with her he shuddered, for it seemed as if he had got hold of a puddock.'

'Of a what?' asked I, on the impulse of the moment.

'Of a frog,' returned Peterkin, with a renewed expression of annoyance. 'Then her face was the shape of a dragon.'

'Impossible!' cried Meyrick. 'Excuse me, my dear Peterkin,' he continued, apologetically, and evidently anxious not to hurt the self-esteem of our Scottish friend. 'Pray, pardon the question; but what is the shape of a dragon, so that a woman's face could be like it? Really——'

'A boy's kite, then,' said Peterkin

sulkily, and then he stopped. There was a short but awkward silence; at last, however, he seemed suddenly to throw off his ill-humour, and began again of his own accord. Your true story-teller can no more help telling his story than Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner* could. But here I must abridge again, for Peterkin's account of the 'Wylie woman,' as he called her, was rather diffuse.

Intellectually, then, Mrs Wylie was an 'idiot'—I use the epithet which our friend repeatedly applied to her. Very illiterate, she could scarcely spell. In temper she was a vixen. Morally, she had a bad heart. She was a great twaddler, and almost twaddled Smith out of his wits. Though a fool, or rather because she was a fool, she had a high opinion of herself, and, indeed, thought herself the only sensible woman in the parish. She had brought her husband a small fortune, and believed herself entitled on that account to rule him, which, in fact, she did. On the same ground she believed herself entitled 'to give herself airs to everybody'—an expression of Peterkin's which made Meyrick murmur half aloud, 'the airs of an heiress, I suppose.' She was malicious—malicious in the extreme; and, in her malice, could be guilty of the utmost meanness. This was the point in her character which chiefly affected the fortunes of John Smith; for she did influence his fortunes, and it is chiefly because she did so that I speak of such a being at such length. How she did so will presently be seen; but before I go on with the story, I shall give a little anecdote of her, as told by Peterkin, with a short colloquy which his narrative brought forth among us, and also part of the famous 'agricultural report' which he kept his word by forwarding to us, and of which, before we returned it, I took a copy.

'Mrs Wylie,' said Peterkin, 'was wont to dream dreams, and also to tell them next morning. On one occasion she had dreamed of finding a bag of silver coins. "Have you heard lately from your nieces in Chili?" asked Smith, cheerfully, for this was shortly after he came, and he thought, poor fellow, to make himself agreeable. As regards his question, she had told him that she had two nieces in first-rate situations as governesses in Valparaiso. "No," said she, "but I expect letters soon." Said Smith, "Then it is very likely that you will hear of your dream being explained and fulfilled by

their having left Chili and gone to Peru, and married Inca there." "That they have married tinkers!" cried the dame, mightily offended, and tossing her long chin.

'There were four boys boarded with the Wylies,' said Peterkin a little afterwards in continuation. 'Two of them she chummed upon Smith, though he had been promised a room to himself. The racket and the romping they kept up made it almost impossible for him to study; but, though he had looked forward to quiet study of an evening, he could not find it in his heart to check them. By the way, she allowed her boarders no salt to their meat and no water at table. She said a doctor had told her that salt was bad for boys, and water was worse. Salt—that reminds me of a thing. All the idiot did, even when she had an object in view and did her best, was sure to be incomplete. Thus she always put down a mustard-pot on the table, but usually it had nothing in it but a dirty spoon; or else, if there was mustard, the spoon was wanting.'

'Oh!' exclaimed Meyrick, 'there is *Latia* for that—

"*Abetalit et turpi lanx cochleare fuga*."

You described her as being "long, and lank, and brown, and lean."

'I've no idea what you mean,' said Peterkin, after thinking a little.

'Very well rhymed, my Peterkin!' said Meyrick. 'I see you are a poet.'

To me privately, when I afterwards referred to this—for no more than Peterkin did I understand it at the time—Meyrick said, in his merry way, 'The little lap-dog didn't laugh to see the sport, nor you, Pointer-Poyntz, either, for you did not see it. What I quoted was Porson's translation of—"And the dish ran away with the spoon." But you may be excused, for I doubt if "*lanx*" is classical, and as for "*cochleare*," it cannot be. I have seen it in doctors' prescriptions.'

But now for the 'agricultural report,' of which I have spoken more than once. I shall only give extracts from it; the third, and the longest of these, it may be necessary to observe, refers to the famous holiday of the newspaper people, which it would appear from the 'report' was an annual one. The two first extracts, I should add, are given merely as specimens of what it is possible for the style of a Scottish schoolmaster to be:—

'The month just now concluded has not "wasted its sweetness on the desert

air," for the heart of the husbandman has caught up the influence, and his mind has been inspired with the hope of reaping an abundant crop, as a reward for his anxieties and toil. . . .

'The aspect of the third weeks considerably improved, and St Swithin passed by without his umbrella, and sent our locality a royal breeze from the south—a rare reality this season. . . .

'In our botanising excursion this week we fell in with a rare plant—rare at least in this vicinity—for it is questionable whether it could be brought into general use, though it produces a capital edible. The plant is indigenous, but mostly a house plant; luxuriates every year about this time in the open air, when it becomes very attractive, and, unlike house plants, which take in oxygen during the day, and give it out injuriously to health during the night, it inhales the gas both by day and night.* It is of the genus *Editor*, and species *Courierensis*. The plant is easily known from the vigour and boldness of its stem, which becomes broad and expansive towards the top, bearing a fine coronal structure, and usually has numerous—say forty or fifty—suckers, which cling to it "like ivy to the oak," more especially at the period of its vegetating in the open country, and in such an attractive locality, for instance, as the highly begemmed garden and grounds surrounding the noble mansion of Newton House. Botanisers, when they fall in with this plant, will, when proceeding on to their inquiry, exclaim, "May we soon see its like again?"

Such a production could not, I verily believe, have flowed from the fancy of the most imaginative fiction-writer desirous of caricaturing a schoolmaster; yet, incredibly absurd as it is, it was really the grave work of a Scottish schoolmaster, and there is no doubt but that in his self-conceit Mr Wylie thought it admirable.

But now once more for Smith. The poor fellow, who, as may well be supposed, was very uncomfortable and very lonely, was one day surprised by a visit from a tall, spare, erect man, dressed in a grey suit, which might have been cut by an army tailor, and, indeed, probably was. Raising his hand soldier-wise to his fore-

* I do not know much about either botany or chemistry, but I know enough to feel entitled to say that this botany and chemistry is all wrong. If Mr Poynts had revised these sheets, he would probably have made some remark upon what I believe to be an egregious error.—F. M.

head, in a quiet and respectful, but decided tone, this personage said, 'Mr Smith, a note from General Scott.' And he presented a note. Smith took it, opened, and read—'General Scott requests the favour of Mr Smith's company at dinner to-morrow, at six o'clock precisely.' The date followed.

Smith stared at the document, felt flurried, and at last stammered, 'Is—is this for me?'

'Certainly, sir,' said the other. 'Mr Smith, assistant in this school. I have seen you in church. I know you by sight. I wait an answer. I shall walk up and down here till it is ready.'

'Won't you come in?' asked Smith, rather hesitatingly, for he scarcely knew where he could have asked a guest of any kind to sit down.

'No, sir, thank you,' said the other. 'I have orders not.'

'I shall not keep you five minutes, then,' said Smith, and he ran up-stairs to write his reply. He was not, however, so good as his word, for he spoiled two or three sheets of paper before he succeeded in writing an acceptance to his mind. As it was, he was much annoyed at finding that he had no other paper than foolscap, and that his note was consequently a very unsightly one. However, there was no help for it, and he wisely suppressed the apology he at first thought of making for it. The old serjeant, for such he was, received the despatch with a nod, then formally repeated his regular salute, wheeled about, and departed, with a slow and measured step.

'What can the general mean,' Smith asked himself, as he returned to his garret. 'Why should he ask an assistant-schoolmaster to dinner?' Of course nothing came of such puzzling, except that the next day he exhibited considerable absence of mind in the school, a thing, however, which quite escaped the notice of his principal, who was completely occupied in the concoction of a 'report,' and who, when he did raise his eyes from his manuscript, merely stared at vacancy, and gnawed the feather of his pen. It was a weary day that to Smith; but the school was dismissed at last, and he was called to dinner.

'I shall not dine at home to-day, Mrs Wylie,' said he next day.

'Why, where will you dine?' said she, tossing her head and brandishing her long chin. 'I did not know you had any friends in this quarter.'

'Nor do I know that I have,' retorted Smith, rather sarcastically for him.

He then went to dress for the banquet in the Mysterious Castle. For General Scott lived in a castle, as a soldier should. But though his house was called a castle, it was comparatively a small one, consisting merely of a square tower (a very ancient one, and the sole remains of the original castle), with two short wings of modern date, branching from it at right angles to each other. Smith went to dress, and here tribulation came upon him. For he had not properly examined his wardrobe since he had come to the school and deposited it in the two drawers assigned to him; the consequence of which neglect was, that he found some fine linen, which he reserved for uncommon occasions, mildewed to a deplorable extent—that he discovered, on trying it on, that his only black coat had shrunk (unless, indeed, he had grown), inasmuch as the cuffs left about two inches of his wrists visible—that a button was dangerously loose on his waistcoat—that his black pantaloons had a hole in them—that his shoes were covered with a greenish mould—and, finally, that his silk stockings were not to be found at all. John Smith, it appeared, followed, without ever having thought of it, the example of his old-fashioned and worthy sire, and wore silk stockings and light shoes in full dress.

These discoveries threw John into despair, and he bitterly repented of his want of forethought in not having looked to his attire on the previous evening. But all he now could do was to make the best of it; so he mended the hole, sewed on the button tightly, cleaned his shoes, and adopted white cotton socks: for the shrinking of the coat there was no help. And so he set out, and luckily arrived at the castle just as its great clock was striking six: rather to his surprise did he so arrive in time, for he thought himself at least half-an-hour too late, and had been preparing an apology all along the way.

The general received him graciously, in spite of his somewhat grotesque appearance, and—'Glad to see you, Mr Smith,' said he, 'and to find you so punctual. Order, method, and punctuality, are all in all, for civilians as well as for soldiers.'

Poor Smith! It at once occurred to him that he owed the punctuality for which he got credit that day to the lucky fact of the school clock being kept al-

ways half-an-hour in advance of the real time, while it was evident from what the general said, that the time kept at the castle must be scrupulously exact. So he blushed, as he thought how little he deserved the compliment. 'Modest young man that!' probably said the general to himself.

But here I must say a word about the gallant officer. He was a man of no high family; his father had been a country doctor. A great man whom the doctor had successfully attended in a dangerous illness had obtained an Indian appointment for the son, who otherwise would probably have pestled and pilled like his father. To India he went, distinguished himself both in a purely military and in an administrative capacity, married well, and at last returned to his native country with a considerable fortune, and a liver unimpaired. His wife was dead, without having had the consolation to see again their only child, a daughter; who, as Indian children usually are, had early been sent to England. The general bought the castle I have briefly described: it stood on a small estate—a very small estate—for he had left the greater part of his fortune invested in India. Here he settled down alone with his daughter, the superintendence of whose education he took it into his head he would himself assume—her education in the higher branches, that is to say; for, in those usually taught in schools, she was already what is called 'finished.'

But the general soon found that it would not do at all. Though an excellent man in every other respect, he was naturally of a very quick temper, and seemed besides to have fed upon curries and the like not without result, so fiery was he. In short, he found that as an instructor he could not keep his equanimity; and, lest he should lose it openly, he would often decamp almost at the commencement of a lesson. Mary, his daughter, was a sweet girl, artless, loving, sensible, if not clever; but, with all the good-will in the world, she could not always follow her father's explanations, and that enraged him. The fact was, that the general knew nothing about the art of teaching—did not even know that there was an art in teaching; so that, while he failed as a teacher, he had no idea that the failure was to be imputed rather to himself than to his pupil. Moreover, though a man of considerable and varied knowledge, he frequently preferred,

as was not unnatural, perhaps, to lecture upon subjects more or less purely military and technical; when, that Mary made mistakes in answer to his questions upon them, vexed him sorely. Take as an instance the following: 'Prepare to receive cavalry,' says the military tutor; 'suppose you are surprised; what do you do then?' Now, be quick, Mary, or they will be down upon you.'

'Form echelons by threes about,' poor Mary would say, in her haste, and despair, and confusion. Upon which the general would bolt, with a very savage air, while Mary, left alone, would say to herself, with a tear in her eye, 'I knew it was wrong, but I had to say something. I shall find out, however, and that will please him.' And then she would go to the library, and take down an old book of tactics, and pore over it, and 'find out,' as she said. And then again, when the general returned home some hours afterwards, she would run up to him, and say, smiling, 'Form square, dear papa, front rank kneeling.' Upon which the general would exclaim, in his haste, 'Form square, indeed! when you are cut to pieces! Form fools!' But then quickly, 'No, no, my dear; I beg your pardon. Only you surprised me.'

'Then form square, papa!' says Mary, with a merry laugh.

'Order dinner, Mary, and send Stables to me, and no more nonsense. We shall try again to-morrow.'

Or again, walking out together, they would come to a rustic seat in the woods, and placing her beside him on it, he would draw lines on the ground with his cane. 'Now attention, Mary,' he would say; 'this is the profile of a field fortification. What do you call this?' and he would run his Penang lawyer along one of the lines.

'The glacis, papa,' says Mary.

'Well, it would be the glacis if it were a regular fortification. We'll pass that; what's this?'

'The—the ditch, I think.'

'Very good; and this?'

'The banquette, papa.'

'What?' thunders the general; 'the banquette outside the parapet! It's the berm, girl! But come along; it's of no use.'

And afterwards, when Mary would tell Smith of such scenes, she would say, 'I am so sorry; I wish so much to please him; he is so kind and good; but I fear I am very, very stupid.'

Sometimes, while he was explaining some order of battle, or the circumstances of some siege, Mary would innocently in-

interrupt him, and say, 'Dear papa, tell me rather about my dear mamma.' On which the general would rise in a rage at not finding her interested in what he was saying, but instantly softening, he would say, very gently, 'Not now, my love; another time I will.' Nevertheless, he never did; he had loved his wife too well to talk about her—even to their child.

Such was John Smith's host. 'Do you know anything of oriental languages, Mr Smith?' asked he, after John had seated himself, and a few commonplace remarks had been exchanged. Smith said that he had studied Hebrew with some care. 'Oh, of course,' returned the general, 'as a parson. But Hebrew, except for parsons, is trash. Nobody speaks it; not even the Jews themselves. It is as bad as Greek or Latin. All that is worth translating in such dead languages has been translated. I meant Hindostani, or Persian, or ——— But here is my daughter. Mary, this is Mr Smith: Mr Smith, I present you to Miss Scott.'

For here entered Mary Scott, with a gentle smile to her father, and a graceful inclination to Smith, who bowed profoundly, and, as he afterwards confessed, very awkwardly, for he was taken un-awares. And then he blushed deeply, once again. Miss Scott extended her hand, and he, so to speak, clutched it. 'I am very glad ———' he said, and there he stopped. This was his own account of the affair.

Peterkin here thought it needful to give us a laboured and rather long description of Miss Scott's personal appearance, but, as it conveyed no idea whatever to my own mind, I omit it entirely, and resume his narration.

'They went to dinner; Miss Scott, at her father's command, leading the way, while he took Smith's arm in a style of kind familiarity, and they followed her. "That dinner must have taken place," Smith once said to me afterwards, "but I remember nothing about it; it was like a dream of the night; and the recollection of it vanished like the recollection of a dream. It was only when Miss Scott withdrew that I seemed to awake, and then I did awake, for the general came to business at once." "Mr Smith," said he, "I wish my daughter to take some lessons." And the rest of the conversation Peterkin, at second-hand, reported rather minutely. I shall only give the sum of it.

The general wished his daughter to

take some lessons—lessons in history literature, science. He had at first thought of asking the parish clergyman to give them; but he was a puppy.

'Which was likely enough,' remarked Peterkin, 'for he had been the assistant of a minister in Edinburgh, and had been a great favourite with the ladies of the congregation.' As for Wylie, the school-master-in-chief, he was altogether a boor. So the general had thought of Smith, had asked him to dinner, and was pleased with him. Now, as to history, Miss Scott knew the facts well enough; what he wanted her to learn was something of the philosophy of history—the *why* as well as the *what*. Then as to literature—suppose Mr Smith should read some plays of Shakspeare with her? Smith hesitating, and giving his reasons for doubting if it was advisable for him to read Shakspeare with a young lady, the general said he was quite right, that he had not thought of that, and that he thanked him for the hint. They might read Cowper, then; Cowper was rather namby-pamby, but there was no harm in him. Why was he always represented in a nightcap? Then as to science—did Mr Smith know anything of botany? A little—that was quite enough. Botany was a nice study for a lady. Then as to the hours: Mr Smith was occupied every day except Saturday (and of course Sunday) in the school from ten to three? Well—could he come in the morning at eight, and again in the afternoon at four? He could? Very well, that would do. Next, what were Mr Smith's terms? Private tutors at Glasgow asked a guinea and a-half a-month for an hour. 'Very good. Mr Smith should have two: four guineas a-month. There, then, was nothing more to settle? Good. Mr Smith might begin next morning. And—"Take another glass of wine, Mr Smith," said the general, in conclusion, "and then we shall go to the drawing-room. Miss Scott will give us a little music: she always plays to me of an evening."

'It was with a rejoicing heart,' continued Peterkin, 'that Smith returned home that night, and the poor fellow, in his joy, could not help informing Mr and Mrs Wylie of his good fortune. But, to his surprise, great was the indignation of the one—great the indignation of the other. They said little, however, at the time: the way in which the woman pursed up her thin and bloodless lips seeming even meant to prevent herself

om speaking. But they deliberated when mith had left them. And the nextaturday, as the result of that and subsequent deliberations, Mr Wylie betook himself to the castle, and demanded an audience of the general. The old gentleman was naturally enough a little at a loss to imagine what the dominie could want with him; but, as the best way of ascertaining, he ordered him into his presence. And then the hypocritical rascal, in an ill way, which he doubtless thought intimidating, thus began: "It's some warm day, general."

"Warm, indeed!" cried the old Indian, with a shiver. "And did you come to tell me that, you fool?"

"No like!" answered the schoolmaster, submissively, and, indeed, rather apprehensively. "Fac' is, it's gey airish."

"Then what did you really come for?" resumed the general, eyeing his man with strong dislike.

"Does your generalship snuff?" asked Mr Wylie, producing and tendering his box with a very obsequious air.

"Grant me patience," exclaimed the old officer, rising and approaching the other in an ominous way.

"No! Once more I ask, what do you want?"

"Thus peremptorily challenged, the schoolmaster entered, with some misgivings probably, upon the object of his visit. As an honest man, he said, and as bolding responsible situations—he actually held some three or four besides that of schoolmaster—his character required to be maintained beyond suspicion; so he had thought it his duty to call on General Scott for the purpose of warning him as to the young man, Smith. Not that he knew any harm of Mr Smith, but he believed him to be a great admirer of the female gender, and 'surely it was no chancey to throw him an' bonnie Miss Mary thegither.' And so on he went, or rather was going, when the general stopped him abruptly; for, striding in a passion to the bell, and ringing it violently, the hot-tempered soldier roared, in a voice of thunder, "There's the door, you impudent rascal." And Stables appearing, "Turn this scoundrel out immediately!" And then he left the room himself.

"My man," began Mr Wylie to Stables (whom, by the way, an old brother officer of the general's, having partially lost his powers of memory, used invariably to call Saddles)—"my man ——"

'But there he stopped, for he did not altogether like the look of the old sergeant, though, as for his attitude, it was pacific enough, being exactly that of a railway pointsman, his body erect, and one arm extended horizontally.

"My man," tried the schoolmaster again; but he could get no farther, and, without another word, he sneaked out.

'A few minutes afterwards the bell of the general's dressing-room summoned Stables again. "Did you kick him?" asked the master.

"No, general; I had no orders. But ——"

"Well?" said the general.

"Can run after him and kick him yet."

"Stables, you are a fool. Go."

"Yes, general," said Stables, briskly.

"Stay!" cried the general. "I should not wonder but he actually thinks I mean him to pursue that man. Don't leave the castle till farther orders."

"No, general," responded the old soldier, in his usual imperturbable way, as he gave his customary salute, and left the room.

'On the following Monday General Scott told the whole story to Smith, and, as he did so, he watched him narrowly. But Smith was, as yet, wholly unconscious of anything which could justify suspicion: he had known the young lady but a few days. "Of course I knew it was all nonsense," said the general, after his inspection of the young man's ingenuous countenance. The fact was, that he probably thought the thing ridiculous—impossible. A tutor aspire to a daughter of his! For, like many or most men who have raised themselves, he had a great respect for distinction of ranks, especially when his own rank was concerned.

'But now again about the Wylies,' continued Peterkin, after a pause to fill his glass and pass the wine, which had been with him for some time. 'Smith began to suffer really dreadfully from the wretched creatures. The ingenuity of their spite was wonderful. Impertinent hints were his daily fare; indeed, at last, it was the only fare he got. For, not to mention other annoyances, here is what they did: they made their breakfast hour earlier, so that breakfast was over before he returned from giving his morning lesson; and then they made their dinner hour later, so that dinner never appeared before his departure to give his evening one. And then again, though Smith had made no complaint, Mrs Wylie, after a day

or two of this, said to him, with the usual tossing of her head, "We have fixed hours, Mr Smith, and if you do not choose to keep them, you must just go without." And our poor old friend did "go without," indeed, for he lived upon dry bread for some time, buying it out of his own pocket. But at last even this resource failed. He had shortly before remitted nearly all his ready money to his mother: he found himself penniless: his quarter's salary—I am really ashamed to say how small it was, but it would always have been something—was not due for some time: he had a horror of getting into debt: as to asking Wylie for money before he was strictly entitled to it, nothing could have brought him to that point. Was he, then, to give up his lessons to Miss Scott? No, no, no, he said to himself.

'In these circumstances he took the desperate resolution of applying to the general for an advance of his salary. I say the desperate resolution, for the very idea of doing such a thing made him shudder when first he thought of it: but something did require to be done, if he was not either to be actually starved, or else to give no more lessons to Miss Scott.'

'Hum,' said Meyrick; 'I see.'

'What do you see?' asked Peterkin, with a curious look.

'Oh, nothing,' returned Meyrick. 'Pray go on.'

'Well,' continued our friend, 'Smith summoned up all his courage; asked an interview with the general, and requested a small advance. But the general frowned, he thought: so, in his confusion and anxiety to excuse himself, he hastily came out with all the facts.

"The rascal!" exclaimed the general. "The rascal! the rascal! and the she-rascal! Never mind, my dear boy: it shall not be as they think. Listen: you shall breakfast and dine here. Begin to-day. No, sir, no thanks. I have a letter to write before dinner. Ring for Stables. He will show you a dressing-room, where you can make yourself comfortable." And so, thenceforth, Smith was the daily and grateful guest of the general; the evil-minded Wylies had done him unintentionally good service. But he fully repaid the favour shown him: for he acted as the general's amanuensis, wrote to his dictation, wrote letters for him; all that sort of thing, in short. And very soon the old man became much attached to him, and insisted on his passing almost all his evenings at the castle. Willingly, indeed,

did Smith do so; and his kind host found his advantage in it too. For the general was a great backgammon player, and his daughter had been wont to play with him to the best of her ability: but to her great regret she was by no means such a match for him as to give him any real zest in the game. She had always to count the points when her cast was above a deuce; she left the most dangerous blots, and many of them; and, what was just as bad, she would omit, when she had it in her power, to strike the blots left by her father; in short, she was an opponent by no means worthy of the general's dice-box, and she felt it was so, poor lassie. So John's backgammon play was a great thing for all the three. But judge of the general's delight when he found that Smith could play chess, and played chess well, too. After that, a box of Indian chessmen was opened every night, after having been closed for years, and face to face sat the general and Smith, over a small table inlaid with ebony and amboyna wood. And Miss Scott, relieved from what had been to her a pleasure only in so far as it seemed a duty, now gave them much sweet music as they played, and, what was odd for chess-players, neither seemed disturbed by it. Indeed, they would pause from their game to listen, and it was only when the general, recovering himself, would exclaim, "Smith, your king has been in check this half hour," that Smith remembered he was playing. Miss Scott touched both piano and harp with much taste and music, and she sang Scottish songs very sweetly: I have heard her sing, so I can judge; and I am a little of a judge, too, for the future Mrs Peterkin sings divinely.

'But Saturday was Smith's great day. He had begun to give his lessons in botany, so of a Saturday, there being no school on that day, Miss Scott and he went out to botanise together, practically. By the mill they went, stopping for a little to look at the plashing wheel, and till the "dusty miller" came out and greeted them, when they would hastily return his salutation, and "move on," as I hear your London policemen say: then they passed the blacksmith's, stopping again for a moment to look through the open doorway at the sparks, flying to the regular clink-clank of the hammers, unless, indeed, Smith led the lady to the other side of the road, because of a horse tied up to a ring and getting shod: then they

came to a "rough stone dyke," and Smith would offer to help Miss Scott to cross it, for it lay in their way; but she always declined his aid, and stepped over the obstruction with the lightness of a fairy, while he again, in scrambling over, was sure to knock down a dozen of the loose stones, at which exploit she would merrily laugh: then they went through a plantation, odoriferous with its larches, along narrow paths, which the shade of the trees made almost dark; another "rough stone dyke," and they emerged upon a heath, where there were black pools of water, in the places from which turf had been dug, and where they sometimes found a rare erica, or a pretty orchis.

'Holloa!' cried Meyrick here. 'Are you a botanist yourself, Peterkin, that you speak Greek to us?'

'Oh no,' returned our little friend; 'not at all. I have no time for such things: the fact is, I only tell you what Smith has told me I daresay a dozen of times. He was, and is still, very fond of describing these walks: and as I am a good-natured sort of fellow, I have always let him go on.'

Here it seemed to occur to Peterkin that Meyrick had again broken the thread of his story, for—

'I, for my part, think it rude to interrupt people,' said he; and then he looked as if now, at least, he meant to stop.

'I am a guilty wretch!' cried Meyrick; 'a criminal of the deepest dye! Pardon, pardon! though truly I deserve to have sentence of lock-jaw passed upon me at once. But it would be unjust, you know, to punish Vernon and Poyntz there for my misdeeds. So don't. Pray drive on again.'

'Well then,' said Peterkin, with an air of yielding condescension, 'I will. There was what Smith called "the happy valley;" it was a sort of ravine, with a flat beside the burn at the bottom of it: a burn is a little stream, you know. It was grassy that flat; the burn overflowed it sometimes. It was a rocky burn, and the other bank of it was steep, yet not so steep but that there were trees on it, with a birch here and there to relieve the green of the rest with its white stem.'

'Will nobody relieve me from that poet!' once more interrupted Meyrick. 'Oh dear, oh dear! No, no. No, no. This is delightful. I think I see the place, so graphically have you described it, Peterkin.'

'A nice ripe wine this,' said Peterkin,

who this time seemed not at all annoyed by Meyrick's rudeness. 'Rather fruity for my taste, however. But, as I was saying—Well, where was I? Yes, yes: on these occasions they were accompanied by a certain Betsy, who was Miss Scott's maid: she acted as a sort of what you may call a duenna. For the old housekeeper, who sat knitting in the room while the home lessons were going on, was rheumatic, and did not care to leave the house if she could help it. Now this Betsy was the first to discover two very important facts in the case; namely, that Smith had come to love Miss Scott, and that Miss Scott had come to love Smith: she was a clever girl, Betsy was, and, moreover, she was betrothed to the undergardener, and thus might have been expected to know what love was like.'

But here again I shall continue in my own words: for Peterkin at this point became rather prolix; giving us full-length portraits of Betsy, and of Mrs Thomson, the housekeeper, and even of the undergardener, whose name was Thomas; our friend having made the personal acquaintance of all three not long afterwards.

Betsy, then, clever girl, had made an important discovery, it would seem. She said nothing about it, however. It was no business of hers; and, besides, not to say that, naturally enough, considering the state of matters between Thomas and herself, she had some sympathy for a loving pair, she was much attached to her mistress; while, as to John Smith, she had been greatly won upon by his conduct towards herself, for he was kind to her without being familiar, and in his manner of addressing her simple, nay, homely, but without affectation. Further, Betsy was rather of a romantic turn, and thought highly of 'true love,' and of 'love at first sight,' and of the bliss, or, otherwise, of the delightful sorrow and suffering, which the old ballads she used to sing describe as attendant, generally, if not always, on 'love' between a couple of unequal degree.

The next who discovered something of the truth seems to have been Miss Scott herself, and it would appear that she discovered only half of it at first, so innocently ignorant was she of her own heart. But that discovery, imperfect as it was, quickly brought her into changing her bearing towards her tutor. Under various pretences she thenceforth declined the Saturday walks: she grew daily more and more distant to him: she hesitated

to shake hands with him: and at last, finding that, when she did offer him a hand, she blushed in doing so, she received him with only a cold bow, and allowed him to depart—very miserable—with the same kind of distant courtesy.

John Smith, too, at last made his discovery, and in this way it was that he did: he is in the school, an urchin comes up to him and begins to decline the verb 'to love.' Shrilly he begins, 'I love, thou lovest,' but there, the lesson being imperfectly conned, he stops; 'thou lovest,' he repeats, 'thou lovest,' he cries once more. Smith starts from a reverie about Miss Scott, and that moment it flashes across his mind that the unwitting child spoke truly.

It may be imagined how discreditably to himself his duties were performed for the rest of that day: even the stolid Wylie saw there was something wrong. 'What ails ye, Smith?' or rather, 'Fat ails ye, Smith?' he cried at last. 'Ye seem to me no to ken a bee frae a bull's fut!'

It was with a very heavy heart that Smith took his way to the castle that afternoon. 'I had a hard struggle with my inclinations,' said he afterwards to Peterkin, in telling him all about it, which it appeared he had done, and very minutely too: 'yet my course was plain. Mary, I thought, was not for me—never could be for me. So, I must go no more to the castle, I said to myself: thither, cost me what it may, after this I must go no more. I thought, however, that it would never do to break off so suddenly as not to give that day's lesson, and dine with them too; the lesson happily was upon nothing worse than the steam-engine, so that I had not to fear the risk of being led into dangerous ground.'

So Smith gave his sweet pupil what was to be their last lesson: he gave it calmly and clearly, for he had regained his self-command, and was on his guard. He dined, too, with her and the general as usual, and if once or twice his resolution wavered, it was each time for a moment only. The dessert was placed on the table: after a little, Miss Scott rose; Smith opened the door for her, and she passed out; slowly and reluctantly he closed it. She would be there again: but he? 'I shall not see her again in this world—all is over,' he said to himself: his head swam as he again seated himself at the table, and the general's voice fell vainly on his ear.

'Why, Smith, my dear fellow, what on earth is the matter with you?' at last exclaimed the old soldier, bluntly, yet in the cheery tone that was natural to him. 'I have twice told you to fill your glass; positively it is now the third time of asking. Come, this is Miss Scott's birth-day; we shall drink her health.'

Now Smith had prepared something to say by way of excuse or reason for discontinuing his attendance at the castle. But, as the general spoke, he forgot it all, and, after spilling some wine, in an attempt to raise his glass to his lips, 'General,' he stammered out, 'I must give Miss Scott no more lessons.'

'Hey! what!' exclaimed the general. Then, as if to himself, he added, 'I see it all! Poor fellow! Poor boy!' After which, rising and crossing his hands behind his back, and marching round the table to Smith, he said, neither sternly nor gently, but in a tone between the two, 'Smith, do you love my daughter?' 'I do,' said Smith, in a low voice, as he too rose and looked the old man steadily, but modestly, in the face.

'Have you ever told her so?' asked the general, after a pause.

'No,' replied the lover, and then again the other remained silent for a little.

At last, 'Does she love you?' said he. 'I mean, do you think she does?'

'I believe not—at least I do not know,' was the broken reply to this question. 'That is, I cannot tell. I fear not: I mean I hope not. But —'

Here Smith suddenly stopped; he had been about to say, 'But if she does'—a faint glimmer of hope had led him for an instant totally to misinterpret the general's inquiry. 'He will consent!' whispered that momentary hope, but it being only a momentary one, he checked himself at once.

'But?' echoed the general. 'Well! But what?'

'Nothing,' returned Smith, mournfully; 'only I think it best that, as I said, I should give Miss Scott no more lessons.'

'I think so too,' said General Scott, and then he took some turns up and down the room. At last, stopping beside the young man, and offering him his hand, 'Mr Smith,' said he, 'you have acted worthily: I always esteemed you: I am glad to find that my esteem has not been misplaced. It would not do, however, that you should so suddenly break off, without any reason being assigned to my

daughter. Therefore,' the old soldier was quick in forming his resolutions, 'to-morrow I shall take her to Edinburgh. You will not see her again.'

'Oh!' groaned Smith. He had, after all, though unconsciously, looked forward to meeting her at least once more.

'Yes, my dear boy,' continued the general; 'it is the best thing I can do for you. Believe me, I not only esteem you, Smith, I like you. Shake hands again, and I feel I am doing what is best. I shall have despatches to-night; they will serve as an excuse for my sudden journey. You shall hear from me soon. I shall not forget you, and I may be able to do you some good. We shall see. Trust me. Now, farewell.' And the general rang the bell with one hand, while with the other he still pressed Smith's right.

'Many, many thanks for all your kindness. I have been very happy here,' said the young man, in a tremulous voice. 'God bless you, sir; and may he pour his choicest blessings upon her.' And so he tore himself away.

He passed through the hall, and as he did so, the music of Mary's harp stole along the corridor. He hesitated: might he not see her just once more? But—

Stables stood at the hall-door, erect and stiff, ready to open it, like an artilleryman about to apply his linstock, and—

'So it must be,' said Smith, with a heavy sigh. 'Good-by, Stables.' And he offered his hand to the old serjeant.

'Good-by, sir!' exclaimed Stables, startled for a moment from his impassibility. But instantly recovering himself—'Certainly, sir,' said he; 'good-by.' So they shook hands, and Smith passed out into the dark night. The door was shut; he turned and looked in the direction of it, and, as he did so, he felt like Adam excluded from Paradise. Sleepless was his pillow, and tear-bedewed that night.

Next morning, he was in the school as usual, when the sound of wheels caught his ears. He guessed at once whose carriage it was, and ran to the school-door. The general bowed gravely, and Mary waved her hand, as they swiftly passed. Betsy and Stables were in the rumble: the girl nodded; the old serjeant saluted as usual. 'Mary,' said Smith to himself; 'she looks quite happy; she will soon forget her old tutor.' He said it bitterly.

'Fat are ye doin' there, sir?' roared Mr Wylie; 'is't for that I pay ye?' and he rushed from his desk, and seized his

usher by the collar. But Smith was in no mood to be trifled with; for probably the first and last time in his life, he got into a passion, disengaging himself from the schoolmaster's grasp in a way by no means gentle.

'Ye leave my hoose this meenit,' gasped the furious dominie, as his back came against the wall from the propulsion of Smith's energy; and then he poured out a torrent of abuse, not unmingled with oaths.

'At once, sir,' said Smith. And in an hour he had packed up his books and clothes, and carried them over the way to the little inn. There he was well received, for Wylie was so much detested, that anybody at feud with him was sure of sympathy throughout the parish. But when the landlady pressed honest John to eat and drink something, his heart fell; recollecting, as he then did, that he was almost penniless. What was he now to do for his bread—in the meantime at least?

But after an hour or two of much distress, he was relieved, and not only relieved, but greatly gladdened. The under gardener—the bridegroom expectant of Betsy—made his appearance (after being turned away from the schoolhouse-door by Mrs Wylie), with a fine bouquet in one hand, and a letter in the other.

And, 'gude-day, Maister Smith,' says he. 'Miss Mary telled me I was to cut this'—here he proffered the bouquet—'and to gie it ye mysel', wi' her kind compliments, and she houns sune to see ye again.'

'So she thought of me after all!' said Smith to himself, as he took the flowers, with a degree of emotion he had some difficulty in concealing.

'An' here's a letter frae the general,' continued the messenger; 'an' ye are to come up to the castle as usual, for there's things to be minded. An' Mrs Thomson says—Mrs Thomson, it will be remembered, was the housekeeper—'she says, says she, an ye dinna object to dine wi' her, she'll be glad o' your company, an' it'll save fash. But just as ye likes, says she.'

'Tell Mrs Thomson I shall be most happy to dine with her, Thomas,' said Smith; and then he ran off quickly to the room he had engaged; he went to kiss and kiss again his precious nosegay.

Then he read the general's letter. It was short: General Scott had forgotten the previous night to pay Mr Smith's

salary for the current quarter: he now enclosed the amount. He requested Mr Smith to perform some little services for him; Mrs Thomson would explain the nature of them. He begged him, in the meantime, to go to the castle as usual. Mrs Thomson had full instructions.

How Smith passed the next month he could not well recollect afterwards. It seemed to him that he must have gone mechanically through the nominal duties asked of him, and that he roamed dreaming through the woods, and by the waters, where he had been so happy. At the end of the month came another letter from the general. It was to the effect that some little influence he possessed he had exercised on Mr Smith's behalf; that the result was the presentation of Mr Smith to the church and parish of Logan, in the County of Selkirk: that he advised Mr Smith at once to take the proper steps for being 'inducted:' that for his travelling expenses he enclosed ten pounds, which he might repay when he chose: that he should ever retain his esteem for Mr Smith, but that he thought it for the best that they should not meet again. These last words were underlined. Finally, in a postscript, he said that Miss Scott sent Mr Smith her best compliments.

'Jolly old, boy that general, too!' exclaimed Meyrick, when Peterkin reached this point of his story. 'So honest Poodle is a regular parish priest now? I shall go and see him some day.'

'Do,' said Peterkin. Then: 'Smith was in due time ordained,' he continued, 'and as his predecessor had been a bachelor, he got immediate possession of his manse.* His first care was to bring his mother and the rest of the family to it. Great was the joy of them all when they removed thither, and especially great was the joy of the old lady. For her father, as well as her husband, had been a minister; and she thus had been born and bred in a manse, had passed her married life in a manse, and so had come to feel as if any house but a manse was not really a home to her.'

'It was shortly after this happy change in his circumstances that I met our old friend in the streets of Edinburgh. He dined with me that day, and told me all his story. As you may suppose, however, he said nothing about his attachment to Miss Scott, though, of course, he had to

mention her. Nevertheless, I saw at once how the land lay: limbs of the law, like you and me, Poyntz, are quick at detecting the truth of a case. However, all I said was, "The next thing, Smith, is to give the manse a mistress." To which sally he replied, in a tone of real affection, and yet with something like a sigh, "There is my dear mother, you know."

'He gave me an invitation to visit him, and some weeks after, I took the play and went south. I had not then passed advocate, and so I could at any time get away from town more easily than—alas!—I can do now. In those days I was in a writer's office. I had gone into it for the purpose of seeing some practice, learning the forms of process, and so forth. But, as I was neither an apprentice nor a regular clerk, I could absent myself when I liked, of course; my master was an old friend of my father's, and it was on that account that he had taken me in this way.

'I was much pleased with my visit to the Smith family,' continued Peterkin. 'They were simple bodies, all of them, just like "our John," as they called our friend. They were evidently very proud of him. I was glad to find him already very popular in his parish: he did not read his sermons, though he prepared them carefully; so the people thought he preached extempore; and that goes a great way in most parts of Scotland, let me tell you. In private, he was cheerful enough; but I clearly saw that he still thought of Miss Scott; it might have escaped others, but it did not escape me. It was about three months after this that I had the pleasure of making her acquaintance and the old general's.'

'So you too became acquainted with them?' said Meyrick, in a tone of surprise. 'That was odd. I hope you pleaded Smith's cause with the nabob, since you saw so clearly that—well?'

'He was a nabob no longer,' returned Peterkin. 'On the contrary, he had lost every shilling he had. I told you he had left by far the greatest portion of his fortune in India: he had done so, I suppose, for the higher rate of interest he so obtained. I need not go into particulars: suffice it to say that he was utterly ruined: he still of course had his pay and his pension, but that was all. Well, one morning Hay called me into his room: Hay was my master, and the senior partner of the firm: Hay and Cleghorn they were, and, indeed, still are; and a capital

* In Scotland, a parsonage is called a 'manse.'—F. M.

business they have; I got my first fee from them, and I have had not a few since. Well, Hay called me into his room, and "Mr Peterkin," says he, "I have something for you to do, and it's rather a delicate piece of business. Mr Cleghorn is out of town, you know——" Here he stopped, but I knew what he meant; namely, that Cleghorn was not the man for a delicate job; and no more he was, for he is a vulgar fellow, though a capital lawyer. So I nodded, and then Hay went on—"Do you remember seeing a tall, military-looking old gentleman here once or twice? That is General Scott, of Dunroby Castle: he is in the East India Company's Service: we are his agents; you may have seen his name in the books; though, beyond managing the purchase of his little estate, we have had scarcely anything to do from him. But he has been writing us this week, and it appears he is in a bad way." And then Hay explained the thing. You may guess how astonished I was to learn all that, and to find that the erect old man with the stern countenance was the father of Smith's flame. But such is life!

Here Peterkin treated us to some moral reflections not worth recording. This done: 'The general,' he went on, 'wished Hay to come and look into his affairs, and make arrangements for the sale of the castle, and the furniture, and everything; but it was impossible for Hay to go in Cleghorn's absence, so I was thought of. In short, I went, and that's how I came to know the old officer.'

'How did he bear his misfortunes?' asked Vernon, with marked interest. 'Such a man would probably care little about himself; but the change for his daughter ——'

'Just so,' interrupted Peterkin; 'that was exactly the state of the case. He tried to bear up, poor man, and struggled hard to be, or at least to seem, calm; but, though he did his best, he was evidently broken down; chiefly, however, on Miss Scott's account, as you surmised: that was plain to me. Well, he sank gradually into a kind of dotage, spoke of going back to India, talked rather incoherently sometimes. As for Miss Scott, I saw she was an angel! The way she tended her father was truly affecting; she was always quite composed; and, when she thought he could bear it, she would even become cheerful with him. I enjoyed her society very much, and had I not been engaged, I do not know but

that I might have forgotten the obligations of friendship, and perhaps have cut Smith out.'

The complacency with which our little friend said this was amusing indeed.

'Well,' he continued, 'the old gentleman suddenly died.'

'Holloa!' cried Meyrick.

'Yes,' said Peterkin. 'I had been looking into his affairs for some days, and as I went to bed one night, I arranged with him that we should go over the estate next morning. In the morning, before I was up, Stables came and drew my curtains, and said, "He is gone, sir!"—"Why didn't he wait for me?" said I, mistaking his meaning, for I was not fully awake.—"Dead, sir," returned the old serjeant; and then he went away quickly.'

'I dressed, and then I found that I had to break the melancholy news to Miss Scott. It was the most painful thing I ever have had to do.'

'I daresay—I daresay. I do not think I could have done it,' said Meyrick.

'It may seem an unfeeling remark,' said Vernon, 'but perhaps it was as well. Had he lived—but we interrupt you.'

'She fainted,' resumed Peterkin. 'The housekeeper took charge of her, and showed more common sense than I expected. Not too much, however; she kept bothering about me, and wanted to know how Miss Scott was left, and talked of some money she had laid by in the general's service, and said she would give it all to her dear young lady, and go into the poor's-house herself. Such a fool! I had no little difficulty in explaining to her, that Miss Scott would have sixty pounds a-year, as the daughter of an Indian officer—as long, at least, as she remained unmarried. I happened to know that.'

'I did not see Miss Scott again till after the funeral,' our friend went on, 'and then only for a moment, as I handed her and the housekeeper into the carriage, to meet the Edinburgh mail at the nearest stage. I had written for instructions to Hay; and that worthy man—he is really a very worthy man—at once wrote back to say, that in the meantime Miss Scott had better come to his house, where Mrs Hay and his daughters would pay her every attention. So she went away from the castle, with a cage of birds in her hand: her little dog ran up the carriage-steps after her; she had shaken hands with all the servants before she left the

house. Stables got up behind, Mrs Thomson was inside; neither of them would part from their young mistress yet, and as the serjeant as well as the housekeeper were really independent, they were both entitled to do as they liked. The under-gardener, just before they drove off, handed Stables a basket; it contained cuttings of plants, he said. And then he fell to consoling Miss Scott's maid, Betsy you know, his betrothed, who was in something like hysterics. As for me, I was glad to get back into the house, and to find myself alone, for I felt I was getting foolish. But, as I had plenty to do, I soon got better: the furniture, plate, pictures, books, and everything, were to be sold by auction; and the mere checking of the inventories was a work of itself. By the way, I had written to Smith, telling him all that had happened, and by return of post I received an answer, with a list of things he desired me to buy for him. Such a list! If I had obeyed his instructions, his stipend for a year would not have paid the price. There was Miss Scott's piano, for instance, a capital instrument; it went for sixty-six guineas. I bought her harp, though: he had particularly insisted upon it, and the thing was not so much appreciated by the people at the sale. And I also bought for him the backgammon-box, and the chess-table, and a number of nick-nacks: some embroidery of Miss Scott's own working I got for an old song. I should tell you that in his letters—the first was followed by others—Smith assigned no reason for his extravagance; perhaps he thought I would guess the real reason.

'Perhaps he never thought about it at all,' said Meyrick.

'Perhaps!' returned Peterkin, with the supercilious look of knowing better, which he had more than once assumed during the evening. 'We shall not dispute the point. By the by, the Wylies, man and wife, came to the sale: he gave his school a holiday for the purpose. She bought a tub, and I heard afterwards that she made him carry it home on his head, while she pretended to share his burdens by carrying his hat. I should tell you that, just before the auction began, he got it over the fingers from the auctioneer, literally did. To look knowing and learned, he was thumbing some books with his dirty paws: I saw the marks he left, and spoke to the auctioneer; and then that functionary pulled his hammer out of his coat-pocket, and without saying a

word, came up quietly to the fellow, and took him the smartest rap over the knuckles you ever saw, and ——'

But here Peterkin was interrupted by the opening of the door, and the voice of the boy Tom: 'Mr Jones!' cried the voice, shrilly, and our old companion Richard Sackville Jones entered. It may be remembered in what terms this poor fellow had been spoken of by Trench at my house: on the present occasion Meyrick cast a rapid, and I believe involuntary glance, first at the wine on the table, and then so as to catch my eye. But he welcomed Jones cordially, and so also did other two of us, but not Mr Benjamin Peterkin. For — 'Ha, Jones, is that you? Sorry to see you looking so ill,' and he offered him no hand.

'Peterkin, I think?' returned Jones, with a kind of feverish sharpness; 'and exactly as I might have expected, for you have been called to the Scottish Bar, I know. Not any wine, thank you, Meyrick; if I take one glass, I shall take two, and then wish for twenty. Coffee? with pleasure in a little.'

'I must go,' said Peterkin, rising: 'I have still a paper or two to look over to-night. Business must be attended to.' He was evidently annoyed at having had his story interrupted: probably also the way in which his unpleasant, became rather arrogant, tone had been received by Jones, had moved him to sulk somewhat. Yet, now once more he relented, and as he slowly drew on one of his gloves, 'I may as well finish about Smith,' said he: 'he is married to Miss Scott, that was: they have a small family, and seemed quite happy when I saw them last.'

'That's right,' said Meyrick. 'But pray stay a little: coffee will be here presently.'

'No, I thank you,' returned the other. 'I'll just take a whitewash, and be off, if you please.' And he filled himself a glass of sherry.

'What became of the serjeant, Stables?' asked Vernon.

'He became "the minister's man," said Peterkin, and carried the books up to the pulpit, and worked in the garden, and so on, and, indeed, he is all that yet: he also married the old housekeeper, and they have a nice cottage of their own. Good-night.'

So saying, our Scottish advocate left us. 'Now, Jones,' said Meyrick; 'tell us about yourself, and what you have been doing of late.'

To

A Ponge Manne cominge of Age.

Fytte one.

erde to sighe as we aske y^e time,*
cke of life hath a merrie chyme
strynges out our yearessuppe to threetyms leuenn;
sye on as faste as a fayrie boate,
voice is as swete as a wilde birde's note,
summer eue straines that downwarde flote
in angell harpes in heauenn.

y^e
clocke of life.

*Hath a
cheerfule sounde
as it telleth y^e
morning houres.*

Fytte two.

y^e first redde raye of y^e rising sunne
locke of your life strucke twenty one,
answering roare of y^e minute gunne
wth y^e welcome newes aboute;
erilie tolde y^e mellowe morne,
rat of drumme and blasse of horne,
a boy was dedde, but a manne was hornne,
y^e hilles replyde with a shoutte;
athere Wrekinne bared his hedde
y^e mistes that were rounde it spredde),
ith Hawkestone cragge, and y^e high Welsh peakes
ne thair hartys though blue thair cheekes),
ill, 'Long life to our nobell friende;
e and happinelle to y^e ende;

*Striketh
twentye and one.*

y^e
*congratulations
are
generale.*

red poet claimeth y^e priuilege of y^e anciente mode of spellynge.

*Wisheth much pleasure
and prosperitie
to mother and
sonne.* May his spirits be lighte, and his browe be gaye,
And all y^e cloudfes come ouer this waye;
Smiles to y^e mother and cheeres for y^e sonne,
And peace to y^e house of Toppingtonne!

*Encourageth
to all harmlesse
merriement and
jollitie.* Fyfte three.
Rynge on, rynge on, ye village bells,
Binde us in some of youre sweetest spelles;
*A
jangling sette.* We are but three, ye're a jangling sette,
But there's somethynge of musicke in you yet;
Let the cornett poure his loudest straine,
Till y^e echoing woodes sende it backe againe;
Let y^e bigge drumme rumble his basest note,
And speake uppe, you with the thundere throte,
*y
cannonn bade
to speake uppe.* No hoarse deathe rattell and ironne howre,
But such tones as become a festiue houre!

*y
idell life of y
countrie squier
for y moste
parte.* Fyfte foure.
Pleasante to be a gaye yonge squier,
Who can write his name upon half y^e shire;
Nothynge to do but go ouer his landes,
Noddinge to tenants, and shakinge their handes,
Patte y^e children, pocket y^e rent,
And wondere how it can all be spent;
*He goeth
Shootynge.* Nothynge to do but loade and prime,
And bringe y^e pheasantes downe two at a time;
*He goeth
Huntynge.* Or galloppe after y^e yelpinge packe,
With all y^e madde countye at his backe;
Toppinge stiffe fences and highe parke pales,
Laughynge at dytches and doubell rayles,
*He
foolishlye risketh
his necke.* He's broken couere—awaie we goe—
Hark forward! yohoickes! synge tally-ho!

Fytte five.

ynge to doe, did þ^e old manne saye?
 Ille becometh hayress so graie;
 e, then, a thyng to be laughed awaie?
 hymes that were musicke while morninge shonne
 e a laddere straine as þ^e dale wears onne.
 ed just now by þ^e greene grave yarde,
 þ^e olde sexton workinge harde,
 yge awaie with mattocke and spayde,
 e disappeared in þ^e hole he had made.
 thyng he muttered, or sung, or said,
 foundys came up like a voice from þ^e dedde—
 ey rich or poore, be they yonge or olde,
 hey lockes of siluer, or lockes of golde,
 all looke to me to find them a hedde,
 awe the claye curtains rounde thair hedde;
 aue wandered outte while þ^e dale was brighte,
 ey're sure to come home to sleepe at nighte.'

Fytte sixe.

I not þ^e song of þ^e gloomie seer,
 thought I would whisper it in your eare,
 be well, or synge ill, one thing is cleare,
 is nothyng idell, from yondere sunne,
 I alwaies doing what's neuer done,
 I tell pebble, which worke hath founde,
 colles and chafes till it's smoothe and rounde;
 ce talents two, or be they ten,
 care that they're gathering usurpe then:
 openinge doore in þ^e daisie swarde
 trance into þ^e soile of thy Lorde.

þ^e
 poet feareth he
 hath spoken
 basillie.

þ^e
 clocke of life
 changeth his
 note.

þ^e
 village sexton at
 his melancholie
 craftie.

He
 trolleth a
 dismalle ditty.

Reflections
 thereupon.

þ^e
 morale parte
 of it.

; Bright glances beame, Sweete voices calle,
 y temptations that As onwarde through life we strape,
 affaile youthe. Fair fingeres beckonne—ah wherewithal
 Shall a ponge manne cleanse his waye?—
 y In holding fast by y worde of truthe,
 roade to eternal felicitie. And giuing to God y daies of youthe!

y Oldeste Inhabitant

Loppingtonne,

y thirde daie of December, 1857.

[This quaint congratulatory poem is the production of an old contributor to these pages, the Rev. Charles B. Greatrex, who wrote it to commemorate the coming of age of the young Squire of his parish. As it has hitherto enjoyed but a local circulation, the author's permission has been obtained to reprint the piece for the amusement and edification of TITAN's readers.]

THE APPRENTICESHIP SYSTEM.

THE APPRENTICESHIP SYSTEM, IN REFERENCE TO THE FREEDOM OF LABOUR.*
BY JAMES ROBERT NAPIER.

IN many public works it is the custom, before young men can be employed, that an apprenticeship must be served; in others an agreement is made for five or more years, that the employed shall receive, in exchange for services to be performed, wages at the rate of so much per week for the first year, so much per week for the second year, so much for the third, &c., to the end of the agreement, the amount being greater each year. And where an employer has some hundreds, or, it may be, thousands of workers, the rate each year is generally the same for all who have commenced at the same time. The object which I believe the employer of the present day has in adopting the Apprenticeship System, or the system of long engagements, at low rates of wages, is, that he may legally have the

power of preventing those who have been a year or two at the business from running away and selling their services at a higher rate to another employer, who has not had the trouble and expense of their inexperienced years; and secondly, the employer expects that by this means he gets cheaper labour, and the public expect that they get better work.

It is my object now, in bringing this subject before you, to show, or to try to show—first, that this Apprenticeship System—this system of paying all alike who have entered at the same time—is in most cases unnecessary; secondly, that it is very doubtful if the second of the employer's objects for adopting it be fulfilled—namely, the cheapness; thirdly, that it is bad for the employed; fourthly, hurtful to society at large; and, fifthly, that the objects aimed at would all be obtained by a system the very reverse of apprenticeships and long engagements—namely, by having no apprenticeships and no engagements what-

* Read before Section F, Economic Science and Statistics, of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, at Dublin, on Tuesday, 1st September, 1857.

ever: the employer paying his workers just what their services are worth at the time.

If he did so, he (the employer) could never lose by any of them leaving; but the person who employed this runaway worker would be the loser, if he gave more wages for the same quantity and quality of work. If the apprentice or engaged hand were receiving the full value of his services, the chances are he would not receive more than that from any one else, therefore he would have no inducement to run away; therefore, on that account, the Apprenticeship System is unnecessary. If the employed spoiled his work, he must, according to this system, pay the employer. If he or his parents are unable to pay for the spoiled work, as is often the case, and must besides have money to supply his daily wants, then the Apprenticeship System is brought into action. He makes an agreement with his employer to be paid at a lower rate of wages for a number of years, in order to repay his employer for those first years, when he both spoiled work and received money. This period, however, is prolonged by the employer, beyond all reason, to five, and in some cases to seven years. The agreement, if any, ought to be in force no longer than the period when the increased value of the services of the employed have repaid the employer for the work spoiled, for the extra wages received at its commencement, and, it may be, for his share of the wages of a foreman, whose sole duty it may be to superintend and direct a number of workers.

I believe, however, that no engagement whatever is necessary. A worker who has to pay once for what he spoils will never spoil a second piece of work; he will either leave a business that he finds he is not fitted for, and that he has to pay so dearly for learning, or he will take care and think of what he is about, and thereby become a first-rate worker. The effect upon the worker of long engagements at constant annual wages, the same for all of the same year, without regard to their individual ability, is, that in general those who have the ability do not perform more work than their neighbours who have not the ability. They could do more work—they could be more profitable to their employer, but they won't—they derive no immediate benefit from working harder, therefore they don't.

They become lazy, indifferent, and, no doubt, often acquire injurious habits at this period of their lives, which may become permanent, and which are always difficult to reform. The system is, therefore, bad for the employed.

The effect of the system upon the employer is, that, in consequence of the worker not doing so much as he might, could, and would do, were he paid according to the quantity and quality of the work executed, more hands must be employed, and more money expended in providing them with tools and accommodation; and, therefore, I think it very improbable, that work executed by apprentices, or by those under long engagements, at low wages, is cheaper than that performed by fewer willing hands, who are always receiving wages in proportion to their work.

An opinion prevails, or did prevail, that work executed by those not regularly trained to a business could not be so well done as when performed by the journeyman who has served his time—a legal hand, as they call themselves; but, so far as my experience goes, this idea is totally fallacious, and the experience of many of the large employers of labour leads to the same result. Mr Whitworth, of Manchester, whose beautifully-finished tools are to be seen in all the principal engineering establishments of the kingdom, informed me that that work was performed by men who at one time were common labourers, and whose intelligence recommended them to his notice. There are many of the members of the Mechanical Section who could, if they liked, tell you the quality of the labour they employ; but what I know most about is, that the engines on board of all the vessels built by my father since the year 1852, a year memorable for a strike of the legal hands then employed in the engineering establishments of Glasgow, have been made by men who were originally house-carpenters or joiners—that many of the best workers in his ship-yard were hand-loom weavers, and that half-starved nailmakers from St Ninians, near Stirling, made passable riveters in about a month.

In fact, it is evident that apprenticeships or long engagements are quite unnecessary; that a business is learned much more quickly without such; that it was never intended that there should be castes in the business of England, as in the trades of India.

I hope to be able to show now that the system of apprenticeships, of long engagements, is hurtful to society at large—that it is a system of protection, which, with the enlightened views of this age of freedom, ought not to be tolerated; that its end is a tyranny and despotism of the idle and indolent over the industrious, which at this moment is growing into one British Trades' Union. I have already proved, to my own satisfaction at least, and I hope to yours also, that apprenticeships, or long engagements, are an unnecessary precaution—unnecessary forethought for the employer; that in all cases he gets work at least as well, and as quickly done, without the system as with it; he may therefore give up the system.

Many have given it up; I have lately done so; and the Americans seem to have entirely repudiated it. That the apprentice himself is not benefited by the system has been, I think, equally proved. He learns his business much quicker without serving an apprenticeship. He does his work at least as well as an apprentice. I say he generally does it better, and many others say the same. He becomes a man sooner. He feels, at a time of life when it is most important that he should feel, that it is his own industry alone which advances him; he is not kept from working with all his heart, from working vigorously, by the feeling that he is not getting value for his services.

Now, as neither the employer, nor the apprentice, nor the public are benefited by the system, why is the system continued? First, I believe employers generally have not thought much about it—it is a custom which their fathers left them—a remnant of feudalism. Secondly, the public are indifferent, and have not yet seen their interest in the matter. Thirdly, young hands find that they cannot get employed unless they engage to serve a regular time at a business. It is not the employer, however, who prevents them from working, but the employer's workmen—those who have served their time at the business. These found, no

doubt, after their time was served, that they had bought their business; that they had bought, and very dearly too, that which did not require to be bought at all. They had paid by their apprenticeship, or long engagement at lower wages than their services were worth, for a monopoly of the business. They therefore try, and naturally so, to keep that monopoly; and in many establishments they do keep it, and prevent the public from getting its work done by any who are able and willing to do it. The public interest in the matter is therefore clear. They have paid for the idleness of the apprentice to begin with, and they are now paying for a monopoly of labour by the so-called legal hand, much higher than its natural value; for the legal hand takes care to get the number of the apprentices employed limited to a certain fraction of the legal hands. If the employer should take the liberty of adding a few more apprentices, there is a consultation, frequently ending in a strike. The legal workmen want what the employer does not wish to give; they refuse to work, there is again a strike; a regular union of workmen is formed, who will not work themselves, nor suffer others, who are both able and anxious, to work. I need not describe strikes further; they are admitted to be hurtful to society, and tyrannical and despotic towards their fellow-workmen. His Grace Archbishop Whately, the President of this Section, has put into my hands a little work of his, entitled 'Easy Lessons on Money Matters,' which sets forth, in a simple and lucid manner, the cause and consequence of strikes.

Now, I think I have proved what I intended at the commencement, and I have shown also that the system of apprenticeships leads in the end to strikes, trades' unions, disorder, separation of the master from the workmen, and to a state of things the very reverse of what the Bible teaches ought to exist between the parties. If it does all this, then surely the simplest of all remedies is to give it up. Let the natural laws have their course, and let Labour be FREE.

Commercial Summaries.

OUR MINERAL PRODUCE.

[The following is the chief portion of the brief but very suggestive abstract given as an introduction to the 'Mineral Statistics of the United Kingdom for 1856.' The value of these ably-prepared returns becomes every year more apparent. The volume is only a thin 8vo, but it presents, in a compact, lucid form, a summary of a vast mass of heterogeneous information, obtained with no little trouble, and sifted and classified with much care. Dealing as it does with a great interest only second to that of food, the importance of the publication ranks next to that of Agricultural Statistics. The 'Director' of 'the Geological Survey' deserves credit for the steady prosecution of this inquiry, and 'The Keeper of the Mining Records' for the manner in which it is conducted, and the style in which the results are given to the public. In a prefatory note, Sir Roderick Murchison draws attention to the important fact, that the produce of coal in the United Kingdom has now reached the enormous annual amount of 66½ millions of tons]:—

TEN years since, the publication of mineral statistics of a reliable character was commenced, by issuing from the Mining Record Office returns of the produce of the lead mines of the United Kingdom. With each year, efforts have been made to enlarge the circle of inquiry; and it is with much satisfaction that I find myself enabled, in the mineral statistics for 1856, to embrace every important branch of our mineral industries.

Although the detailed statements of the mining and metallurgical productions constitute the real commercial value of these publications, it has been thought that a concise general view of the present condition, and of the progress, of those

great sources of our national wealth, cannot but prove interesting and useful.

The inquiry has now reached a stage of completeness which enables this to be done with a degree of correctness not hitherto attainable, and the relative values of our mineral productions in 1856 and the two preceding years can now be satisfactorily estimated.

TIN.—In 1854 the Mines of Devon and Cornwall } 8,747 Tons.
produced of Tin Ore }
In 1855 . . . 8,947 „
In 1856 . . . 9,350 „

Thus we find an increased production of 603 tons of Tin Ore in 1856 over that of 1854.

In 1854, at the average	} £64 {	the Ore	} £559,808	
price per Ton of		produced		
In 1855 do. do.		68 do.		608,396
In 1856 do. do.		71 do.		663,850

The mean average prices of metallic tin have within the same periods varied as follows:—

In 1854 . . .	£115 10 0
In 1855 . . .	120 0 0
In 1856 . . .	134 13 0

From the high price of this metal there has naturally been considerable activity in the tin-mining districts: many mines which are, under those circumstances, now worked at a profit, would be unable to meet their heavy expenses, should any considerable reduction take place; but the demand for this useful metal is at present too great to render this probable.

Our importations of tin have also greatly increased.

In 1854, of Tin in Blocks,	} 2,251 Tons.
Ingots, &c., we im-	
ported	
In 1855 do. do.	
In 1856 do. do.	3,464 „
and of Regulus	749 „

COPPER.—The quantities of metallic copper produced from the mines of the United Kingdom in the last three years were as follows:—

	1854.	1855.	1856.
	Tons.	Tons.	Tons.
Cornwall & Devonshire	11,979	12,578	13,533
Sold at Swansea	1,245	1,276	1,245
Purchased by Private Contract	6,493	7,440	9,479
Total	19,717	21,294	24,257

The fine copper in 1856 being the produce of 278,792 tons of copper ore obtained from the mines of Great Britain and Ireland, the money value of the ore being £1,744,516.

This exhibits, in 1856, an increase in our production of fine copper of 2963 tons over that produced in 1855, and of 4540 tons more than the quantity yielded in 1854.

In the same periods, the proportion of copper produced at Swansea from the Foreign and Colonial ores, sold at the public ticketings at that port have been respectively,—

1854	. . .	3,455 Tons.
1855	. . .	4,650 "
1856	. . .	4,837 "

The money value of the copper produced at our British smelting works, being, in

1854	. . .	£2,331,804
1855	. . .	2,867,207
1856	. . .	2,846,803

The mean average market price of the several varieties of metallic copper being, in 1855, £140 : 5s., and in 1856, £126.

LEAD and SILVER.—More than four hundred lead mines sold lead ore during the year. The produce of the mines of the United Kingdom, in 1856 and the two preceding years, was as follows:—

1854, Metallic Lead,	64,005 Tons.
1855, do.	73,091 "
1856, do.	73,129 "

It will be seen that there has been a uniform rate in the production of lead from the British mines, but at the same time our importations of this metal have been larger than they were in 1855, when we imported 7246 tons of lead; the quantity received in 1856 being 10,254 tons. This is less, however, than the imports of 1853 and 1854, which were, respectively, 17,564 tons, and 11,858 tons.

The mean average prices per ton of lead ore, as deduced from the public sales, were:—

In 1855	. . .	£14 4 6
In 1856	. . .	14 8 0

The money value of the lead ore sold in 1855 being £1,311,971; that of 1856 (101,997 tons) being £1,431,509. The mean average price of pig lead in 1855 was £23 : 3s. per ton, and in 1856 it was £24 per ton. The actual market value of the lead smelted being, in 1855, £1,692,055, and in 1856, £1,755,096, to which must be added the silver extracted; the quantities having been in the last three years as follows:—

1854.....	562,659 oz.,	value	£140,666
1855.....	561,906 "	"	140,476
1856.....	614,188 "	"	153,547

In 1855 we imported 7222 tons of silver ore, producing 2,112,246 ounces of silver; and in 1856, 6636 tons, which gave 1,748,735 ounces of that metal.

ZINC.—From the small demand for English zinc ores, comparatively limited quantities were raised for many years. The sulphides of zinc have become more

valuable, and hence they have been sought for and sold in larger quantities than formerly—9003 tons being sold in 1854 the money value of which was £27,444. The importations of zinc have declined. Of spelter, we received, in 1853, 23,411 tons; in 1854, 19,583 tons; in 1855 17,845 tons; and in 1856, 18,213 tons. During last year we exported 3,153 tons of British zinc, while in 1855 we only sent out of the country 2516 tons.

I am enabled to refer with satisfaction to the present returns of iron pyrites, arsenic, &c., which are far more exact than any which have hitherto been published.

IRON.—The enormous increase which has taken place in our iron manufacture will be seen upon reference to the detailed statements. The returns of iron ore are far more complete than those which have been given in any former publication, and they may now be regarded as a very close approximation to the real produce of all the iron-mining districts of the United Kingdom.

Those returns show that 10,483,309 tons of iron ore have been raised, and that 3,636,377 tons of pig iron have been produced. Iron ores have sold, according to their respective qualities, at the mines, for prices varying from 5s. to 15s. per ton. The mean average price of iron ore, computed from the sales of all the districts, has been 11s. per ton. This will give £5,695,815 as the value of the iron ore produced in 1856 in Great Britain. The total produce of pig iron, at the mean average market price, or £4 per ton, will give a money value equal to £14,545,508.

COALS.—The large development of our iron and other manufactures has naturally led to a considerable increase in the quantity of coals raised. Notwithstanding the great excess of the return obtained in 1854 over any previous computation, I find it exceeding in 1856 even that surprising quantity; the coal produce of the last year and the two previous years being as follows:—

1854	. . .	64,661,401 Tons.
1855	. . .	64,453,070 "
1856	. . .	66,645,450 "

This shows an increase in 1856 of 2,192,380 tons over the coal produce of the previous year, and, at the average price of coals at the pit's mouth, gives a money value equal to £16,663,662. There has been an increase of nearly one million of tons in our exports to foreign

countries, and the quantity of coals sent eastwards and by railway is larger than in any former year.

Among the smaller articles of mineral produce, salt, iron pyrites, arsenic, barytes, and fluor spar show a much higher value than those substances were generally thought to possess.

Although the returns of building stones have been considerably increased, yet the detailed lists are far from being perfect. Enough, however, has been done to enable, by careful computation, a tolerably close estimate of the value of these important productions to be made. The difficulty of obtaining returns of the quantities of clay manufactured into bricks, tiles, &c., is so great, that, with the exception of the finer varieties employed for porcelain and fine earthenware, it appears, at present, almost impossible to arrive at any approximation to the real value of this raw material.

The value of the mineral productions of the United Kingdom has been estimated, in the following table, upon the principle of taking the mean average price of the substances at the mine, colliery, or quarry, *before any charges for carriage have been made, or cost has been added in any way for manufacture.*

VALUE OF THE MINERAL PRODUCE OF THE UNITED KINGDOM IN 1856.

Tin Ore	£668,850
Copper Ore (<i>the produce of all the sales, excluding foreign ores, but including private contract purchases</i>)	2,343,960
Lead Ore (as sold, containing	

MINING RECORD OFFICE, Sept. 22, 1857.

Silver)	£1,431,509
Zinc Ore	27,455
Iron Pyrites	46,066
Arsenic { <i>sold in Cornwall,</i>	£1011
{ <i>other sales</i>	900
Nickel and Uranium	1,911
Iron Ore	527
Coals	5,695,815
Salt	16,663,862
Barytes and other Minerals	553,998
Porcelain and Fine Clays	10,000
	120,896

£27,559,844

Building Stones (*estimated on the basis of the returns and prices given*) 3,042,478

Total £30,602,322

The market values of the metals, as obtained from the furnace, have amounted to the following sums:—

Tin	£808,241
Copper	2,846,808
Lead	1,755,096
Silver	153,547
Zinc	225,075
Pig Iron	14,545,508
Other Metals	100,000

£20,434,270

Other Mineral Products (*exclusive of building-stones*) 17,848,751

Total £37,783,021

The results which are here collected, and given in most cases in detail, could only have been arrived at by means of that liberal assistance which has been given by all those who are largely interested in the mineral industries of this country.

ROBERT HUNT.

OUR CHARLEY.

FIVE years ago we parted from our Charley, bound for the East—the blitheest, brightest, bravest lad that ever drew breath. I, who have been his mother, as he says, these fourteen years, have a right to boast of him; but all our island knows him. He was but just sixteen upon the night of the great storm, when I and all of us thought in our hearts that we should never live to see another day: the whole Atlantic raging at our feet, and the south-west wind, in its unbroken fury, pouring upon our low-roofed cottage—the

first opponent, save a few mastless ships, that it had met for a thousand miles. The darkness and the noise were hideous; but, worse still, the pauses, when the powers of air seemed to be gathering strength for some more tremendous effort, and when the lightning showed for an instant the long line of white and shuddering cliff, and the black mass of waters rising in wrath to overwhelm it. We women were all up, and in the parlour; the supper-table was yet spread there, at which four hours before we had sat, and

laughed, and eaten, listening to the rising tempest, not without a selfish sort of comfort—God forgive us!—to think that we were safe and warm on land. There is a strange difference observable under all circumstances between hours, whatever they may be, devoted to wakefulness and those given to rest. Between twelve o'clock, for instance, to the lady of fashion, and three o'clock, if she happen to be awakened at such a time; and between ten and one to persons who live domestic, quiet lives like ourselves; quite apart from the contrast which the gaiety and brightness of the one, and the loneliness and darkness which the other, must of course present—they seem periods of two separate existences, one of which is not without a certain terror for us. Whenever I have chanced to be called up at night, from illness in the house or other cause, although I soon get my brain in order for working purposes, I am a long time coming to myself: the business that I have been in such times set to do has always appeared, in a measure, weird-like, the familiar places unnatural, and my friends themselves what the Scotch call 'uncanny.' I think most people will feel what I mean. On this night of the tempest we were all excessively terrified. It was long before the candles could be lit (the wind got in so everywhere), and, when that was done, we were the more frightened with looking at each other's faces. Poor Janet—but fourteen then—with her brown hair hanging about her shoulders, and her large eyes starting out of their bed! Herbert—thirteen—very pale, with his mouth set in an artificial smile, poor little fellow, while his teeth chattered with horror! Small Alice, in fits of tears and screaming, so as to be heard even through that tempest, and both the maids pictures of abject terror! Presently, while the house was rocking to and fro like a tree, in rushed Master Charley, dressed, and with his Glengarry cap on.—'Now, girls,' cried he, 'who will shut the front-door after me?'

'Good heavens, Charley,' I exclaimed, 'you are not surely mad enough to venture out in such a night as this?'

'Yes, mother, I am; why not?'

"In such a night as this
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the
trees,
Did Jessica ——"

We read it, you know, the other night. I am going after Jessica—Phoebe Taylor, that is—or she will be drowned else. I am

certain that this spring-tide, with such a gale to help it, will more than reach their cottage, and the old man can never carry her away without help.'

He spoke of the bedridden wife of a superannuated fisherman, who, in defiance of the warnings of his companions, had set up his old boat, by way of a house, in the corner of the bay, just above high-water mark.

Directly Charley mentioned this, we knew at once the danger to which this aged couple must already be exposed, for it wanted but an hour or so to full tide; but the dangers of a rescue were not less.

'Remember, Charles,' cried I, 'that these three children have nobody to look to for protection in the world, save you.'

'Oh yes,' laughed he, gaily; 'there's Herbert; ain't there, Herbert? Besides which, you will not get rid of me so easily; you will see me again anon, bearing the lovely Phoebe in my arms.'

A tremendous crash, occasioned by the flying open of the hall-door, and its being jammed against the wall by the blast, announced the boy's departure. Then we felt deserted indeed. The two maids were blown down in the passage, in their attempt to shut the door again, and the rush of wind into all parts of the house became so violent, that I was in momentary expectation of its lifting the roof off. Our only comfort seemed to be gazing at the lighthouse. We had been inside it but a few days before, and it was, in a manner, cheering to know that there were living beings there then engaged in their usual occupation, and even counteracting to some extent the awful effects of the storm. In the meantime, walking edgewise, as he afterwards affirmed, in order to offer as little resistance to the wind as possible, and absolutely feeling his way foot by foot, our Charley had reached the path that winds down to the beach. Here, away from the trees, and in the open, it was not so pitchy dark, and the gusts being dead against him, only nailed him to the cliff without danger of sweeping him from off it, which, had it changed to a point or two more westward, it would have done at once, like a knife. The tumult below him sounded so near and awful, that he seemed to be descending into the sea; a slip, a false turn, a sprain of the hand or ankle, would now have been certain death to him. There was a light still burning in the wooden hut, however, which guided him aright, and gave him

spirit, for it told him that he was not too late. He found the old man sitting by his wife, with whom he had fully made up his mind to die, since he could not save her. He had attempted to do so, however, for the poor woman was partly dressed, and had been lifted on to a chair. She was trying, as Charles entered the hut, to persuade her husband to leave her to her fate; 'but, since it is your time to die, Phoebe,' said the old man, 'I seem to have lived in this world long enough.' No two young lovers, charcoal-burning to death together after the French fashion, were ever half so noble a spectacle as that of this ancient couple. There was no doubt whatever about the reality of their heroism, for the spray of the still-rising tide had already begun to patter against their refuge, and they knew that the end must be very near indeed. Charles and the old man together had to wade very deep before they got poor Phoebe to the foot of the path, up which, with such a burden, they were quite unable to make their way. But our Charley was not the only angel abroad that night: the two coast-guard men had also bethought them of the perilous situation of the Taylors, and had come from the station with lanterns, to see what could be done for them. They dared not, in such a night as this, however, take the shortest way which lay across the Down, and had been much delayed, so that the light in the little room was quenched, and the hut itself far out to sea, when they arrived; but they were in time to assist in bringing Phoebe up the cliff. We heard nothing of them until the party were in the little hall, and at the parlour-door—all safe.

I will tell you one thing more of Charley, to prove to you how brave a boy he was.

One of his chief pleasures was to join the fisher lads in their perilous expeditions, after the nests of the eider-duck, and for the eggs of other seawolf. With the aid of an iron bar and a rope, he would swing himself over the face of the steepest cliffs, and into caverns which one would have thought no creature could have entered save with wings. Upon one occasion, he went out with another youth, with only one strong rope between them, and, instead of one remaining above the precipice while the other went below, they thought it would be excellent fun to go down both together. They chose, too, for this amusement one of the loftiest and

least-frequented cliffs of all, midway in which, however, they had seen from their boat once a great cave much haunted by the seawolf. They fixed their bar firmer than usual, and took to the rope together, the fisher lad being undermost; they laughed and chatted in air, with the sea four hundred feet beneath them, as town-bred lads would laugh and chatter in a swing; but they found it by no means easy to reach the cavern with their double load, being afraid to make a pendulum of the rope for fear it should wear away from the increased friction at the summit. At last the boy beneath obtained a footing, and held the rope fast while Charles slid off into the hole. But attracted by the cry which the latter raised at sight of the myriads of nests which lay within, and confused, perhaps, besides, with the swinging, the fisher lad let the rope slip through his fingers; once only it swung within distance, but in his agitation he made a futile grasp at it, and after one or two vibrations, succeeding one another more rapidly than I can write of them, the two boys were left in their living tomb, with the means of escape indeed within sight, but only to tantalise them with its proximity: seven or eight feet of fathomless space lay between them and it—a situation to them, who well understood it, more awfully perilous even than it seems. No vessel ever came near enough, on account of the breakers, to see any signal such as they could make from the sea; they had left no word at home of whereabouts they were going; and, even should they be found, it was very improbable that means could be devised for their rescue, while they had still the strength and spirit to take advantage of them. The boys looked at one another in blank dismay, as they thought of all these things. 'My poor dear mother,' said the fisher lad, with a groan, for he was her only hope. 'Supposing one dropped,' asked Charley, thoughtfully, after a few moments, 'would this tide carry one for certain on to shore in the fishing bay?' —'Yes,' said the other, 'and within the next hour to a certainty, but it would be only as a dead corpse, Master Charles.' —'God alone knows that,' quoth Charley; 'we must trust in Him.' He wrote down upon a slip of paper (which I now possess, with the writing just a little, a very little shaken, poor fellow, when it gets to the last message) some such words as these: 'Robert Harris is in the Gulf's

Hole upon Wadden Cliff: he has lost hold of the rope, and must have help at once: my dearest love to all at home.—Charley.' He put this up in his case bottle, taking the cup off at the bottom, so that the writing might be seen at once through the glass, and buttoned it up in his coat-pocket. 'My people are richer than yours, Bob, and can better spare me,' cried he. 'I am going to leap at the rope, old fellow; let us shake hands.' The lad tried to persuade him not to risk it, but rather to hope for rescue by means less desperate. But—'Don't unnerve me, Bob,' was the simple heroic answer; 'once, twice, thrice, and here goes.' The other hid his face while the spring was taken, listening for the far-off splash, perhaps, that should tell him his friend was dead, who had spoken to him the instant before. But when he looked up, our Charley was holding well on to the rope, only he was deadly pale. He got to the cave again in safety, and the two rescued lads came up to life again, with their pockets stuffed with eider-down. Charles was a brave boy—his widowed mother's darling and mine, in whose care she left him, and beloved by all. He did not know her long, but loved her dearly, and had the strangest thoughts about her always. He thought that she was near to him, and upon the eve of any special peril, he seemed to grow conscious of her presence. The night before he left us, as we wandered in and out the rocks by the sea-shore, and round the leafy paths that thread the copee, and up and down the level sands, all grown so doubly dear to him at parting, he was full of this. Perhaps it was but natural—having dwelt so long upon the happy past, and stroke by stroke together retouched many a picture hanging dim enough in the long gallery of memory—that we should come at last to her. With our eyes upon that boundless world of waters darkening as the night drew on, with that whisper of eternity breaking softly on our ears, alone, and in that beautiful spot, it was natural, I say, that we should speak of the beloved dead.

'Mother'—he called me 'mother' even then—'she is listening to us now,' he said. 'I shall see her in my dreams to-night; she is quite close to us.'

I begged him not to talk thus, and reminded him that it was time to go within.

'Nay,' said he, 'but let us once more climb the Down.' So we toiled up the

steep behind us in silence, under the innumerable stars.

'See you,' said he, when we had reached the summit, 'yon steadfast lights on ocean! There rides a mighty fleet, the guardian-angels of our land, and all night long they keep strict watch and ward because of us. There were they, still, though hid from view, until we gained the headland, and there will they be when we descend again. So it is, as I think, with some of us: few souls but have some spirit watching over them, although unseen, save, haply, when a more than common danger threatens, when heavenly stoops to earthly, and the fleet sails round to us.'

I do not mention this because I think that such a belief was to Charley's credit—for I believe it to be a false and weak one,—but to prove that he was no mere samphire-gatherer and pillager of gulls' nests, a youth of nerves and sinews only. Had he been so, would Janet, the enthusiastic, the poetess, have ever loved him so dearly as she did? Would gentle Alice, for whom I have heard him weave full many a fairy tale? Would Herby, whose young head he filled with visions of tilt and tourney?

It was terrible the parting from a lad like this; but he thought the Fusabad appointment was too good to be let slip, for our sakes; although, for himself, he would have much preferred the military service. We watched the mighty vessel that bore him out, rounding the point and speeding into space, farther than any other dewy eyes in Britain. Our roof, I think, is the last English home the exile sees, and the first speck which, after weary years, grows gradual to the sight on his return. Through all the war in the Crimea we saw the very last of every squadron, the smoke-clouds streaming on the horizon's verge, and the first glimmering of those countless sails which brought up from the warring 'underworld' our wounded thousands. If the wind was favourable, we could hear the martial band-music, nay, even the cheers themselves, of the gallant soldiers, in the vessels outward-bound; and in the homeward, if the skies were clear, we could see, with telescopes, the very beds of the wounded, ay, and perhaps of the dead, brought up upon the decks for disembarkation. We were sad enough indeed, but we had no miseries of this kind *then* to dread for Charley. The East was then at peace, whither he was bound; the vessel that bore him was

cleaving tranquil seas. The next letter, however, which we got from him was from Spain. The ship had been wrecked, with awful loss of life—himself picked up exhausted; but 'all's well,' he wrote, 'as far as I am concerned, except for my kit, and I hope to start from Gibraltar in a luckier vessel.' A slip of paper was enclosed for me: 'I told you that a peril threatened me; remember our last talk upon the shore.' There was not a word in his account of the shipwreck of this incident, which we read of in the newspapers:—'Among other deeds of heroism during the confusion, and when it was plain that the ship must go to pieces in a few minutes, that of a Mr Charles Brooke, E.I.C.S., deserves especial mention. Observing a young lady—Miss Claud, daughter of Lieutenant-General Claud, of the Bengal army, who was on her way to join her father in Calcutta—unprovided with a life-preserver, he removed his own from his waist, and fastened it around her; and in the water afterwards, perceiving her to be drifting out to sea, he brought her by incredible exertions under the protection of the headland, and into the bay, where she was rescued. Mr Brooke was picked up subsequently insensible; but we are happy to state that this noble young fellow has since entirely recovered.' If this had happened two years later, we should not have considered the proceeding so entirely disinterested, as after that period Miss Claud began to figure in his letters pretty frequently under the more familiar title of 'dearest Helen.' In due time they were married, and last January wrote us a most enthusiastic account of their little boy, then exactly a month old, and already 'beginning to take a great deal of notice.'

'Next Christmas,' wrote our Charley, 'we hope all three to spend in the beloved island,

"Where groves of pine on either hand
To break the blast of winter stand,
And, east and west, the hoary Channel
Tumbles a breaker on chalk and sand;

"Where underneath the milky steep,
The ships of battle slowly creep,
And on through zones of light and shadow,
Glimmer away to the lonely deep."

We have the latest poetic accounts of you, you see, up here at Fusabad, which, indeed, is almost as much in the world, and quite as civilised a town, as your Southampton. Arden is here, and will

take his leave at the same time with us for England. How I long for you all to see dear Ellen and the child!

Not more than we longed for them, be sure! How we pleased ourselves with imagining what sort of person—pretty and good-tempered, we were certain—Charles's Ellen would be! And that sweet baby, too, whom we loved in advance ever so much, and kissed, and dandled, and made much of, already in anticipation! Whether would our Charley himself be changed or no? How much would he have to tell us, after his five years' absence! What a merry, merry Christmas it would surely be!

Then came the first rumours of revolt to shadow this fair picture. Again the soldier-crowded ships began to pass in quick succession before us over the eastward sea; but, this time, how much more of our selfish hearts they bore with them! How prayerfully, women though we were, we wished God-speed to rifle-ball and bayonet! One day we got a letter from our Charley, confirming our worst fears; words which, from him who always took the most cheering view of matters, filled us with cruel grief.

'It is folly,' wrote he, 'to disguise our position any longer. The irregular cavalry here are not to be trusted, and our lives are in their hands; the general cannot afford us any addition to our little band of European soldiers; there is mutiny all around us; and this is probably the last dawn that will go safe to its destination, so I write in haste to catch it. I have looked death in the face before now, mother, but never with such dear ones in my company: this is what makes it terrible. Some of us here think better of our situation, and God grant that they may be right; but I—I saw her last night, and you know what I hold such a sight to mean. You will not soon forget me and mine, whatever happens, I well know. Heaven bless you all.'

Our Charley never wrote to us again. The very next telegraph ran thus:—'An outbreak of the I. C. at Fusabad; their officers were fired upon; all the civilians in the station massacred save three.' Never, surely, had oracle of old the power to cast in despair, to excite to passionate hope, to agonise by suspense, its credulous believers, that this world-traversing dumb sibyl possesses in these days. Its wires are as the very threads of fate, on which hang human lives; our heartstrings have be-

come electric too, and with them shudder in unison. 'Save three!' In these two words and their interpretation all happiness or misery seemed for us to centre: Father, mother, and child! Two of them! one of them at least, in mercy, must be amongst those 'three!' After nearly two months of wearing hopes and fears, the names were published, giving joy to other households—to ours despair. They were all three strangers. Captain Arden, poor Charley's friend, was one of the few officers who escaped with life; he wrote us a sad letter, with but one cold gleam of hope, in a report that he had heard of some Europeans of Fuzabad being still alive in the revolted district, under the protection of a native rajah; but we were sunk too deep in sorrow to be buoyed by such a floating straw as this. We gave the writer credit for good intentions, but were not more wretched when we read, in his second letter: 'Our last spark of hope has, I fear, died out. I come to England by the earliest packet, and my first visit will be to you.' He had things to tell us of a very terrible interest. By this time autumn had faded, and winter was spreading over us his snow-white pall, lightly and tenderly, as in our island he ever spreads it, like a father covering the face of his dead child. But the seasons themselves could bring no such change upon nature as it seemed, in the sadness of our hearts, to have already suffered. The breeze that swept our lofty downlands was no longer blithe and spirit-stirring, but rose in gusts of lamentation, and died away in melancholy sighs: the laughing sea had become a waste of waters; and our favourite paths, where the evergreens flourish as in spring, might have been full of withered leaves, so loth were we to walk there; because our Charley seemed to be associated with all these things, as the scent with the flower, or as the soul with its beautiful form. If this seems to be exaggeration, it must be remembered that our little household is a very simple one, and alone in the world, and that our Charley was all in all to us.

The time had now arrived when the steamer that was to bring Captain Arden might be expected, and we watched for it attentively, but without impatience; with eyes less tearful than had followed that retreating vessel years ago, but with hearts far heavier.

Herbert had been despatched to Southampton to await the captain, and bring him on to us at once; so that, when the black ship went by at dawn, we knew that we should see him that same evening. As the afternoon wore on, we got to be so unaccountably wistful and anxious, that the girls and I determined to walk up the cliff-road to meet our guest.

'There comes the carriage,' exclaimed thoughtless Alice, presently, clapping her hands.

A look from her sister reminded her at once of the tidings which our visitor must needs have to tell us, and the poor girl (who has as loving a heart as any of us) hung her head down, and let fall her veil. She must have been mistaken, however, about the carriage, as it must have by this time emerged round the corner of the rock. Instead of this, a solitary horseman, Herbert, showed himself. 'Arden is not come on,' cried he, 'but I have seen him; he has brought the best of news, the very best: the baby is saved—Ellen is saved—Charley is saved: the rajah took the very greatest care of the whole family. Now don't get white and foolish, Janet, or I will tell you no more news.'

'They are here,' murmured Janet, faintly; 'they are all here, I know.'

'Well, dearest, I was going to tell you that myself: they are waiting round the cliff yonder, till you have quite made up your minds to see them.'

And there in very truth they were—the three: the crowing baby, the fair wife, and our own Charley, safe in their island home. Thanks be to Heaven, we had indeed a time of great joy. I would that by every English hearth, this year, the vacant chairs had been as blithely filled!

OLD Letters.

From the Earl of Chatham to his Nephew, Thomas Pitt, Esq.

'Bath, Jan. 14, 1754.

'MY DEAR NEPHEW, — You will hardly have read over one very long letter from me, before you are troubled with a second. I intended to have writ soon, but I do it the sooner on account of your letter to your aunt, which she transmitted to me here. If anything, my dear boy, could have happened to raise you higher in my esteem, and to endear you more to me, it is the amiable abhorrence you feel for the scene of vice and folly (and of real misery and perdition, under the false notion of pleasure and spirit) which has opened to you at your college, and at the same time, the manly, brave, generous, and wise resolution and true spirit, with which you resisted and repulsed the first attempts upon a mind and heart. I thank God, infinitely too firm and noble, as well as too elegant and enlightened, to be in any danger of yielding to such contemptible and wretched corruptions. You charm me with the description of Mr Wheler;* and while you say you could adore him, I could adore you for the natural, genuine love of virtue, which speaks in all you feel, say, or do. As to your companions, let this be your rule. Cultivate the acquaintance with Mr Wheler which you have so fortunately begun: and in general, be sure to associate with men much older than yourself—scholars whenever you can—but always with men of decent and honourable lives. As their age and learning, superior both to your own, must necessarily, in good sense, and in the view of acquiring knowledge from them, entitle them to all deference, and submission of your own lights to theirs, you will particularly practise that first and greatest rule for pleasing in conversation, as well as for drawing instruction and improvement from the company of one's superiors in age and knowledge;

* The Rev. John Wheler, prebendary of Westminster. The friendship formed between this gentleman and Lord Camelford, at so early a period of their lives, was founded in mutual esteem, and continued uninterrupted till Lord Camelford's death.

namely, to be a patient, attentive, and well-bred hearer, and to answer with modesty: to deliver your own opinions sparingly, and with proper diffidence; and if you are forced to desire further information or explanation upon a point, to do it with proper apologies for the trouble you give: or if obliged to differ, to do it with all possible candour, and an unprejudiced desire to find and ascertain truth, with an entire indifference to the side on which that truth is to be found. There is likewise a particular attention required to contradict with good manners; such as, "begging pardon," "begging leave to doubt," and such-like phrases. Pythagoras enjoined his scholars an absolute silence for a long novitiate. I am far from approving such a taciturnity; but I highly recommend the end and intent of Pythagoras's injunction: which is, to dedicate the first parts of life more to hear and learn, in order to collect materials out of which to form opinions founded on proper lights, and well-examined sound principles, than to be presuming, prompt, and flippant in hazarding one's own slight crude notions of things; and thereby exposing the nakedness and emptiness of the mind, like a house opened to company, before it is fitted either with necessities, or any ornaments for their reception and entertainment. And not only will this disgrace follow from such temerity and presumption, but a more serious danger is sure to ensue; that is, the embracing errors for truth, prejudices for principles; and when that is once done (no matter how vainly and weakly), the adhering perhaps to false and dangerous notions, only because one has declared for them, and submitting, for life, the understanding and conscience to a yoke of base and servile prejudices, vainly taken up and obstinately retained. This will never be your danger; but I thought it not amiss to offer these reflections to your thoughts. As to your manner of behaving towards these unhappy young gentlemen you describe, let it be manly and easy; decline their parties with civility; retort their railery with railery, always tempered with good breed-

ing: if they banter your regularity, order, decency, and love of study, banter in return their neglect of them; and venture to own frankly, that you came to Cambridge to learn what you can, not to follow what they are pleased to call pleasure. In short, let your external behaviour to them be as full of politeness and ease as your inward estimation of them is full of pity, mixed with contempt. I come now to the part of the advice I have to offer to you, which most nearly concerns your welfare, and upon which every good and honourable purpose of your life will assuredly turn; I mean the keeping up in your heart the true sentiments of religion. If you are not right towards God, you can never be so towards man: the noblest sentiment of the human breast is here brought to the test. Is gratitude in the number of a man's virtues? If it be, the highest Benefactor demands the warmest returns of gratitude, love, and praise: *Ingratum qui dixerit, omnia dixit*. If a man wants this virtue, where there are infinite obligations to excite and quicken it, he will be likely to want all others towards his fellow-creatures, whose utmost gifts are poor, compared to those he daily receives at the hands of his never-failing Almighty Friend. "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth," is big with the deepest wisdom: "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom; and an upright heart, that is understanding." This is eternally true, whether the wits and rakes of Cambridge allow it or not: nay, I must add of this religious wisdom, "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace," whatever your young gentlemen of pleasure think of a whore and a bottle, a tainted health and battered constitution. Hold fast, therefore, by this sheet-anchor of happiness, religion; you will often want it in the times of most danger, the storms and tempests of life. Cherish true religion as preciously as you will fly, with abhorrence and contempt, superstition and enthusiasm. The first is the perfection and glory of the human nature; the two last, the deprivation and disgrace of it. Remember the essence of religion is, a heart void of offence towards God and man; not subtle speculative opinions, but an active vital principle of faith. The words of a heathen were so fine

that I must give them to you: *Compositum jus, fasque animi, sanctosque recessus mentis, et incoctum generosum pectus honesto*.

Go on, my dear child, in the admirable dispositions you have towards all that is right and good, and make yourself the love and admiration of the world! I have neither paper nor words to tell you how tenderly I am yours.

Catherine Bulkeley, Abbess of Godstow, to Lord Cromwell.

A.D. vers. 1538.

(MISCELL. LETTERS, 1ST SERIES, VOL. XIII., NO. 34, STATE PAPER OFFICE.)
(Original.)

'Pleaseth it your honour,—After my most humble duty, with immortal thanks for all your great goodness showed unto me, to be advertised that I have sent by this bearer your old fee of 40s., and your new fee of other 40s., due both at Michaelmas last. I am ashamed of them that they be so little, but I beseech you to accept them, seeing my power is no better; for if it were, truly you should have more. And if it may please your honour to send me the same two convent seals, I shall make them both in one to your lordship, and to your son, Master Gregory, and to the longer liver of you both; for gladly would I do you some pleasure, if I wist how, God knoweth my heart. In declaration whereof, for lack of better stuff, I do send you a dish of old apples, whereof some be a twelvemonth old, and some two year old; beseeching you to accept them, and to license me to set open a back gate of this monastery, which hath been shut ever since the king's visitation, for the which I have great displeasure of my neighbours; for indeed it is very *nochie* (hurtful) for them, especially the winter time, for by reason thereof they be fain to go two mile about, as this bearer can more at large declare to your honour; as knoweth our Lord, who ever preserve you to his pleasure. Amen.

'At Godstow, the 6th day of October.

'Your most bounden beadwoman,

'CATHERINE BULKELEY,

'Abbess there.

'To the Right Honourable and my very singular lord, my good Lord Privy Seal, this deliver.'

The New Books.

*A Three Weeks' Sojourn through the Spas of Germany and Belgium, with an Appendix on the Nature and Uses of Mineral Waters.** By Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S. Foolscape 8vo, 368 pp. London: John Churchill. 1858.

THE AUTUMN HOLIDAY.

AN autumn holiday is one of the institutions of Great Britain; so that a hard-worked doctor need little excuse for giving himself three weeks of, I was going to say *rest*, but I prefer to say, for reasons that will presently appear, *change*. Three weeks of change; and the less so, as said doctor alleges that he has not had a holiday before since he has been in practice; and, as he promises to devote it to a useful purpose, begetting, as he hopes, increased health and vigour to himself, a state that cannot but redound to the benefit of his patients, and some few practical and practicable notions on the medicine of the renowned mineral springs of Germany.

It is quite true, but wholly inexcusable, that towards the end of a London season, the doctor medicus, jaded by labour, and exhausted by care and anxiety, becomes, *tant soit peu*, impatient and irritable, is apt to ride the high horse, and forget that his 'religio medici' demands of him patience, forbearance, and sympathy to the last degree; and that, if his patient be somewhat tiresome, he is made so by disease, by pain, and by a natural apprehension, originating in ignorance of the truth, that his malady may jeopardise his life, and, perhaps, more and dearer interests that hang upon his life. And if all this be true, it is equally true that strong physical health is as necessary to the doctor, in the interests of his patients, as moral and mental strength; the strong man thinks strongly and comprehensively, and his vigorous earnestness forces con-

viction on his patient, and develops and secures his patient's faith; in a word, his faith begets faith. Well, dear reader, I think I have secured your leave for the doctor's holiday; for, if his reasons have not touched you, you will at least be glad to get rid of his eloquence.

THE CALAIS PACKET AT NIGHT.

An odd sight is a Calais packet, particularly at night; it was now between eleven and twelve:—the cabin is small; but every locker, shelf, and resting-place, the table and under the table, is encumbered with some prostrate form, each looking as hideous as nightcap, cloak, travelling-cap, and wraps of every fashion, can make it; and suggesting the idea of a field of battle, littered by the slain. Here you meet with a pair of legs without any apparent body; there, a brace of arms, evidently apart from the trunk to which they ought to have hung; here is an isolated head—alack! for the poor fellow to whom it once belonged; now, I stumble over the corpse-like form of a fellow-creature wrapped in a military cloak, as if prepared for interment; then, there is a group of lucky fellows who have escaped the fate of the rest, and are demolishing bitter beer and bread and cheese around a kind of altar-piece, from which the spirit within hands spirits without; while here—oh, unhappy sight!—a turbaned head hangs listless over a steward's basin. On the deck, the vision was alike; but there the fury of the battle had been less; the bodies were not so numerous; here and there a stiffened form might be seen, expressive of the agonies of its last waking breath; some with limbs drawn up, and some with features calm as sleep, but all fearfully pale; here and there a seemingly wounded brave staggered and reeled as he attempted to walk; while others clung in speechless misery to the shrouds—a salt-water term, that might perchance too surely realise their eventful future. All this while, and over this desolate scene, the wind blew fiercely; a lady struggled to maintain her equilibrium on her camp stool; while her husband ever and anon added his weight to hers, to save her from being wafted overboard by the belling parachute which served her in place of a hat; at last, she could stand it no longer;

* While drawing largely upon the pleasant chatty portions of Dr Wilson's book, we must not fail to make special reference to the valuable practical chapter, 'On the Nature and Uses of Mineral Waters.' The classification of mineral waters there given, in addition to other medical notes throughout the volume, will give it a permanent value to all those who may need information on such a subject.

she scuttled away to the lee-scuppers, and was very sick, and the parachute was converted for the nonce into a paravent.

SEA-SICKNESS—A NEW CURE.

But what were you about all this time, doctor? You started by saying that you were a bad sailor. How did you fare? Why, dear reader, I was busy with an experiment of my own, in corpore vile, and no less a one than to determine the cause of, and thence to deduce a remedy for, sea-sickness. So, after looking about for a little while on the scene I have just described, and thinking with what zeal a medical student would survey such a shower of arms and legs, and heads and necks, I began to reflect that the predisposing cause of sea-sickness must be the unwonted motion to which the body is subjected; that it was not the horizontal motion, nor the lateral or oscillating motion, for both of these we have in a railway carriage, but the vertical motion, which was the chief element of mischief; and not the vertical motion alone, but all the motions together; the vertical motion,—that is, the rise and fall of the body—being that to which the organic system is most unused, and of which therefore it would be most susceptible. These varied motions, after a time, are felt by the organic system of nerves, that system which commands and regulates the actions of the digestive organs; and the impression being at once unnatural and disagreeable, the said nerves evince their objection to the process, by the only kind of sensation of which they are capable; not ordinary pain, which is an attribute of the nerves of common sensation, but an equally painful condition of the organs to which they belong, namely, nausea and faintness, quickly followed by an imperious necessity to—let me borrow an expression from the Calais packet—reverse the engine. We may therefore condense the phenomena of sea-sickness into a very narrow space; namely, motion, and organic sensation; and upon this narrow space may concentrate the fire of all our remedial artillery. It is quite true that it is not given to the nerves of all persons to appreciate these sensations with equal acuteness. As there are some of the creatures who people this world who have, or seem to have, no brains; others, no hearts; and others, no bowels—that is, of compassion; so there are specimens of the human family who seem to exist

without nerves; while others are all nerve; and a third class, by education—that is, by habit—are able to stifle the sensations of their nerves. The great Nelson always suffered from sea-sickness in rough weather, particularly on first going to sea after a residence on shore; and I have seen ladies whom the mere sight of the motion of the waves, or the smell of a ship, was sufficient to throw into a state of nausea. Children offer a singular variety in this respect. Some never feel sickness when on the sea; while others are unable to bear the motion of a carriage, even a railway carriage, without nausea.

The seat of the sense of nausea is the pit of the stomach; and at the bottom of that pit—like a sorcerer in his cave—lies the solar plexus, the great wizard that directs the tidal crises of the stomach, its tempests and its calms; its winds and its volcanic emotions; and to this great wizard the *petitio ad misericordiam* is raised by those who would secure his good offices; to him the offerings of sacrifice are made, according to the varied belief of his votaries; some come smiling on, with the conviction that they have made him their friend by the offering of a good breakfast or dinner; some give him a stiff sou-wester, as the sailors have it—that is, a glass of strong grog; others try to make him sneeze with a pinch of cayenne pepper; some would tempt him into good-nature with peppermint; others physic him with camphor or creosote; others, again, send him to sleep by means of laudanum or morphia, suffocate him with ether, or stupify him with chloroform. Each pilgrim has faith in his own nostrum, even when it fails; as it is sure to do nine times in every ten. Then we have a more modest class of devotees, who approach him timidly; they stuff his pit with a camphor bag, or cover it up with a warm plaster, be it of cummin or frankincense, and, thus armed, they boldly wait his pleasure.

Now, far be it from me to deny that the solar plexus approves of a good meal; on the contrary, no genius ever recorded in the 'Thousand and One Nights' loves good things better than he, and to make him in every way comfortable is a step of the first importance; but we must remember that he is to be comforted, not oppressed; he generally likes what he is accustomed to, and administered with the usual forms, and at the usual periods; a breakfast at breakfast-time, a dinner at

dinner-time, and so forth; but he neither approves of being devilled with cayenne and brandy, nor made stupid with laudanum, chloroform, or camphor. If he be hungry, give him meat; if he be athirst, give him soda-water, either alone or with a little sherry or brandy; and if he be chilled, clothe him warmly if you like, with a camphor pad, or cummin or frankincense plaster: the external remedies can do no harm, and they often do good, not merely because they give confidence to the individual and allay apprehension, but because they bestow warmth and pressure.

But, however conducive to the prevention of sea-sickness may be the securing of a friendly feeling on the part of the solar plexus, by the inner and outer comforts herein noted, there is a process which would seem to deserve to take precedence of these; namely, the prevention of its exciting cause—motion. And here again we find worshippers not less zealous than those who have gone before. Some throw themselves on the ground, and remain motionless during the whole voyage, with their brow humbly resting on the floor; others cast themselves on their backs, and, shutting their eyes, remain alike immoveable; while others sit with wooden firmness, gazing unchangeably on some fixed spot, such as a star, an object on the horizon, or a stationary point, if such there be, on the vessel. And wherefore these extraordinary postures, which resemble the antics of the Indian Fakirs? The answer is simple: to fix the muscular system, over which we have control, and by that fixture to steady, if not totally to fix, the solar plexus. If we effect this, we prevent the motions of the vessel from reaching those nerves, and we thereby arrest the after consequences, nausea and vomiting. Before starting from home, my brother reminded me of this voluntary exercise of control over the muscular system, and mentioned its success in himself; he remarked, also, that the priests of old sold charms to dispel sea-sickness, and that these charms, which were cabalistic figures written on parchment, were bound tightly round the person; their success appearing to depend mainly on their close pressure against the trunk of the body. It was to illustrate this experiment that I now set myself, thinking that my proneness to sea-sickness would give it a fair trial. In the absence of a belt, I tied a shawl tightly

round my trunk, making strong pressure from the hips upwards to the middle of the chest, and then sat down on one of the benches to observe the result; I further fixed my heels against the deck, and, crossing my arms on my chest, resisted with all my power every movement of the vessel. I escaped without a feeling of uneasiness, while several around me and in the cabin were extremely ill; I have said that there was a good deal of motion in the vessel, but not much rolling, and the passage could not be termed rough. On my return passage, I did the same, and with an equally satisfactory result; but the experiment was also doubtful, from the sea being calm and the transit short. I leave it to others to give the plan a further trial, which it deserves, as being correct in principle, even if it fail to be universally certain in practice.

A GENIUS FOR SOUP.

Well, if anything can make purgatory pleasant, the custom-house purgatory at Calais is so made; while preparations are being slowly developed to rifle your carpet-bag in one apartment, and your character in another, you are civilly invited to console yourself in a *salle de restauration*, or buffet, in a third. You bolt your cutlet au pommes de terre, or scald your throat with your coffee or gravy soup, as the case may be, although you are assured, as is the fact, that there is plenty of time; and then having undergone the visé of an old employé, who was every now and then at the point of strangulation, from the effort to make French out of English names; and having your belongings inspected, or, as happened in my case, put under seal to Aix-la-Chapelle without opening, you make your way with the light tread of a happy spirit and relieved mind to the railway train. I have already put it on record, that I crossed the English Channel from Dover to Calais without being sea-sick, a fact not to be forgotten, and I make a second chapter of it by repeating it here; but, if I had had the misfortune to be sea-sick, how cheerily would the light gravy soup of the French restaurateur, the *potage*, as he calls it, have sat upon my stomach; if I had willed to prescribe the best medicine on earth for a bruised and wounded stomach, it would have been this very potage; it was the bright spot of the Calais custom-house; in the midst of the dark night, the worn and fainting traveller is greeted

with a cup of warm wholesome gravy soup. Ah! my countrymen at Dover, could you do as much? Alas, no! you have no genius for soup; that first of the arts of political economy, cookery, is unknown to you. Perhaps Soyer may save you yet, barbarian that you are; minister of tough beef-steaks, and almost equally tough and smoky chops; bitter beer, and half-and-half; fit diet for stomachs of cast-iron; pheugh! You were once naked, and painted your skin with blue and yellow; now you have found out the way of covering your skin with comfortable clothes, and making the yellow a lining for your pockets: now, Britons, one cheer more; learn to cook; that is, if you value our doctor's approbation.

A HINT TO TRAVELLERS.

I have discovered that there is no better way of killing time, when you are hungry, than eating and drinking; once on my travels, as I shall perhaps tell in its place, this inoffensive occupation saved me from extreme ennui. And I may as well, now I am in the mind, put another observation on record here; namely, that in travelling it is advisable to eat frequently, not much at a time, but often, and to avoid alcohol; thus, soup, coffee, tea, cutlets, fruit, soda or seltzer water, should form the staple of our travelling diet. Travelling naturally induces a little heat and feverishness of system, which a cooling diet tends to allay, but which a heating diet might aggravate to an inconvenient degree.

BELGIAN CHARACTERISTICS.

The special characteristic of the Belgians appears to be the disposition to turn everything to use: their women and children, their dogs, their priests, their cows, their oxen; just as they utilise their trees, by selecting those that are tall and capable of serving as a barrier against the winds, without shading the soil or drawing much sustenance from its bosom, and, at the same time, by their lower branches, supply them with firewood; they harness their dogs to small carts and wheelbarrows, turn their women into the fields to pick weeds and bear burdens, and make their cows and oxen chew the cud of the produce of their own labour. It is curious to see the old men, the boys, and the girls, leading a pair of oxen by their halters, or acting the part of a living tether to prevent their straying into the neigh-

bouring crops. Then there were some singular specimens of priests of the Flemish breed—short, thick, wooden-looking fellows, with immense shovel hats, and white petticoats hanging below black; intended, as I thought, like their sister crinoline, to conceal an unsaintly embonpoint. I said that the Belgians worked their priests; I may be wrong, but I judged so from their dirty faces, and equally dirty hands and nails; but it may be that the only real work they do is to bear the sins of their fellow-men; certainly their backs are sufficiently broad.

It is a crying pity to see woman, whose place, according to us islanders, is her 'ain house at hame,' spoiling her complexion in the burning sun, ugly from birth, but hideous in old age, the joint result of tanning and shrivelling. I suppose there may be a moral in it; for just as the Chinese women are kept from gadding by the atrophy of their feet, so the Belgian women have their vanity of person kept in check by the disfigurement of their skin. And yet I fear that it is, after all, some principle of shabby economy; it is the husbandry of woman—a reckoning with the daughters of Eve, for being her daughters. I should like to follow these poor creatures to their homes, and sit with them at their meals. Ah! there methinks I should discover the secret of their ugliness; the secret of their wasting labour, poverty. They are ill fed and hard worked, and they become the mothers of a feeble and sickly race. How can a husbandman feed upon his friend, his companion, his fellow-labourer, or, after toiling with him in tilling the land for a quarter-of-a-century? The riddle is quickly answered—hunger. But the ox is not for him; it is destined for the sausages of his luckier brother of the town, the wealthier artisan.

At one of the stations, I just had time to pass in review a young army of raw recruits, who, packed in open carriages, were standing there, while their officers, in all the conceit of dirks and incipient moustaches, were puffing their cigars. They—that is, the recruits—reminded me of a regiment of out-patients at one of our hospitals; mere boys, the sons of the very women whose state I have just been deploring; thin, weak, bloodless, some with their faces tied up with toothache, others with sore throats, and others sadly in want of a pocket-handkerchief. This is the raw material of war; and yet these

youngsters, who to-day look as if their musket were too heavy for them, may, in a few years, by good food and good training, be turned into strong men and good soldiers. Lucky fellows to escape the liquid manure tank and the three-pronged hoe. By the way, excellent as liquid manure may be to the soil, I cannot think its diffusion through the breathing air conducive to health; certainly it is not the sweet breath of the freshly upturned earth that we read of as being the delight of our ancestors.

Reader, I fear you will think I am getting prosy; but fancy eight hours spent with no better companion than one's own thoughts, or perchance with company far less agreeable.

A DOCTOR'S MEDITATIONS.

In Belgium and Germany, the world rides in second-class railway carriages; none but Russian princes and English tradesmen take places in carriages of the first class; so that no wonder there should be a little jumble of classes: and, in good truth, the second-class carriages of the Continent are not only equal, but superior in decoration and comfort, to modern first-class carriages at home. The fares are likewise very moderate; a fact to be borne in mind, when we venture to grumble at having to pay for our luggage. The truth is, that the carpet-bag of England has to pay for the half-hundredweight black box, its travelling companion; and we agree to this willingly, rather than submit to the obstruction and delay that must necessarily arise from weighing our baggage whenever we start on a journey. But I intended to remark, that at Malines I stumbled on a Belgian don, with his wife and daughter, who were travelling with a liveried servant. Now, as it would not have comported with the dignity of master and man that said servant should ride in the same carriage with his master and master's wife, the servant was put into another carriage of the same class, of which I was the occupant. I felt for the moment a little indignant; but choked down my wrath, and determined, in revenge, to make a pen-and-ink sketch of the fellow. First, he was ugly and greasy, as though his master kept him on half-allowance of soap; then such paws—oh! for a pair of nine-penny cotton whites, to hide those hideous fingers that handed his master's plate at dinner; then there was a decidedly vigo-

rous attempt at tailors' finery; a drab turned up with black, black velvet breeches with gilt garters and drab gaiters; then he spread himself out in the last attitude of Belgian independence, one hand on the edge of the window, one on the arm of the carriage, as though he tried all he could to bleach those mahogany-coloured fins; then his feet were tossed up on the new carriage cushions; serve the directors right, why not put the pig in his pen? then he fidgeted; then looked out of the window; how I longed to take him, Achilles-like, by the heel, and make him swallow a mouthful of his native earth; he then unpacked his pockets of sundry green apples, upon which he began to feed with tremendous vigour. It's a great pity that his master, when he gave the orang-outang a livery, could not afford him proper food and a little soap; not that a little soap would ever have washed out the rich japan of dirt he carried on his fists. Good God! that must be the ninth green apple the fellow has bolted. I rubbed my hands with joy; it required no imaginative foresight to see the chap doubled up that night with the pangs of indigestion, every apple gathering its atoms together into a cricket-ball, or a nine-pounder shot. And then, oh! if we would but send for a doctor; a blue pill and black draught in the morning would settle him quite; and no gentle Englishman like myself would be pestered with his presence again in a railway journey.

SWIMMING BATHS.

In the morning I put my friend Dr Cutler's good-nature to the test. I hurried him down from his toilet, while I picked myself a nosegay from the oleanders that formed a pretty avenue at his door; and then I mounted him on the seat of my little Americain, drawn by one of the strongest, most willing, and sure-footed, and best-conditioned little horses, a true Ardennois, that I had ever seen. I longed to bring him with me to England. 'Stop!' said the doctor, as we climbed a somewhat steep hill; for Spa being at the top of the valley, it is impossible to go any further in the same direction without an ascent; 'stop here, my good fellow, hold the pony's head, will you.' This was spoken in good Belgian French. 'And now,' said he, turning to me, 'I will show you a swimming bath we have just had constructed.' And

a superb swimming bath it was, open to the air, enclosed by a low parapet wall and hedge, and supplied by a running stream. 'We have found the want of a cold bath in the summer time,' said he; 'and we have endeavoured to supply it.'—'You have succeeded magnificently,' said I; 'and your visitors may not only lave their arid limbs, in the summer time, but become, if they choose, good swimmers. Now, it is remarkable,' I continued, turning towards him, and forgetting for the moment that he was an Englishman like myself—'it is remarkable,' said I, 'that in our country—meaning yours and mine, dear reader—we have no swimming baths; that is, none deserving the name; no schools of swimming; and this is the more extraordinary in a country which itself is little more than a ship surrounded by the sea on all sides. Perhaps our good mother thinks that we must be swimmers by birth; or, perhaps, that the art will come of itself the first time we happen to be dropped overboard. Be it as it may, I think we might swim the better for a little instruction; and I am half inclined to envy the French their schools of swimming, in which not only the men, but the women, are taught that useful art. An English lady told me that during the summer she had been practising swimming at a French watering-place, and that one of the lessons consisted in being thrown into the water, clothed in her usual dress.' 'Ah!' said the doctor, 'they do those things better in France.'

LEGAL SWINDLING.

Whether it is that the German parts with his coin more reluctantly than other people, whether he holds it in a tighter grip, or whether it is unusually rubbed, from a quantity of small money being carried together; or whether it has been a long time in use, not rolling on its edge, but sprawling on its face, it is quite true that the coinage is miserably defaced. I received one morning an Austrian piece of twenty-four kreutzers, very much rubbed, from my landlord, and in the course of an hour I tendered it at the post-office. 'Good for nothing,' said the postmaster, as he pushed away the piece with impatience.—'But I have just received it from my landlord,' said I.—'Oh! it is only at the bureaux that it will be refused,' he replied.—'But why,' said I, 'does your government permit the circulation of a coinage which your offices, or bureaux,

as you call them, refuse?' He was puzzled, and looked me in the face, to see if I had the phiz of a gendarme in disguise, and then winked his eye, as much as to say, our governments are too selfish to trouble themselves about the people's wants and convenience: besides, the vileness of the coinage is a profitable tax upon strangers. 'You're right,' said I; 'I perceive you to be a man of letters, if not a man of words,' and I took off my hat, and gave him one of those graceful bows that are to be met with only in Germany. A few hours later, I tried my twenty-four kreutzer piece at the railway station: 'Nicht gut,' said the man of tickets; so, putting the piece in a corner of reserve of my pocket, I laid a scheme for its future that was entirely successful.

THE SPRINGS OF EMS.

The springs of Ems are twenty-one in number; they take their rise in a Grauwacke rock, situated behind the Curhaus; and although they most probably all originate in the same source, they choose to issue from different fissures of the rock, and therefore present certain differences of temperature and of proportion in their chemical constituents. Their difference of temperature amounts to as much as 38° of Fahrenheit, the coolest being 90°, and the hottest 128°; the difference in amount of carbonic acid gas is shown in the proportion of sixteen and twenty cubic inches, the extremes of their contents in the pint; the larger quantity being found in the cooler water, the smaller in the hot; and the difference of their dose of bicarbonate of soda is eighteen and twenty-one grains to the pint. The appearance of the water is clear and transparent; but its taste differs in correspondence with the differences of strength of the elementary constituents already noted. The hotter waters are saltish and alkaline, and communicate a flavour of weak beef-tea; while the cooler waters are less saline and alkaline to the taste, and more brisk and piquant, from containing a larger quantity of carbonic acid gas. Dr D'Ibelle also notes another peculiarity, which admits of a ready explanation, but which to the unlearned approaches the marvellous; it is that these waters are cooler to the mouth and palate than plain water of the same heat; a fact that every one may put to the test who will sip, alternately, soup and plain hot water of an exactly similar temperature.

The drinking springs of Ems are three in number; namely, the *Kesselbrunnen*, literally the kettle-spring, which gives issue to four thousand cubic feet of water daily of a temperature of 115° of Fahrenheit; the *Fürstenbrunnen*, or Prince's Spring, whose water has a temperature of 96° ; and the *Kranchen*, or source of the tap, so named because it issues from a silver tap in a niche of the drinking-hall of the Curhaus—its temperature is 84° . The *Kesselbrunnen* rises in a marble reservoir in the Curhaus; and the *Fürstenbrunnen* issues into a basin at the distance of a few feet from the *Kranchen*. Besides these, a new spring has been recently discovered opposite the garden of the Curhaus, which is both hotter and more abundant in its supply than those before named, having a temperature of 117° of Fahrenheit, and pouring forth every minute something like one hundred and seventy-five gallons. This latter source has been the means of affording an exhaustless supply of water to the baths. The temperature of the water for drinking ranges between 99° and 77° of Fahrenheit.

The water for the baths is collected into eleven great reservoirs, for the purpose of cooling; no plain water is mingled with it; and from the reservoirs it is distributed by means of pipes to the bathing cabinets, of which there are upwards of a hundred. In the bathing establishment is a vapour bath, a strong douche, and milder douches, applicable to several of the baths. And there is a natural ascending douche, of the proper temperature of the water, 88° of Fahrenheit, which is called, *par excellence*, the Bubenquelle, literally the Baby Spring, which is oftentimes as mischievous from mismanagement as beneficial when judiciously employed; and which Dr D'ibell very properly suggests should never be used without the special prescription of the medical man. The Bubenquelle Fountain is half-an-inch in diameter, and rises from the bottom of a basin, on turning a stop-cock, to the height of between two and three feet.

As to their uses, or curative results, the waters of Ems are celebrated for their beneficial effects in all cases in which there is a prevalence of acidity in the system; in thickening of the juices of the body, as, for example, of the bile; in thickenings of the solids, arising from morbid function or chronic inflammation;

in gall-stones, calculous disorders of the kidneys, gouty deposits, and rheumatic enlargements, and in chronic expectoration, depending on old bronchitis or catarrh. In cases of the latter kind, the relief to the mucous membrane is said to be immediate, and the sensation is spoken of as 'balsamic.' The Hygeia of Ems also holds out her hand to those of her own sex who need her assistance: she removes obstructions; softens and brings away tumours; and she invites them, under the guidance of her man of business, the doctor, to venture a trial of the Bubenquelle, when the possession of a doll to dress and undress is the first object of her mind and wishes.

SELTERS WATER.

Selters, or Nieder Selters, is situated on the Emsbach, the latter opening into the Lahn some miles above Fachingen. Its waters, like those of the latter place, are only used for exportation; but their celebrity is so great, and so deserved, that they find their way into every corner of the habitable earth. In Germany itself, they form one of its greatest luxuries; being used either with wine, with sugar, or alone, as a common drink. The water is clear, transparent, sparkling, and piquant, and leaves behind on the palate a slightly saline flavour. Its chemical composition is, thirty cubic inches of carbonic acid gas to the pint, with nine grains and three-quarters of bicarbonate of soda, seventeen grains of muriate of soda, and one-tenth of a grain of carbonate of iron. Thus, it must be regarded as a *muriated saline water*, and not a carbonated alkaline water like that of Ems.

As a medicine, the water of Selters is useful in all cases of illness where a mildly alterative antacid, and at the same time solvent, remedy is required; as in dyspepsia, gout, rheumatism, acid secretions from the kidneys, and also in scrofulous and glandular affections. It has, besides, acquired esteem in chronic catarrh and bronchitis, and even in that stage of organic change in the lungs known as consumption. In the latter case, it is convenient and proper to dilute the selter-water with warm milk, or with asses' milk.

BATHING LUXURIES.

The country around Langen Schwalbach abounds in chalybeate springs, which are met with in all the neighbouring vil-

lages; but are weaker in iron than those of Schwalbach. In Schwalbach itself there are no less than ten sources; namely, the Weinbrunnen, or Wine-pool; the Paulinenbrunnen and Rosenbrunnen, the Pauline and Rose pools; two sources which go by the name of Ehebrunnen or Husband's pools; the Stahlbrunnen, or Iron-pool; two Neubrunnen, or New-pools; the Lindenbrunnen, or Limetree-pool; and the Brodelbrunnen, or Whirlpool. One would have liked to see the old Roman tipping away at the Weinbrunnen, and coming upon it for the first time. I once recollect to have seen the effect of the lees of wine upon a family of pigs; first, there was the grunt of discovery; secondly, the 'not so bad neither, old fellow,' aside to his companions; then there was the 'by Jupiter, this is the right stuff, eh?' and then came the after-consequences; but then I need not stop to record. But I can fancy the ancient Romans first wiping one eye and then the other, and then the snort of satisfaction when they first stumbled upon what they chose to designate as *aqua vinaria*.

There are few things on the earth more enjoyable than a residence under water in one of these baths for half-an-hour. I speak from experience of this delight, having philosophised tranquilly on the matter for that term of life one morning shortly before dinner. The temperature, as prescribed me by the bath-woman, was 86° of Fahrenheit; and I had no reason to differ from her in opinion as to the result. The bath just holds sufficient water to cover you completely; lying at full length, with the back of your head resting on the edge, you fold your arms, and compose yourself to peace. The position of your head gives you a view of yourself through the green-looking transparent water; and your first observation is one of admiration of the extreme whiteness and fairness of your skin, and you are reminded of the naïve expression of admiration of the Frenchman, who said, with regard to a neighbouring bath, that 'on devient amoureux de soi-même.' Next you are struck by the appearance of what seems to be a copious eruption breaking out over the whole skin; but an eruption of an unusual kind, an eruption, in fact, of glittering pearls; and then the adhesiveness of the pearls is remarkable, you cannot shake them off, but you must wipe them off with a sweep, in order to come to your white skin once again, and then

they collect as fast as ever. But, as you are prohibited from moving while in the bath, and as your own sensations soon tell you that you are chilled by motion, to feel warm and comfortable under the novel costume of pearls, you are fain to leave them alone. But this is not all; your bath is not like other baths, a silex bath; it is a musical bath; and while you are thus amusing your eye, first, with the charms of your own skin, and then with the sparkling vests of pearls that quickly clothe it, your ear is gratified by a little talkative, wick, wick! wick, wick! wick! wick, wick, wick, wick! and when you turn to look after the little fellow that are treating you to a pigmy concert on the surface of the water, and begin to fancy yourself a Gulliver in one of the seas of the Lilliputians, there is a round mouthed chuckle close to your ear, which makes you afraid that the Lilliputians have, since settling accounts with Gulliver, hired an army of stronger fellows to fight their battles in case of need; and then, dear me! your mind is relieved from anxiety by finding that the wick-wicks are only little playful gas-bubbles, that are cracking their jokes, and then sides also, on the surface of the bath, and that the more noisy, laughing fellows are only bubbles of a larger growth, that slip out from under your back or from the hollow of your arm-pits. My half-hour soon slipped away; and if his Royal Highness of Clarence took pleasure in his bath of Malmsey, I also enjoyed my bath of the water-wine of Schwalbach. It is here that the old grow young, and the weak, strong; while calm, tranquillity, and ease envelop, as in a mantle, the charmed and soothed senses.

As there is an end to all things, so an end came at last to my pleasant bath. I found contrivances of various kinds for the exhibition of the douche; and I ascertained that baths are to be had in several of the hotels, as the Cour de Basaie, Ville de Mayence, and Ville de Coblenz; but, I also found that the water for these baths was conveyed to the hotels by means of casks, a process that must necessarily tend to dilodge and disperse the carbonic acid gas, and therefore render them less useful. Making a profound bow to the Dame des Bains, I turned into the garden for a stroll, and there came unexpectedly upon an operation, the observation of which gave me much pleasure.

I have already glanced at the perfect integrity which pervades the baths of Germany, an integrity which is vouched for by the high character and learning of the physicians appointed by government to the baths. The source of Aix-la-Chapelle is watched with the most jealous care, lest it should be tampered with. Dr D'Ibelle appeals to the unmixed purity of the waters employed for the baths at Ems; and Dr Genth called our attention to the care with which the reservoirs for containing the waters are cemented, how they are placed underground to be kept cool, and how their distributing pipes are always full, in order to prevent the escape of the carbonic acid gas, and the admission of atmospheric air. I had another and unlooked-for illustration of the remarkable care which is taken to secure the water in its most perfect state, in bottles, for transmission to different parts of the country and to distant lands.

The exportation of the Schwalbach waters is no longer what it was when the water was used in the same manner that the Selters water is now; when, in the summer months, from eight to ten thousand bottles were filled and carried away daily, affording occupation to several hundred carriers. The process of bottling, such as it was performed under my own eyes, I will now describe:—Each earthen bottle was carefully rinsed out, in the water of the spare basin of the Weinbrunnen source; it was then, the metal funnel having been removed and a conical pipe screwed into its place, held over this pipe until it became filled with carbonic acid gas; next, the aperture of the pipe being a few inches below the level of the water, it was turned over and placed on a ledge inside the basin; here it filled itself, displacing, as it did so, the carbonic acid gas from within. The next part of the process is to transfer the bottle, full to the brim, to a table, and insert into its mouth a small plug capable of displacing as much of the water as may be necessary to receive the cork and insure the safety of the bottle and its contents. Immediately the plug is withdrawn, a small India-rubber tube, leading from a carbonic acid gas machine, is inserted into the mouth of the bottle, so as to supply the place of the water dislodged by the plug by means of this gas; then the cork is quickly inserted and driven home, and the bottles are carried away to

a store to be sealed down. I must confess that the excellence of the German waters in England has always been a matter of surprise to me; that surprise has ceased, now that I have seen the care and method practised in the bottling.

DINNER PHILOSOPHY.

In some of the bathing establishments of Germany, the diet of the invalids is influenced by the physician of the bath; in others, he finds it more judicious and convenient to leave them to the common service of the hotel; and I think with reason, for the habits and diet of these hotels appear to me to be in the highest degree conducive to health. First, there is the early hour of rising, five and six, and never later than seven; then there is the morning promenade, spirited into unusual activity by the music to be met with at most of the baths; then there is the light breakfast, the roll and coffee, generally without butter; then the forenoon promenade; the prescribed drinks at the well, and the bath; then the one o'clock table d'hôte dinner, light and sufficient, without trespassing too much on the powers of digestion; then probably the excursion, the walk, or the ride; then the moderate tea, either coffee or tea as may please the taste, the roll and butter, the cutlet or eggs, or, indeed, whatever the appetite or convenience may suggest; then conversation, the journal, the book, music, and bed, the simple couch of rest and restoration of the exhausted powers of the day. But, to give strength to my argument, I must describe the fare of the table d'hôte, as it was spread before me for several days in succession, in that quiet retreat of the invalid, the Allée Saal, at Langen Schwalbach.

In the first place, there arrives a soup plate of light potage, something between broth and gravy soup, and not at all unacceptable; secondly, there comes the beef which has been used to make the potage, and which is not in the least degree the worse for the process; it is tender, has a pleasant flavour, and is a dish that no man in his right senses can allow to pass; not that he gets it in a lump, but only in a small dish, containing, when full, some six or eight slices, from which he selects one or two, as hunger may prompt. Accompanying the bouillé, as this boiled fresh beef is called, is a small dish of potatoes in fragments, sometimes smothered in butter; and so ends the second

course. Now, the distribution of food to a long table of fifty or sixty guests, so that all may be served with the same article and at the same moment, is a matter which calls for some degree of ingenuity; and ingenuity and generalship are not wanting to the accomplishment of the object. It is managed thus: six slices for six guests, and two over for the very hungry, or as a perquisite of the dish; six times ten, sixty guests; then let there be prepared ten of these dishes, and popped on the table in the middle of every six persons, with a dish of potatoes between each; then, as the guests help themselves, or the waiter hands the dish to the six for whom it is intended, as soon as you are served and have time to look around, you find that every one else has been served also. Now, at an English dinner, when you glance at the table and see a dish before you, you naturally run your eye along the table, to see what other dishes there may be, or you dislocate your neck, in endeavouring to distinguish what *that* joint at the top of the table can possibly be; but at the German table d'hôte no such doubt or inconvenience will arise, for what you see before you is conscientiously repeated all the way along, from the top to the bottom, no more and no less. I feel that I could dilate endlessly on the advantage and convenience of the German table; but, as I am only at the second course, I prefer to sum up with the single observation, that a table of sixty is managed in the most orderly, quiet, and complete manner by four or five waiters.

Reader, I draw from the life, and nothing extenuate, &c. With the most sublime contempt for preraphaelitism, which I look upon as insanity grafted on a stock of vulgarity and bad taste, I must now confess to a bit of preraphaelitism in this my *third course*. And, first, I will ask you to glance at a side table, where you will see forty dishes dealt out like cards in four rows, and all regularly following suit: here a row of clubs, next a row of hearts, then a row of spades, and lastly a row of diamonds. Now, look again, and you will see a waiter take up a set of these dishes, and, in an instant, pop them down before the first six guests; another waiter follows him, and the feast of the second six is before them. Four sets are gone in the hands and arms of four waiters before you can fully realise the process; there go a second four, and

two only remain, which have found their way to their destination in a twinkling, and the side-table is clear. Now I felt it necessary to get this explanation off my mind before I enumerate what these four dishes are; and I repeat I only paint what I see, and I don't choose to answer any questions with regard to them; they are all excellent dishes, but, as somebody says, there be tastes and there be tastes, &c. Dish one, reader, is raw ham, nicely smoked, and cut very thin; dish two is stewed liver; dish three is a mass of carrots cut up into fragments and basted with butter; dish four is a greenish pulp of cabbage, very much boiled, and then beaten up into a squash. I shall offer an excuse for one of those dishes, the liver: you are not asked to eat it if you do not like it; but it stands in the place of a roast or a stew, which is the orthodox third course. Our *fourth* course is a light batter pudding with plums, and sweet sauce; cutlets in savoury paste; and not unfrequently a trout or two from the neighbouring 'bach' wriggles into notice with this course. Our *fifth* course is generally game of some kind; to-day, it was hare, cut up into dumps of sufficient size to draw on one's plate, and accompanied with stewed plums. Some took the hare, some took the plums, and some took both. Our *sixth* course was a kind of dessert; it should have embraced fruit, but fruit is prohibited by the doctor of the baths. So our dessert was sliced down to some sweet cakes, some stewed pears, and a preserve. Then, in ten minutes after the last dish is on the table, the table is empty, every soul has vanished.

Now I know I shall be assailed by all kinds of questions touching this said dinner, and I shall be asked if really it does not appear to be a large and extraordinary mixture to put in one's stomach; and to all this I can simply answer, that it embraces the first principle of excellence, variety; that although there be many dishes, yet the portion that comes to each is so small, that, at the close of the dinner, the guest is doubtful whether he can say, with Shakspeare, enough! I saw one gentleman at Kissingen who was starving under this regimen; but he was evidently cut out by nature the wrong way of the stuff; he didn't see the use of learning German, and he wouldn't have faith in German dishes. Instead of boldly sticking his knife and fork into everything that

came in his way, and testing its qualities like a philosopher, he wouldn't touch it at all, if he didn't like the look of its outside; so that, if it had not been for a bountiful supply of bread, the poor dear man would have died of starvation; and, strange to say, that man came from the land of the savoury haggis. For my own part, I religiously ate all that came to my share, and I felt at the close as a man refreshed, just comfortably full, and no more.

Happily, the doctor didn't interfere with our wine, and so we were permitted to wash down our varied repast with some excellent juice from the neighbouring Rheingau; and full of meat and wine, we felt at peace. But, before saying grace, I will just spread another dinner before my reader, done, like the former, from the life, and then leave him to digest it as best he may. First course, potage; second course, fish and roast beef; third course, stewed hare and truffles, boiled fowl with champignons; fourth course, artichokes, roast partridges, salad, stewed pears; fifth course, light batter pudding with sweet sauce, sponge-cake pudding with wine sauce; sixth, or dessert, sweet cakes, grapes, melon, and pears. This was not a Curhaus dinner.

THE WATER GRIEVANCE.

There is no part of a traveller's adventures more remarkable than that which is founded on the extraordinary idea which the foreign people among whom he finds himself seem to have of ablution. I only refer to this here, apropos of Kissingen, because the appointments were perfect; there were an abundance of jugs, of basins, and of water; and as the traveller does not move without his cake of soap, why, there was everything that heart or skin could require; but this was the exception. In general, we may find every degree of comparison, from least up to little; but never enough. I have a vivid remembrance of a charming apartment which I occupied at Schwalbach, when, as at Kissingen, I was the lucky possessor of two beds, separated by a pair of curtains from my sitting-room, with its velvet sofa, soft chairs, and commodious writing-table. There I used to write before the window, while a pretty little peasant girl brought me each day a tiny bunch of flowers, and a handsome country woman tempted me with grapes and figs; and there, where nature and art had done so much to make it a very happy resting-place, my washing

apparatus consisted of one white pudding basin, and one small glass bottle of water, one saucer for my soap and brushes, and one small tumbler for my teeth. Whether mine host had ever had the affliction of losing one of his guests by drowning in his washing-basin, or in his water-jug, I am unable to say; but it seemed quite clear to me that he was determined to guard against any such possible accident occurring in his house, and took very effectual measures to make his purpose secure. Somebody is said to have remarked, once upon a time, in flowery French, 'Comment est qu'on se lave les mains toujours, et jamais les pieds?' I can only say, that 'les mains' might esteem themselves very lucky if they got more than one lick out of the small abundance of water that fell to my lot on this occasion. Another time, the water-jug was a white pitcher, such as one receives his modicum of professedly hot water in for shaving, at seven o'clock in the morning, in mid-winter in London; and the little pitcher seemed to be quite proud in finding itself the tenant of a pie-dish to match. Now, a commonplace Englishman, without any imagination or poetry in his soul, would have overlooked these little objects altogether, and have thought the careless chambermaid had left the kitchen dish she had brought with her tea-leaves to sweep the room, and that the little pitcher was probably intended for sprinkling the floor; and would probably have been absurd enough to astonish the household by demanding a jug and basin; but, as I pretended to some knowledge of the habits of foreign parts, and looked up to myself as a philosopher, I calmly reflected upon the condition of a man in a country where there is no water at all; for example, in the moon, which is said, by those who know more about it than I do, to be a dry volcanic cinder; and, following a train of very dry thought which opened out from the preliminary proposition, I came to the conclusion that I was a fortunate man to have any water whatever, and determined to serve it out as we do our physic, three table-spoonfuls morning and evening, and believe myself a perfect Sybarite.

BADEN.

The springs of Baden have seen better days, and deserve a better fate than that which has befallen them; but, at the same time, they deserve little pity at the

hands of the philanthropist; they have wantonly drawn upon themselves their ruin, and given themselves up to habits of dissipation, dress and paint, and coquetting, gambling, and feasting, and leaving their native rocks for a gaudy saloon; seeking after gold, instead of, as in former times, contenting themselves with their native warmth, their salt, and their iron, at home. It is hardly credible, but nevertheless true, that these humblest of the mineral waters of the earth, holding their medicine by the tenderest thread, should have dared to put in an appearance, as the lawyers have it, in the drinking saloon on the other side of the valley; that, ashamed of their humble station at home, they should have clad themselves in a dress of iron pipe and putty, and grubbed themselves a way, mole-like, in the earth, until they arrive, cold, and vapid, and spent, and useless, among the fashionable drinkers of the aristocratic bank of the Oosbach. Yet such is the very truth, and a stinging commentary on fashion and fashionable existence. It is *not* the fashion to drink the mineral waters of the earth where God calls them up to the surface, where they possess certain medical virtues; but it *is* the fashion to drink them in a magnificent hall, issuing from a tap fixed in the side of a splendid marble column, where they have lost both temperature and saline constituents, and where they are medically worthless; and then we may ask: Which side is hell now? Why, the cool side of the Oosbach, where the devil looks on with enjoyment, and where Truth and Simplicity weep.

And so, reader, if your friend says to you 'promiscuously,' that he is going to the waters of Baden, you may answer with Liston, when he felt puzzled by a French quotation that he could not understand, 'I shouldn't wonder;' or you may, if you prefer it, reply with the query, 'Roulette or rouge et noir?' or you may advise him, with Iago, to 'put money' in his purse. Baden, among Balneologists, is a *Bain de luxe*; in other words, a bathing place where there is amusement, gaiety, music, dancing, gambling, even hunting, in a delicious valley, and surrounded by the most beautiful and charming scenery; and those who visit Baden go for these, and not for its mineral waters. There are some delightful excursions practicable from Baden to the summits of the hills, to the neighbour-

ing castles or points of view; such as the Castle of Eberstein, and the romantic Murgthal, the Valley of the Murg.

Baden, as we have seen, was known to those inquiring old fellows, the Romans; and here, among other places, they managed to make their pot boil at the expense of their neighbours, and without any trouble to themselves. For them, Baden was the *civitas Aurelii aquensis*, the water-yielding city of Aureliua. We are told that they had a station here, and they have left behind them traces of their habitation. There was a temple to Mercury, a god they were rather too fond of propitiating; and one of the hills in the neighbourhood is called, in his honour, Mercuriusberg; and there is a tower on that hill, probably serving as a point of observation for the gentleman in wings, when oblations were being offered up to him below. Of this temple of Mercury many remains are preserved in a kind of roofed terrace placed opposite the bath-house; and there are said to have been discovered vapour baths in its basement.

The Biography of Elisha Kent Kane.

By W. Elder. 8vo, 416 pp. Trübner & Co.

THE YOUTH OF DR KANE.

He went through the diseases and the training of infancy vigorously, having the clear advantage of that energy of nerve, and that sort of twill in the muscular texture, which give tight little fellows more size than they measure, and more weight than they weigh.

His frame was admirably fitted for all manner of athletic exercises, and his impulses kept it well up to the limits of its capabilities, daring and doing everything within the liberties of boy-life with an intent seriousness of desperation which kept domestic rule upon the stretch, and threatened, as certainly as usual with boys whose only badness is their boldness, to bring down everybody's grey hairs in sorrow, &c. It was not the monkey mirthfulness nor the unprincipled recklessness of childhood that he was chargeable with, but something more of purpose and tenacity in exacting deference and enforcing equity than is usually allowed to boyhood. To arbitrary authority he was a regular little rebel. There was nothing of passive submission in his temper, and he did not overlay it with the little hypocries of good-boy policy. He was

absolutely fearless, and, withal, given to indignation quite up to his own measurement of wrongs and insults; and he had a pair of little fists that worked with the steam-power of passion in the administration of distributive justice, which he charged himself with executing at all hazards. In right of primogeniture, he was protector to his younger brothers, and was not yet nine years old when he assumed the office, with all its duties and dangers.

At school, about this time, with a brother two years younger under his care, the master ordered his protégé up for punishment. Elisha sprang from his seat, and interposed with a manner which had rather more of demand than petition in it: 'Don't whip him, he's such a little fellow—whip me.' The master, understanding this to be mutiny, which really was intended for a fair compromise, answered, 'I'll whip you too, sir.' Strung for endurance, the sense of injustice changed his mood to defiance, and such fight as he was able to make quickly converted the discipline into a fracas, and Elisha left the school with marks that required explanation.

When he was ten years old, four or five neighbour boys, all bigger than himself, who had climbed on the roof of a back building in his father's yard, were amusing themselves by shooting putty-wads from blow-guns at the girls below. Elisha, attracted to the spot by the outcry of the injured party, promptly undertook the defence, and, in the firm tone of a young gentleman offended, required them to desist and leave the premises; but he, of course, was instantly answered by a broadside levelled at himself. Fired at the outrage, he clutched the rain-spout, and climbed like a young tiger to the roof, and was among them before they could realise the practicability of the feat; and then he had them on terms even enough for a handsome settlement of the case. The roof was steep and dangerous to his cowed antagonists, but safe to his better balance and higher courage, and they were at his mercy; for no one could help another, and he was more than a match for the best of them, in a position where peril of a terrible tumble was among the risks of resistance. Forthwith he went at them *seriatim*, till, severally and singly, he had cuffed them to the full measure of their respective deservings. But, not satisfied with inflicting punishment, he

exacted penitence also, and he proceeded to drag each of them in turn to the edge of the roof, and, holding him there, demanded an explicit apology. Before he had finished putting the whole party through this last form of purgation, little Tom, who had witnessed the performance from the pavement below, greatly terrified by the imminent risk of a fall, which would have broken a neck or two, mayhap, called out, 'Come down, Elisha! oh, 'Lisha, come down!' Elisha answered the appeal in the spirit of the engagement, 'No, Tom, they an't done apologising yet.'

He took no 'saucy' from anybody. He couldn't understand why he should, and it was hard and risky to make him know that he must; for he was equally fertile in expedients and bold in execution. On the wharf one day, when he was not yet twelve years old, an insolent ruffian, big enough and wicked enough to break every bone in the lad's body, aroused his wrath by an intolerable piece of rudeness. Resistance and redress seemed impossible, but submission was completely so. He saw his opportunity—a rope fixed to the end of a crane hung within his reach, and the ruffian stood fairly in the track of its swing. He seized it, and running backward till it was tightly stretched, he made a bound which gave him the momentum of a sling, and planted his knees like a shot in the fellow's face, levelling him handsomely; and with a spring he put himself under the protection of the bystanders, who had witnessed and admired the performance.

So Elisha earned the character of a bad boy, while he was, in fact, exercising and cultivating the spirit of a brave one. Goody-good people, very naturally, did not understand him then; they do now. Elisha never reformed: he just persisted until he performed what was in him to do. The rills, so tortuous and turbulent near the springs, rolled themselves into a river in time, and regulated their rush without losing it.

It is said that 'education forms the common mind:' it is more certain that 'as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.' This boy, at least, was the father of the man. It was utterly impossible to fashion his young life by veneering it with the proprieties which are supposed to shape it into goodness. He may not have known what he should be in the future, but he knew what he must be in the present.

and he happily did not limber himself by forced compliances. Difficult, daring, and desperate enterprises, not only useless, but recklessly wild, under the common standard of judgment, worked in him like one possessed. At ten years of age he studied the weather, watched the moon, and carefully scanned the opportunities afforded by the nights for scaling fences, clambering over out-houses, and getting into the tree-tops, all round the square that was overlooked by his dormitory. Wherever a cat could go, he would; and escapes from the skylight, by way of the kitchen-roof and through the trap-door to the yard, and thence abroad to enjoy an unwatched and unmolested rambling, clambering, and tumbling, afforded him a seriously high-toned delight. He took nobody into his confidence except his bed-fellow; but this was voluntary and generous, for he was bent upon training him for similar achievements. One instance will illustrate:—

The back building was two storeys high, the front three, and the houses which flanked the kitchen were also three storeys. To relieve the draft of the kitchen chimney from the eddy of the buildings which embayed it, it was carried up like a shaft sixteen feet above the roof. There it stood at the gable, in provokingly tempting altitude, and the point that concerned our little hero was, how to get to the top of it?

'How should he get to the top! Bless me,' exclaims some considerate personage of correct habits and cautious judgments, 'why should he?' Elisha would have answered him, 'I must, and I wonder why I should not?' Very certainly there would have been two opinions on the matter, if any wise body had been consulted. But the little desperado needed no advice. The thing was to be done, and it was done. It required some engineering, but—it was all the better for that. It is not mere muscle and hardihood that will carry a man to the North Pole. He must have some science and some tackling along with him; and the boy that is practising upon a chimney-top for arctic service must put his wits to work quite as much as his muscles and his courage. He made his observations and his calculations—his determination was long made. The preparations were perfected, and his younger brother taken into the enterprise.

When all in the house were asleep,

and the stars gave just light enough to guide, and none to expose the performance, with prevention and punishment among the chances, the two little fellows left their bed, and descended the roof of the front building till they dropped themselves upon that of the kitchen. Here the clothes-line, providently stowed away during the day for the purpose, was lying ready in coil, with a stone securely tied at one end.

'What is the stone for, Elisha?'

'Why, you see, Tom, the stone is a dipsey. I call it a dipsey (a young science of exploration, and a nomenclature to match, already), because I'm going to throw it into the fire, so that it will run down into the old furnace, carrying the line down with it, and then I can slip down and fasten it there. Now for a heave. The chimney-top is almost too high for me. It is pretty near twenty feet, I should think; but I'll do it.'

Failures to reach the height, then failures to direct the dip of the falling stone, followed in long succession: but this gave practice, and practice makes perfect. At last one throw more lucky than the rest, and the rumble in the chimney and the run of the line announced success. Down through the trap-door went Elisha, and, after securing the end at the furnace, he ascended to the roof again, and was ready. But stop a little—the chimney is a very narrow stack; it stands outside of the gable, and there is a chance that the climber may swing out, and get forty or fifty feet of clear air between him and the pavement below. This must be cared for; and little Tom is duly instructed and planted firmly, with the slack of the rope in hand, to keep Elisha on the right side of the chimney, so that, if the bricks on the edge gave way, and a tumble betide, he may come down all safe and nice upon the roof. All these arrangements made, and the contingencies so well provided for, the rope is seized, the feet planted against the chimney, and, hand over hand, up goes the aspirant, till the top is within reach; but the perch is not so easily attained, even when the full height of the stack is mastered. One hand on a top brick to draw himself up by it, and it yields in its loosened bed! That won't do. With a hard strain he gets his elbow over the edge, and so much of the doubled arm within for a good broad hold, and then daintily and carefully wriggling

up the little body, and he's up, seated on the top!

'Oh, Tom, what a nice place this is! I'll get down into the flue to my waist, and pull you up too. Just make a loop in the rope, and I'll haul you in. Don't be afraid—it is *so grand* up here.'

But the strength was not quite equal to the will; and Tom's chance had to be surrendered.

The descent was about as dangerous, though not quite as difficult, as the ascent. And then all that remained was to hide the tracks, which required another descent to the basement, a thorough washing of the rope, to remove the soot of the chimney; and then, as the business of the night was done, to bed *vid* the roof and skylight again; and a bright, happy consciousness on awaking in the morning that he *had done it*.

His child-history is full of this sort of incidents. Through them all runs the one character of physical hardihood, and steady, tense endeavour for doing everything that seemed difficult of accomplishment, without other aim, or any aim at all, beyond the mere doing.

India: Its History, Religion, and Government. 18mo, 86 pp. London: Jarrold & Sons.

THE REVENUE OF INDIA.

The latest returns presented to Parliament show the revenue for 1854 to have been £28,133,546, derived from the different Presidencies in the following sums:—

Bengal	£11,185,467
North-west Provinces	6,139,454
Madras	4,947,589
Bombay	4,568,282
Punjaub	1,292,754

This amount is made up of the following items:—

Land-Tax	£15,610,882
Excise	33,554
Town Duties, Tolls, Licenses, Duties on Merchandise, &c., Taxes on Manufacture or Sale of Intoxicating Liquors, or Drugs	1,242,697
Tax on Houses, Shops, Looms, Trades and Professions	110,237
Mint	101,985
Post-Office	202,648
Stamp Duties	515,999
Customs	1,292,386
Salt	2,544,130
Opium	4,777,281
Tobacco (<i>abolished since 1854</i>)	8,958
Miscellaneous	1,692,844

The charges of collecting this revenue amounted, in 1854, to £4,451,704; so that the nett receipts were £23,681,842.

Some of the sources of revenue deserve, however, special attention. The land-tax, which yields more than one-half of the gross amount, is levied in different ways, in the several Presidencies. In Bengal, the land is chiefly held upon the Zemindary tenure; and in accordance with the permanent settlement, made by Lord Cornwallis in 1792, the Government had no interest in the improvement of the country. Those who had farmed the land-tax in former years were then made proprietors of the soil, upon the simple condition of paying a fixed revenue to the Company. Twenty millions of small landholders, whose hereditary rights to occupy and till their holdings had until then been acknowledged, were suddenly placed, by a mere stroke of the pen, at the mercy of the zemindars, who, in return for the grants made to them, were bound to pay an assessment to the Government of more than 50 per cent. of the produce of the soil, calculated upon the average yield of several former years. The consequence has been, that the zemindars exact all they can from the wretched ryots, so that, by the time they have collected their land-tax, and the presents which they claim at every feast, every festival, and even every visit which they make to their tenants, they receive, upon the lowest computation, from 80 to 90 per cent. of the crops. Can it be wondered at, that the cultivators of the soil are yearly becoming more and more impoverished; especially as the laws enable a zemindar, at any time, to sell up a refractory or obnoxious tenant? Bengal has, therefore, been named a 'pauper warren,' because nine-tenths of the population subsist by tilling the soil; and the oppressive terms which the zemindars impose leave no chance to the ryots of emerging from the most hopeless poverty. They must have land to cultivate, or starve; and being thus placed at the mercy of the zemindars, they are compelled to submit to exactions which entail suffering and debasement only to be equalled in the slave states of America.

In the north-west provinces the land is held under the Putteedarree settlement. The 'Directions to the Revenue settlement officers' in the North-West Provinces' explain the amount of assessment which has been fixed for a period

of thirty years. 'It is desirable that the Government should not demand more than two-thirds of what may be expected to be the nett produce to the proprietor during the period of the settlement; leaving to the proprietor one-third as his profits, and to cover the cost of collection. By nett produce is meant the surplus which the estate may yield, after deducting expenses of cultivation.' Under this settlement, which averages three shillings and sixpence per head of the population, and is the last effort made to settle the land-tax in India, the population of these provinces is said to be comfortable and prosperous; whilst the solid advantage of creating a marketable private property in the land has also resulted from it. The true explanation of the prosperity of the landholders, however, is to be found in their right to clear waste land, and cultivate it, free of all land-tax, until the termination of the thirty years' settlement; because this arrangement furnishes a stimulus to their industry.

In Bombay the Ryotwarry settlement is adopted. The land not in the occupation of hereditary proprietors has been claimed by the Government. A new survey has also recently been completed of the whole presidency, and each acre taxed according to the assumed quality of the soil. The Government lands are subdivided into farms of ten acres of unirrigated, and four acres of irrigated soil, which are let at a fixed sum, upon leases of thirty years. The option, however, is given to the tenant to surrender any part, or the whole of his farm, at the close of any given year. This system has been

but a short time in use, and its efficiency cannot be confidently pronounced upon.

In Madras the Ryotwarry settlement is used, but the assessment is made from year to year. A maximum rate is fixed for the best lands, and inferior lands are assessed at lower rates. As the seasons in the south of India are very precarious, it has been the practice, in order to secure to the Government a fair share of the nett produce, to take more than the average in good, and to make compensating reductions in unfavourable seasons. The assessments, however, are fully one-third of the value of the crops on unirrigated, and 45 per cent. of those on irrigated lands. It is manifest that such a method of collecting the revenue must press with great weight upon the poorer ryots, whilst it opens the door to all kinds of fraud and partiality upon the part of the collectors. It is impossible that any man should be able to assess fairly the tax due from all the tenants in his collectorate, when these, not unfrequently, are at least 100,000; and it cannot astonish any reasonable man to learn that the abuses of the system, especially in respect of remission, are said to be frightful. In the Madras Presidency, two districts only—Tanjore and Coimbatore—are in a flourishing condition; and in these cases the explanation is easy. In Tanjore the tax is determined by the price of produce, and in Coimbatore, the assessment of 1794, which was very light, is still maintained. The suffering and poverty which this Ryotwarry system entails upon the ryots at large, may be judged from the following table:—

Ryots paying	8s.	on crops valued at £1	4s.	593,129
" "	18s.	"	£2 14s.	204,470
" "	from £2 to £5	"	£6 to £154	18,276
" "	upwards of £50	"	£150	1,543

To secure even such crops as this table reports, the Government has been accustomed to make advances of money to the ryots, to enable them to till the land; whilst it is well known that the average earnings of a ryot are not, and cannot be, sufficient for his sustenance. Imagine 593,129 persons with only sixteen shillings each for the support of their families for a year—a little more than one-halfpenny per family, per day. And *their* land-tax is one farthing per day!

The salt-tax varies in the several Presidencies. In Bengal, it amounts to three farthings per pound (five shillings per maund of eighty-two pounds)—in

Madras, upon that manufactured by the Government, to less than a farthing per pound, but upon imported salt, to rather more than three farthings per pound (six shillings per maund of eighty-two pounds);—in Bombay, to rather less than one farthing per pound (one shilling and sixpence per maund); and, in the Punjab, at the Salt Mines, to rather more than one halfpenny per pound (four shillings per maund). The original cost of the article is rather less than one farthing per pound, at the Salt Agencies in Bengal; so that the tax levied at Calcutta makes the selling price there four times more than the cost price. Of course, the

trader is entitled to a profit upon his business, and to a reimbursement of the cost of conveying the salt into the country. The price is thus raised to nearly ten times the original cost of the salt in all the inland towns and villages, and adulteration into the bargain is practised to a wonderful extent. At Benares, where the salt from Calcutta comes into competition with that from Rajpootana, the usual selling price is twopence per pound, or eight times the original cost: whilst in remoter villages the price would, of course, be higher. As the wages of an agricultural labourer are about six shillings per month, and the average annual consumption of salt throughout India is about twelve pounds per head, it follows that the tax paid at Calcutta is equivalent to five days' labour, and at Benares, to ten days' earnings. How this tax presses, therefore, upon the poor ryots who have families, may be easily conceived: whilst the injustice of levying so heavy a duty upon a commodity used in about the same measure by the richest as well as the poorest members of society, needs no explanation.

As to opium, no person is allowed to grow the poppy throughout the Bengal territories, except on account of the Government. 'Annual engagements are entered into by the cultivators, under a system of pecuniary advances, to sow a certain quantity of land with the poppy, and the whole produce, in the form of opium, is delivered to the Government at a fixed rate.' The cultivation of the poppy is allowed to all parties in the Presidency of Bombay, but the Government purchase all that is produced. The opium grown in the native states pays transit duties on passing through the British territories for exportation. The working of this branch of the revenue may be thus shown:—

Fixed price at which Bengal opium is purchased, 3/6 per lb. Chest = 80 seers	£28 0 0
Which would be sold for 'upwards of 900 rupees' =	90 0 0
Leaving a profit to the government of 7/9 per lb., or	£62 0 0
In Bombay, opium grown or manufactured within the Presidency is subject to the duty of 24/ per surat seer = 12/ per lb.	
Transit duties on opium of Malwa, £40 per chest of 140 lbs. = 5/8 per lb.	

This tax is, therefore, open to grave condemnation. It assumes, in Bengal,

the form of a restriction upon the employment of capital, and everywhere enhances the price of the drug to the consumer. And the plea which is urged in its defence, that it is chiefly paid by the Chinese—for nearly nine-tenths of the opium exported from Bengal is shipped to China—by no means recommends it. As long as the poppy is sown at the instigation of the Government, the richest description of land will always be required for its cultivation; whilst the ryots will continue to be deprived of whatever advantages the state of the market might secure to them. A fixed impost, fairly assessed, and carefully collected, would allow all parties to determine whether the cost of producing the drug allowed a fair profit in the market, or whether it would not be wiser to devote the rich soil to other products for which, at least, it is equally fitted. But, as the impost is now regulated, the ryot can only calculate upon the profits which result from the produce of the crop which he is compelled to sell at a fixed price; and how small these usually are, is apparent from the fact, that the Government has to make advances, without interest, to the cultivators—at the time of entering into contracts with them to sow the poppy—again, at the time of sowing—and a third time, when the crop arrives at maturity, to insure its being gathered in—amounting, altogether, to about thirty shillings per acre. Nothing could demonstrate more clearly the poverty of the opium growers, than the fact of their being dependent upon Government aid to enable them to realise the paltry profits which their harvest yields; nor can anything add to the impressiveness of the spectacle of a pauperised population, tempted by a wealthy Government to grow a noxious drug for the smuggling trade of a neighbouring nation, if the increased consumption of that drug fail to do so. In 1840, the gross receipts of the Government from this source were £784,266, and in 1854, they had risen to the enormous sum of £4,777,231! On all accounts, therefore, this tax is to be denounced. It represents so much labour perverted from its ordinary and useful channels, so many temptations to adulteration of the drug, and so wilful a disregard of national duty towards other states, as to make it a symbol of the grossest abuse of power which a Government could perpetrate.

THE EXPENDITURE OF INDIA.

The expenditure of the Government in 1854 was as follows:—

Civil and Political Establishments (including contingent charges)	£2,067,672
Judicial and Police charges (<i>net</i>)	2,128,657
Military charges	10,217,056
Marine and Pilotage charges (<i>net</i>)	316,424
Interest of Debt	2,671,249
Territorial Payments in England	2,841,760
Value of Stores exported to India	420,529
Other charges, comprising Collection of Revenue, War charges, &c.	9,190,473
	<hr/> £29,854,820

In this sum are included payments for ecclesiastical and educational purposes, which deserve a few words of comment. The ecclesiastical payments are divided amongst the Churches of England, Scotland, and Rome, and Hindoo temples. The Church of England in 1851 (the date of the latest returns) had 3 bishops, 3 archdeacons, 6 senior chaplains, 33 chaplains, and 84 assistant chaplains, within the three Presidencies, who received £101,114 per annum from the public purse. The Scotch Kirk received for chaplains, &c., £6168 per annum. The Roman Catholic Church received for *priests'* stipends £5150 per annum; and salaries have been granted to three Roman Catholic bishops, one in each presidency, which are not specified. The amounts paid to Hindoo temples also are not entered in the returns, and, therefore, cannot be specified; but they are much reduced of late years, for it is well known that the ancient practice of presenting offerings to idols in the name of Government, of making grants in seasons of famine and drought for idolatrous rites to propitiate the idol-gods, and of according a general support to Hindoo temples, is 'now happily *almost abolished*.'

The grants above specified to the Christian ministers of different churches, provide for the religious instruction of the European servants of the Company only. In no case does the Government encourage them to devote their energies to the evangelisation of the native population. That is left to the zeal and liberality of British, American, and German Christians.

The Government undertakes to provide places of worship properly adapted to the purpose, but of the plainest and simplest

form, both for Protestants and Papists; upon the condition that the community which is to worship therein shall contribute such sums as may give to the buildings the ornaments and architectural forms befitting their use. Many such churches have been built within the last few years, but their cost is not specified in the annual returns.

A Personal Narrative of the Siege of Lucknow, from its Commencement to its Relief by Sir Colin Campbell. By L. E. Ruutz Rees, one of the Surviving Defenders. Small 8vo, 380 pp. London: Longman & Co. 1856.

THE BEGINNING OF THE SIEGE.

The siege had fairly begun, and in the midst of plenty (for we were rich in luxuries the first days) we suffered the inconvenience of not being able to use them. Deprat's house, near the Cawnpore battery, was swarming with men—the Europeans firing wherever they saw an object moving, or suspected it to be moving; and the Sikhs, who behaved so shamefully at Chinhutt, sulkily sitting down, doing nothing, or sneering at our efforts. I oftentimes felt a great inclination to pitch into the rascals, but to do so would have been bad policy. Deprat, with his usual generosity, gave away *sauconsaux aux truffes*, hermetically sealed provisions, cigars, and wine, and brandy, to whoever wanted any. Many took away large supplies of provisions, &c., and only signed, or did not sign at all, for what they took away. The consequence was, that poor Deprat had soon nothing left for himself; and the thousand-and-one cannon-balls and musket-bullets which afterwards penetrated the house, and in the end converted it into a heap of ruins, smashed to atoms whatever was not taken away. The splendid library of Captain Hayes, consisting of priceless oriental manuscripts, and the standard literary works of every nation of Europe, and dictionaries of every language spoken on earth, from the patois of Bretagne down to Cingalese, Malay, and ancient Egyptian, were for the nonce converted into barricades. Mahogany tables, valuable pieces of furniture, carriages, and carts, were everywhere within our intrenchments taken possession of for the same purpose. The records of the offices, in large boxes, chests of stationery, and whatever else could be laid hold of, were

made use of to serve as a cover from the enemy's fire, which now constantly increased.

Sir Henry, throughout this trying time, was seen everywhere. He visited every post, however exposed its position, however hot the fire directed against it; and it must be confessed that the enemy's artillerists, taught by ourselves, were excellent marksmen. With incredible rapidity, with remarkable ingenuity, and with indomitable perseverance, they had, in the very first week, made batteries in positions where one would have fancied their erection impossible—some having actually been moved to the tops of houses, and others placed most cleverly in places where our own batteries could not effectually open on them, and which were well protected from musketry-fire.

It is also probable that their artillery was commanded by European officers, wretches for whom no punishment would be ignominious or severe enough. One of these was seen several times laying a gun and giving orders, apparently like one having authority. From the description given me, it is not unlikely that it was either Captain Savory or Captain Rotton, who had both remained in the city, and during the disturbances never came near the Residency.

Their character may well make them suspected of such treachery. They had both adopted native habits, costumes, and ideas, and always kept aloof from European society. The former was a retired Company's officer, an Englishman, who for many years had received the pension of a captain. The latter was a man born in Lucknow, whose daughters were married to Mussulmans, and whose sons served as native officers or troopers in the late king's army. He himself commanded a portion of the ex-king's artillery. Both these persons were said to have adopted the Mahometan faith.

A Frenchman named Leblond, as great a villain as ever breathed, also an apostate, probably likewise joined the insurgents; and a young man, whose name I do not wish to mention, on account of his family, was most probably the person who had commanded the enemy's cavalry at Chinhutt. Two of his cousins were fighting valiantly against the rebels in the Residency; another was massacred at Futtyghur, after combating for us; a fourth was wounded in action against the Agra rebels; and a fifth had accepted a military ap-

pointment under government, and distinguished himself, as I afterwards learned, in several engagements against the mutineers. The apostate himself had long been disowned by his relatives. But it is also likely that some Russian officers had entered the army of the insurgents. One of them, who at first had given himself out as a Siberian refugee, and afterwards contradicted himself on cross-examination, was actually made a prisoner before the mutiny, but, strange to say, was released on the occurrence of the outbreak.

Many of these batteries were not further off than fifty to a hundred yards, and told tremendously on our buildings; indeed I have seen, for example, the enemy's cannon knock down pillar after pillar from Captain Anderson's house, till at last the verandah fell in. Mr Capper, of the civil service, was buried beneath the ruins, but, notwithstanding the shower of balls which rained upon the spot, was fortunately extricated by one or two soldiers of the 34th, directed and aided by Messrs Jeffroy and Barsotelli—one a Frenchman and the other an Italian, both travellers who had been, like myself, overtaken by the times. The proximity of some of these batteries, which the enemy occasionally shifted to other places as soon as ours could be made to play on them, prevented our shells from having the effect which otherwise they would have had; though many of these missiles did great execution.

I here again avail myself of a quotation from Lady Inglis's Journal.

'The first few nights and days were very miserable. I was ill in bed, poor Mrs Case in great grief, and we could not help feeling our position a most perilous one. You must remember that we well knew if the enemy succeeded in overpowering us and storming the place, death in its most horrible form awaited every member of the garrison. I never shall forget the first morning after the siege commenced. The enemy having stopped firing at night, recommenced at daylight, and made an effort to storm the gate. Every man was at his post. We could gain no information as to what was going on, and to our inexperienced ears the cannonading and musketry sounded terrific. We all thought the place would be taken, and tremblingly listened to every sound, when Mrs Case proposed reading the Litany, and the soothing effect of

prayer was marvellous. We felt different beings, and, though still most anxious, could feel we were in the hands of our Heavenly Father, and cast our fears on Him. The enemy were completely repulsed that day and many others, when they made similar attacks; but we soon got accustomed to the firing, for it seldom ceased, day or night, and settled ourselves down in our new abode—a small room, which, throughout the siege, has been our dining and sleeping apartment, except for a short time, when we had the use of a large room in the same court.

One of the first victims to the enemy's cannon was Miss Palmer, the daughter of the colonel commanding the 48th—an accomplished young lady, who was, I heard, engaged to be married to a young officer. She was sitting in the upper storey of the Residency, when a shell burst close to her, and a piece struck her. Her leg had to be amputated, and she died a few days after.

We still had a few hundred men in Muchee Bhawn; but it was evident that we could not, after the disaster of Ohinhutt, hold that place also. Orders were accordingly sent by Sir Henry to blow up the place, and to come within the Residency. Captain Francis, aided by Lieutenant Huxham, his fort adjutant, managed this splendidly. They left in the dead of night, passing through the midst of the hostile piquets along the road, without a shot being fired at them, without losing a man. The enemy, never suspecting such a move on our part (for they had held the most extravagant ideas respecting the impregnability of that fort), were very weakly guarding the high-roads.

The rebel garrisons of the houses near the iron bridge and at Ismaeunge were so thunderstruck at seeing our men, that they dared not attack them when they heard the heavy tramp of our gallant soldiers and the rattling of our guns. I believe, however, that the shelling from the Residency aided not a little in keeping the road clear.

The last cannon had reached with the last man, when a tremendous report shook the earth. The port fires had burned down, and the Fort Muchee Bhawn was no more! All our ammunition, which we had not had time to remove, and about 258 barrels of gunpowder, and several millions of ball-cartridges, were destroyed, along with all the

buildings and their contents. An immense black cloud enveloped even us in the Residency—darkness covering a bright starry firmament. The shock resembled an earthquake.

Our accession of strength was very necessary. We had saved all but one man, who, having been intoxicated and concealed in some corner, could not be found when the muster roll was called. The French say, *Il y a un Dieu pour les ivrognes*, and the truth of the proverb was never better exemplified than in this man's case. He had been thrown into the air, had returned unhurt to mother earth, continued his drunken sleep again, had awoke next morning, found the fort to his surprise a mass of deserted ruins, and quietly walked back to the Residency, without being molested by a soul; and even bringing with him a pair of bullocks attached to a cart of ammunition. It is very probable that the debris of these extensive buildings must have seriously injured the adjacent houses, and many of the rebel army, thus giving the fortunate man the means of escaping.*

On the 2d of July an event occurred which a few days later cast a gloom over the whole garrison. The good and brave Sir Henry Lawrence, while sitting writing in his room in the second storey of the Residency, was struck by a piece of a shell which had burst between himself, Mr Couper, his secretary, and Captain Wilson, the deputy assistant adjutant-general, whom it slightly wounded. Only a short time before, another shell had fallen into the same apartment, but had injured neither Sir Henry nor any other occupant of the room. In spite of warnings, he had made no arrangement to leave the place for a better shelter from the enemy's fire. The rebels were apparently perfectly acquainted with all the different apartments, and their occupants and uses, and directed their fire accordingly, especially into the Residency and the various powder magazines.

Only a very few were made acquainted with the public misfortune which had befallen us. So serious a wound in an old man like Sir Henry, I was certain, would end fatally. His leg had been amputated, and he died on the evening of the 4th of July, almost to the last fully possessed of

* Our men were not a little astonished, when they heard him cry, 'Arrah by Jassa, open your gates;' and they let him in, convulsed with laughter.

his senses in the midst of the agonies he suffered. He had nominated Major Banks as his successor. It had not been generally known that our brave old general was dead, for even after he had been buried for some days, the report was circulated that he was getting better. At last, no doubt remained on the minds of any that Sir Henry was indeed no more, and the grief with which this news was received was universal. He had closed a long and noble career, and his death was worthy of his life. He fills the soldier's grave right worthily. No military honours marked our last acts to his corpse. The times were too stern for idle demonstrations of respect. A hurried prayer, amidst the booming of the enemy's cannon and the fire of their musketry, was read over his remains, and he was lowered into a pit with several other, though lowlier, companions of arms. We owe him a heavy debt of gratitude. Peace be to his soul!

Brigadier Inglis, in his report of the 26th September, pays a tribute to the memory of that good man in the following words, which I may safely aver express the thoughts of every one of the garrison:—

'The late lamented Sir H. Lawrence, knowing that his last hour was rapidly approaching, directed me to assume command of the troops, and appointed Major Banks to succeed him in the office of Chief Commissioner. He lingered in great agony till the morning of the 4th July, when he expired, and the government was thereby deprived, if I may venture to say so, of the services of a distinguished statesman and a most gallant soldier. Few men have ever possessed to the same extent the power which he enjoyed of winning the hearts of all those with whom he came in contact, and thus insuring the warmest and most zealous devotion for himself and for the government which he served. . . . In him, every good and deserving soldier lost a friend and a chief capable of discriminating, and ever on the alert to reward merit, no matter how humble the sphere in which it was exhibited.'

INCIDENTS OF THE SIEGE.

Brigadier Inglis now assumed the supreme command of our little garrison, but not without some opposition made by Mr Gubbins, the financial commissioner.

This disagreement between the two

personages was, at a time when all our lives were in jeopardy, to say the least of it, very unseemly. Mr Gubbins, I have heard, had been in the habit of writing to our government, and sending away spies with his letters, who never returned, and who most probably were seized with their despatches by the enemy, thus revealing to them our positions and difficulties. To this the brigadier very justly objected, and he even menaced Mr Gubbins with arrest, if he should ever attempt to despatch another letter without his consent; alleging that, in time of war, civil authority was at an end; and that the only service he could recognise in him was in shouldering a musket and fighting in the ranks like other civilians and officers. Both maintained they were in the right, but Mr Gubbins struggled for precedence, and was in the minority. That this dispute existed, and was carried on for some length of time, I am convinced; but as to the details, I write under correction, and merely state the rumours then current in the Residency. Both individually and collectively, most of us deplored this sad disagreement at so critical a period.

August 6.—What bitter, bitter disappointment! We have a solution of yesterday's fire in the city, but it is one which makes our hearts sink with despair. The enemy are the first to give it us. At some parts of our intrenchments the insurgents are so near that we can hear them talking distinctly. At the school-houses and the brigade-mess, almost every night might be heard the sounds of revelry, music, and dancing, in Johannes' house, not twelve yards away from us, and separating us only by a street from the insurgents. At one of these places, or at the Bailey-guard, I do not know which, some of the rebellious sepoys, having no doubt witnessed our delight, and guessed the cause of our shout and 'hurrahs,' were not slow in undeceiving us, by taunting us with, 'So you think your reinforcements have come, do you? Reinforcements, forsooth! Why, we have beaten them long ago' (this we knew to be a lie), 'and we have crowned our king. The rule of the Feringhees is over, and we'll soon be in your Bailey-guard.'

August 17.—Much as usual. The heart aches while watching for relief, but none comes. Will Cawnpore be repeated in Lucknow? Alas! it seems so. Our

number is visibly decreasing. Besides, how do I know whether I shall escape even before the final catastrophe, which, unless our forces come to our aid, must take place sooner or later? How do I know whether I shall not be knocked over before? That is soon done. A covering to wrap my corpse up in, a dooly borne by sweepers to serve me as a hearse, a shallow hole, a short prayer over it, and half-a-dozen other dead bodies, and the thing is done, and no one can afterwards tell where my bones are laid. These reflections come frequently enough, but I banish them as quickly as they come. What is the use of thinking?

As for death, it stares one constantly in the face. Not daily, not hourly, but minute after minute, second after second, my life, and every other's, is in jeopardy. Balls fall at our feet, and we continue the conversation without a remark; bullets graze our very hair, and we never speak of them. Narrow escapes are so very common, that even women and children cease to notice them. They are the rule, not the exception. At one time a bullet passed through my hat; at another I escaped being shot dead by one of the enemy's best riflemen, by an unfortunate soldier passing unexpectedly before me, and receiving the wound through the temples instead; at another I moved off from a place where, in less than the twinkling of an eye afterwards, a musket-ball stuck in the wall. At another, again, I was covered with dust and pieces of brick by a round-shot that struck the wall not two inches away from me; at another, again, a shell burst a couple of yards away from me, killing an old woman, and wounding a native boy and a native cook, one dangerously, the other slightly; at another, again—but, no; I must stop, for I could never exhaust the catalogue of hairbreadth escapes which every man in the garrison can speak of as well as myself. The wonder is, not that we lose so many men, but that so few of us are hit amidst the constant dangers we are exposed to.

August 31.—A siege is certainly the best school to learn character. People show themselves in their true light, and throw off the mask they wear in society. One's good or bad character becomes apparent at once. Many a kind action here I have seen performed by people whom I had considered harsh and proud; and men with smiling faces, polite, and noted

for their obliging disposition, proved themselves selfish in the extreme. They might enjoy delicacies before your face, and, though they knew you to be hungry, would never ask you to partake of them, even if they had more than enough for themselves. People to whom, during the first month of the siege, I had given all sorts of little luxuries, afterwards refused me a handful of flour, a teaspoonful of sugar, or a few leaves of tea, and yet they had stores of all. It was infamous! Self, self, self—how general that feeling was, especially among the rich. And a poor serjeant's wife, or a common soldier, would occasionally give me a something that, though in the everyday course of life one would scarcely say a 'thank you' for, is now prized above gold, pearls, diamonds, and rubies, of which, *à propos*, one may have as many as one pleases for a few rupees, for a cigar, a glass of brandy, or a little tobacco.

Selfishness, which proceeds from a disinclination to deprive one's-self of some benefit, I can understand; but the dog-in-the-manger style of selfishness is what I really cannot comprehend. Yet even this existed; and I knew people to hoard up luxuries, neither enjoying them themselves, nor allowing others to enjoy them, and being in a perfect agony of mind at seeing others use their kettles, or avail themselves of the services of a domestic. And pride, too, still existed, though I must say most men put it into their pockets. Cowardice was, however, a failing which I saw very conspicuous in only one man, and that man, I am ashamed to confess, was a European. Surliness, too, was not quite uncommon. A siege sours one's temper considerably. One or two officers, whom I shall not name, were like rabid dogs, snapping at whoever addressed them. But the generality could bear scrutiny well enough, and yet not suffer in estimation. There are many good men with us still.

Our authorities had invented a capital way of communicating with the Alumbagh by means of different coloured flags, the key having been transmitted by a spy. This superseded the necessity of sending messengers through a hostile country, and we could converse from the terrace of the Residency somewhat in the same way as ships signal to each other, but far less perfectly. And here I would take this opportunity of recommending the advis-

bility of our commanders being furnished with signal-books, like those published by Lloyd's. Had we had these means of communication during the first siege, what anxiety would have been spared to us!

One of the greatest insults we received at the hands of the enemy was their playing, on the opposite banks of the Goomtee, regularly every morning, and sometimes of an evening, all our popular English airs. We listened to the 'Standard Bearer's March,' the 'Girl I left behind me,' and 'See the Conquering Hero comes,' with any but pleasant feelings. The disloyal rascals had even the impudence to finish their music with the loyal hymn, 'God save the Queen.'

We were now pretty certain that a severe conflict was raging outside. Though strict orders had been given not to leave our respective garrisons, I felt too excited to obey the command, and quietly stole off to the Residency terrace. I could see nothing but smoke, and hear the crack of the musketry. Street-fighting was evidently going on. The fire advanced gradually and steadily towards our intrenchments, and at last a loud shout proclaimed the arrival of the long-expected reinforcements.

The immense enthusiasm with which they were greeted defies description. As their hurrah and ours rang in my ears, I was nigh bursting with joy. The tears started involuntarily into my eyes, and I felt—no! it is impossible to describe in words that sudden sentiment of relief, that mingled feeling of hope and pleasure that came over me. The criminal condemned to death, and, just when he is about to be launched into eternity, is reprieved and pardoned, or the shipwrecked sailor, whose hold on the wreck is relaxing, and is suddenly rescued, can alone form an adequate idea of our feelings. We felt not only happy, happy beyond imagination, and grateful to that God of mercy who, by our noble deliverers, Generals Havelock and Outram, and their gallant troops, had thus snatched us from imminent death; but we also felt proud of the defence we had made, and the success with which, with such fearful odds to contend against, we had preserved, not only our own lives, but the honour and lives of the women and children intrusted to our keeping.

As our deliverers poured in, they con-

tinued to greet us with loud hurrahs; and, as each garrison heard it, we sent up one fearful shout to heaven—'Hurrah;' it was not, 'God help us'—it was the first rallying-cry of a despairing host. Thank God, we then gazed upon new faces of our countrymen. We ran up to them, officers and men without distinction, and shook them by the hands—how cordially who can describe? The shrill tones of the Highlanders' bagpipes now pierced our ears. Not the most beautiful music ever was more welcome, more joy-bringing. And these brave men themselves, many of them bloody and exhausted, forgot the loss of their comrades, the pain of their wounds, the fatigue of overcoming the fearful obstacles they had combated for our sakes, in the pleasure of having accomplished our relief.

The relief of Lucknow had been effected, and we were soon to be free. Sir Colin, while the fire was still very heavy on the afternoon of the 17th, was met by Sir James Outram and General Havelock. A loud, long shout greeted the generals and their staff as they shook hands, amidst heartfelt cordiality, with Sir Colin Campbell. Proud, indeed, must Sir Colin have been at the success which had crowned all his measures, and which stamped him as one of the first generals of the age. The enemy had been foiled in every instance, and, notwithstanding his desperation, vigilance, and unquestionably excellent manœuvres, had succumbed to the commander-in-chief's superior generalship, and the indomitable valour and undaunted courage of our troops.

Sir Colin Campbell received the hearty thanks and congratulations of Sir James with evident satisfaction; and General Havelock, not less delighted and proud, harangued the troops who had so gallantly carried out all the commander-in-chief's brilliant manœuvres, in that concise and yet soul-stirring language for which he was so well known by his soldiers. While yet speaking, his attention was drawn to the place where his only son had just fallen, wounded by a musket-ball from the enemy. Though his father's heart must have been bleeding with anguish, and beating with curiosity to know the nature of the wound, the general, with wonderful self-command, continued his discourse without interruption, and then only amidst the cheers of the men, who

were unacquainted with the sad event which had just happened, left to visit his wounded son. Fortunately it was only a slight wound, and he soon recovered from the effects of it.

Sir Colin Campbell's army remained in occupation of the positions they had taken outside, and we received orders to prepare for leaving—orders which took many of us by surprise, for we hoped that the government would not allow the city of Lucknow to remain in possession of the rebels, after all the difficulties and blood expended to enter it. Our noble deliverers had made immense sacrifices to relieve us, and it had cost as many lives as had been saved. The knowledge, however, of Sir Colin's move into Oude having been undertaken with no other view than to aid the beleaguered garrison, still further enhanced our gratitude.

The Defence of Lucknow. A Diary recording the Daily Events during the Siege of the European Residency, from 31st May to 25th September, 1857. By a Staff Officer. With a Plan of the Residency. 16mo, 224 pp. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

About 11 P.M. Ungud, pensioner, returned, bringing us a letter containing the glad tidings that our relieving force, under General Outram, had crossed the Ganges, and would arrive in a few days. His arrival, and the cheering news he brought of speedy aid, were well-timed; for neither our fast-diminishing stores, the vague and uncertain rumours of the advent of reinforcements, nor the daily sights and sounds by which we were surrounded, were calculated to inspire confidence and check desertion among the servants and camp followers. All the garrison were greatly elated with the news, and on many of the sick and wounded, the speedy prospect of a change of air and security exercised a most beneficial effect. Heavy rain fell about 11 P.M.

September 23.—About 3 A.M. the rain cleared off, and at 11 A.M. the sun came out and the clouds dispersed, and gave promise of fair weather. A smart cannonade was heard in the direction of Cawnpore; several imagined they also heard musketry, and the sound was listened to with the most intense and even painful anxiety by the garrison, who felt assured it must be their friends advancing

to their assistance. But it was hardly expected that our force could have advanced so far, owing to the heavy rain which had fallen, and the state in consequence that the roads and country were in; however, at 5 P.M. another distant cannonade was heard, which lasted for half-an-hour, and which appeared much nearer than before; this elicited many and diverse opinions, and created the greatest possible excitement.

Throughout the day, large bodies of troops with guns and ammunition wagons were seen moving about in the city, in the early part of the day to the right, and later, in large bodies to the left. In the afternoon, the enemy placed a gun in position facing down the Kass bazaar street, with what object it was impossible to say. We threw many shells into the city during the day among the parties of the enemy seen moving about. At 9 P.M. heavy rain began, and fell for two hours.

September 24.—Everything most unusually quiet throughout the night, and only one or two cannon shot were fired early in the morning. A considerable body of cavalry were seen moving to the right through the city, and about 8.30 A.M. a distant cannonade was heard, which continued nearly all day.

We had no news of any kind, and the anxiety of the garrison was very great. During the morning, large bodies of the enemy were seen moving through the city to the right and left. Ensign Hewitt, of the 41st Regiment Native Infantry, was slightly contused on the head by bricks struck out of a wall by a round shot. At 8 P.M. the enemy made a false attack on the Cawnpore battery, keeping up a heavy cannonade and musketry fire, which lasted for about half-an-hour, after which all became moderately quiet. During the night guns were heard in the direction of the Cawnpore road, and the flash of them could be very distinctly seen; they were supposed to be about seven miles distant.

September 25.—A very unquiet night. Two alarms, one at 1.30 A.M., and another at 4 A.M. The whole garrison was under arms nearly the whole night. A very great disturbance in the city, in the direction of Mr Gubbins' post especially. To the very great regret of the garrison, Captain Radcliffe of the 7th Light Cavalry was dangerously wounded while in command of the Cawnpore battery. About 10 A.M. a messenger came in, bringing a letter of the 16th instant from General

Outram, dated Cawnpore, announcing his being about to cross over to this side of the Ganges, and march on to Lucknow. The messenger could give no account of our force, beyond its having reached the outskirts of the city.

About 11 A.M. nearly all sound of firing had ceased, but increased agitation was visible among the people in the town, in which two large fires were seen. An hour later, the sound of musketry and the smoke of guns was distinctly perceived within the limits of the city. All the garrison was on the alert, and the excitement amongst many of the officers and soldiers was quite painful to witness. At 1.30 P.M. many of the people of the city commenced leaving, with bundles of clothes, &c., on their heads, and took the direction of cantonments across the different bridges. At 2 P.M. armed men and sepoy commenced to follow them, accompanied by large bodies of irregular cavalry. Every gun and mortar that could be brought to bear on the evidently retreating enemy, was fired as fast as possible, for at least an hour and a-half. The enemy's bridge of boats had evidently been destroyed and broken away, for many were seen swimming across the river, most of them cavalry, with their horses' bridles in their hands. Strange to relate, during all this apparent panic, the guns of the enemy in position all round us kept up a heavy cannonade, and the matchlockmen or riflemen never ceased firing from their respective loopholes.

At 4 P.M. report was made that some officers dressed in shooting coats and solah caps, a regiment of Europeans in blue pantaloons and shirts, and a bullock battery, were seen near Mr Martin's house and the Motee Muhal. At 5 P.M. volleys of musketry, rapidly growing louder, were heard in the city. But soon the firing of a minié ball over our heads gave notice of the still nearer approach of our friends; of whom as yet little or nothing had been seen, though the enemy were to be seen firing heavily on them from many of the roofs of the houses. Five minutes later, and our troops were seen fighting their way through one of the principal streets; and though men fell at almost every step, yet nothing could withstand the headlong gallantry of our reinforcements. Once fairly seen, all our doubts and fears regarding them were ended: and then the garrison's long pent-up feelings of anxiety and suspense burst forth in a succession

of deafening cheers; from every pit, trench, and battery—from behind the sand-bags piled on shattered houses—from every post still held by a few gallant spirits, rose cheer on cheer—even from the hospital! Many of the wounded crawled forth to join in that glad shout of welcome to those who had so bravely come to our assistance. It was a moment never to be forgotten.

Soon all the rearguard and heavy guns were inside our position; and then ensued a scene which baffles description. For eighty-seven days the Lucknow garrison had lived in utter ignorance of all that had taken place outside. Wives who had long mourned their husbands as dead, were again restored to them; others, fondly looking forward to glad meetings with those near and dear to them, now for the first time learned that they were alone. On all sides eager inquiries for relations and friends were made. Alas! in too many instances the answer was a painful one.

The force under the command of General Sir J. Outram, G.C.B., came to our assistance at a heavy sacrifice to themselves. Of 2600 who left Cawnpore, nearly one-third was either killed or wounded in forcing their way through the city: indeed, the losses were so heavy, that they could effect nothing towards our relief; as the enemy were in overpowering force, and the position having been extended, in order to accommodate as far as possible our great increase in numbers, and the guns that were in our vicinity having been captured at considerable loss to ourselves, we remained on three-quarter rations, as closely besieged as before, until the 22d November; when the garrison were finally relieved by the army under the commander-in-chief.

A Biographical Sketch of Sir Henry Havelock, K.C.B. By the Rev. W. Brock. Fcap. 8vo, 288 pp. London: James Nisbet & Co.

HAVELOCK'S RELIGIOUS TRAINING.

As with so many others, the religious impressions of Havelock were traceable to the influence and the efforts of his mother when he was a little boy. It was her custom to assemble her children for reading the Scriptures and prayer in her own room. Henry was always of the party whenever he was at home, and in course of time he was expected to take

the reading, which he generally did. It impressed him; and under these pleasant circumstances he knew, like Timothy, the Holy Scriptures from a child. After the death of his mother, his religious feelings fluctuated considerably, and he became dissatisfied with the generally-received opinions of the character and the work of Christ. It was necessary for him, with his uneasiness of mind, to go thoroughly into that question. He listened to the arguments which were addressed to him against the divinity and the atonement of the Saviour, and at one time thought that they were conclusive. He might almost have been claimed as a believer in the Unitarian creed.

Subsequent investigations, however, convinced him that he had been committing some great mistakes. He had been forgetting that his business was not with that which was antecedently probable about Christ, but with that which was actually written about him in the Old and New Testaments. He had been overlooking the obligation to take the entire testimony of Scripture, and to accept everything which, when honestly interpreted, it is found to teach. Because he could not understand how Jesus Christ could be both human and divine, he had pronounced that he could not be so—that such union was impossible and absurd. But no sooner did he recognise the authoritative nature of the divine oracles, and the corresponding duty of receiving their communications on the subject without objection, than he renounced all his disbelief and doubt, and held fast to the doctrine, that whilst his Saviour is the man Christ Jesus, he is at the same time over all God blessed for evermore.

THE ENCOUNTERS WITH NANA SAHIB.

The bugle notes rung clearly out, through the mango groves on the Pandoo Nuddee, and wakened the weary soldiers long ere the morning of the 16th was grey. A welcome rumour had run through their lines on the previous night. It bore to them the good tidings that the wives and children of their foully slaughtered comrades and friends still lived in Cawnpore. They knew the road was long, and the fields of maize were heavy and soft. They knew that the rain would fall in torrents, or the sun would beat on them with scorching heat. They knew that many times their number of well-armed men stood between them and those whom they

had hoped to save. But they knew not that of those women and little children many were already massacred, whilst others at the time were expiring amidst the throes and throbbings of a lingering and yet procrastinated death. Cheerily, therefore, they rose from their pillows of earth, girt on their armour and their knapsacks, and light of heart, and strong in hope, they made their way through the darkness, thinking not then of country or of honour, so much as that they were the defenders of the widow and the orphan.

Havelock had learned that Nana Sahib had taken up a position at the village of Ahirwa, where the Grand Trunk Road unites with that which leads direct to the military cantonment of Cawnpore. He found his intrenchments had cut and rendered impassable both roads, and his guns, seven in number (two light and five siege calibre), were disposed along his position, which consisted of a series of villages. Behind these his infantry, consisting of mutinous troops and his own armed followers, was disposed for defence. It was evident that an attack in front would expose the British to a murderous fire from his heavy guns sheltered in his intrenchment. The general resolved, therefore, to manœuvre in order to turn his left. The camp and baggage were accordingly kept back, under proper escort, at the village of Maharajpore, while he halted his troops there two or three hours in the mango groves, to cook and gain shelter from a burning sun.

The column then moved off, right in front. The Fusiliers led, followed by two guns; then came the Highlanders, in rear of whom was the central battery of six guns under Captain Maude. The 64th and 84th had two guns more in their rear, and the Regiment of Ferozepore closed the column.

The troops, defiling at a steady pace, soon changed direction, and began to circle round the enemy's left. They were shrouded for some time by clumps of mango; but as soon as the enemy comprehended the object of their march, an evident sensation was created in his lines. He pushed forward on his left a large body of horse, and opened a fire of shot and shell from the whole of his guns. But he was evidently disconcerted by the advance on his flank, and anxious for his communication with Cawnpore. Havelock's troops continued their progress until his left was wholly opened to attack,

and then forming line, advanced in direct echelon of regiments and batteries from the right. A wing of the Fusiliers again covered the advance, extended as riflemen.

'The opportunity had arrived,' says Havelock, 'for which I had long anxiously waited, of developing the prowess of the 78th Highlanders. Three guns of the enemy were strongly posted behind a lofty hamlet, well intrenched. I directed this regiment to advance, and never did I witness conduct more admirable. They were led by Colonel Hamilton, and followed him with surpassing steadiness and gallantry under a heavy fire. As they approached the village, they cheered and charged with the bayonet, the pipes sounding the pibroch. Need I add that the enemy fled, the village was taken, and the guns captured.'

The Highlanders had never fought in that quarter of India before, and their character was unknown to the foe. Their advance has been described by spectators as a beautiful illustration of the power of discipline. With sloped arms, and rapid tread, through the broken and heavy lands, and through the well-directed fire of artillery and musketry, linked in their unfaltering lines, they followed their mounted leaders, the mark for many rifles. They did not pause to fire—did not even cheer; no sound from them was heard as that living wall came on and on, to conquer or to die. Now they are near the village; but their enemies occupy every house, and from every point a galling fire is poured on them from the heavy guns. The men lie down till the iron storm passes over. It was but for a moment. The general gave the word, 'Rise up! Advance!' and wild cheers rung out from those brave lines—wilder even than their fatal fire within a hundred yards; and the pipes sounded the martial pibroch, heard so often as earth's latest music by dying men. The men sprang up the hill, covered by the smoke of their crushing volley, almost with the speed of their own bullets; over and through all obstacles the gleaming bayonets advanced; and then followed those moments of personal struggle, not often protracted, when the Mahratta learned, too late for life, the power of the Northern arm. The position was theirs. All that stood between them and the guns fled the field or was cut down. General Havelock was with his men. Excited by the scene, some letter-writers say that he ex-

claimed, 'Well done, 78th. You shall be my own regiment. Another charge like that will win the day.'

Nor was the gallant 64th behind. Charging with equal bravery another village on the left, and firing four volleys as they rapidly advanced up the rising ground, they soon made the place their own, and captured its three guns.

'The enemy's infantry,' continues Havelock, 'appeared to be everywhere in full retreat, and I had ordered the fire to cease, when a reserve 24-pounder was opened on the Cawnpore Road, which caused considerable loss to my force; and, under cover of its fire, two large bodies of cavalry at the same time riding insolently over the plain, their infantry once more rallied. The beating of their large drums, and numerous mounted officers in front, announced the definitive struggle of the "Nana" for his usurped dominion.

'I had previously ordered my Volunteer Cavalry to adventure a charge on a more advanced part of the enemy's horse, and I have the satisfaction to report that they conducted themselves most creditably. One of their number, Mr Carr, was killed in the charge.

'But the final crisis approached. My artillery cattle, wearied by the length of the march, could not bring up the guns to my assistance; and the 1st Madras Fusiliers, 64th, 84th, and 78th detachments, formed in line, were exposed to a heavy fire from the 24-pounder on the road. I was resolved this state of things should not last, so, calling upon my men, who were lying down in line, to leap on their feet, I directed another steady advance. It was irresistible. The enemy sent round shot into our ranks until we were within 300 yards, and then poured in grape with such precision and determination as I have seldom witnessed. But the 64th, led by Major Stirling and my aide-de-camp, who had placed himself in their front, were not to be denied. Their rear showed the ground strewn with wounded; but on they steadily and silently came, then with a cheer charged, and captured the unwieldy trophy of their valour.

'The enemy lost all heart, and after a hurried fire of musketry, gave way in total rout. Four of my guns came up and completed their discomfiture by a heavy cannonade; and, as it grew dark, the roofless barracks of our Artillery were dimly descried in advance, and it was evi-

gent that Cawnpore was once more in our possession.'

'Such,' says the author of 'The Indian Mutiny,' 'was the battle of Cawnpore, in which 1000 British troops, and 300 Sikhs, labouring under every disadvantage, a powerful sun over their heads, a merciless enemy in their front, strongly intrenched, without cavalry, and with an artillery of inferior weight, defeated 5000 native troops, armed and trained by our own officers. Perhaps in no action that ever was fought was the superior power of arrangement, moral force, personal daring, and physical strength of the European over the Asiatic, more apparent. The rebels fought well; many of them did not flinch from a hand-to-hand encounter with our troops; they stood well to their guns, served them with accuracy; but yet, in spite of this, of their strong position, of their disproportionate excess in number, they were beaten.'

And now the bugle sounds; this time to rest. The wounded were gathered together and cared for. The sentries commenced their nightly watch, the overwrought soldiers soundly slept for many hours, when a crash that shook the earth awoke them:—Nana Sahib had blown up the Cawnpore magazine, and abandoned the place.

The following general order, issued on the morning after the battle, and one of the last General Havelock penned, must now possess a melancholy interest:—

'Cawnpore, won by Lord Lake in 1803, has been a happy and peaceful place ever since, until the wretched ambition of a man, whose uncle's life was, by a too indulgent government, spared in 1817, filled it in 1857 with rapine and bloodshed. When, soldiers, your valour won the bridge at the Pandoo Nuddee, you were signing the death-warrant of the helpless women and children of your comrades of the 32d. They were murdered in cold blood by the miscreant, Nana Sahib, whose troops fled in dismay at the victorious shout of your line, on the evening of the memorable 16th.

'Soldiers! Your general is satisfied, and more than satisfied, with you. He has never seen steadier or more elevated troops—but your labours are only beginning. Between the 7th instant and the 16th, you have, under the Indian sun of July, marched 126 miles, and fought four actions: but your comrades at Lucknow are in peril. Agra is besieged; Delhi still

the focus of mutiny and rebellion. You must make great sacrifices, if you would obtain great results. Three cities have to be saved; two strong places to be dis-blockaded. Your general is confident that he can effect all these things, and restore this part of India to tranquillity, if you only second him with your efforts; and if your discipline is equal to your valour.

'Highlanders,—It was my earnest desire to afford you the opportunities of showing how your predecessors conquered at Maida;—you have not degenerated. Assaye was not won by a more silent, compact, and resolute charge, than was the village near Jausemow on the 16th instant.

'64th,—You have put to silence the jibes of your enemies throughout India. Your fire was reserved until you saw the colour of your enemy's moustaches—this gave us the victory.'

Havelock's account of these successive engagements to the circle at Bonn, has a significant mention of the courage of his eldest son, and a reference to his youngest brother, which will be deemed pleasant evidence of his habitual recollections of home:—

'Cawnpore, July, 1857.

'Last week I fought four fights. On the 12th I took Futtehpore; on the 15th I fired the village Aong and the bridge over the Pandoo Nuddee; on the 16th I recaptured this place, defeating the usurper Nana Sahib in a pitched battle, and taking all his guns. I lost a hundred men. I never saw so brave a youth as the boy H.; he placed himself opposite the muzzle of a gun that was scattering death into the ranks of the 64th Queen's, and led on the regiment, under a shower of grape, to its capture. This finished the fight. The grape was deadly, but he was calm as if telling George stories about India. . . . Lawrence had died of his wounds. . . . Mary Thornhill (a niece of the general's) is in great peril at Lucknow. I am marching to relieve it. Trust in God and pray for us. All India is up in arms against us, and everywhere around me things are looking black. Thank God for his especial mercies to me. We are campaigning in July. H. H.'

THE LESSON OF THE HERO'S LIFE.

Our reverence for the memory of this good man constrains us to seek for the lessons which are to be learned from his

eventful life. It would be a reflection on his name, a practical dishonour to his reputation, to let those lessons go unlearned. If by presenting his example to general attention we can accomplish good, then we are sure he would have acquiesced in our doing so. If the narrative of his history, or the mention of his habits, can be made subservient to the formation of sound character, and to the maintenance of upright conduct in other men, then we know he would have been content, but not else. Ostentatiousness he abhorred; vainglory was odious to him; to flattery he was insensible; of himself he never cared to speak. From that distant grave in the Alumbagh there comes his voice, reminding us of duties which we are sadly prone to neglect, and of privileges which we are far too ready to forego.

Havelock speaks, and he says that, whatever a man's secular activities, he ought to fear God.

Instantly it will be granted that our secular engagements are not more absorbing than his were. Through the whole period of his manhood he was out prominently before the world, having a good deal more than the ordinary share of harass, and turmoil, and responsibility. There were times, no doubt, when he was comparatively at rest. But very often he had for months scarcely any rest at all—his condition in Afghanistan and Oude, to wit.

The condition, however, was virtually immaterial. The first thing anywhere was to seek the kingdom of God and his righteousness. That must be attended to, of course. He was not all day long at his Bible, but he invariably pondered some portion of it every day. He was not continually in the outward act of prayer, but he took care, somehow or other, to be alone both morning and evening, that he might worship and bow down. He was not constantly at church or chapel, but he was there on the Lord's-day, and not unfrequently on other days besides. If for these engagements he could not find time, he just made time. Even when so pressed as he was at Jellalabad, he got his comrades who were like-minded with himself together constantly, that they might join in worshipping and in commending themselves to God; and when on his heaviest marches it was determined to start at some earlier hour than that which he

had allotted to his devotions, he arose quite in time to hold undisturbed his usual fellowship with God. He lived and he died, declaring that where there is a will there is a way.

What has been done may be done again. Go, saith Havelock, as we are contemplating the godliness which was nurtured by communion with God, and which consisted in walking humbly with God—go and do likewise. When you object the anxieties of your warehouse, remember the anxieties of my tent. When you plead the distractions of your business, remember the distractions of my profession. When you vindicate your irreligiousness, by urging the pressure of your occupations night and day, remember the pressure of my occupations at Ghuznee and Lucknow. Through God's grace, I could live godly in Christ Jesus; so, if you will only try, so can you.

Havelock speaks, and he says that, whatever a man's unavoidable absences from home, he ought assiduously to cherish affectionate attachment for those who constitute his home.

It was his lot to be separated for a long time together from his wife and children. A sense of duty left him no alternative. Circumstances necessitated their absence from one another. But mutual attachment was cultivated with most congenial assiduity. The interchange of sympathy between the father in his solitariness on the Ganges or the Jumna, and the mother with her children on the Rhine, was uninterrupted. Letters by almost every mail were both the evidence of well-sustained affection and the generous aliment by which the affection was increased. No matter how heavy the pressure of his occupations at one time, or the agreeableness of his relaxation at another, Havelock must keep up his correspondence with home. None so dear to him on earth as its precious inmates. Nothing in his esteem comparable with the honest reciprocation of their irrepressible and yearning love. He lived and he died evincing the imperativeness and the possibility of maintaining the conjugal and the parental responsibilities untarnished and intact.

What has been done may be done again. Go, saith Havelock, as you are contemplating his virtuous and honourable married life—go and do likewise. Repel the intrusion of the wrong by preoccupying your sensibilities with the right,

Preclude the operation of the evil by surcharging your sympathies with the good. Turn off your eyes from beholding vanity, by keeping ever before you the images of darling children fondly listening as they are told about their absent father by your lealhearted, loving wife.

Havelock speaks, and he says that, whatever a man's virtues, he ought to trust for his salvation exclusively to Christ alone. That he was virtuous and reputable is beyond doubt. To a long and most eventful life the reference may be made in confirmation. He was patriotic. He was unselfish. He was forgiving. He was veracious. He was temperate. He was pious. Not many of us should be found surpassing him, were investigation to be made into our duties, whether towards God or man. By common consent he was a sound-minded, a right-hearted, and a good-living man.

But he held himself to be personally unworthy of the Divine mercy. By his reading of Holy Scripture he had concluded himself under sin. In more than one point had he offended against God's commandments: thence he was guilty of all. He had not continued in all things written in the book of the law to do them: consequently he was liable to the curse. But that would not befall him, if so be he would believe in Christ as the sacrifice and propitiation for sin. He did believe in Christ. He submitted himself to the righteousness of God. His sins were forgiven him. He was accepted in the Beloved. He became complete in Christ.

What has been done may be done again. Go, saith Havelock, as you are contemplating his quiet confidence in the intercession of our Great High Priest—go and do likewise. Put no trust in your own doings, for what do they amount to at the best? Have done with all reliance upon your integrity, and your loyalty, and your philanthropy; for in evincing these you have acquired no merit at all; you have simply performed your duty, and nothing more. Be the good father, and the good neighbour, and the good citizen, by all means; but be the penitent sinner nevertheless. Through God's grace I renounced dependence on myself, and went and depended on the Saviour; so—if you try—so can you.

Havelock speaks, and says that, whatever a man's liabilities to persecution, he ought to abide resolutely by his convic-

tions of what is right. No secret was it to him that if he confessed Christ before men, he must expect persecution in some or other of its different forms. Not the most congenial with his religious habits and predilections would be the associations and companionships of military life. Would he, under such circumstances as his, conceal his evangelical principles, and imitate Joseph of Arimathea, who was a disciple of Jesus, but secretly, for fear of the Jews? He revolved the question thoughtfully, and presently he was ready with his reply. He dared not act clandestinely. He was under paramount obligation to the Lord Christ. Show him that what he meant to do was wrong, and he would instantly leave it undone. Make it evident that it was at least doubtful or premature, and he would postpone it until it could be reconsidered and ascertained; but, once admit that the course which he projected was in itself prescribed by the grace and the providence of God, and an objector might forthwith hold his peace. 'I have opened my mouth unto the Lord,' was his answer then, 'and I cannot go back.' The satirist might sting, and the sarcastic might exasperate contempt; misrepresentation might attribute his peculiarities to eccentricity, rather than to principle; to chagrin, rather than to liberation; to obstinacy, rather than to conscientiousness; to a deeper form of worldly policy, rather than to spirituality of mind: timidity might forebode unpleasant consequences from the misrepresentations, and expediency might gravely recommend him to be somewhat careful about the main chance; but it was in vain. The opposition, in the different forms of it, availed nothing against the call of duty from the Lord. He was not ambitious of singularity; but he was bent upon obedience. He was perfectly aware that he might be mistaken; but he exercised himself to have always a conscience void of offence toward God and toward men.

What has been done may be done again. Go, saith Havelock, as you are contemplating his inflexible adherence to his convictions—go and do likewise. Tell the employer who bids you to falsify and defraud, that you must refuse his bidding. Tell the counsellor who misquotes the apostolic text, about being all things to all men, that you must have something better than misquotation. Tell

the men of this time-serving, money-grasping, self-seeking, luxurious generation, that, politic or inpolitic, competency or no competency, through good report or through evil report, you, the individual man, mean fearlessly to do the right and straightforward thing. Tell yourself, when by unbelief you get entangled, and embarrassed, and disheartened, that light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart; and then, hoping against hope, bravely hold on your way. Through God's grace I outbraved and outlived the opposition which threatened and impeded me; so, if you try, so can you.

Havelock speaks, and says that, whatever a man's professional calling, he ought to aim evangelically at doing good.

Most sincerely did he esteem all faithful ministers of Christ. Upon the services which they conducted was he a constant attendant, whenever he had the opportunity. For a stated and settled administration, both of the word and ordinances of the gospel, he evinced the highest possible respect. In no degree would he heedlessly infringe upon what he always held to be an institution of the Head of the Church. At the same time, when those around him were perishing for lack of knowledge, and there were none ready to interfere to prevent the consummation of the calamity, he felt constrained to interfere himself. The duty of doing good and communicating was remembered. The responsibility of striving together for the faith of the gospel was realised. The injunction to love our neighbour as ourselves was apprehended. The fact that, in the apostolic times, men who were not specially ordained went everywhere preaching the Word, came up to his recollection; and, as the result, he felt that he must preach. He could expound to the inquiring the meaning of Christ's gracious invitations, and he could enforce upon the thoughtless the lessons of Christ's solemn admonition. He began the effort, and he continued it to the last; often, if not in every case, most diligently preparing, in order, by the manifestation of the truth, to commend himself to every man's conscience in the sight of God.

What has been done may be done again. Go, saith Havelock, as you are contemplating his evangelic services at the Shivey-dagoon and Jellalabad—go, and do

likewise. Never be ashamed of Christ. If you believe that your servants, your neighbours, your companions, are, whilst unconverted, dead in trespasses and sins, take care to tell them of their danger. If you are well assured that not one of them need to remain dead in trespasses and sins another hour, the Holy Spirit being most willing to make them alive unto God, render your assurance the ground of action, without delay or hesitation, and beseech them to invoke the new heart, through the intercession of the Son of God. Break with the selfishness that has been withholding you. Renounce the indolence that has been hindering you. Correct the mistake that has been misleading you. Through God's grace I was enabled to exhort, and to warn, and to encourage, even so that many were converted from the error of their ways: so, if you try, so will you be enabled also.

Havelock speaks, and he says that, whatever a man's ecclesiastical or theological preferences, he ought to show brotherly regard for all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity.

No doubt was there, within his circle, of the preferences which he cherished for one of the various bodies of which Christ's Church is now composed. His correspondence and his conversations, and his conduct generally, made his denominational preferences plain. It was not his habit to make light of any portion of his Lord's discovered will. Latitudinarianism, in every aspect of it, was held in utter disrepute.

But in equal disrepute did he hold every aspect of sectarianism. Who might rely upon his co-operation in their aggressions upon the world's misery and wickedness? Every Christian body under heaven. Who might send for him in any seasons of their sorrow, or assure themselves, if he was within their reach, of his readiness to weep with them as they wept? Every Christian family throughout the world. Who might trust themselves implicitly to his generosity, certain that if they were misrepresented he would fraternally undertake their defence? Every Christian community, however designated, whether so illustrious as to be envied, or so insignificant as to be despised. Who might reckon that, in the celebration of the Lord's Supper, he, if possible, would be present, gratefully acknowledging the right of every believer in Christ to show forth his death in that

service until he comes again? Every section of the entire Christian Church. Then did he make no reservation of his evangelical friendships and fellowships at all—not even in the commemoration of the death of his Redeemer at the sacramental table? He made no reservation. Enough for him that a man was a servant of the Lord Christ.

What has been done may be done again. Go, saith Havelock, as you are contemplating his large-hearted Christian charity, go and do likewise. Give way to the warmer impulses of your regenerated nature. Remember the Master's memorable reproof to the disciples who boasted that they had forbidden a man, because he followed not with them. Read the apostolic injunctions to receive one another, as Christ also hath received us to the glory of God:—'Wherunto you have already attained, walk by the same rule, mind the same thing.' Speak the truth, as you have been assisted to apprehend it, but always speak the truth in love. Through God's grace I was enabled to be valiant for the truth upon the earth, whilst I kept the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace. So, if you try, will you be enabled also.

Havelock speaks, and he says that, whatever a man's maturity of Christian experience, he ought to continue diligently, faithful even unto death.

Firm was his belief in the inviolable security of the saints of God. Like an anchor to his soul, both sure and steadfast, was the persuasion that no child of God could ever perish. That every genuine Christian would be kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation, he knew; but then, he knew, besides, that every genuine Christian would keep himself in the love of God, looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life. Beyond all fair question was the guarantee of perseverance on God's part; beyond all fair question also was the duty of perseverance on his own part. Hence, his patient continuance in well-doing. Hence, his pressing towards the mark for the prize of his high calling. Hence, his diligence to be found of his Lord in peace.

What has been done may be done again. Go, saith Havelock, as we are contemplating him in the act of his departure in the Alumbagh, go and do likewise. I have found the necessity to be imperative to run with patience the

race that was set before me. I have derived no satisfaction from the remiscences of former times, except as they have been confirmed by the habits of the present time. I have been constrained to continue in the grace of God, to hold fast the profession of my faith, to cleave unto the Lord with purpose of heart;—and now, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I fear no evil, for He is with me: his rod and his staff they comfort me. Through God's grace I have been enabled to fight the good fight, to finish my course, to keep the faith; so, if you try, so will you be enabled also.

One distinguished soldier reminds us of another. See the one: he is dying, and thus he speaks,—'Come and show me that a man who was at one time in a state of grace can never fall away from grace: if you can show me that, I die content; not else.' See the other: he is dying, and thus he speaks,—'Come and see how a Christian can die. I have so ruled my life for more than forty years, that when it came I might face death without fear. I die happy and contented. Thank God for my hope in the Saviour! We shall meet in heaven.'

Who dies like that? Who are tranquil, not terrified; confident, not doubtful; expectant, not desolate; joyous, not sad? The men who rule their lives as did Havelock; the men who live the life which they live in the flesh, a life of faith upon the Son of God; the men who continue and end as they began, rejoicing in Christ Jesus, and having no confidence in the flesh.

Being dead! Yes, a nation mourns his loss; and, judging from such indications as the lowering of their colours half-mast-high by one fleet after another as his death was heard of in the United States, other nations, we gather, sympathise with our sense of loss. The country will have him honoured. India demands the celebration of his deeds. The world must know that we hold him in renown.

Be it so. But one thing is incumbent first of all. Let every reader of this sketch be personally a follower of him, as he followed Christ. Let him go and imitate his example; and whether he be the statesman, or the magistrate, or the lawyer, or the physician, or the soldier, or the merchant, or the yeoman, or the artisan, or the shopkeeper, or the assistant, or the domestic servant, bring out in the

habitudes of a religious life henceforward the indelible eulogium,

'Sacred to the Memory of Henry Havelock.'

That will be legible when the sculptured inscription will be illegible. That will tell when the granite and the marble are unavailing. That will be an honour done to him of which Christ will take grateful cognisance. That will be an association with his name which shall be consummated gloriously, when in his company we ascribe all might, majesty, and dominion to Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever.

Havelock: the Broad Stone of Honour.

A Tribute of the Tongue and Pen.

By Edwin Paxton Hood. 18mo, 68 pp. London: John Snow.

THE CHARACTER OF HAVELOCK.

In the middle ages the true hero's heart was said to be the Broad Stone of Honour—stainless and impregnable, living above fear, without spot and without reproach; on the banks of the Rhine, as we know there frowns still the mighty, massive tower of other days—it too was called Ehrenbreitstein—The Broad Stone of Honour—because it had never yielded to attack, and storm of war and siege. Alas! it is but a fiction. The heart, spotless and without reproach, has never existed in the annals of our race, and the strong manicholated towers of the castle of the middle ages yield at last to the tempest and the storm of war. And yet it is a possibility—a glorious possibility—that the stainless and heroic heart that can 'endure hardness as a good soldier,' will at last be presented, when the warfare is over, 'without spot or wrinkle or any such thing.' It is most healthful and invigorating to contemplate such possibilities—to reflect on what may be done *in* human nature and *for* it by the Divine strength and grace; and how a man may be raised above self-seeking and meanness, and cowardice and time-serving; and how a man may have a heart reflecting uprightness like a mirror, and enduring, firm, and faithful as a rock.

More than one of our periodicals has identified Wordsworth's 'Happy Warrior' with Havelock:—

'Who is the happy Warrior? Who is he That every man in arms would wish to be? It is the generous spirit who, when brought Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought;

Whose high endeavours are an inward light That makes the path before him always bright;

Who, doom'd to go in company with Pain, And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train, Turns his necessity to glorious gain; In face of these doth exercise a power Which is our human nature's highest dower; Whose powers shed round him, in the common strife

Or mild concerns of ordinary life, A constant influence, a peculiar grace, But *who*, if he be call'd upon to face Some awful moment to which Heaven has join'd

Great issues, good or bad, for human-kind, Is happy as a lover, and attired With sudden brightness like a man inspired. 'Tis, finally, the man, who, lifted high, Conspicuous object to a nation's eye, Or, left unthought of in obscurity, Plays in the many games of life that one Where what he most doth value must be won.

Who, if he rise to station or command, Rises by open means, and there will stand On honourable terms, or else retire, And in himself enjoys his own desire; Who comprehends his trust, and to the same Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim:— This is the happy Warrior; this is he That every man in arms would wish to be.'

The whole of that fine poem finds its realisation in our great general, although written to commemorate another beautiful hero, whose character combined the sweetest gentleness with truest bravery—Lord Collingwood.

Ah, how varied the feelings with which the children of men look back upon the years of life—how varied the emotions with which they say, 'I have finished!' 'I have finished my course,' says the gamester; I have played my last deal; I have staked my last chance; I have lost my all. 'I have finished my course,' says the scholar; I have read my last volume; I have mastered my last problem; I have noted the last fact; I have terminated the last inquiry. 'I have finished my course,' says the statesman; I have issued my last ukase; I have framed my last bill, my last speech, my last line of conduct. 'I have finished my course,' says the warrior; I have led on the last battle, conducted the last siege, struck the last blow. 'I have finished my course,' says the Christian; I have heaved the last sigh, the last prayer; I have held the last fellowship; I have spoken the last exhortation—'I have finished my course.'

When we read, in the course of history, of men whose sudden appearance startled the world by the prodigies of their bravery—who appeared to save it

by their wisdom, or by the inventiveness of their genius, we cannot but wonder where they have been concealed. How is it, we have said, while the world is so full of incompetents and incapables, that they have been hidden so long? Alas! the course of the noblest and the bravest has usually been concealed. Has it not usually been the way of the world, 'to keep folly at the helm and wisdom under the hatches?' 'High buildings have a low foundation.' Fame, narrow at its source, like a small river, broadens like an ocean at its close.

God only knows the illustrious clouds of witnesses who gather around our path and over our career, who have been and are 'nameless,' as Sir Thomas Brown would say, 'in worthy deeds.' Depend upon it, the most illustrious lives—lives dignified by the most eminent holiness, the most exalted self-denial, and beautified by the most celestial affections—have ever been unwritten, save 'in the Lamb's book of life.' 'The Canaanitish woman,' says the dear old writer, 'lives more happily without a name than Herodias with one. And who would not rather have been the good thief than Pilate?'

A bragging bully, who has impertinently elbowed his way to power, easily pushes aside that modest merit, to whose wisdom in a moment of emergency he will be compelled to appeal, and on whose strong arm he will be compelled to lean. Great moments and great emergencies reveal truly great men, as surely as ordinary times and ordinary circumstances conceal them. It is one of the most eminent characteristics of a truly illustrious man, that he does not desire greatness, either for himself or for its own sake; and he will be concealed amidst

'The old patrician trees, so great and good,' on the farm or in the cottage, at the villages of Hampden, St Ives, or Lostwithiel; but the occasion calls, and he obeys and comes forward. It is to such a moment that we owe the eminence of Havelock.

You will not judge the time misplaced if I keep it, this morning, with some no-

tices of the great soldier and his course. It was passed in comparative obscurity, and but few glimpses can be obtained; but the few illustrate the whole, and the early morning of the day illustrates its closing evening. The first incidents especially are in keeping with those legends which generally surround, with a shadow and romantic cloudland, the cradles and the childhoods of eminent men. His name instantly suggests his ancestry—as a descendant of those strong Northmen who settled in the North of England, and from thence—from Bishopwearmouth, in Sunderland, of a respectable father, who had not only founded his fortunes, but had also lost them again—Henry Havelock claimed his parentage.

Is it not characteristic of the human nature of the boy, that when he was about seven years of age, from a very high bough he was attempting to take a bird's nest, the branch broke, and he fell down; the boughs broke his fall, or there probably the young hero had terminated his career, as it was, he lay on the ground insensible. When he recovered from the stunning effects of his fall, he was asked if he did not feel frightened when the branch snapped, and he felt himself falling. 'No,' said he; 'I did not think of being frightened; I had enough to do to think of the eggs, for I thought they were sure to be smashed to pieces!' It is a small incident; but the answer is the very soul of all truly great character—the entire forgetfulness of self in the object pursued, whether that object be in childhood a bird's nest, or in old age the relief of Lucknow. And this little incident is mentioned of courage and forethought at twelve, when, seeing an infuriated dog worrying a sheep, he did not merely fly before the dog with force to meet brutality with brutality, but made a rope from a haystack near at hand, threw it round the dog's neck, and then threw the dog into a neighbouring pond to cool and recover, and so walked coolly himself away. Thus, you see, nature laid the foundations in a truly noble human character, and divine grace afterwards glorified it with 'the seeds of the kingdom.'

TITAN.

THE POETRY OF YOUTH IN FRANCE.

ALFRED DE MUSSET.—DELPHINE GAY (MADAME EMILE DE GIRARDIN.)

SOMEWHERE in that queer work on England, entitled 'English Traits,' Emerson says, that the Anglo-Saxon nature develops itself not only in obedience to its own laws, but also in obedience to the laws of its contraries, as manifested in the Gallic race, and that no Englishman is ever so wholly and entirely an Englishman as when he is the distinct and absolute opposite of a Frenchman. If this theory were to be admitted, it would be easy to find strong arguments in support of it in the subject we are now proposing to treat. It is, perhaps, impossible, throughout all French modern literature, to find any one so French as Alfred de Musset. The very speeches made at his funeral, by men who did not approve of his principles or conduct, all established this fact; and held that it was to be looked upon as an extenuation of his defects. Now, Alfred de Musset does not represent only the more typical parts of the French character generally; he represents, above all, the character of the youth of France. He is the poet of youth, and is so pre-eminently, without any one seeking to deny his position as such. Women, who had better never have read him, preach indulgence 'on account of his youth,' say they; and grave men, who ought to condemn, say, that 'it is hard to judge a man by the first outpourings of youth;'—all agree that they are predisposed towards Musset because 'he was the poet of their first ardent youth,' and that they can as little be

harsh towards him as they could be harsh towards the fair faults and sweet weaknesses of their own spring-time of life. Here is the point of view from which all France judges Musset. Sainte Beuve, who pretends to admire him, says, 'He was so *entirely us* in our youth, . . . he was spring, and *our spring itself!*' whilst Lamartine, who, instead of admiring, judges Musset, exclaims, equally in the first words of his essay upon him, 'He is the *personification of youth!*'

And so it is. Musset is the personification of what youth was in France some twenty or thirty years ago—the youth that burst its shell during the first years of that very unromantic, positive, and godless era, known by the name of the 'period of the Revolution of July.' And here we return to Emerson's theory. Granted that Alfred de Musset be the personification of youth in France, the poet of the spring-time of life, it is then clearly to be seen that that which is most thoroughly and intensely French is so just in the same proportion that it is absolutely incompatible, impossible to ally with the Anglo-Saxon nature or civilisation.

To their honour be it spoken, the northern races—take them in England, Scotland, or America (and in their Germanic and Scandinavian branches also) are full of belief. They believe in all things beautiful, and their enthusiasm for what is fair comes from their conviction, that what is fair is good, and pure, and holy. They may be deceived later, and they may then turn round

even in anger upon the world, but in their anger are the traces of regret; you see that they grieve at being forced into distrustfulness.

Now, it is utterly false to say that Musset follows this progression, and only turns to bitterness when events

have obliged him to disbelieve in truth. Musset begins life as a sceptic in all virtue; and in the first flush of early youth, with life untested before him, he is a scoffer. In the first page of the first volume of poems he publishes stand these lines:—

‘Ce livre est toute ma jeunesse
* * * * *
Mes premiers vers sont d'un enfant,
Les seconds d'un adolescent,
Les derniers à peine d'un homme.’

And what are the works contained in this book, whose author was between *seventeen and twenty-five* when he wrote them? They are a collection of tales, anecdotes, and dramatic scenes in verse (*‘Les contes d'Espagne et d'Italie,’ ‘Le Spectacle dans un Fauteuil,’ ‘Namouna,’ &c.*), in which not only every rule of propriety or decency is so broken through, that no modest woman could safely read twenty consecutive lines of them all, but in which there does not exist an honest, or honourable, or manly sentiment that is not turned into ridicule. Moore, it may be said, is bad enough as to indecency, and there is no denying the charge; but Moore believes in love and in patriotism. Voltaire abuses religion to the heart's content of an atheist, and Beranger falls not far short of him, added to which he treats sentiment full lightly; but both believe in the strong and exalted love of country. Musset scoffs at all: at religion, at patriotism, and at love! and, as he himself says, his first verses are those of a boy, his last barely those of a man, in this volume which represents ‘all his youth!’

We are not proposing at this moment to *preach* against the tendencies or opinions of Alfred de Musset—we are merely registering a fact; and we say, Alfred de Musset, as a boy just entering upon life *before* he could find it either bitter or sweet, is *inspired* by the Genius of Distrust; he proclaims the absurdity of every hope or trust, and he is the *poet of youth* in France! Therefore he is a curious subject of study to us, precisely because he plainly shows what are some of the incompatibilities of the French nature, and of our own.

We are so far from a wish to ‘hold forth’ against Musset, that we not only

admit him to be decidedly, incontestably one of *the very first* of the poets of his nation, but we even allow also that his genius is inseparable from his scepticism. In his bitter irony, in his scorn or negation of all things pure, lies Musset's force and originality; this is his key-note, as Sainte Beuve calls it—*‘La note chantante d'Alfred de Musset.’*

Before going into the details we will enter upon later touching Musset's poems, we will call the reader's attention to a writer who, of all others perhaps in France, was the most perfect counterpart of Musset.—Delphine Gay (known in recent times as Madame Emile de Girardin). In their ages there was a difference only of three years: both were born with the ‘gift of poetry,’ both addressed the public when childhood was scarcely passed; both died at the same period; and both were so exclusively French, that it would be impossible to imagine the fame of either in any country except in France.

Madame de Girardin and Musset were great friends, but of the two she is, morally, better worth than him, precisely in the same proportion in which she is inferior to him in genius. At sixteen Delphine Gay seizes the lyre of Sappho, casts the wavy treasures of her golden hair to the four winds, and, with inspired attitudes, sings of all the glories of France, for which ‘*Corinnades*’ (as her mother, Madame Gay, was wont to style these exhibitions) she is soon hailed as *la muse de la patrie*, and has her bust sculptured by David in the front of the Pantheon. At eighteen Alfred de Musset makes his first appearance in the world of letters with ‘*Don Paez*,’ which he reads at one or two literary houses, and which at once wins for him the renown he has carried to his

grave. After making acquaintance with Musset's works, we beg to call attention to the fact of his having read his earlier poems in society, for it is characteristic of the nation he belongs to, and of the influence he could acquire over it. No book ever was, or probably ever will be, written, however objectionable it may be, that will not be read by separate individuals, and in this way read by nearly everybody; but we cannot help our amazement at what the state of any society must have been, in which such poems as 'Don Paëz,' and, indeed, nearly all those composing Musset's first volume, could be read aloud, and listened to with applause.

In this respect Delphine Gay was less to be blamed, although, probably, in no country save France could many of those verses be recited, which, in the mouth of this young girl, excited universal enthusiasm some thirty years ago. But, at all events, in the first outpourings of her muse, there really was youth; and though she is perhaps not sufficiently astonished at what we should call *vice*, though she admits, with true French feeling, all sorts of situations which we should term impossible, yet she never *scoffs*. She is not *naturally impious*, as was Alfred de Musset.

It was not till some few years after her first *début* that Madame de Girardin proved the conformity of certain peculiarities of her talent with those that distinguish Musset, and proved it then so completely, that it is impossible to separate the two. No sooner as she published 'Napoline,' than it becomes obvious that she stands with Musset at the head of the *semi-serious* school in France, and that, indeed, they two *alone* represent that school, whereof, since then, the disciples have done nothing to make their names rise above the common herd.

Lamartine, in one of his late *Entretiens*, very justly remarks, that the Italians were the inventors of the *semi-serious* style, of which Ariosto's 'Orlando' is the first and the immortal monument. Dating from thence, he points out St Evremond, Voltaire, Lord Byron, and Henri Heine as the recent sources of all the contemporary attempts of the *semi-serious* school in France. But Lamartine has

been here careless of chronology, as he too often is. The two latter could in no way have influenced a French poet who was but eighteen in 1828; for, as to the former, his 'Don Juan' (the poem thought of in this case as a model) was but vaguely hinted at at that time as something inaccessible to translation; and, as to the latter, he was only beginning to prelude to his future fame by some of the satires which cost him the right of living in his own country. Voltaire, again, is not a direct ancestor of Musset's, or of Madame de Girardin's; for Voltaire is anything but a *born poet*: whereas both of these two, whatever their other faults, are such *born poets* that Voltaire's laboured verse could never have been read by either without fits of angry impatience. Remains, then, St Evremond; and here there is analogy, but little or no direct influence. Madame de Girardin was, above all, impressed by the atmosphere in which she lived, and only deserted the classics, such as Racine and the rest, because she breathed the air of a world in which Hugo, Lamartine, Musset, Balzac, and George Sand were the objects of literary passion. Musset *may* have read St Evremond, but it is just as likely that he never did so. Musset was not a reader; he was what is termed in France a *viveur*, and there was little enough of the *homme de lettres* about him. No! it would be truer, perhaps, to say that there was a certain mysterious intellectual 'pressure from without,' that acted, they knew not why, upon some minds, forcing them to see the discrepancies of this nether world, the mixture of absurdity in disaster, and of sadness in pleasure, which really does go far sometimes to make 'all the world a stage.' That this influence was mysteriously and everywhere at work, finds a proof in a fact that Lamartine ignores: in the effect produced upon the most metaphysical of all poets, upon a man really absorbed in the 'unselfish passion of things,' as he himself expresses it—upon Shelley. 'Julian and Maddalo' is anterior to 'Don Juan,' and it is not uninteresting to mark, in Shelley's own letters, the impression it produced upon Lord Byron, and the reflections made by both poets upon a style that should

treat of all things naturally, finding nothing too minute or too low, and replacing the conventional, high-flown language of verse by a language where everything is called by its right name. 'Julian and Maddalo' has probably to this hour never been read by any French poet, yet it is, in fact, the only model to which the semi-serious efforts of Musset and Madame de Girardin can be likened. Whilst saying this, however, we maintain our previous observations upon the incompatibilities of the French and British character. The treatment of the subject is the same in both cases, as far as the adoption of the *semi-serious* style goes; but the *tone* is so utterly different, that it would be as easy to conceive Plato writing one of the comedies of Aristophanes, as to imagine the impassioned and mystical Shelley committing to paper 'Don Paez' or 'Portia.'

Lamartine, in his very poetical, and sometimes right-judging 'Essay' upon Alfred de Musset, alludes thus to what St Beuve calls the *note chantante* of the latter:—'If the waves that ripple upon the shores of the Venetian lagoons have whispered rightly, the first love of the young poet was ill placed; born of caprice, it is said to have ended in desertion. Hence the bitterness of Musset; hence his impious incredulity in the existence of pure and virtuous love; hence the habitual irony against love faithful to its object; the mockery of *the soul's love*, in short, and the worship of mere sensual love; the giving up of the whole being to that capricious, instinctive love which is the profanation of what is highest and holiest in man's destiny.'

'The heart-education of every young man who enters upon life well gifted by the Almighty is a double one, and depends upon two women—upon his mother first, and next upon the woman he first loves. Happy he who, at his earliest sigh of passion, *loves above himself*; but woe betide him who loves below his own level! The one never ceases to rise, morally and intellectually; the other never ceases to descend . . . It was no sensual caprice that should have absorbed Musset's youth; it was a heart-religion that failed him; it was that first and supreme teacher of all philosophy, a pure, chaste, elevated love.'

This is all perfectly true, and exceedingly well said; but, begging M. de Lamartine's pardon, the '*caprice de jeunesse*,' of which Madame Sand passes for the heroine, and which is represented as having exercised such a disastrous action over Musset's life and opinions, finds its place chronologically in the year 1835; whereas his first volume of verses, or rather the poems which later composed that volume, were written, recited, and brought renown to their author, six or seven years before, in 1828. Indeed, with the exception of 'Rolla' and the four pieces entitled 'Les Nuits,' all Musset's poems appeared before the year 1834, for the 'Spectacle dans un Fauteuil' is dated 1833. It is, therefore, absolutely erroneous to make Madame Sand responsible for all Musset's impieties; her sudden desertion of him, however it may have taken place (and into these details we will not enter), was neither the cause, nor can it be admitted as the excuse, for his perpetual and impious levity, and for the irony with which he affects to regard every pure attachment or every holy aspiration. No! Musset was what he was, because he was intensely both of his country and his time, because he really was, and still remains, the true representative of the youth of France at a period when *all* faith was absent; when men believed neither in religion, in patriotism, in honesty, or in love. But when a certain degree of force yet unexhausted in the nation gave to vice the power to act, to be. The men who at the Revolution of July were between twenty and thirty, were debauchees and scoffers, but they were so vigorously. Their successors of the present day are not much better, or more virtuous, or more convinced; but they are less active in evil, because they are weaker in constitution. The nation is far more worn out than in 1830, and its exhaustion is marked by its utter indifference to everything, even to freedom.

Now, Alfred de Musset, as we observed in the commencement of these pages, is interesting to us upon this side of the Channel, precisely because he so truly represents the youth of France at a certain period of her contemporary history; but upon this point also his recent biographers have

in our opinion, committed a, perhaps to them, natural mistake. They treat Musset as the poet who most acted upon the youth of his day, and they do not sufficiently perceive that it was not in his power to make them better or worse. Musset, whose nature was not exactly a vicious, but rather a weak and imitative one, was far more himself impressed by the civilisation in which he lived, than he was the cause of any impression made upon it. He came to his boyhood at a time when ideas were only valued for their extravagance and eccentricity; when the only principle was, to have none; when Hugo was admired, not because he could write fine poetry, but because he made queens fall in love with exhortations; when Bocage and Madame Dorval, tearing passion to rags in 'Antony,' enchanted all Paris, because the one was a wife false to her honour, and the other an illegitimate child, a man without parents or a name; when Flaubert wrote 'L'âne Mort,' Balzac 'Les Treize,' and when Lacenaire, the assassin, was the object of universal and enthusiastic interest. Had Musset seen any other than a young Frenchman of 'Young France,' in the heat of the Revolution of 1830, he would probably have obeyed a higher, nobler, *namelier* inspiration; it is because he was what those around him were, that he represented the youth of his day; that the youth of his day admired him; and that he wrote 'Don Paëz' instead of writing 'Le Lac,' as did Lamartine, who was twenty years older.

We will now endeavour (and the task is by no means an easy one) to give our readers a notion of what these early poems of Alfred de Musset's were, for we cannot help, for the honour of our country men and women, hoping that this poet, *par excellence*, of 'Young France,' this 'most French' of all contemporary French writers, as an academician called him at his funeral, is more familiar to the British public from hearsay than from personal acquaintance with his works. To begin, then, with what was the beginning of Musset's poetical career: with the 'Contes d'Espagne et d'Italie.' The principal poems of this collection are 'Don Paëz' and 'Portia;' the rest are mere fugitive pieces, or else, like 'Marloche,' defy description, unless to such

persons as may choose to analyse what M. de Lamartine terms the 'filthiness of Rabelais.' Of all, 'Don Paëz' is perhaps the most celebrated; and in the period to which we have alluded, when men were but little given to reading in France, there was probably hardly a member of the Jockey Club, or a loungee of the opera and of fashionable saloons, who had not adorned his memory with long passages and whole scenes from this clever, but, in too many respects, most objectionable work.

The story is simply this: Don Paëz, a young Spanish officer of rank, is the lover of Dona Juana, Countess d'Orvado, who, we are led to suppose, is married, but whose husband does not appear. Don Paëz, one morning on leaving the lady in question, mounts guard with some other young soldiers, with whom, after duty, he repairs to the *corps de garde*. Here a young dragon, in the midst of the drinking and gaming that speedily engross those present, suddenly takes upon himself to declare that he will fight all those who shall hesitate to proclaim Dona Cazales of Seville as the paragon of beauty. Shouts of laughter and protestations greet the words, when a young lad named Don Etur sleepily answers, that he will back his mistress against every other, 'and she,' he exclaims, 'is no other than Juana d'Orvado, who lives on the Plaza San Bernardo!' The situation is not difficult to conceive. Don Paëz hears what has been said, and flies to the end of the guard-room, where Don Etur is lazily smoking his cigar. Doubt is impossible! They are both deceived by Dona Juana. They fight, and Don Etur is killed. Don Paëz at once addresses himself to a sort of half-witch, half-gipsy, who is reputed in Madrid to compose narcotics, philters, poisons, and what not; and from her obtains a drink which, she assures him, will give him courage for any enterprise, and which, for several hours to come, will be communicable from him to the person he shall approach too nearly. Don Paëz, that evening, drinks the draught, then hastens to the abode of Dona Juana, and in the early dawn both are found dead. That this is a subject difficult to analyse, for any save a continental public, will readily

be seen, for in Musset's poems the worst and most odious details are those least spared; still, it is one of his poems written with the greatest force, and in which he is most unmistakably himself. Musset and the youth of Young France once granted, Don Paëz is one of the poems in which youthful ardour, and what the Italians call the 'fury' of execution, are most evident. It is one of those poems that find their

place only at one period of a man's life, and that are not written after that period. But woe betide him of whose youth such a poem is the expression.

Here is a passage which it is possible to quote, and which will show the vivacity and *entrain* of the manner in which the tale is told. Don Etur has shown his rival a lock of Juana's hair. Don Paëz thus apostrophises him:

'Jure que ces cheveux sont à toi, rien qu'à toi
Que tu ne les a pas volés à ma maîtresse
Ni trouvés—ni coupés par derrière, à la messe!
—J'en jure—dit l'enfant—ma pipe et mon poignard.
—Bien! reprit Don Paëz, le trainant à l'écart,
Viens ici: je te crois quelque vigueur à l'âme
En as-tu ce qu'il faut pour tuer une femme?
—Frère, dit Don Etur, j'en ai trois fois assez
Pour donner leur paiement à tous serments faussés.
—Tu vois, dit Don Paëz, qu'il faut qu'un de nous meure:
Jurons donc que celui qui sera dans une heure
Debout, et qui verra le soleil de demain
Tuera la Juana d'Orvado de sa main,
—Tope! dit le dragon, et qu'elle meure comme
Il est vrai qu'elle va causer la mort d'un homme!'

But one of the most forcible, (characteristic of both the author and at the same time most characteristic, passages in Don Paëz, and the public), is the apostrophe to Love:

'Amour, fléau du monde, exécrable folie,
Toi qu'un lien si frêle à la volupté lie,
Quand par tant d'autres nœuds tu tiens à la douleur,
Si jamais, par les yeux d'une femme sans cœur
Tu peux m'entrer au ventre et m'empoisonner l'âme
Ainsi que d'une plaie ou arrache une lame,
(Plûtôt que comme un lâche on me voie en souffrir)
Je t'en arracherai, quand j'en devrais mourir.'

Now, let any one take the trouble to examine the various sentiments contained in those eight lines, and they will find everything except what ought naturally to be the notion of love in the brain or heart of a young man of eighteen, and everything impossible in any civilisation, save that of modern France. First, it is supposed, *à priori*, that love can only be a 'curse,' and an 'execrable folly,' which is tantamount to admitting the existence only of illicit love, and next it is also presupposed that the object of the passion must necessarily be a 'heartless woman,' which, of course, takes off all interest from the partner in the feeling and the fault, and raises selfishness on the lover's part to the rank of a sort of duty. But last, observe what is the crowning sentiment: that of the hardest, narrowest, vainest self-love. 'If I ever should love—sooner than that it should be seen that I can suffer, I will tear the love out

of my breast, if death be the consequence!'

And pray, when has it been a virtue or a superiority to be incapable of grief? When has the suffering of a human being, whose trust has honestly been placed in another and been betrayed, when has that suffering been the object for aught save the sympathy and the respect of honest men?

But this is precisely what French civilisation does not admit. Youth in France is not generous, and is therefore *not manly*, and therefore does Musset's poetry so perfectly represent it. The passage we have just quoted is the profession of faith of more than half what is termed good society in France. The French nature does not delight in *giving*; it is essentially *niggardly* in its passions, and when a Frenchman ruins himself for an impure object (and he never *sacrifices himself* but for these), it is not a *long* passion—that, however mis-

placed, may yet be intense—it is not a headlong passion, a madness, in short, that drives him to perdition; it is his unlimited, his all-absorbing *self-love*. Musset, we repeat it over and over again, was the poet of the youth of France, because the youth of France impressed him with their sentiments, and not he them. It is the same relative position as between Louis Philippe and the French nation. A certain school blame the head of the house of Orleans for 'corrupting the country,' as they term it; but the case is ill put. Louis Philippe found the country corrupt, and left it as he found it, profiting perhaps, shortsightedly enough, by an absence of honesty, which he thought might serve his turn, certainly not undertaking to moralise or convert the nation, but also as certainly doing nothing active to pervert it; and so with Alfred de Musset. He comes to the age of eighteen in the midst of a society whence the name of purity is banished, and where no honesty, no generosity, no manliness of character or feeling are to be found, where the outward appearances of talent are hailed with loud acclamation. He takes this society as he finds it, likes it, rather; never dreams for an instant of preaching to it, or of making it any better: is not indeed quite convinced that anything better would be pleasant, and *reflects the image of this society* in his verse, which is ignorant of all enthusiasm, and wanting in generosity, elevation, and purity, in all that constitutes genuine *manliness*, but dazzling from the exceeding beauty of its outward form, from what we have called the 'outward appearances' of talent.

Now, if for an instant we join with those who at present in France make it a fashion to hold George Sand responsible for Musset's evil deeds, and for the absolute degradation into which he fell* in the end; if we admit that the sudden desertion of him she had momentarily chosen reduced the object of her choice to incurable despair, still, we deny that the latter had any right to complain, for *she acted but upon his teachings*, and the author of

the 'Apostrophe to Love' we have just quoted, the boy of eighteen, *famous* because these were the sentiments he sung, had no right to be angry because his own principles were acted upon. He reaped only what himself had sown, nothing more; only, when the principles he had upheld were brought to bear upon himself, he winced because he had *no strength of any kind, no virtue*, according to the classical sense of the word, and was too weak to bear the pain, and too selfish to see its morality.

We admit it readily, the whole thing we have undertaken to describe is *unhealthy*, telling of a nation in an unhealthy state intellectually and morally, and intellectually *because* morally: we should prefer having before us another task; but it would be as easy at once and sweepingly to ignore France in the nineteenth century, as to ignore Alfred de Musset; and we fancy we have perceived latterly, in some organs of public opinion south of the Tweed, a mischievous inclination to be indulgent to a poet whose talent calls for the admiration of the critic, but the indulgence towards whose opinions and tendencies would, if it were possible on this side the Channel, condemn the tendencies and opinions of all Anglo-Saxon literature and civilisation. The two are incompatible. One or the other is immoral and wrong.

It is argued, that not only did Musset influence (which we deny) his own generation, but that his influence is more than ever active and potent now. Here there is a distinction to be made. Musset, we repeat, acted *upon* by the society of his time, rather than acting upon it, was one of the most perfect mirrors of that society in his works, and for this very reason it is certain that he exercises upon the present generation who were *not* his contemporaries the same influence that the fathers of this generation exercised upon him. Yes, half of the detestable literature of France at the present hour derives its origin from Musset, and, from Dumas *filis* to Champfleury, the circulating library and the stage owe to the full as much to Musset as to Balzac, whilst they owe, in fact, scarcely anything to Hugo, Lamartine, or George Sand. Musset is to the

* It is unhappily a too notorious fact, that, during the last ten years of his life, Musset was hardly ever sober for a day. He may be said to have died of drinking.

infinitely small writers of fiction in France at the present hour, what was Jean Jacques Rousseau to the beardless conventionalists and 'adorers of l'Etre Suprême' of 1793-4 and later. In our day in France the *Filles de Marbre* and *Dames aux Camelias*, to whom we will give no other name, began by reading Musset before they had reached the period when they inspired historians of their own, and the boys who frequented their saloons read Musset, too, and respectfully, saying, as they laid down the volumes full of infamies exquisitely told, '*il est plus fort que nous.*' Musset took his heroines in the society around him, and they are all aristocratic enough, but the nameless fair ones we have alluded to were surprised to find how they resembled the portraits he painted, and the poets and

dramatists of the last ten years (since 1848) simply took for their heroines the *Ladies of Marble* themselves. They too painted what they saw. Hence, in a great measure, the 'Traviatas' of all kinds to which the continental public has been so profusely treated.

But to return to the 'Contes d'Espagne et d'Italie.' As we have observed, after 'Don Paëz' the next most famous one was 'Portia,' which is curious for more than one reason. Portia is the young wife of the middle-aged Count Onorio Luigi; who, as the poet tells us, is as jealous of his own wife, as in his youth he was addicted to courting the wives of others. The portrait is an excellent one, and we give it to our readers, for there is no better model in French verse of the semi-serious style:—

'Le Comte commençait à vieillir—son visage
Paraissait cependant se ressentir de l'âge,
Moins que des passions qui l'avaient agité,
C'était un florentin; jeune, il avait été
Ce qu'on appelle à Rome un coureur d'aventure.
Débauché par ennui, mais triste par nature,
Voyant venir le temps, il s'était marié;
Si bien qu'ayant tout vu, n'ayant rien oublié—
Pourquoi ne pas le dire? il était jaloux.—L'homme
Qui vit sans jalousie, en ce bas monde est comme
Celui qui dort sans lampe; il peut sentir le bras
Qui vient pour le frapper, mais il ne le voit pas.'

This said Count Onorio Luigi never saw the day in Rome, Florence, or Milan; he is born on the *Pavé de Paris*, and has lived all his life in the *Chaussée d'Antin*, or the *Faubourg St Honoré*, and his name is the Marquis de C—, or the Duc de P—, or one out of a hundred others of the husbands or lovers (for Musset makes but a slight difference in the attitude of the two—both are equally weak, ferocious, and wanting in dignity), whose

wives (or mistresses) and whose 'misfortunes' have fed the scandalous chronicles of Paris for the last five-and-twenty years.

The count and his wife have returned from a masquerade, and Luigi is full of jealous torment, and questions his wife minutely as to a young stranger whom he has remarked at the ball, and who, he fancies, looked admiringly at Portia. The lady, being, as the author is pleased to say (by way of praise),

'La plus loyale et la moins infidèle
Des épouses,'

affects surprise, and denies that she had perceived the young foreigner's attentions. The scene between the husband and wife is beautiful as to mere execution, but dissatisfactory in all other respects. It ends by Luigi retiring to rest, leaving Portia to her slumbers, and, as he passes before her window, recognising in the street the solitary figure of a man, wrapped in a cloak, who is apparently watching for some signal. Count Onorio Luigi was of course right in his worst suspicions

—of that it requires but a slight knowledge of Musset to be sure. A young man of the name of Dalti is the lover of Portia. As far as mere talent goes, it is difficult in any language to find a scene superior to the one between Portia and her lover. From beginning to end it is full of beauties, and the dramatic element is plentiful. All cannot be quoted: here is a passage that will serve to prove what is the energy of expression, and what the exceeding beauty of the verse:—

'O mes seules amours,
Dit il, en toute chose il est une barrière
On pour grand qu'on se sente, ou se jette en arrière;
De quelque fol amour qu'on ait empli son cœur,
Le désir, est par fois moins grand que le bonheur,
Le ciel ô ma beauté, ressemble à l'âme-humaine:
Il s'y trouve une sphere on l'aigle perd haleine,
Où le vertige prend, où l'air devient le feu,
Et l'homme doit mourir où commence le Dieu!'

If the nature of Alfred de Musset had been capable of remaining for any length of time at this pitch of elevation, or if the determining cause of such enthusiasm had been other than what it here is—i. e., passion of an unjustifiable order—there can be no doubt that both Hugo and Lamartine would have been eclipsed; for the former is rarely so elegant, and

the latter never so impassioned. But these are not the heights to which Musset's *semi-serious* muse often soars.

The discovery of the guilty lovers by Luigi is unmistakably fine, and intensely dramatic. We give it almost entire, knowing of nothing, *in its way*, that surpasses it, in the contemporary literature of France:—

'La lune se voilait; la nuit était profonde,
Et nul témoin des cieux ne veillait sur le monde.
La lampe tout à coup s'éteignit. Reste là,
Dit Portia, je m'en vais l'allumer. Elle alla
Se baisser au foyer. La cendre à demi-morte
Couvrait à peine encore une étincelle, en sorte
Qu'elle resta long-temps. Mais lorsque la clarté,
Eut enfin autour d'eux chassé l'obscurité:
Ciel et terre! Dalti! nous sommes trois! dit elle!
Trois—répéta près d'eux une voix à laquelle
Répondirent au loin les voûtes du château.
Immobile, caché sous les plis d'un manteau
Comme au seuil d'une porte une antique statue
Onorio, debout, avait frappé leur vue.'

We doubt whether, even in Byron, there is anywhere a story told with this vigour and this concision. It

has the merits of the early Italian novelists, and is as *real* as they. The

'Nous sommes trois!'

of the guilty wife is almost unparalleled for effect, and is without any research after '*stage effect*,' which is a totally different matter. Besides, the painting is so vivid in a few words, that it is impossible not to see what is painted, and we actually see the kneeling figure bending over the embers, trying to discover a spark of the extinct flame, and when the light is rekindled, we distinctly mark the look of horror that spreads itself over her whole face, and hear the strangling

tones in which she gasps out, '*We are three!*'

The rest of the scene is naturally of less force, though still (the subject once accepted) very remarkable. Count Onorio Luigi consents to fight with Dalti then and there, and the duel proceeds before the eyes of the dishonoured wife, whom the poet has the good taste, at all events, to leave in the background, and not represent as a direct actress in the bloody drama. The husband is killed:—

'Le Comte ne poussa qu'un soupir, et tomba.
Dalti n'hésita pas. Viens, dit il à Portia,
Sortons!—mais elle était sans parole, et mourante.
Il prit donc d'une main le cadavre, l'auante
De l'autre, et s'éloigna. La nuit ne permit pas
De voir de quel côté se dirigeaient ses pas.'

The place whither tend the steps of the guilty pair is no other than Venice; and there, by the soft light of a May moon, we find Dalti and Portia floating in a gondola upon the imprisoned waters of the Adriatic, and Portia is

singing to her lover; whilst, as the poet observes, 'perhaps the threshold of the Palazzo Luigi is barely washed clean from the stains of its master's life-blood!' But this is a small detail, and M. de Musset does not trouble

himself with trifles of such a kind, and declares that no one should flatter himself with the notion of being remembered or mourned:—

'Les larmes d'ici bas ne sont qu'une rosée
Dont un matin au plus la terre est arrosée,
Que la brise secone, et que boit le soleil;
Puis l'oubli vient au cœur comme aux yeux le sommeil.'

As we see, always the same system! the same making light of everything good or pure, honest or *genuine*! But now comes the pith of the story;

'Cette fleur avait mis dix-huit ans à s'ouvrir;
A-t'elle bien pu tomber et se faner si vite?'

Dalti asks his mistress if she repents what she has done; to which she replies, that no such thought ever crossed her brain. He then asks her if she has the slightest idea of who *he* is. She says she presumes he is a 'rich lord—rich as fair.' To this Dalti rejoins that her error is singularly great, for that he is simply a fisherman's son, by name Daniel Zoppieri! By a piece of luck, whereby the devil tempted him, he gained one night such fabulous sums at play, that the fisherman's son could act the *grand seigneur* for

the reason why it was written and conceived. Dalti all at once asks his mistress—who, by the by, he admits to be a 'fallen creature'—

awhile, and in this assumed capacity he happened to meet Portia, and contrived to become her lover. But, since the night preceding that on which he makes this confession, he has not a farthing left, and his whole fortune is now a fisherman's bark. Portia listens to Dalti's tale, and merely answers, '*Is that all?*' At which Dalti is completely taken aback, and fancies she has not understood him rightly. He impresses upon her the fact that she is 'nothing more than the wife of the fisherman Zoppieri,' and bids her reflect, saying—

'Pourquoi je vous ai prise, et sans remords menée
Au point de partager ainsi ma destinée,
Ne le demandez pas. Je l'ai fait; c'est assez.
Vous pouvez me quitter et partir; choisissez.

Portia does reflect, apparently, and does choose, and we would wish to draw the reader's attention specially to the closing lines of the tale, because

they again perfectly illustrate the impious theories of Alfred de Musset's generation in France:—

'Avait elle hésité? je ne sais; mais bientôt,
Comme une tendre fleur que le vent déracine,
Faible, et qui lentement sur sa tige s'incline,
Telle, elle détourna la tête, et lentement
S'inclina toute en pleurs jusqu'à son jeune amant.
—Songez bien, dit Dalti, que je ne suis, comtesse,
Qu'un pêcheur; que demain, qu'à près et que sans cesse,
Je serai ce pêcheur. Songez bien que tous deux!
Avant qu'il soit longtemps, nous allons être vieux.
Que je mourrai peut-être avant vous.

— Dieu rassemble
Les amants, dit Portia; nous partirons ensemble
Ton ange en-t'emportant me prendra dans ses bras,
Mais le pêcheur se tut, car il ne croyait pas.'

Now, we believe we are not saying too much, in affirming that, in the *worst* lines ever written by Lord Byron or by Moore (we mean the most immoral), there is nothing that can be compared to this. Besides, the case is different. When Moore or Byron wrote what they ought to have been ashamed of, they perfectly well knew that they were offending the moral sense of the country in whose lan-

guage they sought the expression of their thought; they were in open revolt: whereas, with Musset, the reverse is so exactly to be noted, that probably it has never yet occurred to any French—nor, perhaps, to any continental—critic, to point out the passage we have just quoted to the censure of all right-minded people. But, as it there stands, that line,

'Le pêcheur se tut, car il ne croyait pas.'

represents all Musset's code of morals, and that of the nation who, in such a code, found nothing whereon to found an objection or a reproach. Utter disbelief! There is the ideal that inspires the whole school! Dalti has ruined the entire existence of a married woman (Portia is just fifteen!), whom we should, at all events, wish to suppose he had madly loved; but so little is this the case, that he frankly tells her she had better leave him now, and take care of herself; and when the guilty, but, at any rate, loving *child* takes the whole position earnestly, and declares she will love him and stay by him unto death, and that, after death, their souls will be united, he does not believe either one part or the other of her discourse; believes neither that her resolution to remain by him will endure, or that they two have any souls to outlive their bodies, or any Creator to ascend to, if their souls should exist. He has seduced Portia because she was his caprice of the hour, and that, according to Musset and his creed, no man ever ought to attempt such an absurd enterprise as that of struggling against temptation; but, now that the crime is committed, he has no faith in his love for her, or in hers for him!

Will any one pretend, after this, that the mind whence such conceptions sprung waited three or four years later for the corruption and bitterness that were to taint it from contact with a woman said to have been loved and faithless? The supposition is ridiculous. The heart that at twenty should not have rebelled in indignation from the bare idea of such a scene as that between Dalti and Portia, was not a heart that at twenty-five was to be broken by Madame Sand, or whose ungenerous, unmanly sentiments needed to wait for any outward circumstance to call them to life.

But, we again repeat it, half Musset's errors are attributable to the centre of civilisation in which he lived.

We will not carry the reader—the limits of this essay would not allow of our doing so—from one of Alfred de Musset's creations to the other, for all are in the spirit of the two we have tried to analyse. Whether in 'Les Marrons du Feu'—in which an ecclesiastic having killed his friend for the sake of a dancer who laughs at him, the said abbé ending the piece in these words—

'Elle est partie, ô Dieu !
J'ai tué mon ami, j'ai mérité le feu,
J'ai taché mon pourpoint et l'on me congédie.
C'est la moralité de cette comédie!'

Whether in 'Les Marrons du Feu,' or in 'Frank,' where a courtesan perverts an honest chamois-hunter of the Tyrol, and poisons the innocent girl he hopes in the end to marry; or in 'Rafael,' or in 'Rolla,' which is only the true history of an *agent de change* named Duranton, who committed suicide deliberately, after having spent all his capital, passing his last night on earth in a house of ill-fame; or in 'Namouna,' one of the wittiest and most immoral of all Musset's productions:—whether in one or the other of all these pieces, it is eternally the same theme, with different details; and the apostrophe to love in 'Don Paëz,' or any one of the passages we have extracted from 'Portia,' might serve as an epigraph to no matter which of Musset's exquisitely written and superlatively mischievous tales in verse. This is easily to be accounted for by

the perpetual and intense subjectiveness (to use a German word) of Musset. He is himself whole and entire in every line he writes, and for this reason his life and his own private history cannot be separated from his poetical creations. This is so obvious, that, in the 'Contes d'Espagne et d'Italie,' written between 1828 and 1833, before he had any acquaintance with Madame Sand, and in 'Les Nuits,' written after his rupture with her, and said to be directly inspired by that rupture, *the tone is the same*. It is the same voice, and not that only; it is the same voice singing the same air. Therefore, we again repeat, it is unjust to heap the responsibility of Musset's faults upon Madame Sand's shoulders, but it is also impossible to separate the man from his works. *They could not be, if he were not what he was*. He is as personal, as inseparable, from what

he gives forth to the public, as is Lamartine, as was Schiller and Byron, and as were *not* either Goethe or Shelley, or, in our days in France, Victor Hugo. 'Frank,' 'Rolla,' 'Rafael,' 'Don Paëz,' 'Hassan,' each and all, are Alfred de Musset himself—nay, more! are the youth of France in the nineteenth century generally, but, in particular, under the monarchy of July. They are the youth of France, the types of contemporary French civilisation, as Musset saw them all around him, and simply reproduced, because they were familiar to, and resembled, him.

Delphine Gay was, from several circumstances attendant upon her education and position in society, less *soon* than Musset as subjective in what she wrote. Her first verses date from 1825 (she being Musset's elder, as we have said, by two or three years), and were recited before a public whom she was obliged to court, and before whom the sort of works she published later would have had no chance of success; before the public, namely, that was formed of the elegant and highly-cultivated, but tolerably stiff society of the Restoration, the society that succeeded to that of the *ancien régime*, and inherited many of its prejudices and traditions of etiquette. Delphine Gay, therefore, began her literary existence by creations, the subject of which was extraneous to her own life, and the execution whereof was only remarkable for purity of versification, and for a certain *arrière goût* of the classics of the school of Racine. Three years made all the difference. In 1828, after the loss of Louis XVIII. had shown how hard it was to govern France, and after the ill-advised conduct of Charles X. had begun to stir up opposition and the spirit of revolt in the field of morals and letters, as in that of politics—in 1828 much was possible that would have been thought scandalous in 1825, in a woman above all, too, and in the extremely strict society that had chosen to adopt Made-moiselle Gay.

The youthful poetess, therefore, as we say, made her début in parts that were rather imposed upon her by circumstances, than adapted to her individual talent. Another element, too, found its place in her early works: the *heroic* element, transmitted to her by

her mother, Madame Sophie Gay, who had been a kind of celebrity of the Empire, and a friend of Madame Tallien, Madame de Beauharnais (the Empress Josephine), and Madame Recamier. Nothing could be less in harmony with the tone of society and letters after the Revolution of July, than this would-be chivalrous air, that was speedily ridiculed under the name of '*l'allure Troubadour*,' but that had contrived during the Restoration to prolong its existence, thanks to the Spanish Campaign, and the Greek Expedition, and all the mixture of religion and chivalry that the over-zealous and silly partisans of the Bourbons of the elder branch tried to bring into fashion in every branch of art, from oratory down to worsted-work. All these several influences, consequently, acted upon Delphine Gay, and upon her first productions. She was sixteen, had an incontestable talent for writing verse, wrote upon whatever happened to be most in vogue, was celebrated instantly almost, but *was not herself!* Take any of the poems which won her reputation before 1830, from '*Magdeleine*' (which has five *cantos*) down to any one of the numerous smaller pieces, most of them dated from the chateau of the clever and witty Duchesse de Maillé, who was her great protectress, and they will be found all to bear marks of the influences we have pointed to above. They are clever and well versified, but they might be written by any one of the authors of the day, and no one characteristic of them would designate them as being forcedly attributable to Delphine Gay. This strikes at the very root of the *semi-serious* style; one of the peculiarities whereof consists in its *subjectivity*, or in the perpetual intervention of the author in the recital. Had Delphine Gay never written anything save the poetry which caused her to be styled *la muse de la patrie*, she would have no pretensions whatever to lasting fame, nor to take her place with Alfred de Musset at the head of the *semi-serious* school; but the Revolution of July took place: Delphine Gay was, by the very force of what was her real, though latent, talent, cast into the midst of the effervescence of the hour, and her daily, hourly companions became the men

whose action, good or evil, dates from that period of perturbation. Lamartine, Hugo, Balzac, Musset, Dumas père, De Vigny, Nodier, Mérimée, Beyle (Stendhal), these were the men who henceforth formed her habitual society; for in *her* there was too much of the *femme de lettres*, and too little of the *femme politique*, to make her stay by her friends of the Restoration, and remain faithful to all their moral, but at the same time, it must be confessed, *rococo* notions in art and letters! Besides, in 1831, Mademoiselle Delphine Gay had married M. Emile de Girardin, and was preparing to stand at the head of one of the principal Parisian Journals, which, from the character of its energetic proprietor, might be *anything*, as to opinion, *except* retrograde or ultra legitimist. Delphine, therefore, by her marriage, was made socially independent, and was set free from all trammels upon her talent. Two years after, in 1833, when Musset published 'Le Spectacle dans un Fauteuil,' Madame de Girardin wrote 'Napoline,' and made evident

her own genuine individuality. 'For us, who knew what she was, and what she could do,' says Theophile Gautier, in a very clever sketch of Delphine, 'Madame de Girardin only begins to date from the publication of 'Napoline'—there she is herself!'

She is so much 'herself,' as M. Gautier says, that she is not merely so—she is *all* herself; and in all France, none other than Delphine de Girardin alone could have written 'Napoline.' This—which is without a doubt one of the cleverest and wittiest poems of modern French literature, and the *only one* which in that semi-serious style can be put by the side of Alfred de Musset's productions in the same spirit—is so intensely the manifestation of its author's own intimate *personality*, if we may be allowed to employ the word in that sense, that the very first lines of the poem contain a portrait in which all French readers, of any initiation into the secrets of the literary world, recognised at once the portrait of Madame de Girardin herself:—

'Elle était mon amie—et j'aimais à la voir
Le matin exaltée, et moqueuse, le soir;
Puis tour à tour coquette, impérieuse et tendre,
Du grand homme et du sot sachant se faire entendre,
Sachant dire à chacun ce qui doit le ravir,
Des vanités de tous sachant bien se servir;
Naïve en sa gaîte, rieuse et point méchante
Sublime en son courage en sa douleur touchante,
Avec un peu d'orgueil peut-être pour défaut
Mais femme de génie—et femme—comme il faut.'

'Napoline' is a tale of modern life, melancholy as Shelley's 'Julian and Maddalo,' but treated very much in the same realistic tone. The heroine (described above in the lines we have quoted) is a young girl brought up by her maternal uncle in the very highest rank of society, but who, although she hears her mother often spoken of, has apparently but a dim knowledge of who her father was: her father—according to the fiction of the poetess—should be, in fact, no other than the 'hero of a hundred fights,' Napoleon Bonaparte himself! From this half-unavowed paternity comes a part of the over-exalted character of Napo-

line, in whom the generous, elevated, and essentially heroic qualities predominate. She believes herself to be without fortune, and, almost at her entrance into the world, she meets with a young man whom her heart singles out as the arbitrator of her fate. The Comte de Narcet is a young naval officer, whose weakness before the authority of the Goddess Fashion contrasts well with the disdain of Napoline for whatever does not touch her feelings or her heart, and his portrait shows Delphine de Girardin's deep insight into certain parts of the French national character in the present day:—

'Alfred nous apparut pale, un bras en écharpe,
Et paré d'une croix reçue en combattant—
Je vis que son malheur était juré.—Pourtant,
Le Comte de Narcet est un noble jeune homme;
L'éloge retentit aussitôt qu'an le nomme.'

A vingt ans il obtint un grade à Navarin.
 Une balle à Delhy; c'est un brave marin,
 Un savant voyageur qui parcourut le monde,
 Son esprit est brillant, sa pensée est profonde,
 Mais les lois de la mode, il ne les savait pas;
 Il n'avait d'élégant qu'une blessure au bras.
 Eh! qu'importe l'esprit, les talens, la figure?
 Ici nous n'aimons point les tableaux sans bordure.
 Les grandes qualités ne sont rien à Paris
 Sans un frac à la mode, on des chevaux de prix;
 Ou bien, ce qui vaut mieux, quelque bon ridicule.
 Ce n'est que pour le faux que Paris est crédule;
 Le vrai lettré sage; il en doute long-temps:
 Tel ne croit pas en Dieu peut croire aux charlatans,
 C'est ce qu'il fait, et c'est pourquoi le jeune Comte
 De son peu de succès dans un bal avait honte,
 Changeait son air rêveur pour des airs d'élégants
 Se ruinait en fracs, gilets, anneaux et gants;
 Et promenant partout sa menteuse richesse
 S'attelait sans amour au char d'une Duchesse.'

Now, in its way there is as much truth in some parts of this as in any of Alfred de Musset's creations, and some lines contain as striking a picture of the weaknesses begotten by

French civilisation in the nineteenth century, as the apostrophe to Love of 'Don Paëz' contains the sentimental *profession de foi* of nearly all the youth of the period of 1830. That sentence,

'Les grandes qualités ne sont rien à Paris.'

sets forth a moral truth that it is interesting to a foreigner, and indispensable to a native, to learn. The secret of countless vices, of countless ridicules, and of all the affectation and hollowness of society in Paris, lies in that one line. Large and generous sentiments are not current in that city which the Frenchman would have called the 'brain of Europe,' and any one, who happens to be gifted with lofty notions, noble aspirations, or unselfish impulses, had need, to put him on good terms with fashion, have some more frivolous distinction than all these, or what is termed 'the world' (above all, '*le grand monde*') will stare at him through all its eye-glasses, and inquire how so strange a being ever contrived to intrude upon its domain. No one ever felt more strongly than Madame de Girardin this deplorable absence of nature and simplicity, this utter want of the courage of self-assertion; in every line she ever wrote, after 1830, there is a generous desire to make war upon this weakness, which she has nowhere exposed with greater talent and greater ardour than in 'Napoline.' But to continue our short analysis of the poem: Alfred de Narcet is captivated by the beautiful girl, whose every instinct is so diametrically the reverse of all that surrounds him in 'the world;' but he

reflects most wisely that this fair creature has no money, 'no *dol!*' and this obstacle is, apparently, insurmountable. Throughout the character of Alfred, Delphine Gay has admirably seized one after the other the numerous little strings and wires that end in Parisian society, by making puppets of natures even intended by the Creator for higher purposes. One thing that is observed with peculiar delicacy and penetration, is the indecision of M. de Narcet, and the utter absence of the faculty of renunciation. These offspring of the nineteenth age in France, never reach the height of a sacrifice, and half their evil doings and crimes spring from their vain desire to conciliate things incompatible, their avoidance of pain, and their determination to *renounce* nothing—in a word, from what we have already taken occasion to observe, *apropos* to Musset, as a want of the finer qualities that come to *our* sense under the head of *manliness*. So far, Alfred de Narcet is but *Rolla*, or *Rafael*, or *Hassan*, taken from a softened view. He will not recognise a stern moral obligation termed duty, any more than the seducer Dalti, of whom we have spoken a few pages back; but he avows his faults less cynically, and is precisely by so much more natural. He has bent his head to the yoke of fa-

shion, and has acknowledged that life is impossible without all the futilities of wealth, yet he does not for that forbid his heart to beat at the approach of a woman with whom his calculations tell him marriage is impossible, neither does he recoil before the chance of wounding her incurably by the semblances of an affection, which in the end will have to be wrenched away. He allows himself to love Napoline, he cannot deny himself the pleasure of letting her see that she is loved, yet he lacks the courage, the *manliness*, to look ill fortune in the face, and boldly prefer an existence of toil, and perhaps some privation, shared in by the valiant soul whose love is irrecoverably his, to a life of hollow splendour, purchased at the cost of every domestic happiness. Perhaps in all the literature of modern France it would not be easy to find a *type* of the young Frenchman of the 'great world,' with his minor vices and failings ('Don Paëz,' and the rest of Musset's creations, are types of another order of the immoral) more truly delineated than the 'Alfred de Narcet' of Madame de Girardin.

One day, when her twenty-first year is complete, Napoline is requested to pay a visit to her notary, who then and there remits to her a very considerable fortune, which, by order of the Emperor Napoleon, has been lying by since her birth, in order to constitute her '*dot*' when she shall come of age. Napoline has, of course, but one thought. The gold is nothing to her, she despises it—but the gold represents the possibility of union with him she loves. She has but one question:

'Is the sum you tell me of really a large fortune? is it such as will be considered large by "*the world*?"' and when she has heard the affirmative reply, she rushes home, and dresses for an ambassador's ball, at which, luckless girl! she intends to put M. de Narcet to the proof, and enjoy his surprise when he shall hear of the sudden accession of wealth which renders their union possible. But Narcet is otherwise employed. First, he is the partner in a quadrille of Mademoiselle Amanda Gobinard, a fat, ugly, vulgar heiress, whom he has some vague notion of marrying for her money; and next, he passes before Napoline, whirling through a waltz with a thin, angular woman, who is not young, but who is much the fashion, and is the Duchesse de ——. All around Napoline the lookers-on comment upon this pair, and the innocent, loving girl cannot fail soon to understand what is the relationship existing between the two. After leaving the duchess, Alfred finds himself face to face with Napoline, and addresses a few words to her as he passes; she, wounded at heart, answers coldly. A bystander exclaims: 'What, then, you know my future cousin?'—She turns round and inquires: 'How is he your cousin?'—'Simply because he is trying to marry my cousin Amanda, with whom you saw him dance a quadrille an hour ago—but my aunt says he has not a farthing!' The blow is struck, and is too cruel a one for Napoline. All her hopes are withered at once, and, excessive in her despair as in her love, she sees but one remedy—death.

The author says very beautifully—

'Elle était de ces gens qu'un malheur déconcerte
De ces êtres parfaits et toujours méconnus,
Vieillis par la raison, mais restés ingenus;
Vivants de sentiments que le monde refoule,
Qui peuvent traverser—mais non suivre la foule;
Aigles qui ne sauraient modérer leur essor,
Riches qui ne sauraient diviser leur trésor:
Tout ou rien, c'est le cri de leur âme infinie,
Ils ne peuvent marcher qu'au pas de leur genie;
Rougiraient d'éprouver un demi sentiment;
Un amour, c'est pour eux, un entier dévouement:
Ils ne peuvent s'ingérer la pitié des autres;
Ils vivent sans croyance—on bien se font apôtres;
Ils ne comprennent pas qu'on se donne à moitié
A la religion, à l'amour à l'amitié
Que l'on prie à midi le ciel et que l'on aille—
Après—se promener à St Cloud, à Versailles;
Qu'on aime un peu sa femme et sa maîtresse un peu,
Un peu sa sœur, un peu son frère, et son neveu;

Que chaque dévouement, chaque amour ait son heure.
 Ils comprennent qu'on aime nue fois—et qu'on meure;
 Ils comprennent qu'à Dieu l'on consacre ses jours
 Mais il faut que ce soit sans partage—et toujours.'

For Napoline there remains, therefore, no alternative but death; and she resolves to bid adieu to a world where she has failed to find in the civilisation that surrounds her a heart as pure, as upright, as generously

devoted as her own. The following passage is as admirable an example as can be found in any production of modern French literature of the genuine *semi-serious* style:—

'Elle n'a pu dormir la nuit—elle a pleuré,
 Le matin à des soins prudents est consacré;
 C'est un grand embarras qu'une mort volontaire.
 Le jour où l'on se tue, on a beaucoup à faire.'

The manner of Napoline's death is ingenious, and essentially French. She watches for the hour in the evening when the Comte de Narcet is from home, and drives in her gayest ball-dress to his door! She is told by his servant that he is absent; and, offering a purse full of gold to the man, says she will go in and wait. She has with

her a small casket, in which she has placed the charcoal necessary for her fatal project, and she walks into Alfred's drawing-room, where she requests to be left alone until he returns. This done, she closes every issue, lights the coals, and puts them close to her head, as she reclines upon a couch—

'Sur la couche—un moment, de honte elle frémit
 Mais chaste, elle entrevit la mort—et s'endormit . . .
 Oh! sur ce lit de deuil—Juliëtte nouvelle,
 Peut-être espérais tu te reveiller comme elle!'

But for Napoline there is no waking.

Meanwhile—which is again true to the nature of such weak characters as his—Alfred de Narcet has thought over the state of his affections and his interests, and has almost awoke to a consciousness of his better self, as he recognises the vanity of his *liaison* with the Duchesse de —, whom he does not love, and the difficulty of resigning himself to pass his life with Amanda Gobinard, whom he has been resolving to marry. He avows to himself how much above all such miserable combina-

tions would be a union with the high-spirited, high-souled Napoline, whom he still believes without any fortune at all. In these better sentiments M. de Narcet wends his way home, meditating, for the next day, a visit to Napoline, and a full confession of his errors, with a prayer for her pardon. He enters his apartment, and is told mysteriously that a lady, young and handsome, is awaiting his return. He hastily enters the room, is struck by the strong scent of the charcoal, dashes through the poisonous atmosphere, and stands face to face with Napoline—*dead!*

'Alors Alfred tombe dans un tel désespoir . . .
 Il est si malheureux! . . . que j'ai pu le revoir!
 Et chaque jour il pleure en parlant de cet ange.
 Heureuse mort du moins que celle qui nous venge!'

It is easy for the reader to see, from our brief analysis of Madame de Girardin's poem, that it could not belong to any literature save that of France. Every line is impregnated with sentiments that can be born of no other save of modern French civilisation, and, we also repeat, it stands alone, by the side of Alfred de Musset's poems, at the head of that *semi-serious* style, which reflects, as in a mirror, the chief

defects and vanities of society in France at the present day.

'Napoline,' as we have already said, is the completest manifestation of Delphine de Girardin, both as to her talent and as to her individuality, just as Musset is most completely personified in his earlier poems, such as 'Don Paër,' 'Portia,' 'Namouna,' and the 'Spectacle dans un Fauteuil;' both are equally the representatives of the

French *semi-serious* school, and both are pre-eminently the poets of youth in France. Besides this, both are probably (at all events for a considerable space of time—say a century at least) the last of their race, intellectually speaking. Many things go to form a generation of this or that particular kind. The piety and decorum of the period of the Restoration, with the sort of terror that the aristocratic society of the time felt of all liberalism, and the distrust it harboured towards mere capacity unaccompanied by solid moral worth, raised up in revolt against every species of social check or barrier the men whose only merit lay in their intelligence. At the same time, the utter idleness to which young men of the royalist opinion were condemned after the Revolution of July made recruits for the army of pleasure out of nearly all the richest and best born of the land. Moral disorder was everywhere, and, for some years at all events, in all ranks vanity took the place of ambition, and a violent thirst for enjoyment that of all higher sense of duty. But the French being essentially a reasoning and calculating,

rather than a passionate race, the exaggerated semblances of passion, and not true passion itself, were the products of this disordered state of things. Then, such as Dalti, the seducer of Portia, in Musset's tale, were to be found by hundreds; and weak, vain slaves to fashion, such as M. de Narcet, were jostled against at every step; but no one that we are aware of ever heard, during all this period of license, of any man who married a portionless woman *for love*, and who really *sacrificed* either his sensuality, his vanity, or his respect for 'the world,' to a deep, sincere, heartfelt, *manly* attachment. The man who, to a pure love for a woman worthy to inspire it, could consecrate his life, preferring that woman to all other objects, or aims, or pleasures—that man was never heard of in the riotous revels of a time that thought it had taken passion for its idol. No one knew this better than Delphine de Girardin, who, of the two, has a sharper insight into her age, and is less carried away by its current, than Musset. She shows this when, in 'Napoline,' she exclaims:—

'Il faut rendre justice aux jeunes gens du jour:
Eux aussi j'en conviens, ne font rien par amour.
Si l'on vient vous parler de quelque sot jeune homme
Qui consente à l'hymen sans une forte somme,
Dites, sans demander son nom: "C'est un Anglais!"
Si vous avez deux cents louis—pariez les,
Les dandys de Paris n'ont point ce ridicule.
Jusqu'au poète, hélas! tout homme ici calcule.'

The great proof that *Napoline* is Delphine de Girardin whole and entire—the talent and the individual—is to be found in the fact, that in whatever literary composition she is most herself, she is most *Napoline* also. Madame de Girardin is by no means herself in any of her tragedies, and 'Judith,' or 'Cleopatra,' or, indeed, any of her dramatic productions, might be written by any one else, and certainly by any one save the author of the beautiful *semi-serious* poem we have analysed. On the other hand, in her 'Lettres Parisiennes,'* which are written on a loose sheet of note-paper on the corner of her table, and are all the more original and clever

for being the more carelessly and hurriedly composed, the author of 'Napoline' and the individual woman, Delphine Gay, stare you in the face.

As to Musset, this duality of talent seldom or never strikes you. To recur to the German term, he is never *objective*. In his prose works and proverbs for the stage, he ceases sometimes to be absolutely *personal*, but he is always subjective; and upon every occasion, without exception, where he has given proof of extraordinary talent, he has not only shown himself powerless to create anything beyond what he draws from his own immediate feeling or suffering of the moment, but these manifestations of incontestable superiority (as far as mere talent goes) invariably owe their artistic beauty to some inspiration that

* A collection in four volumes in 12mo, of all Madame de Girardin's *feuilletons* in the 'Presse,' published under the title of 'Courrier de Paris.'

can neither be defended nor admired. Perhaps one of the causes of Musset's immense reputation and success (amongst women as amongst men) is to be found in the perpetual appeal he makes to the helplessness of human nature. There is throughout French civilisation an unhealthy belief in the impotence of human resolve—an inclination to turn away from virtue (i. e., *force*) as from something ungraceful, and to sympathise with wrong, as with something, the imperfection whereof is irresistibly charming, and comes home to us.

In all Musset's works (and here Delphine de Girardin is indisputably his superior), it would be impossible to find one line, after reading which the reader might hope to be better, stronger, higher-minded, or nearer to an honest—let alone a heroic—act. But at the same time there is now and then a note of wail, a cry of despair, that bursts, as it were involuntarily, from the poet's lips, and pre-

'Rien ne nous rend si grands qu'une grande douleur,'

the reader believes that he is about to watch the poet's ascension towards a sphere of higher, nobler thoughts, and to mark the transformation of the boy-nature into the stronger nature of the man, chastened and nerved by suffering overcome. But no! his expectation is deceived: the courage, the strength, the *maturity*, moral and intellectual, never come. It is still the complaint of querulous, unenergetic (and therefore ungenerous) youth—the youth of the French character—that we have to listen to; and the words by which Lamartine commences his essay on Alfred de Musset recur to our memory; '*Vive la jeunesse! oui! mais à condition de ne pas durer toute la vie!*' Those very words suffice to prove what is the difference between youth in France and in our Anglo-Saxon and northern races. Who, amongst us, would dream of deprecating the duration of youth throughout a long existence? who, amongst us, but would deem it a glory to perpetuate the feelings of youth under the load of years that crowd upon man as he progresses towards old age? And why then is this not so in France? Because *youth* is not the same in the two civilisations. With us, youth is the synonym of strength,

vents the wholesale condemnation we might be ready to pronounce upon him and upon all his works.

In the four poems entitled '*Les Nuits*,' there is more of this feeling of desolation than in anything Musset ever wrote; and they are justly celebrated wherever the French language is read. But once more we observe, there is no difference of *tone* between these beautiful verses, said to be inspired by a *real* and heartfelt grief, and those of seven or eight years earlier; and these dialogues with the muse, who exhorts the poet to rise superior to his misfortune, and return to toil—to intellectual labour—are written in the same strain as the '*Contes d'Espagne et d'Italie*.' Once or twice, however, in '*Les Nuits*,' there is a sign as of a loftier, more generous, manlier vein, but it is in an isolated passage, and you see that there is no earnest conviction of what he has said in him who says it. In '*La Nuit de Mai*,' when the muse exclaims,

of freshness, of enthusiasm, of generosity, of truthfulness, of the power to be great, and to be good, of the courage to sacrifice self, and to resist evil; of all that is yet *unspoiled* in man, and consequently to prolong this state into the period of maturity, is a glory and a gain. In the morals of France, on the contrary, youth is a time to be *got through* as best may be: a time when every weakness and every cruelty is excused by the falsely employed word *passion*, and when the only proof of force would strangely appear to be that which is, in fact, a proof of decrepitude—*distrust*. To be young, in the civilisation of France, is a reproach, for it is merely to be inexperienced, and in the midst of a society where it is a shame to suffer and a disgrace to be deceived, it is easy to imagine that youth with its supposed vehemence, its natural mobility of impressions, and its *regrettable* capacity of belief (,) should be looked upon as inferior to a riper age, when the superiority is to be hardened to every sensation, and proof against every wile. *Bronze!* as the professors of this 'high art' of life and happiness term it!

In ending this article, we again recall to our readers' minds that our

chief object has been to show, by the two poets who personify in France the Poetry of Youth, what is the difference, morally and intellectually, between youth as we understand it, and as it is understood in the Gallic civilisation. In all French modern literature, two completer types of what we sought for could not be found than Alfred de Musset and Delphine de

Girardin; and the analysis of their writings victoriously proves the theory, by the enunciation whereof we began these passages; namely, that whenever the question lies between the Anglo-Saxon and the French civilisation, that which most exclusively represents the one, does so exactly in the proportion in which it is incompatible with the other.

WHICH?

OR,

EDDIES ROUND THE RECTORY.

CHAPTER XIV.—'AN UNEXPECTED PLEASURE,' WHICH EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY DOES NOT APPEAR TO CONSIDER AS THE 'GREATEST.'

'The society of girls is a very delightful thing, Copperfield. It's not very professional, but it's very delightful.'—DAVID COPPERFIELD.

SUNDAY morning—bright, peaceful, holy—and the crowds of honest country folk wending their way to the sacred edifice; groups of well-dressed people moving on, too; straggling conveyances coming up one by one to the church-gate; charity-children filing along two by two into the building; Mrs Wyndham and her daughters in their pew; the bell ceasing, and Dr Wyndham emerging from the vestry-room.

In walks at this juncture Mr Herbert, rather hastily, and into his pew, where he seats himself in one corner, where he can see the clergyman and the clergyman's family (though that could not have been essential to his devotions), and where he could not read the monument, causing little Rose Wyndham to ask her sisters after service, 'If they did not think it was very odd that Mr Herbert should never once glance at it, and it is so very beautiful.' At which neither Margaret nor Frances marvelled; for, had it been their case, they could not have looked at it, with so many curious, commonplace eyes upon them—they could neither have looked at it at such a time, in such a place, or in such company.

Now came Dr Wyndham's voice, breaking hundreds of reveries, interrupting one or two whispers, with the words, 'I will arise.' And so all the

congregation arose. The majority were staring at Mr Herbert, as if he were some natural curiosity, while he stood with folded arms, and eyes fixed now on Dr Wyndham, now on the pages of a huge prayer-book, with shining leaves, large enough to have verified Miss Jones' remark, 'to pray for us all.'

A few fingers stole slyly up to a few bonnets, for the purpose of drawing out the ringlet-ends, which for sundry reasons had been buried in blonde; and all who had their veils down threw them up for a good broad stare at their landlord. The ringleted young ladies might have spared themselves the trouble, for he did not even know they were present, and seemed totally absorbed in the service, scarcely raising his eyes from his book.

Presently the interval came when the churchwardens began to go round to take up the offerings, and Mr Herbert raised his head to take a survey of his opposite neighbours. Their pew was on a parallel with the hall-pew, as their dwelling-houses faced each other. The five ladies were there—the three grown ones, and the little girls. His eye first rested on Frances, and he had no difficulty in recognising the part she had taken on the first evening he had seen them. Her eye rested on the window, where the leaves of one of the churchyard trees

'clapped their little hands in glee,' and above them 'the sailing clouds went by, like ships upon the sea;' her face had an expression of quiet meditation, that many a restless spirit might have envied. From her his eye travelled on to her mother, whose quiet features bore deep lines that looked like suffering; and he felt that she, at least, had needed the rest she now appeared to enjoy, for no change in her expression took away the sweet look of contentment she now wore. Margaret was looking up mechanically towards the organ, and, although the music was neither good nor well played, and the voluntary one of the most everyday character, still it seemed to please her; and Mr Herbert rather honoured the generous spirit, that could feel pleasure in a performance so very far beneath what she could herself have executed. From the Wyndhams his eye quickly travelled round the church, too quickly to distinguish one person from another, but not too rapidly to be unconscious of the crowd of very well-dressed females that surrounded him.

Like many men, Mr Herbert was no judge of female dress in detail; he could not judge what would look well when worn, but, when worn, he could soon decide what pleased him. The *coup d'œil* struck him on the present occasion, and the mass of colours presented by the grove of flowers, blonde, lace, and ribands, to say nothing of faces, brought him somewhat to the knowledge, or rather recollection, that he stood in a very public position.

Nothing brings humanity to a level more than a few years' residence on the Continent: there you are no one: you pay a certain sum for what you require, and as you pay so are you served. Briggs of Sheffield has as good a right to get near the coffee-room stove as you have; and if a church be overcrowded, you are bound, as a gentleman, to yield your snug corner to Mrs Briggs, and stand the rest of the time: you have no more right to it than any of the hundreds of English people in the place, who crowded as you did to see the pageant. Or, if you go to bed, meaning to enjoy a tolerable sleep, if you were of the blood-royal, you could not prevent those two Smith girls from giving their two very awk-

ward brothers lessons in the 'Deux Temps,' just over your head. Or, if you start on a pedestrian tour, intending to sink the aristocrat for the nonce, you go on for a mile or two of the road quite valiantly, until a *voiture* dashes past you at full speed, and the mud that bespatters you seems ten times more odious, from the knowledge you accidentally acquired, as they rushed by, that it was the whole Simpkins family, who had lived, ever since your childhood, over their shop in your own town, who were indulging in a foreign tour, and actually scorned the vulgarity of a *diligence*.

Now Mr Herbert had lived abroad for several years, and had, from habit, submitted tolerably to the equality and fraternity of *table-d'hôtes* and steamboats; and though he never forgot that he was Mr Herbert, still he had learned that others could forget; and it was only when his pride was wounded, as it had been so recently by the Miss Wyndhams apparently declining his acquaintance, that he at all presumed, even in thought, on his social position. Now he suddenly remembered that he was an object of public observation; and I cannot say he was gratified by the recollection; but he drove down the irritation, by saying to himself, 'Another penalty to be paid for five years' waste of time.' And very soon the good doctor's deep voice giving forth his text, and the sermon that followed, chained his wandering ideas, and in the train of thought it brought, all present were driven almost from his mind. He remained, with his head bent down in his hands, resting on the back of the pew, until the congregation had almost all dispersed, when he rose hastily, took his hat, and walked out rapidly, passing with hasty strides through the groups in the churchyard, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, for fear he should encounter some greeting which he could not pass by. He very soon gained the sheepwalk across the fields — then slackened his pace, and walked slowly towards home. A few minutes afterwards, Dr Wyndham and his family came along the road, and the girls remarked that Mr Herbert had not gained much, considering his hasty and impetuous manner of leaving the church.

'He is reading,' said Rose. 'I see the sun shining on the gilt leaves of his Bible.'

'Yes,' said Mrs Wyndham; 'I observed him marking the passages you referred to as you went along.'

'Poor fellow,' said Dr Wyndham; 'I hope he is interested.'

'Why "poor fellow," papa?' said Lucy.

'Because, my dear,' he answered, 'I believe he has been suffering from great mental depression for several years.'

'Monomania of any kind?' said Margaret.

'I do not believe it amounted to that, nor do I know the cause; he refused all society for a long time, and behaved in a very peculiar manner.'

'I cannot say,' said Frances, lowering her voice so as to be inaudible except to Margaret, 'that I would much regret his continuing to refuse society, which papa infers he does not.'

Margaret smiled, and the subject dropped.

The next evening Margaret and Frances sat with their mother at work in the drawing-room; I am wrong, Frances was drawing, the others working; the little ones were at play on the lawn, their father gone down to the village, when suddenly Lucy ran up to the window—'Mamma, here is papa coming up the avenue with a gentleman; and the next moment Rose joined them, saying, "It is Mr Herbert."

The next moment they heard the gentlemen's voices in the hall: Mr Herbert apologising for bringing business matters at so late an hour, and Dr Wyndham's eager voice inviting him into his study to see something; when the ladies heard him suddenly break off in the middle of a sentence, and say—

'But stay: Mr Herbert, have you dined? We have tea at rather a primitive hour—will you join us? It will give my family much pleasure.'

'And me also very great pleasure. Thank you, Dr Wyndham,' was the answer.

'They are here, I believe,' said the doctor, pushing open the door. 'You know Mrs Wyndham—my eldest daughter, my second daughter. My dear, Mr Herbert has kindly promised

to join us at tea; we are going to my study to look over some plans. Let us know when you are ready.'

Mrs Wyndham's quiet voice expressed her pleasure, and the doctor led the way to his sanctum. It was very fortunate for him his guest had a return to look forward to, or his regret at leaving that social-looking group might have made him anything but a complaisant judge of some of the worthy doctor's schemes; but, as it was, with such a fair prospect in view, he would have consented to almost anything; and he had a vague idea that, by agreeing to all arrangements without unnecessary delay, the probationary period might be contracted, and thus he might have the more time to expend on the cultivation of two new acquaintances.

'Strongly characteristic of papa, I must say,' said Frances, 'to ask a person like Mr Herbert to spend the evening in that kind of off-hand way. He does not consider how it might suit with our household arrangements.'

'I cannot see why it should not,' said her mother.

'Why, here is this great and mighty man, who will probably say to himself, "What a bore this is; but one must not be rude to one's clergyman; and it would look rather proud to say I would not take share of their meal, offered in that kind of way, too. I must take better care next time; and, then, unfortunately, there are these women—one must be civil when you are at their very table; and, of course, those girls sing vile Italian duets, murdered in provincial fashion, and paint on rice-paper, and crochet the Queen and Prince Albert on bread-napkins; and a good likeness of the Duke of Wellington will be shown on a couvrette on the sofa, remarkable for a preponderance of nasal organ; and of course they have photographic likenesses of the whole family, with the ladies' hair done à l'Eugénie, which prevents you knowing which is which, and after you make a succession of blunders——"

'You take the keys, and get ready for tea,' said her mother, laughing at the deficiency of real resemblance in the picture Frances had drawn, and much amused at the young lady's con-

sciousness of their being a shade better than the description.

'Why,' said Margaret, 'we have not got either the crochet or the photographic likenesses à l'*Eugenie*, and we need not sing the duets; and papa must be entreated to "take better care next time;" and you and I will not presume on the occasion; so we will make the best of a bad bargain.'

'Children,' said Mrs Wyndham, 'do you know what you are talking about? Why, this Mr Herbert has not a particle of that manner about him; he is one of the most agreeable, unassuming,' &c.; and Mrs Wyndham left the room, reiterating, for the sixth or seventh time at least, her praises of their guest; and Frances, watching her departure with the same chagrined look she had borne all through, turned to her sister, saying—

'It is very odd of mamma, Margaret; she has seen a good many people, and all sides of them, during her life, and yet she never will see when people "do popularity." I hate it so, and then mamma always says, "Frances, you should take people as you find them."'

'Which is certainly necessary, when Frances has got hold of some prejudice as the foundation,' said Margaret, trying as usual to reason down her sister. 'I forget who it is says we hate people we have injured. There is no doubt we trespassed on Mr Herbert's property, in spite of notices to the contrary, and we do not choose to meet him afterwards; but, for my part, I have been thinking of it since, and I cannot see we have committed any very heinous crime, and I am not quite sure that it even requires an apology; just at first you know we thought more of it than it deserved; we were in as much fuss as if he had found us carrying away the timber, instead of merely sitting under its shadow.'

'Very true,' said Frances, whose ebullitions of wrath generally vanished under sisterly remonstrance. 'At any rate, the trespass is fully reciprocated by our very gracious friend's

presence here this evening. With what an air, to be sure, he begged us to remain! I hope he has left that style, at least, in the woods across the stream, for, if we have any of it this evening, I have a presentiment that I shall say something to him that will set papa and mamma on me, with a strong reproof at least afterwards.'

'In which case,' said Margaret, 'I would recommend discretion as the better part of valour.'

'Which I may answer with another axiom,' said Frances, walking round the table, fidgeting, with the cups and saucers—'that I always feel bravest when there is no danger, and I daresay I will be as subdued as possible when Alexander the Great enters.'

'Alexander the Great,' as Miss Frances chose to call him, came into the room as quietly as you could possibly expect Alexander to do, and as there was no such thing as tea in that monarch's time, he has left no precedent for behaviour on such an occasion, very fortunately for Mr Herbert, as it left him at liberty to follow his own precedent, and be pleasingly natural and very unassuming indeed.

The piano was closed; Frances had shut it as she walked about the room, giving expression to her sentiments on the subject of their new guest, and had carefully brought several trifles, with some books and work from other parts of the room, to give the instrument a look of being rarely opened—determined that nothing short of compulsion should bring any connivance on her part to her sister or herself giving any music. Once Mr Herbert introduced the subject of music, with a view to the subject taking tangible form, but Frances, with a woman's tact, asked him some question, which brought on a long account of, and discussion on, foreign music. This roused Dr Wyndham's interest into so long a conversation, that the evening actually passed over, and Mr Herbert left the house, without a single note having been uttered by voice or finger.

CHAPTER XV.—'PROGRESS,' OR STIFFNESS WORN OFF, AND NEIGHBOURS BECOMING INTIMATE.

'But behold a change comes o'er him!
Where are all his sorrows now?
Could they leave his heart as quickly
As the gloom-clouds left his brow?

Up the green slope of the garden,
Past the dial, he saw run
Two young girls, with bright eyes shining
Like their brown hair in the sun.'

JAMES PRITCHETT BIGG.

'Now,' said Dr Wyndham, next morning as they sat at breakfast, 'are you not charmed with our guest of last evening? Mamma, what do you say?'

'Just what I said all along of him; you know from that first day he called here I was so pleased with him; but the girls were so determined they were not to like him, that I just gave the matter up, thinking that time and circumstances might bring them to hear reason.'

'Margaret and Frances! confess both of you that Mr Herbert is all, and more than all, your father and mother foretold, and that you are both most penitent for ——'

'Really,' exclaimed Frances, 'this is too bad. Why, the Pope himself is nothing to papa: he first constitutes himself our confessor, and then dictates the very sins we are to confess. Papa! papa! never mention the Inquisition again. If you go on in this manner, we shall begin, as Mr Wittlefield says, "to think you are a disguised Jesuit." Confess, indeed! Pray, begin, Margaret; you have seniority.'

'Most reverend father!' began Margaret, in a tone of mock humility, 'I am burdened in conscience with a crime of the deepest dye. I have ventured to be of opinion with Greville, who said, "a proud man never so much shows his pride as when he is civil." I have ventured to give my own opinion formed from my own observation ——'

'And your sister's remarks,' said Mrs Wyndham.

'For this crime, if crime it be ——' Margaret went on.

'A nice penitent, truly. She might with much benefit to herself study the passage in Shenstone, who says, "Men are often accused of pride, merely because their accusers would be proud

themselves, if they were in their places."'

'Is the study of Shenstone then to be my penance?' said Margaret.

'Why—ahem, yes! I have no doubt two hours' daily study of his works, well understood, remember, with a portion committed to memory, will be of much use in detaching your imagination from conjuring up fanciful traits in character. This is the sentence of the court.'

'Poor Margaret,' said Frances, laughing.

'Take care,' said her father, 'your turn may come next. I shall wait, however, until I see what effect this literary diet has on Margaret, before I pronounce your doom.'

'Something,' said Mrs Wyndham, 'of the system Philip, in the "Heir of Redclyffe," put poor Laura on, giving her mathematical studies to strengthen her mind.'

'My poor child,' said Dr Wyndham, fondly patting Margaret on the head, as he left the room, 'I hope no Philip will ever be found to put you on such a course of study. I could tell him beforehand, that that would be a case in which the court would show no mercy.'

In the course of the morning Mr Herbert called, and neither Margaret nor Frances could accuse him of being anything more or less than agreeable and friendly; and each privately allowed to the other, 'matters were much better than they expected,' but Frances still maintained her eccentric idea of the Italian duets, including all other music also. It was certainly amusing to hear, during this and several successive morning visits, how she sedulously turned the conversation from anything approaching 'the divine gift,' especially when her father was present, for she knew, from past

experience, that the slightest wish expressed by any one was sufficient to make her father call for some particular favourite, no matter how untimely the hour.

All parties were, however, on pretty familiar terms, considering the recent acquaintances they were; but it had so happened, that the first evening of their acquaintance had been the only one Mr Herbert had spent at the Rectory, when, on his riding one morning to the door, the servant informed him 'the young ladies were in the garden,' and to the garden accordingly proceeded Mr Herbert. You should have known Sir Stephen Norris as well as he did, to feel the same surprise on seeing him in Dr Wyndham's garden, standing beside a seat on which sat Dr Wyndham's daughters, apparently, from the gay tones of the voices that reached him, all on the best of terms. Sir Stephen was the first to perceive him, and spring forward to shake him by the hand. 'My dear fellow!' said one.—'Why! Norris!' said the other. Something in the tone in which the two words were uttered a little discomposed Sir Stephen, and he said, hastily—

'So you have returned?'

'The very observation I was about to make to you; why, I believed you to be still at Whitby.'

'Until yesterday I was; I returned last night.'

'What have you to say for yourself, that you did not announce your return to me in person at my own house, and congratulate me on mine. Show cause, Sir Stephen Norris!'

'Believe me, I meant to do so after I left this; as to coming here first, I believe I shall leave my case to plead itself;' and Sir Stephen Norris bowed low to the two ladies.

'Pardoned on its own merits; conditionally, however, upon your visit being at six this evening, when I dine.'

'To hear is to obey,' said Sir Stephen; and the ladies joining in the conversation, half-an-hour passed pleasantly by. They were speaking of a picture in Mr Herbert's library. Sir Stephen remarked he would look attentively at it that evening, when a thought occurring to him, he turned to Mr Herbert, saying—

'Does Mrs Newton know I am to dine with you, Herbert?'

'No, civil body that she is, how could I possibly foretell that your knife and fork were not laid in Major Westerton's dining-room at Whitby. If I were Scotch instead of English, I might be possessed of second sight, but as to poor old Newton, she has very little sight of any kind.'

'In that case,' said Sir Stephen, reflectively, 'I will not go; fix another day, and tell her beforehand. There is no use vexing her unnecessarily, and vexed I know she would be. Give up the idea, Herbert.'

'I shall do no such thing; such a preposterous notion! I say you shall come. Miss Frances Wyndham, I ask your opinion?'

'Why,' said the young lady addressed, 'I must say, that often as I have read in "Punch" of gentlemen who dare not ask a friend to dinner, without permission previously asked and obtained from the lady who presided over their domestic affairs, it is quite a new state of society, when the guest takes pains to ascertain the state of the government.'

'Ah! it is much better to postpone it.'

'But I tell you it cannot be postponed; if you only knew all I have got to say to you, why, a dozen dinners would not give time for a tenth part of what I have to say.'

'Then, Sir Stephen,' said Margaret, 'you would be deferring a feast of reason, which I always avoid doing, on principle.'

'Would not the flow of soul be equally deep and sparkling to-morrow?'

'No,' said Mr Herbert; 'to-night's is a Cereus, one night only. Miss Wyndham, each evening has its own peculiar blossom. Now, you see, Sir Stephen, what your provoking obstinacy is bringing me to lose; I must leave this pleasant company, and ride two miles under an August sun, to notify your royal highness's intended arrival, and leave you, too, in possession of this fair field. Do you not think I was born with my fair proportion of envy?'

'Shall I go myself, then?' said the baronet.

'I ought to take you at your word,

and send you, for I am sure you do not mean your offer in earnest; but there is another and an easier way, as far as I am concerned. If Miss Wyndham would kindly give me permission to trespass on the bank down towards the river, I could cross that way, and return in a few minutes.'

'I am very sorry,' said Margaret, 'there is no trespass in the case, for, if you recollect, we owe you one, and it would be pleasant to have the debt discharged.'

Mr Herbert laughed very heartily. 'Thank you,' said he, 'you remind me I owe you and your sister an apology for my rudeness that evening. Instead of begging you to excuse the interruption, I in the most consequential manner begged you to remain.'

'Which we took as a hint to leave, and vanished directly.'

'Indeed, you did; but my impertinence was very great. I assure you, I am ashamed when I think of it, and that is very often. I cannot help going back on it continually.'

'Do not, I beg,' said Margaret, gently; 'we had no right to be there.'

'Yes, indeed you had, and I will never consider myself as forgiven, until I know you often cross the brook, and wander about there when a fancy leads you. May I hope, Miss Wyndham? Miss Frances Wyndham?'

Miss Frances was looking highly amused at his eager distress, and began to describe the scene to Sir Stephen, the story interlarded here and there with apologetic remarks from Mr Herbert, such as—

'You remember, Norris, I had a fancy about that part of the woods—old times you know, and that sort of thing; and I could not bear other people going about it at will; it was like a kind of desecration. But indeed' (turning to Margaret) 'that feeling exists no longer. I would be only too happy. And then, you see, I thought it was some of the townspeople, and I knew I had nothing to do but to walk past them: it would convey reproof enough. I knew perfectly well there were young ladies here, but it never occurred to me —'

'They were so much worse than the townspeople,' broke in Frances, mischievously.

'Indeed, Miss Frances,' he said, for

about the twentieth time, 'I do hope in time to be forgiven.'

Frances went on with the narrative. 'How we ran,' she said. 'We reached this seat breathless. I promise you we left few traces of any resting-places by the way. I do not believe we left even a glove behind us, which, if we had had sufficient presence of mind, we might have done, to compensate for the trespass.'

'Frances!' said Margaret, appealingly. It was of no use.

'Like the man who stole some geese, and left a bag with some coppers round the gander's neck—

"Good Farmer Page, don't be in a rage,
Nor yet be given to slander;
We've bought six geese for a penny a-piece,
And left the cash with the gander."

'Would you have paid on the same scale?' said Sir Stephen.

'You were more honest than you are taking credit for,' said Mr Herbert, trying to keep down his annoyance, and taking out a pocket-book, and from it a small piece of paper with a little sketch upon it. 'This trophy was found on the field; and all property left on the ground by a retreating party being by the articles of war the property of the victor, I have retained this.'

'Mr Herbert,' said Frances, starting to her feet, feeling now in her turn considerably annoyed, 'if you please, that is my property; it dropped from my book.'

'Was yours, I am aware, but is now mine. Sir Stephen, would you like a peep?'

Frances held out her hand for it, remonstrating as she did so; and, as she told Margaret afterwards, regretting for the only time in her life that, being a lady, she could not snatch at it, for it was almost within her reach. But the gentleman stood coolly looking at it, disregarding her heightened colour and evident annoyance.

It was such a tiny sketch: a small, very small cottage, boasting of but one window and one door, with such an inconveniently-low roof, that two heads were represented as having burst the thatch and appeared above, and a Newfoundland dog, who looked as tall almost as the house, stood, as if in amazement where he was to fit

into, and a bee-hive standing near the gable of the house, brought the bees within a very short distance of the level of the heads of the would-be inmates. Underneath was written, 'Love in a cottage. Mine be a cot beside a rill; a bee-hive's hum to charm the ear.—This sketch is humbly inscribed, without permission, to a young lady, by her affectionate sister, M. W.'

Margaret began an explanation. 'I thought Frances required a little correction of a theory she had, so I left that in her book once; but under feelings of strong disgust she cut it out one day, designing it for the fire, had not conscience told her it was a true picture, and saved it from an untimely end.'

'That is to say,' said Frances, 'that I did not want any lesson from you, Margaret; it was only because it proceeded from your pencil that I spared

it. The sentiments are odious, and it did not do me the slightest good.'

'You are ambitious, Miss Wyndham,' said Sir Stephen, as Mr Herbert, laughingly removing his hat to Frances, disappeared down the walk.

'No,' she said; 'except to have common sense.' Frances had walked away, much displeased with the last conversation. 'I am sorry to see my sister so annoyed; it was drawn for a jest at first, and it being in Mr Herbert's possession, makes it more earnest than it deserved, or was desirable.'

Half-an-hour after, Mr Herbert having returned, as the gentlemen were leaving the garden, Mr Herbert took the sketch and held it out to Frances, saying—

'I beg your pardon; it would be my last wish to cause you annoyance.'

'Thank you,' she said, and took it.

CHAPTER XVI.—SOME GOSSIP ON ANTICIPATED PLEASURE, AND CONVERSATION ON PAST PAIN.

'There is no subject in human nature more interesting, than the aspects of the same subjects, seen in different points of view, of different characters.'—*DRYDEN*.

'Not being untutored in suffering, I learn to pity those in affliction.'—*VIRGIL*.

'Like pillars tall and brown
The old trees stood, and the leaves of June
Were dark above, as we four at noon
On their mossy roots sat down,
Where woodlarks sang, and our talk was free,
As talk in the forest's heart should be,
Though of different moods and years were we.'

FRANCES BROWN.

'There is no doubt, Mrs Simpson,' said Mrs Burleigh, 'that this is the age of miracles. Have you heard the news? Sir Stephen Norris is going to give a pic-nic.'

'A pic-nic?'

'Yes, indeed. Some say it is for the Wyndhams; but I cannot say. I asked Mr Robert, and he said he really did not know; it might be, but his brother had not mentioned.'

'But when, and where? and who are asked?'

'That I cannot tell; Robert told the girls of it last night, and said the Wyndhams were going, which makes me think it is for them. Matilda Jones thinks so too; she is quite cross about it. I do not think she will go.'

'She is not asked; but when she is, you may trust her, she will go. But,

Mrs Burleigh, here comes Sir Stephen's man; a note most positively—I see it in his hand. How slow Collins is.'

'The servant is waiting for an answer, madam.'

'I will send it,' said Mrs Simpson, eagerly breaking the seal, and reading aloud to her visitor:—"Sir Stephen Norris requests the pleasure of Mr and Mrs Simpson, Miss Simpson, and Miss C. Simpson's company at dinner, at Dollington Castle, on Thursday next, the 10th inst. Sir Stephen hopes also for the pleasure of their company at Prenderley, on their return in the evening. Morning rendezvous, Landeris Park-gate, at half-past one o'clock P.M., or Dollington Castle, at half-past three o'clock P.M.—Prenderley, Thursday, 3d inst." Certainly,' said Mrs Simpson, 'he is going to do the thing in style. I wonder if Mr

Simpson will allow us to go; you see the girls are not come out yet, and I think this promises to be a very gay affair.'

Mrs Burleigh inwardly hoped it would, for the sake of her own daughters, and determined to hasten home, in case their invitation was awaiting her; so she bid Mrs Simpson good-morning, saying—

'No doubt we shall have everything in the first style. Just come from Whitby, you may be sure he has made notes of all Mrs Major Westerton's way of giving these things. I am sure he will get all up in her model.'

* * * * *

Beckford Hall. Augusta Beckford reading their invitation to her sister.

'Why,' said Julia, 'that is a pic-nic.'

'Certainly,' said her sister; 'it could be nothing else. What can he mean by this, or what is the object? What answer shall we send?'

'It is rather provoking to be obliged to answer at once. I would rather take a few hours to decide; but that would be scarcely fair, for of course he will not ask any one else, until he hears whether we can go or not.'

'Of course not. You see the worst of Sir Stephen is, he is so good-natured, that he will not leave any one out, and every horror in the village will be asked, and I cannot really see any benefit likely to accrue from five or six hours' association with such *canaille*. It is a great pity that he will mix with all those people—good, bad, and indifferent.'

'Could you fancy him going to that party I told you of, which the Joneses gave when you were in London? I promise you, I refused when they asked *me*.'

'Very properly; it is all very well for them to be asked here, when papa and uncle will have those conglomerate evenings; but that is very different from you and I going to their tea parties. To tell the truth, I am greatly afraid this Norris affair will be something similar, with the difference of a baronet for your host, which will, perhaps, bring a few more of a respectable class of people. But we will have those low-bred Burleighs, and that detestable Mrs Simpson, and the two Smiths, and that presuming Dr Price, to say

nothing of the Joneses, who, all taken together, would spoil the best assembly in England. It is quite clear, Julia, that neither you nor I can go, in the morning at least: the evening might be better, and I never was all through Prenderley, which I would take good care to be, if we went an evening.'

'I wonder,' said Julia, 'if there would be any chance of the Ducketts being there? The general is so fond of patronising the Norris undertakings. There is no hope of the Clares. They refused ours last summer. But, Augusta, there is Mr Herbert; they are such inseparable companions, I am sure he will be there.'

'Then,' said her sister, 'we will go, Julia—in the morning at least; that decides it. But I cannot see any use in going in the evening. One looks so hideous after a day under a burning sun, on a hill like Dollington, too; and I know Mr Herbert never goes to evening parties. And how could one expect to have any voice after driving home, with a heavy dew falling, sitting in some open conveyance, most likely Sir Stephen's mail phaeton. And then, if we come home to dress, papa will get so cross about the horses having so many journeys backwards and forwards; and if we dressed at Prenderley, most probably we would have to share a dressing-room with some one who would take the pattern of our clothes; it might be those Wyndhams, for all we know.'

'Disgusting!' ejaculated Julia.

The door suddenly opened, and Mr Beckford's head put in.

'Pray, how long do you mean to keep Sir Stephen's servant waiting? Is your note written, Augusta? Give it quickly.'

'It is not written, papa,' said Augusta, in a measured voice; 'we have scarcely made up our minds yet.'

'On what?'

'To what extent we shall accept, papa,' said Julia.

'What nonsense you women do sometimes talk. Have you any other engagement?'

'No.'

'Can you walk up Dollington Hill?'

'Yes.'

'Did you ask your mother if she would go?'

'No.'

Mr Beckford muttered something about 'patience,' and seizing the pen that Augusta held in her fingers, wrote on a sheet of the plainest paper several sentences, in a large sprawling style, sealed it rapidly, and strode out of the room, saying, 'There, if you do not wish to go, you can write an apology when your minds are made up.'

'Is that the answer?' said Augusta, looking in an astonished way at the elegant sheet of note-paper she had laid out in readiness to receive her pattern caligraphy.

'Yes,' said her father, and shut the door violently.

The young ladies exchanged glances.

'I wonder what Sir Stephen will think of that epistle,' said Augusta, in a rage. 'I have a great mind not to go at all. I have no idea of being put into a thing in that style,' &c.

* * * * *

Turn we to another home-scene, differing somewhat from the last. The same morning, Mrs Selwyn had gone over, after her early dinner, to spend the afternoon at the Rectory. Margaret was to show her a new pattern for making a child's frock. The loveliness of the day induced them to take their needlework out-of-doors; and down by the river, under the shadow of the bank, sat Mrs Selwyn, Margaret, and Frances, chatting as they worked; and a little farther down the stream played Rose, Lucy, and little Nannie. They had sat nearly an hour, when they saw Mr Herbert appearing through the trees, on the opposite side; and in a moment he stood on the bank, with the river only between them.

'Miss Wyndham, your gracious permission to cross over and join you for a little? I have been all morning over some very dry law-papers, and if you could only fancy how refreshing it is merely to look at you three as you sit so cool and rural-looking, you would invite me over without delay, to complete the revival of my weary spirit.'

Margaret gave the required assent.

'I hope I have not interrupted some very interesting conversation; I heard animated voices before I came within view.'

'We were just discussing Sir Stephen's pic-nic,' said Frances.

'Was not that an interesting subject?'

'Indeed, we considered it so.'

'Why! Annie,' said Mr Herbert, turning to Mrs Selwyn, 'is it the case? I hear you are to be of the party.'

'I am,' she said; and glancing at the face that showed his surprise, said, 'Mrs Wyndham allowed me; and, moreover, the good doctor will both convey me there and bring me back.'

His look of surprise changed to one of amusement, at the deprecating tone of the first part of her sentence, and the sturdiness of the second, so he only said, 'Very good; you have placed yourself in the best of hands.'

'You know,' said Mrs Selwyn, brightening up, 'I never could resist a pic-nic. Do you remember, long ago, I would have gone to any trouble for one?'

'Yes, you would have crossed the river. She would, I assure you, Miss Frances, and made her way to the housekeeper's room, where, being a favourite, she generally succeeded in getting a basket packed with provision carried to the elm hill, in readiness for us when we were at liberty to join her.'

'Somehow, I anticipate quite as much pleasure from this one as I ever did, as far as I remember, from any of the old ones. I feel quite like my old self again.'

Mr Herbert looked steadily at her: 'So you are coming out quite gay, Annie?'

'No,' she said, gravely, 'not gay, I hope; but Mrs Wyndham thinks I may go in the morning, and I have declined the evening.'

'Then we shall not meet. I was going to say, if you had your doll, one might have stretched imagination that we were both young again. But that is not to be. I have declined the morning. I do not feel quite strong enough to encounter both; and Sir Stephen thinks I could assist him better in the evening.'

'I think you are right; the day will be fatiguing; the ascent to the castle is quite enough; and if gentlemen are scarce, you would be expected to take two ladies up on your arms.'

'That,' he said, with a bow, 'would be the best part of it.'

'My present doll, that you see mak-

ing islands in the stream down below, is to remain here in the care of Rose and Lucy, and they are to be down at my house when I return, to drink tea with me.'

'I will be there too,' said Mr Herbert, 'and you can give me some tea, and all the news of the morning's adventures, that I may be primed ready for saying agreeable things to the right people, and giving the proper lady in charge to the proper gentleman.'

At this juncture, a servant appeared, to ask Miss Frances Wyndham to go into the house, and search for a book her father wanted, when the conversation became more general.

Margaret was constructing a doll's bonnet, and Mr Herbert leaned against the bank, watching her very expert fingers: at last he made the remark—

'I always thought there was some sleight-of-hand in the making of a lady's bonnet. So mysterious is the surface it presents, I wondered how the mystery ever was acquired. I am more convinced than ever of the fact, for I have done my best to follow the progress of Miss Wyndham's fingers, and failed; and I can quite understand now why it was impossible to get bonnets to fit the two dolls I brought home. Every shop I went into, either they did not keep them, or could not make them: I was in every toy-shop in Berlin.'

'Miss Wyndham is kindly making that for Nannie's.'

Margaret raised a handsome doll from her side, and placing the bonnet on its head, held it up to Mr Herbert. The action was seen by little Nannie, who quickly dropped the lapful of stones she was carrying into the water, flew to Margaret's side, and seizing the doll, regardless of her wet and muddy fingers, screamed out, 'Oh! godfather, is she not lovely? Miss Wyndham, I love you better and better every day.'

The elders laughed, and Mr Herbert praised it quite to the satisfaction of the little one, who carried it off in triumph, to display its new finery. Mr Herbert looked after her a moment, hesitated, stammered, and at last succeeded in saying, 'Miss Wyndham, would you think me very presuming, very—very unreasonable, in fact, very forward, if I made a request?'

'Not likely,' said Margaret; 'but perhaps I can anticipate your wants; is it a bonnet for a doll? I will be most happy indeed to make it.'

'How long would it take—two days?'

'Not two hours; but you must get me a measure of the young lady's head.'

'Thank you a thousand times; I will bring the doll in a moment.'

So saying, he ran along the bank, crossed the stones, and up the opposite side, as little like a melancholy invalid as could well be fancied. In a few minutes he returned, bearing a doll something smaller than Nannie's in his arms. Margaret began to measure her head with a piece of tape. Mr Herbert turned to Mrs Selwyn.

'My little girl will be so pleased; with Miss Wyndham's kind help, I hope she will have it next Monday,' he added, in a grave voice. 'It will be her birth-day.'

'Yes,' said Mrs Selwyn, and all fell into silence.

It was broken by Margaret saying she must go to the house for some more wire; and rising, Mr Herbert rose too, and assisted her up the bank in silence, and then returned to his seat beside Mrs Selwyn.

'Do you suppose Miss Wyndham thinks I have taken too great a liberty?'

'No; but you have mystified her rather. I am sure she never heard of your daughter before.'

'Is it possible? do you mean to say she does not know?'

'How could she? You have often told me you disliked being the subject of village gossip. I have avoided as far as possible subjecting you to it, by never mentioning your letters or their contents to any one. I have observed the same course with respect to these people, and, as far as I am aware, no one here knows anything whatever of your marriage. They scarcely recollect the existence of Lota.'

'My dear Annie, I scarcely know how to thank you for having my wishes so before your mind, and carrying them out so punctiliously. Somehow, I never thought of any one being in ignorance of circumstances so painfully present to me the last four or five years. Though I thank you from

my very heart, I think my own part throughout has been very reprehensible. I have thought very differently on the subject since I came home; the old associations of the place, and then this Dr Wyndham, have had a great effect on me. There was nothing to be ashamed of in my marriage. God knows I did it from a generous motive, and I could not foresee that she would wound and disappoint me. But let the dead rest; even to you I ought to deal gently with a dead wife's memory. You know all the past, so no more need be said. But I feel as if I had passed under false colours to these people, so, if I do not soon take an opportunity of undeceiving them, you had best do so.'

'Then you wish it to be generally known?'

'I had not thought of any but Dr Wyndham's family, but you are right; however, on second thoughts, say nothing of it at present: I will release you soon. Annie, I am so grateful to you, little woman.'

Margaret returned, and after sitting some time longer, the ladies rose, saying it was time to go within-doors. Mr Herbert walked with them to the terrace-door, passing as they went the study-window, drawn across which was the doctor's writing-table, where he sat now writing. On seeing Mr Herbert, he jumped up, and went round to the door.

'Come in, Mr Herbert; what time of your day is it? With us it is nearly tea-time. Do such Gothic habits suit you?'

'Most happily so; I am open to any invitation, from a monster pic-nic to a social family circle—last not the least, recollect.'

'What knowledge have you of architecture? I wish you would assist me a little here. You never saw a poor man so bewildered as I am, between Owen Jones, and Ruskin, and Pre-Raphaelitism, and several more theories, each advocated in turn by their several disciples, so that I now know not what my real opinion was or is.'

'Why do you not take some opinions from the ladies? Their tastes might be trusted.'

'Trusted! why, it is they who have done all the mischief. I assure you I was getting on delightfully. You know

you agreed to all my plans the other evening—such a nice school-house as we were making of it—when, two days ago, I find an extract from Owen Jones fastened to the drawings with a pin, the sure trace of a woman.'

Mr Herbert read: 'How manifestly absurd then is the present practice of regarding all these various styles, thus constantly shifting, as so many quarries from which we may gather stones to erect the buildings of the present day! How vain and foolish the attempt to make the art, which faithfully represented the wants, the faculties, and the feelings of one people and age, represent those of another people and age under totally different conditions.'

Mr Herbert looked much amused. 'Well, doctor,' he said, 'I suppose that is tantamount to a condemnation of our very beautiful mediæval structure. There is much truth, doubtless, in the young lady's hint, but I do not feel competent to remedy the error. Suppose we postpone the discussion until we go into the drawing-room, and we will see if the ladies are as good at remedying a defect as detecting one.'

'Well, Nannie,' said Mr Herbert, lifting her on his knee, 'have you had a pleasant day?'

'Oh yes! very happy, godfather; it is so good to come here. Mamma likes it, and I like it so much,' and she shut her eyes and tightly closed her lips, to express the intensity of her enjoyment. 'You see they are all so nice, every one. Do you not think they are nice?'

'Indeed, Nannie, I do.'

'Say which is the nicest,' she said, lowering her voice. 'Do you like that nice one that makes the bonnets? or that one that makes the rest laugh? or the old fellow that makes the sermons? or the cap-lady that makes Rose go for cake for me? Say, say; I will only tell mamma. Choose which you like; I never know, I take them by turns, and then, when I cannot make it out, I tell nurse Kitty I like mamma best, and that does as well.'

'That will just do for me; I don't know about the other people, but I am sure I like your mamma best. But that is a secret, little god-daughter.'

'Oh! it is a nice secret,' she said, clapping her hands, and springing to the ground. 'Miss Wyndham, is it

time for Mr Herbert and me to come to the tea-table?

'Come, come, come, good godfather,' she cried out, setting a chair for him beside her own. 'I wish you would never go away any more, sir; we like you to be at the Hall very much. Though we do not go to see Mrs Newton and the guinea-fowls now, still you come and see us; that is as good.'

'Nannie is right. Mrs Selwyn, you have not been once to see my house-keeper since I returned. Have I frightened you away? She complained of you yesterday.'

Mrs Selwyn muttered something in reply, not very audible.

'And I have several pictures and two pretty statuettes to show you. When will you come? Mrs Wyndham, your daughters have expressed a wish to see some old pictures in my house; I should be so happy if you would bring them over some morning, and my two young friends here,' he said, making an inclination towards the children.

Mrs Wyndham thanked him, and promised to come. Mrs Selwyn looked displeased while the subject was forward, and turned them from it as quickly as possible, saying—'Do you know, Mr Herbert, the world here accuses you of being the originator and abettor of this coming pic-nic—that you were the invisible agent who did it all?'

'It is a very naughty world, Mrs Selwyn; I wonder who told that little secret. I would not be surprised if for once the world was correct. Now that I am at home permanently, I mean to take Sir Stephen in hands, and you will see before long what I turn him out.'

'A benedict?'

'Why, matchmaking is a dangerous amusement, but, if he is well blind-folded, I have no objection to lead him into the right direction, and after that, if he goes on of his own accord, I neither deserve blame nor praise.'

'What do you define as the right direction?'

'Collecting all the young ladies within ten miles into one focus, and staying at home myself, to be neither a tie nor a rival.'

'Why, you are coming out yourself in quite a new character.'

What a pleasant evening that was. After asking for a doll's bonnet, it was easy to bring one's-self to ask for a little music. Margaret had quite forgotten Frances' satirical remarks of a previous evening, and acquiesced without any affectation: she left her seat in the window, and went to the instrument. The children were out on the lawn; Dr Wyndham gone back to his study; Mrs Wyndham knitting; the three others had composed themselves in attitudes of attention.

Margaret played a symphony, why she did not know, but Beethoven's 'Adelaida' had been running through her head (as the saying is) all day, and her voice now swelled forth in its beautiful opening. What a splendid theme it is, and how beautifully she rendered it, as passage followed passage of that noble composition; and when the last notes died away, no one remembered to thank her, so much had that gift of wondrous song carried them all away in thought from their present existence.

How disagreeably was the charm dispelled, by the announcement of the arrival of Mrs Selwyn's maid-servant, to see her mistress and the little one home. Mrs Selwyn refused to stay later, on the child's account, and it was quite dark besides; so she put on her bonnet, and returned to the drawing room to say 'good-night.' As she extended her hand to Mr Herbert, he started up as if from a reverie, saying, 'Who is walking home with you, Annie?'

'My servant,' she said.

'I will see you there, then,' he said. 'It's too far for you to go at this hour, with only an old woman.'

'No; I often go alone; I shall not accept your escort.'

'But I will go; so say no more.'

'You will have fully a mile to walk back; I will not —'

'Good-night, Mrs Wyndham. I shall not disturb Dr Wyndham, but perhaps you will be good enough to say good-night for me.'

They passed out to the hall, and Mrs Selwyn's maid appearing, essayed to lift Miss Nannie for the purpose of carrying her home, but the young lady struggled and protested, and finally alighted on the floor.

'I will not allow you, I will not be

taken by you; after you told me this morning you liked your mother better than my nice pretty mamma. I tell you, you must not touch me; I will walk with Mr Herbert.'

'Nannie,' said the nice pretty mamma, authoritatively.

'I will not go with any one else, for he told me he liked mamma better than any one else in the world, and so do I,' and with a bound she reached his side, and caught his hand. 'It is true, I assure you, every one, and I like him, and the world has grown so pleasant since he came to it.'

'It is the shortest way,' said Mr Herbert, who saw no chance of Nannie's remarks being concluded by any

other means; and lifting her in his arms, stepped out on the gravel. Mrs Selwyn, much abashed, followed; and walking beside him, the dim twilight was still sufficient to show occasional glimpses of their figures at the openings between the lime and elm trees down the avenue.

Margaret stood in the window, watching their retreating figures. Frances came and stood beside her; soon the last glimpse was seen. Frances spoke low, and said, 'Is it brother and sister, do you think, Margaret?'

'Oh no,' she answered. 'Something more, I would say, as far as I can judge.'

And they turned from the window.

CHAPTER XVII.—IN WHICH THE COMPANY TAKE A FAIR START.

'Among unequals what society
Can sort, what harmony or true delight?'—MILTON.

'You have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do.'—SHAKESPEARE.

Never rose the sun on a more beautiful Thursday. Everything in nature seemed dressed for the occasion. A little rain had fallen during the night, brightening the moss and ferns, and brushing up the gay campion flowers in Landeris wood. Every bird was singing; even the sad notes of the curlew seemed only to subdue the scene; for, as the very breezes passed by, laden with sweet perfume, one could fancy the air almost too redolent with glorious happiness. From their quiet nooks, in tangled brushwood, the little rabbits peeped out, and then scampered away, frightened at the unusual stir and bustle, where hares, rabbits, and pheasants at other times reigned supreme. The great gates were thrown open, and a few chairs, intended for the matrons, placed within; several lots of felled timber were close to the gate, and might serve as seats for the younger part of the assembly. Half-an-hour before the appointed time, Sir Stephen Norris drove up to the place of meeting, in readiness to receive his guests as they should arrive; and shortly after, his brother also made his appearance. They had some time to wait, and the two brothers strolled about, criticising Sir Stephen's new horses, and discussing various arrangements for the day. Sir Stephen felt frightfully nervous. No wonder,

it was a tremendous undertaking for so shy a man; but, as there was now no help for it, his only wish was that some one would arrive, for his inactivity was gradually driving away the little courage he had had on leaving home, and, like Bluebeard's wife, he was incessantly calling out to his brother, and asking, in piteous tones, 'if he saw anybody coming.' After all, he was scarcely there more than ten minutes before the first party appeared in sight—honest, cheery Mr Whittlefield, driving his wife and two of his fat daughters in a pony carriage. He drew up before the gate; and without exchanging words with any one, drew from his pocket a massive gold watch (it had been his father's), and replaced it in his pocket, saying—

'Good! Holloa! Sir Stephen! here we are; good time, you see—twenty minutes before one; nothing like being early. I said to Mrs Whittlefield and the girls this morning, "Now all you be ready at the precise moment of twelve, for I start then. Many a person I have known miss a train by being late, and late no one in my family shall be. Supposing the pony should cast a shoe, or anything of that kind happen, why, twenty minutes would scarcely set us to rights; and, please goodness, we will all leave this house

with three-and-twenty minutes to spare." And, Sir Stephen, I tell you we have done it to a second; I drew in the pony the last half-mile on purpose."

"But, Mrs Whittlefield, am I only to have the pleasure of seeing two of your daughters?"

"Indeed, no, thank you, not at all. Miss Smith kindly promised seats to Bessy and Letty. You will see them presently; and, unfortunately, Kitty is still at her aunt's, and little Mary has hooping-cough, and it would not do to bring her."

Sir Stephen murmured a reply.

The next arrival was the Burleighs; then the Smiths; then the Coopers and Mr King; then, on foot, came the Misses Jones, and with them Miss Holmdon, who walked with them to the rendezvous, to join Mrs Wyndham, under whose wing her grandmother had placed her for the day; then came Dr Wyndham and his ladies, and with them Mrs Selwyn; next was seen Mr Beckford's carriage, and close behind, Dr Price in his phaeton, bringing two officers from Plimton; and before these had alighted, Colonel Wilmot dashed up in his handsome mail phaeton; and Sir Stephen found no reason to complain of compulsory inactivity: he had as much to do as one man could possibly accomplish.

"Ah! Sir Stephen," said Colonel Wilmot, throwing the reins to his servant, and jumping down, "a very fair assemblage, upon my word. Have we not got a glorious day? favourable to Venus and Cupid, that is clear. Do you not thank me for coming in the phaeton, when it was such a day for gallop. But I thought you might like the seat for some one. I congratulate you on the idea of the rendezvous here; it is only in England people are so unsociable as to find their own way to the dinner-ground, in family parties, and find their way home again in the same order afterwards; when, if you have no conveyance of your own, you may stay at home, and if you had a hundred seats to offer, you have no one within five miles who wants one. It is really worth driving two or three miles out of one's way to enjoy such a scene as this. We have the two extremes of nature and

art; and he glanced slyly at his two nieces, whose overdressed appearance entitled them to be included under the second head. They were having a whispered colloquy; it ended by Julia going up to Mrs Selwyn, who sat beside Annette Holmdon, on a felled tree, and saying—

"Whose is that carriage with the black horses?"

"Mr Herbert's."

"I thought so. Where is he?"

"At home, I daresay. He is not coming."

"Not coming at all?"

"I believe he has some thoughts of being at Prenderley this evening."

Julia conveyed the information to her sister, adding—

"I am very sorry I wasted my new bonnet; this sun will destroy it; all for nothing, too."

"Indeed, yes," said Augusta. "Julia, I never was in an assemblage of more vulgar people. Except ourselves, there is not a respectable person in the whole set. Now, Julia, recollect, if I was to be torn by wild horses, I will not, I am determined, sing one note to-day; of course, there are a good many people who have come with the expectation of hearing us; but any voice that I will have left, after talking to even the half of these people, I will reserve for the evening. One's voice is just lost screaming on the top of a hill; and the pillars in that room at Prenderley will throw out the sound delightfully. I think "O bid your faithful Ariel fly" would, after all, be the best; and when you see me going to begin, you might complain of a draught, and get the windows all shut, for of course there will be a dozen people at least complaining of heat. If it was only for a few minutes, you know, get it done, for where I have to "scale the mountains," if people will have open windows, the effect is quite lost; and I will be on the watch to do the same by you. What can they be waiting for now?"

At this juncture Mrs Simpson's phaeton drove up; the fourth seat of which was occupied by a red-headed, vulgar-looking child, a boy, apparently about nine years old. His mother led him by the hand, and advanced to meet Sir Stephen, who was hastening

out to assist the unlading of the phaeton.

'Sir Stephen, I have taken the liberty of bringing my son John. (John, speak to Sir Stephen.) He has never seen a ruin, and he has learned all about the castles the Romans built in our island, and having such a laudable desire to gain more information about them, I brought him to-day; and I have brought several books of reference with me, and will be happy to lend one for the day to any lady or gentleman who is disposed to take an antiquarian view of the remains.'

Sir Stephen led her to a seat, simply saying, 'I am glad to see you, John'; for some more arrivals required his presence at the entrance.

There were a very few more who had not arrived, but so few, that Sir Stephen began to arrange briskly how they were all to go. A group of the girls were seated, chatting and laughing, on the tree-trunks. Sir Stephen came up.

'Miss Wyndham, may I have the pleasure of driving you to Dollington?'

Margaret bowed her assent.

'Miss Rolleston, allow me to introduce Captain Loftus.'

The Beckfords could scarcely contain their surprise. They had been only dubious for the last week which sister he would take: Augusta was the elder, but he might prefer Julia, and they could scarcely credit their senses that they had rightly understood what had passed. He stood a few minutes chatting, as if in an irresolute mood; then he turned suddenly to Fidelia Burleigh, who sat on one end of a tree.

'Miss Burleigh, have you looked at my new horses?' and he offered her his arm in a most decided manner.

How surprised she was. She had never taken his arm in her life; she often had his brother's; but Sir Stephen was so shy and diffident, and so reserved. She rose, took the proffered arm, and walked away, followed by the wondering eyes of some of her late companions. Her sister was almost handsome; but she was quite plain. On a few steps until they were out of hearing, and then Sir Stephen, dropping the formal manner at once, said:

'Fidelia, I am going to put some-

thing to the test. Not exactly good nature; something more, I am afraid — feeling, perhaps. Do you think you can stand the test?'

'I hope I will; thank you for thinking I can,' said she, softly and pleasantly, unexpectedly gratified at his kind manner and frank use of her Christian name.

'I believe Robert has promised himself the pleasure of driving you in his tax-cart' (she blushed a little); 'he told me so. Can you divine my request?'

'To yield my seat,' she said, 'and go in some other conveyance!'

'You are aware to-day was arranged as a sort of festivity in honour of Dr Wyndham's family; that, you see, decides for me to take Miss Wyndham, so do not accuse me of undue selfishness. After them come various families, to whom I owe first civilities, greater strangers than you, my dear girl. I look to you for assistance. Robert refuses, but —'

'Do not say anything more,' she said. 'I am more gratified by your asking me to do it, than if you had allowed your brother his own way.'

'Thank you, a hundred times; remember you are engaged to come back with me this evening, unless you prefer trying the tax-cart. And remember the first evening or morning party you give, I am engaged for any number of hours, to dance with wallflowers, or drive conceited young ladies, or any bore you choose to arrange for me. Now, you have seen the horses, and it has given you quite a colour,' he added, laughing, as he led her back.

On their way they met Colonel Wilmot.

'Have you got a companion, Colonel?'

'No,' he said. 'I expect you will exert yourself in my behalf. Remember I do not want stout ladies, that I have to lift in and out again; and as I have not the face to propose to a young one, I will take any pleasant man you know. But, if ladies, remember I will not have my nieces; so be active.'

'Miss Fidelia Burleigh I request you will take, and take good care of too; do not run away with her either, for I am in a kind of way accountable for her.'

Colonel Wilmot expressed pleased acquiescence, and Sir Stephen led her to her former seat. He walked round the group. 'Miss Beckford, my brother hopes for the honour of driving you to Dollington,' he did not say pleasure, as he had in his own case—honour was the word, and the strong emphasis he used amused Fidelia very much.

There were still several young ladies unprovided with escorts, and they were naturally becoming rather angrily excited at seeing all the gentlemen portioned with all the ladies except themselves. Julia Beckford was one. She thought Robert Norris a very poor allotment for her sister; but her own case was growing much worse.

Sir Stephen was still bustling about.

'Miss Jones?'

'Thank you. I believe I shall try Mr Herbert's carriage.'

'Mrs Selwyn?'

'I am under Dr Wyndham's care.'

He had passed and re-passed Miss Holmdon, now as if going to speak, then suddenly changing his mind, and going on to some one else; then coming back, then addressing her next neighbour instead, so on a dozen times at least, until at last quite unexpectedly he stopped and spoke to her.

Miss Holmdon — She raised her head, with a proud, stony look, and waited for his continuing. He stammered: 'I should apologise for leaving you so long unprovided; but the gentleman I expected—I meant—I wished —' She looked steadily forward. She would not help him in one stammered syllable, but waited stiffly. In fact, has not arrived—has disappointed me, on your —'

'It is unnecessary,' she answered, in slow, measured voice. 'Mrs Wyndham is good enough to take charge of me. I go with her.'

He looked at her a moment, murmured some reply, and turned away. Margaret Wyndham stood listening, and watching the girl's face. He felt uncomfortable under the glance of those quiet eyes. It was a relief to cross over to Colonel Wilmot (who had been, with the natural interest of military man, inspecting the new rivals of his own cloth), and say—

'I took you rather at a disadvantage, Colonel, just now. It was scarce-

ly fair to propose a companion to you, in a lady's presence; but it was a dilemma, I assure you, forced me into it. You are as good a judge of appearances as I am; and my conjecture from them is, that the young lady is very likely to become my sister-in-law. I cannot say she is the kind of wife that I would choose for myself; but Robert pleases himself, and why should he not? There seems very little of anything particular in her; but I believe her to be thoroughly amiable, and they will do very well together, I have no doubt. I have insisted on Robert giving up her company on the road, and substituting your eldest niece. Not wishing to depreciate her, however, in the eyes of the Landeris world, and not being able to take her myself, I turned to you. I knew your kindness, and take it as a personal favour to myself your honouring my brother's intended, for such I prejudice her to be.'

'You are right, and quite sure of my co-operation. You with Miss Wyndham lead the way, and you will see an old soldier not very far behind.'

'Really, Julia, I would prefer seeing you at home. I think you will have to go with mamma after all. Intolerable inattention, to leave you to the last. Sir Stephen is very remiss.'

Julia looked thunderbolts.

'I must say, Augusta, it is very improper to accept invitations to drive with gentlemen, without referring to one's parents first. You have *carte blanche*, I daresay, to go as you please. But for young ladies who set up for such pieces of propriety as the Miss Wyndhams! I think the way that eldest one consented was scarcely consistent.'

Sir Stephen positively electrified her, by speaking quite close to her ear: 'I quite agree with you, Miss Beckford, so I took care to have Mrs Wyndham's consent beforehand.'

A sound of wheels was heard, and oh! astonishment! General Duckett and Mr Henry Duckett drove up.

'Better late than never,' cried their host; 'we were about to start without you.'

'And no wonder,' said the General, advancing, and shaking hands round and round. The party were all grouped round the gate, preparing to start.

'My sister and brother-in-law were unexpectedly detained at home, but will drive by the cross-road, and meet you at the foot of the hill.'

The Beckfords exchanged glances, and Julia was transported to find herself handed over to the tender mercies of Mr Henry Duckett, though very angry she would have been, had she known he was first proposed to Miss Holmdon, and refused a second time, in pretty much as positive terms as she had before answered Sir Stephen.

'Only imagine the Clares coming, Julia; I am quite glad I had on the bonnet, after all. But what can bring them to such an assembly?'

'It is ever the way: good-natured people always meet more good-nature than any people I know. But for my part, as it is not one good-natured person in one hundred who knows what is due to them, I would not be good-natured for the whole world.'

Certainly there were no symptoms of such a complaint.

Mrs Burleigh was unable to contain her astonishment when she saw Colonel Wilmot hand her second daughter into his phaeton, and she could not assign any probable reason for such unprecedented promotion. Equally so were the Colonel's two nieces, who exclaimed loudly to each other at the vulgar companions their uncle had selected.

'Just like him!' they said.

Meanwhile three very little ladies were having a doll's dinner in the Rectory garden; greatly enjoying the long holiday; when suddenly Mr Herbert appeared among them.

'Children, would you like to see the company all driving to Dollington?'

'Yes! yes!' they cried. 'Oh! if you please.'

'Run,' and he lifted Nannie in his arms, and, followed by Rose and Lucy, ran down the garden walk. He got them quickly over the stepping-stones, and up to the front of the house,

where stood a pony and cart that had been his brother's 'lang syne.' He placed the children into it, climbed up himself, and lifting the reins, drove off down a back entrance, every jolt of the cart drawing forth screams of delight from the children, who were in a state of excitement at this unexpected adventure. At last, at a turn of the road, he stopped, tied the reins to a branch of a tree, hurried his little companions down to the old porter-lodge, and astonished the inhabitants by walking in.

'Good-morning, Mrs Eaton. I have brought these little people to give them a sight of the ladies and gentlemen who will drive past.' (Oh fie, Mr Herbert, to make these children an excuse!) 'You may run about until you hear them coming, and then you must come in, for it would not do to have you seen.'

Past they came, one after the other, Sir Stephen heading the cavalcade. Colonel Wilmot close behind; and Mr Herbert stood in the window of the lodge, the three children in front, circled with his arms to prevent their bursting out; their curls forming a shield from under which he had a stolen peep at the party. He thought he felt such a strong interest in the party he had assisted to organise, that he would like to see how they all started. Without doubt, the Landeris air was making him into a gossip. Yes, that was how the case lay. He could have no particular interest in any one of the party more than another—not he. It was merely a charitable interest in a friend's party—nothing more. How little those four ladies, who so completely filled Mr Herbert's carriage, dreamed that the gentleman on whose absence they congratulated themselves and each other, as it gave them the entire freedom of his comfortable carriage, was looking at them, much amused, as they drove by.

CHAPTER XVIII.—ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS.

'Ah! Trot,' said my aunt, shaking her head, and smiling gravely—'blind, blind, blind!'

'Ah! Trot,' she said again, 'blind, blind, blind;' and without knowing why, I felt a vague unhappy loss or want of something overshadow me like a cloud.—DAVID COPPERFIELD.

'Why—home, Annette, so soon?'

'Yes, grandmamma.'

'Did you not arrange to go with Mrs Wyndham?'

'I did not care to go, I was so tired, and—and I have had so many hours of it to-day; and—I thought I would be home in time to tell you everything before you went to bed.'

'But, my dear child—Sir Stephen, what will he say?'

'I sent an apology by Mrs Wyndham.'

Half-an-hour passed, and Annette still sat by her grandmother's chair, detailing the various events of the day. To the old lady, everything seemed so smooth, so charming, the day and its pleasures, that she said, as she kissed the girl's forehead—

'Good-night, my love; you have had such a gay day; I am so glad of it, everything appears to have gone off well, and you have enjoyed yourself.'

'Good-night, dear grandmamma.'

'Only, I wish you had gone to Prenderley. I suspect it was on my account you came back. Go to bed, darling—pleasant dreams;' and the old lady shut her door.

'Pleasant dreams!' Annette said, as she walked along the lobby. 'I have had too many of them already;' and as she spoke, hastening her steps, she ran to her own room, shut the door quickly, set the candlestick on the table, and flinging herself on her knees by the bed, buried her face in the clothes, and burst into a violent fit of sobbing. 'Oh! how foolish, how mad I have been! Oh weary, weary day. Heaven forgive me, I hope I do not hate them. If I could but pass years over, and feel myself and all this old. What to do, to whom to turn? Poor grandmamma, she at least must not know what I think; I am so unworthy. What could I have been thinking of—vain, vain, vain;' and still she knelt, and sobbed, and moaned, and finally subsided into calmness, relieved by the violence of the outbreak; and the longing for some kind heart who would receive her sorrows, and counsel her, without being so wounded as her aged grandmother would be, passed away. She felt thankful that what she had suffered and thought was confined to her own bosom, and she lay down to rest, praying for strength to go through what her own heart told her must come to pass, from what she had seen that day.

When Dr Wyndham drove to Mrs Selwyn's house that evening, to leave

her at home, the door was opened, and the three children ran joyously out to greet her. 'It is tea-time, mamma,' said Nannie; 'and we are all so hungry,' said Lucy; 'and Mr —' But Dr Wyndham stifled Rose's information with a gentle 'Hush, my daughter.' He did not see any use in Miss Jones, who was in the phaeton also, hearing that Mr Herbert had come down to see Mrs Selwyn, and drink tea with her. After seeing them together a few times, he divined how matters stood; and not wishing the poor unprotected little woman should be exposed to more remarks than necessary, he crushed the announcement in the bud, and bidding Mrs Selwyn a smiling 'good-evening,' drove away.

'So everything "went off," as the saying is, most charmingly?' said Mr Herbert.

Tea was over, the children had run off to play. Mrs Selwyn still sat behind the tea equipage; and opposite, with his chin resting on his hands, his elbows on the table, his eyes fixed on Mrs Selwyn's face, listening to an animated general description of the party she was giving, sat her guest.

'Yes,' she said; 'and did quite well without you.'

'Thank you; I have no doubt. I know at least four people who rejoiced in my absence—besides you, I mean,' he laughed heartily.

'Who?'

'The four stout souls who went in the britzka.'

'Who told you? But indeed it is true. They congratulated each other all the way, I am told, on the circumstance. How did you know?'

'I saw them,' he said, 'and divined from Mrs Simpson's and Mrs Burrell's gesticulating conversation, and glance at the gate as they passed, what their opinion was. But I am conscious of being a social killjoy.'

'You are improved, and improving.'

Mr Herbert related his surreptitious peep at the cavalcade, very much to her amusement, and then asked her, 'Who took care of you?'

'Dr Wyndham; he is so thoughtful and kind. I have no loneliness of feeling when he takes me up, which he does at all times when he can; it brings back those dear old days again.'

'God bless him,' he said, in a husky voice. After a minute, he said, in his usual tone, 'And the other young ladies?'

'Not all quite to their own satisfaction, I am afraid. I heard Miss Smith say to Miss Rolleston, "that, for her part, she saw an end to all comfortable civility since those Wyndhams came to the country" (this was when the two were toiling up the hill without any assistance); "that formerly the Landeris gentlemen had some idea of paying general attention at parties of the kind, but that now, if those girls could take four arms apiece, they should have them. As it was, it was quite bad enough—she was sick to death of them; even Sam had taken the general mania, and never ceased talking of them, their figures and their faces, their music and their conversation, as if no one could talk or play except them." She was quite indignant, and not unduly so, considering the weakness of human nature, and the provocation received. Mrs Wyndham was a little behind, leaning on Sir Henry Clare; Mr Robert Norris and Colonel Wilmot had exchanged partners, so Miss Frances fell to the Colonel's care. Miss Wyndham was far in advance with our host; so, you see, they had a goodly proportion of the *élite* of the assemblage.'

'How did "mine host" comport himself?'

'Chivalrously and courageously, I assure you; he came out prodigiously in his attentions to Miss Wyndham.'

'To Miss Wyndham! Very good. How would that do, Annie?'

'What?'

'Sir Stephen and Miss Wyndham.'

'Oh no; I hope sincerely not.'

'Why not? I assure you I have been watching it with much interest since I came back.'

Mrs Selwyn pondered a moment.

'Your idea is new light; it never occurred to me before; so many circumstances rise to confirm your opinion. Annette, my poor child, I see now why you were so positive in declining Mrs Wyndham's chaperonage to Prenderley, begging her instead to be the bearer of an apology.'

'Annette! Why, do you mean Miss Holmdon? What of her?'

'Have you not seen Sir Stephen's

attention in that quarter? But perhaps not; they have almost ceased lately.'

'But are you quite sure? People are often mistaken.'

'Not, I think, in this case. It would be a breach of faith to go into particulars, even to you; but this I can assure you, that for twelve months he seemed most devoted; and from his manner and conversation, I would have said he left no room for doubt in the matter. From what I have heard him say to Mrs Holmdon, he evidently wished her to understand him.'

'Did she?'

'She did. I know it.'

'When did those attentions cease?'

'Since the Wyndhams came. I have no other data.'

'You amaze me; how was it? I never heard the thing whispered.'

'Because it was not known; I am more intimate with them than any one here, so I came to be aware of it; no one else is, I hope. Better so, when matters have taken the present turn. I see you are right; Sir Stephen is incessantly at the Rectory. It never struck me before.'

'And this is the end of my friend, for so I held him, deeming him at least true and honest. Oh, Annie, I begin to think there is no truth in man. I blush for my sex.'

'All the world is not so bad, though.'

'Not all, I hope; but a great part of it is. Shame—shame upon him; I did not think him such—such a ——— It is well you were present, Mrs Selwyn; I was about to use a very strong expression with regard to him. I shall never hold the same opinion of him again. Oh, Sir Stephen, you are little better than Vaughan Hesketh. Do you think Miss Holmdon suffers?'

'I am afraid she does.'

'If one could but do her any good; she is young and gentle, and seems so unfitted to bear a struggle. There is no distress, or scarcely any save bereavements, among the lower class, that cannot be relieved by charity; but one feels so powerless to help sensitive beings of our own class. I wish I could do her any good.'

'It is too late, I fear; besides, what could one do?'

'Do you know my opinion of Miss Wyndham?'

'No,' and Mrs Selwyn looked up a little curiously.

'I think her a girl of most generous mind, singularly so. I cannot but believe, did she know the case—that is to say, supposing her own affections were not deeply engaged—she would be the last one to stand in the light of another's. I have at least faith in her, judging from what I have seen; if some one would give her a hint——'

'Yes, but who would do that? And then consider how it would compromise Miss Holmdon.'

'You know Miss Wyndham very well, and I am sure,' he said, smiling, 'there does not live the woman who could more delicately convey such a meaning. Girls, I am told, are always talking of such things as love and matrimony; could you not introduce it as if accidentally?'

'I am afraid you do not know very much of "girls," when you think people can interfere with impunity in such matters. Give it up, Vernon; it will not do.'

'Impunity! if that is all, I do not fear it. I am not one of the "girls" you seemed to think I mentioned so disrespectfully just now; and rather than it should not be done, I would do it myself. Besides, Sir Stephen deserves a little punishment. I would like to administer it very well.'

'How, pray?'

'Why, by exposing his conduct to Miss Wyndham, and letting her into the truth.'

'Very good; but have you considered by what right you interfere between Miss Wyndham and her admirers, and the probable construction that would be placed upon it?'

He understood her, and sat silent, his brows knitted together. She rose from her seat.

'And now, most doughty Don Quixote, it is half-an-hour beyond the time at which you had promised to come to the aid of several distressed damsels, who are doubtless dejected, and sighing for their valiant knight, and you have two miles to drive, and one to walk, before you meet your carriage—I beg your pardon, your charger, I ought to say, for such a mode of conveyance would be most fitting; but truth will out. So good-night; and she extended her hand. 'Remember,' she continued, 'you have a noble field to-night, room for any feat of daring, of tongue or arms. I shall hear from you to-morrow, writing to me like Julius Cæsar, I came, I saw, I conquered. Good-night.'

'Good-night; but, indeed, I am more inclined to go home than to Prenderley. I would not wish to insult my host, and I dare not trust myself, I feel so wrathful at him. I am sure I shall be anything but an assistance to pass the evening pleasantly.'

'By no means; don't visit your indignation on innocent heads. Be as agreeable as you can to the ladies, and leave Sir Stephen to his own conscience, and the fates. Believe me, dear friend, it is no case for you and me to step into. Heaven knows, for Annette's sake, I wish it were. I could not help laughing at you, but for all that I feel it as strongly as you do.' He was almost gone, but she called after him—'Do not quarrel with Margaret, remember.'

What did she mean?

CHAPTER XIX.

HIGH SPIRITED.—DIE LUGENMAEULER SOLLEN VERSTOPFET WERDEN.

'She's pulled down a bit since she came,' said Karen. 'She's got her mind up high enough, any way, for all she's gone through.'

'Who haint,' said Clam? 'Haint the governor *his* mind up high enough? And you can't pull him down, but you can her.'

'His don't never need,' said Karen.

'Well, I don't know,' said Clam; 'but them high minds is a trial.'

THE HILLS OF THE SEATEMUG.

'Quarrel with Margaret! What nonsense some women talk at times, even the best of them. There was no occasion for Mrs Selwyn to say that. Did she think he was going to Prenderley to pick a quarrel with Miss

Wyndham, because Sir Stephen Norris had chosen to act badly? If he chose to deceive a lady with a supposed attachment for her, and then leave her for the first new fair face he met, that was no reason why the fair

face was to be blamed. Far from it, however he might condemn his friend. As Miss Frances Brown said—

"I had a friend—'twas a strange mistake,
In a poor false world like this to make—
And how our friendship sped
It matters not;"

So he determined it should make no difference in his estimate of the lady, who was not in fault. No! certainly not; Miss Wyndham had nothing to do with it.

It is a bad symptom in any favourite dogma, if the advocate be obliged to assert and defend it very strongly; it is not always that it bears defending, but oftener that it requires it. It is like the social position of a *parvenu*, too fragile to be left to stand on its own recognisances, and requires stout battle to be done for it strongly and frequently. This great battling makes people suspicious. Do not 'Fanny Fern,' and the 'Family Herald,' and other sentimental publications, assure the public, day after day, that the only wife a man will or ought to take, is one well versed in every homely household knowledge? Ah! will and ought are different words: even with the additional weight of the starched maiden lady who drew the Lucilla in 'Coelebs' as a domestic pattern, we see the men of this day setting all these wise women's saws at naught, and marrying pretty, useless dolls, for any reason in the world but their housewifery attainments. Let no one suppose, however, that any constraint is here meant to be laid on men's choice; they may marry whom and how they please; we don't care; we never yet saw the wife we would change places with. But we wish merely to call attention to a popular fallacy, *en passant*; so now '*revenons à nos moutons*.'

Mr Herbert, in his heart, would he but have confessed it, felt a little incensed at Margaret Wyndham (where is the man, we ask, who would not?—it is but human nature), not as an accessory to the theft of a heart, but as the receiver (though innocent of the knowledge) of stolen goods. And you know, good reader, that men, though professing a most charitable blindness to a lady's fault—too gallant to do otherwise—still in secret accuse the syren who, Surline like,

charmed the warrior into the stream, where the sweeping current carried him remorselessly away.

So several days passed on after the Prenderley gaieties, and Mr Herbert went little to the Rectory. He called one morning, but there were other visitors present, and he made a short formal affair of it, and soon rode away. But he knew that, though his visits had declined, another gentleman's had not; for it seemed, as he fixed his glass and looked towards the Rectory, that a man incessantly walked up and down holding the bridle of that fine black horse; it seemed as if he never missed them from the door, the man and steed; but the horse was never put up now as it used to be, and his master rarely staid till evening, as in the days of early acquaintance he had often done. 'She was right,' he said; 'it was no business of mine, and I am sure Miss Wyndham would not thank me for advising the dismissal of a baronet. Well, I am disappointed in them; I did think them more unspotted from the world. Sir Stephen! I have no words for him; he is a thorough villain. Faugh! he is, he is.'

'Really,' he said, one morning, as he stood about half-past seven o'clock trying to peer through a mist, that covered the earth that autumn season, into the Wyndhams' garden, 'there is no denying it—John would scarcely believe, were he even here to see it; but I am growing a most inveterate gossip. It must be the air of the place; nothing else I know would account for it. I will very soon be slipping down to the village in the evenings, to have a little quiet tea and scandal from the Joneses, for I grow absolutely worse and worse every week. It is a very vulgar vice, I know, but it is most irresistible.'

Now the idea of the very exclusive Mr Vernon Herbert standing half-dressed for the space of half-an-hour in his dressing-room window, trying to make out the features of that slight man who is walking about his neighbour's garden, it is very low, very low indeed; and he walked from the window, and proceeded most rapidly to complete his toilet. Down-stairs to the library. Ha! the first stride is to the window. Well, Mr Herbert, you have renounced that habit, of course;

I am sure you are quite unconcerned, though you see the morning mist clearing away, and the sun breaking forth and lighting up the distant hills, and nearer home shining on the tinted brown and amber leaves along the river bank, and revealing two figures pacing up and down the long walk in earnest conversation. It is one of the girls, but which? Her large straw hat conceals her face—their height is so similar, and they so frequently dress alike; her hand is resting on the man's arm, and still they pass to and fro. Oh, that a quick breeze would strip every tree bare for the nonce, till a clear view could be seen; but, then, alas! there is no hope, for there are hollies, and those tall stately yews, and those laurel-trees, and there is a gigantic straggling branch of mistletoe growing out of that oak, and waving over the girl's head as she walks, an emblem of past Christmases, and many more perhaps yet to be in the same company she now is in—perhaps only. God knoweth. But they take no heed even of the mistletoe. Many a time they have jested of being taken under mistletoes, but there is no jest now. Quiet earnest talk, grave subdued words and wishes, hope beating high in young hearts (it is ever so), a little fear intermingled, and much glad, or would-be-glad, anticipation of a day yet to come, they pray: so the minutes pass, and then the loud voice of a bell, the prayer-bell, calls them back to the house, and thoughts and words back to real house life now. They pass in, and the mistletoe sways backwards, and sways forwards, all unconscious of the golden hour those young hearts have passed beneath its shadow, an hour fraught with pain, as all such hours on this earth must ever be. But an intermingling is necessary; the true metal needs some alloy, or it would not stand the wear and tear, the rubbing and stamping, the coin requires to pass current even among men.

Breakfast seems to be over. They are all out now, and in the warm autumn sun they can sit under the tree on the rustic seat. An hour passes; they are all there still. Yet a little, and the two girls are sitting on the seat; the slight gentleman sits between them. At the end of another hour, they are all gone within-doors.

Another hour, and Mr Herbert rides under the elm-trees along the gravelled pathway, up to the Rectory-door. The servant answers his summons—'No one within,' she says; 'they are gone out to drive.' So he rides away home, alone; he had allowed his curiosity to lead him there, and now he must go back without finding out what he wanted so much to know. Fie! fie! naughty gentleman; what business is it of yours who the gentleman is who seems so intimate, and walks arm-in-arm, with your pretty neighbour? You have nothing to say to them; one is most likely to be Lady Norris, and you have a dim vision of Mr Henry Duckett sitting in the recess of a window at Prenderley, whispering very suspiciously to the other. You had better console yourself for your disappointment, and take a gallop through the woods. The whirling leaves dancing before and around you, and the showers the mischievous wind is scattering on your head, are in good unison with the wayward, uncertain ways of women; and you may see another emblem of them in the changed colours of the foliage, that only two or three weeks of autumn have brought about.

He saw no more of the strange visitor, and the next time he saw the Wyndhams, they made no mention of any guest in particular, and all went on as usual: Sunday, with the church services and the customary devotions; Monday like many a previous one; Tuesday like Monday, and Wednesday like Tuesday, and so on till Sunday again, till autumn had merged into an early winter, and the trees in the Rectory garden were bare enough, too bare; for now in the damp chilly days the girls were little in the garden, and poor Mr Herbert felt very lonely. Whether it was owing to the cold weather, or to other influences, is not known, but he did not see the black horse led backwards and forwards as much as formerly, and often, when he felt inclined to call at the Rectory, by the time he rode to the door (the autumn rains had covered the river stepping-stones), he would find the young ladies were out walking. Mrs Wyndham, whom he most frequently saw, would tell him that she wished the girls to walk early in the day, the afternoon fogs were

trying, and they were not too strong. And so by degrees the intimacy of those summer days had under autumnal skies assumed a bleaker aspect, and unconsciously perhaps it was, but he saluted them rather formally when they did meet.

One day he was sitting with Mrs Selwyn, when Miss Cooper drove to the door. He had never liked her, so he rose at once, intending to make his escape, when Mrs Selwyn implored of him to remain.

'You know,' she said, 'Miss Cooper prides herself on "speaking her mind," and she takes such extraordinary subjects to speak her mind upon, that I always prefer having some third person present, to turn the conversation, or to give me courage. It is scarcely fair to ask you, but I am sure such a fine day will bring some visitors who will relieve you.'

He sat down again, and Miss Cooper came in, but several minutes elapsed without anything very disagreeable being said, and he began to think it was quite unnecessary to remain any longer, when he was suddenly released by the entrance of Mrs Simpson and Miss Jones, and he very gladly made his escape. About half-an-hour after, he was returning, and passing the cottage, saw Mrs Burleigh's phaeton before the door, which brought to his mind that he had some business with Mr Henry Burleigh; and he being from home, it would be necessary to obtain his address. He ran in, and placed his hand on the handle of the drawing-room-door. What a buzz came from within of voices! all seemed speaking at once. He opened and entered. The company had received some additions; besides the ladies he had left there, Mr Smith and his sister, and Mrs Burleigh and her daughters, had joined the circle.

It was evident something quite out of the usual course of events had taken place; and, though there was a slight suspension of hostilities when he appeared, the matter was too important to be easily laid aside, and in a moment all tongues went on as before. Mr Herbert stood hat in hand at the window, waiting vainly for an opportunity of addressing Mrs Burleigh, who was, in an excited tone, relating something to Mrs Selwyn, interrupted at inter-

vals by corrections from Miss Jones and Miss Cooper—who would each most willingly have been the narrator themselves—and ejaculations from Mrs Simpson of 'Did you ever?' or from Miss Smith of 'I never!' and the confusion produced to the listener by the obscurity of their nominative cases, would have distracted even those who had been present at the commencement of the *raconte*. 'And she said—no, I am wrong; it was you who said that.' 'But I beg your pardon, they both said,' &c.

'And now, Mr Herbert,' said Mrs Burleigh, suddenly wheeling round on him, 'what do you think of the affair?'

This was said in a triumphant tone, as much as to say, 'We knew how these people would turn out, though some others that shall be nameless did not.'

'Of what affair, ma'am?' he answered.

'Of this Wyndham business; did you not hear?'

'I! no, I have heard nothing. I do not even know what you allude to.'

'A wanton insult,' said Mrs Simpson.

'Most insufferable people,' said Miss Jones.

'I would not bear it,' said Miss Smith.

'This it was ——' said Mrs Burleigh.

'You might let me tell,' said Miss Jones; 'it was with me it took place.'

'But it was in my house,' retorted the other lady.

'I heard it all, every word,' broke in another. 'I can tell you ——'

'Why,' rushed on Mrs Burleigh, determined on carrying her point, 'we had a few young friends yesterday evening at my house, and naturally enough we asked the Wyndhams—the two elder girls—and a very pleasant evening we were having, as those present can testify;' and she looked round at her sympathising auditors.

'Very,' they one and all said, anxious for her to get on with the story.

'Tea, and coffee, and sally lunn, and light cake, and these kinds of things, were all over, and some of the people were having a game of "old maid" at one table, and Miss Smith had been good enough to sing, and Mr Smith had been playing spellicans with Sarah ——'

'All that was over,' said Matilda Jones, growing impatient at the details.

'I am coming to it presently,' said Mrs Burleigh, indignantly. 'And we had even discussed whether it would be advisable to have a quadrille or not. As we had not many gentlemen, and the Wyndhams did not dance, and might not like it, we had given that up, and made arrangements for a game of "post," and were very nearly beginning it, when suddenly my attention was drawn to one corner, where Frances Wyndham and Matilda Jones were in talk, by hearing Frances say, "Could it not be that your informant was under a mistake?" and Matilda saying, "That is what I never knew him to be, so it is very unlikely he would be so in this case —"'

'But,' said Matilda, 'that is not the beginning; I will tell —'

'I am telling what I heard,' with a withering glance at Miss Jones for interfering.

'The way was this,' said Mrs Simpson. 'Miss Jones —'

'I beg your pardon,' said Leanora, 'did it not begin with Miss Frances Wyndham?'

'In a way it did, but —'; and Miss Jones was silenced for the moment by Mrs Burleigh.

'Well, the next thing was Miss Wyndham saying, "Oh, I thought she did not answer that at all."'

'But I heard —'

'You are telling it all wrong.'

'You have not heard it yet.'

And that at least was true; and Mr Herbert saw little chance of any advance being made; each was determined to prevent the others from telling, and also to be themselves the historian. At last, Miss Cooper, in the most strongminded way, by dint of raising her voice to the very loudest 'sol' that Mainzer ever sung, obtained a hearing for a few minutes, and by plunging right into the middle, carried most of the assembly's votes with her.

'It was all about General Duckett. Miss Jones told what he did in the Indian war; and Miss Wyndham professed virtuous indignation at any one maligning so worthy a gentleman and officer: and Miss Jones was determined she should not have it all her own

way, and told her so; and Miss Frances said, she did not like false statements to get into circulation about so dear a friend, when a small word from her might correct the mistake: and Matilda said —'

'Indeed,' burst in that lady, 'I was bent on settling *her*. She had not got a fool to deal with. As if any person could not see what a fine thing it was to do battle for a general, and call him your particular friend, and not choose to hear any disagreeable truths about him. So, to put her down, I told her the General was my particular friend, too; and were I not certain the information was correct, I would be most reluctant to circulate it; but, seeing it was true, he could not expect people would be dumb about it.'

'And then she said something about being sure of the information being correct; but Miss Jones soon took that leg from under her, by saying, she had her information from an officer of high standing in the British army.'

'And her next point was, perhaps there was some mistake as to the name; but bless you, my friends, I was not so easily put to silence. I gave her quite enough of it, I can assure you.'

'And would have given more, had not your brother prevented you,' said Miss Cooper.

'But of what,' asked Mr Herbert, 'was General Duckett accused?'

'During the Sikh war —' said one.

'After the Affghan war —' said another.

'It was the time of the Cabul war —' said a third.

'No matter where,' said Mrs Burleigh; 'I daresay they are all the same place, called by a different name. Where is not the point; but he did it. He was general, or brigadier, or colonel, or some of those ranks where they have to send to head-quarters the names of some of the officers who had distinguished themselves, as being worthy of promotion; but, instead of sending them according to merit, he merely chose out the aristocratic ones, and forwarded them, and the only ones of the more plebeian class he put forward were those with whom he had dealings about money matters. Indeed, there was a great deal said

about gambling, too; that was the worst part.'

'It is a grave charge to bring, Mrs Burleigh,' said Mr Herbert. 'I wonder you are not afraid to speak of it. Do you know that, could your last clause be proved, he could be disgraced and excluded from British service; and that an action for slander brought against you would most unhesitatingly be given in his favour? and you can suppose what the damages would amount to. I do not think it possible such a thing could be concealed to this time, so I agree with Miss Wyndham; there must be a mistake somewhere. The officer you speak of as having told you is not doing his duty, if he conceals such knowledge; especially one of, as you tell me, "good standing;" his word would carry weight with it.'

There was dead silence. No one cared to speak any more just then; the idea of an action-at-law was too terrible a thing to be calmly contemplated. Still Miss Jones had no wish to be defeated thus ingloriously; she would make one struggle more.

'The Wyndhams are so "stuck-up;" I cannot stand their ways. And I am sure my brother's word is as good as theirs any day; for I have no objection, as we are among friends, to state, that my brother, Captain Jones, of the Royal Artillery, was the person I heard it from; though I would not gratify that spiteful girl, by telling her who it was that told me.'

'Really,' said Miss Smith, 'for perfect strangers as these Wyndhams are, to attack an old resident thus, it is too bad; don't you allow that, Mr Herbert?'

'Why,' he said, in a good-humoured voice, 'Miss Smith, we must make allowances for the General being an old friend. We must place ourselves in her position, and see how we would feel. I am sure there is not one present here who would not be ready and willing to defend an absent friend, too.'

'Pon m'honna,' said little Mr Smith, wriggling about, and rubbing his hands, 'she's game; 'ponna word she is. I never saw such blood, such spiwit; pwositively I adwore it. Swir, you would whave dwone so twoo, whad you wheard her; 'pon my lwife, she's diwine.'

'Quite too much spirit,' said Mrs Simpson; 'any young lady who allows her colour to rise so, and get into such excitement about nothing at all, shows a great deficiency of moral training. To argue for at least a quarter-of-an-hour, quite regardless of all the people who had gathered round to hear what it was all about, shows a want of modesty and feminine feeling. I should be sorry to think any daughter of mine would ever conduct herself after such a fashion.'

Just at this juncture, Mrs Selwyn's maid entered the room, and handed Miss Jones a note.

'Dr Wyndham's servant left it at your house, ma'am, and Mrs Jones sent it down.'

Miss Jones eagerly broke the seal, glanced over the contents, and then read aloud—

'MY DEAR MISS JONES,—On reviewing with my sister our conversation of last evening, respecting General Duckett, I am afraid that, in the warmth of my defence of our oldest friend, and my sister's godfather, I may have been led to make use of some expression which might appear intended as personal towards yourself. Should such have been the case, I regret it extremely; it was never meant; for I am perfectly aware that no one holds in common with me a higher respect and veneration for that gentleman than you do; and I have the more pleasure in saying so to one in whom I am sure he has, and will ever find, a warm friend, notwithstanding the charges alleged against him. Yours, my dear Miss Jones, in all sincerity, very faithfully,

FRANCES WYNDHAM

'Landeris Rectory, Friday Morning.'

One looked at the other in dumb amazement. Such an extraordinary proceeding on the young lady's part had no precedent in the annals of Landeris. And it was so totally unexpected, that really no one had a word to say. Besides, Mr Herbert's manner had rather implied a defence than a condemnation of Miss Frances Wyndham's warlike measures, and no one wished to commit themselves by giving an opinion in his hearing. But as to that gentleman, he cared not what they said: he had heard enough, and without mentioning what he came

for, shook hands rapidly with some, bowed to the others, and hurried away. How proud he felt of the fine, magnanimous creature, with her fresh, young blood, maintaining what she considered right for her friend, and yet with such a modest distrust of her own manner of doing it. He would not for the world have staid to hear one comment upon her note. What cared he what they thought: he only saw the petty spite, the low malice, the narrow-minded indignation, of the vulgar party who condemned the young lady so vilely, for what any one should have done under the circumstances. He could not see what harm there was in what she had done; and he longed to go and shake heartily the fair hand that penned that lady-like apology for a fault never committed. That, too, was a curious compound; and he had no doubt, from its paradoxical character, that her sister had been present at its composition. There was dignity in the first clause asserting itself, which then descended to contrition, and the triumphant woman's 'last-word' clause at the conclusion, maintaining still the mere allegation of the charges; the fine, high, proud spirit that could tamely bear no insult to one she loved and honoured so highly. And then he laughed again at the astonished expression on the countenances of the whole coterie, when the note was read; the note brought forth by the exercise of a most unworthy spirit in Miss Jones.

None knew better than he did how little the Wyndhams valued externals; their treatment of himself was a good example of that. And now for the first time it occurred to him, that where he had felt hurt at their supposed neglect of him, in preferring the society of almost any one in the parish to himself, the truth was, they scorned to seek to intrude themselves on him; and he had also a clear perception of the animadversions which another course would have subjected them to.

Oh! the petty malice of little minds!

Mr Herbert walked on, and soon Miss Jones and friends in the village were half-a-mile behind, and the late conversation was almost half-a-mile behind too, for he was now pondering on some improvements he meant to

make on his property, and he walked in that direction, in order to look over the ground. Presently he descried in the distance, far on in the green lane in which he walked, four figures, that he well knew, very well; for through many summer days he had watched, first from curiosity, afterwards from a stronger interest, their busy movements among the trees on the farther side of the river close by his own house.

He was about to hasten after them, when the sight of a horseman coming from the other direction meeting the Miss Wyndhams, and reining in his steed, checked him. The black horse and his master again! No! wrong for once; it was only Dr Price, who, after a few moments' conversation, made his parting bow, and rode on. 'This idiot,' muttered Mr Herbert between his teeth, 'will keep me standing an hour, and they will be beyond overtaking when he lets me free.' On rode the complaisant doctor, and on walked the waxing wrathful squire, who muttered, 'in for boredom,' as Dickens writes it. But what a pity so much wrath should be wasted! The physician rode up, merely slackening his pace, to say, 'Good-morning, sir. I beg your pardon, I am riding hot haste to see a patient; life and death; good-day!' and swelling with fancied importance, Æsculapius dashed on. 'I wish your patient joy!' said the relieved pedestrian, and only waiting to put a turn of the road between them, fairly ran. As he neared the objects of his pursuit, he trod on the grass, so as to be up with them before they were aware of his vicinity. Then he saw the fourth figure was not Rose Wyndham, as he supposed, but a little girl, quite of the humbler class, who walked along most unconcernedly by the young ladies' side; and what not a little surprised him, Margaret and Frances each carried a tin can. A moment's reflection suggested that the little girl might be the child of one of his own labourers, and the pails might be hers; but what had the young ladies to say to them?

'Pray allow me,' he said, extending a hand towards each can.

'No, thank you,' said Margaret; 'they are not heavy.'

'But I cannot see you ——'

'I am very self-willed, Mr Herbert; so pray do not be shocked at my pertinacity.'

'You will be shocked at mine; but will you not, Miss Frances Wyndham —'

'Is equally obstinate,' said that young lady, 'and equally obliged.'

'Are not all the blackberries over?'

'I believe so, but these are not blackberry cans; they belong to that child,' pointing to where she had fallen behind.

'What is your name, little girl?'

'Mary Bloss, sir.'

'Where are you going, Mary Bloss?'

'With father and brother's dinner, sir, to the bean-fields.'

'Is the dinner in the cans?'

'Yes, sir.'

'And why do you allow these young ladies to carry them, when I am sure your mother told you to do it yourself?'

'Please, sir, Miss Wyndham offered. I hurt my foot, and it is hard to walk so far on it, with the dinner too; the road is long and rough, sir, from home. Please, sir, I will take them now: I did not know it was any harm; Miss Wyndham took 'em herself.'

'Nor is it,' said Margaret. 'Mr Herbert, I will feel grateful if you do not tease the child. You see you have quite frightened her; and carrying these does us no harm.'

'Nor would it me, if you would allow me.'

'But you are Mr Herbert, you know, sir,' said Lucy.

'And you?'

'We are only the Wyndhams.'

'Well, little lady, wherein lies the difference?'

'We are not proud, sir; at least my sisters are not.'

Mr Herbert laughed, and her sisters called out, 'Oh! Lucy!'

'And I am, I see, too proud to be kind—eh, Lucy?'

'Oh no, sir, you are very kind, and that is what I do not understand of you. I never saw a proud person kind before.'

'What do you call being kind?'

'Doing the things for people that they like and want most, or something they never knew how much they wanted before.'

'Now, had I met the little girl, and

given her a shilling, she would like that, and still she would not have known before how much she wanted it. Would that do?'

Lucy shook her head. 'I cannot bring the right words, sir, but I do not think your kindness would be the right kind; it would not help Mary to the field, nor have told her how to heal her foot, as Margaret did.'

'Quite right, little woman; you are quite a philosopher. So you think I am proud?'

'A little, sir.'

'I must get your sister to give me a cure for that, as she did for Mary's foot. Now, if she would let me have a can to carry, that would be a beginning.'

'The beginning must be postponed,' said Margaret.

'It is very odd,' resumed Lucy, 'that you should say that, for Frances said she thought the cans were doing her good, too; she had something the matter with her to-day, called out of sorts; I do not know if it is a painful thing —'

'Indeed it is, Lucy. I must confess, Mr Herbert, to that most unamiable of traits: I am exactly as Lucy says—"out of sorts."'

'You are the most amiable personification of the malady I ever met; if you could see me under the affliction, you would pity me.'

'And myself too, I daresay, for having to endure such society. On the same principle, I pity every one most sincerely.'

'Be quite certain we require your pity.'

'Please, Mr Herbert, do not contradict me. I cannot bear it very philosophically to-day; I give you fair warning.'

'Nor last night,' he said, slyly glancing at her rising colour.

'Oh, Mr Herbert; indeed I could not help that. I scarcely know how it all came about.'

'I beg your pardon,' he said, seeing tears standing in her eyes; 'I should not have alluded to it; and turning to Margaret, talked volubly for a few minutes, giving Frances time to recover herself, and then by degrees drew her on to join in their conversation.'

Presently they came up to the gate

of the field where Mary was to part with them, which she did with grateful thanks; and Mr Herbert, quite forgetting the forester, who had already waited one hour for him, to come with his projected changes ready for explanation, and forgetting all but his fair companions, saw them to their own gate, and then hurried home, to dress for a family dinner at Prenderley.

'They are a strange compound,' said Sir Stephen, confidentially, after dinner to Mr Herbert. 'I always considered them as rather proud, until I heard an anecdote of them that Dr Price had been telling, about them carrying dinners to the labourers in the field, in tin cans. Price seemed to think it rather "*infra dig.*" I do not know quite what I think myself.'

Mr Herbert related as much of the particulars of his walk as he thought would be judicious, and then Sir Stephen at once decided it was not '*infra dig.*'

'I must say,' Sir Stephen went on, 'that Miss Jones behaved in a most unwarrantable and unladylike way last night. I wonder Miss Frances kept her temper at all, under the very abusive allusions and accusations levelled at her family and friends. She did her part most nobly; you would have admired her beyond all present, had you heard how nicely she spoke, in how ladylike a manner, and yet how bravely she stood up for her friend. I would be a proud man, Mr Herbert, if I thought I could ever attain to such a point of friendship with any of that family, as to deserve, or even to hope, for one-tenth part of what Miss Frances said being ever said or thought of me.'

Mr Herbert laughed, and his thoughts

(*To be Continued.*)

involuntarily ran back to a conversation he had held with Mrs Selwyn the evening of the Prenderley party, and, by a natural progression, he thought next of his morning visit at the cottage that day, and he gave Sir Stephen a slight sketch of what had passed, saying, as he concluded—

'Defence was useless, in an ordinary way; besides, they did not deserve anything bearing the semblance of conciliation, and I was very glad it occurred to me to suggest to them that they ran the risk of an action-at-law. I knew it would be the best chance of stopping the whole discussion; self-preservation is a grand provision of nature in men and women, as well as in the brute creation. I tried also to look as grave as possible upon it.'

'I am convinced, if they each gave expression to their fear, it would be that you would probably tell General Duckett, as you know him very well, all that had passed, with what each had said about him, the next time you met.'

'A very wholesome fear, if they do; but fortunately the General and I have other and better subjects to discuss when we meet. I should be sorry to do such a foolish thing; it would perhaps annoy him, one cannot be sure; and I do not consider what a knot of old women, or young ones either (begging their pardon), in a country town, say of one to be of much importance, more especially as his world and theirs, in a mental as well as a social point of view, are as diverse almost as St Giles and St James.'

Of course Sir Stephen agreed, which he generally did with those he honoured and liked, as he did Mr Herbert; and their conversation lasted much longer, with pleasant results to both gentlemen.

Drawing-Room Troubles.

NO. VIII.—THE INADVERTENT MAN.—PART III.

BY MOODY ROBINSON, ESQUIRE.

The 'Inadvertent Man' shall claim another sheet,
To show how well he tumbled on his feet.

One morn from weary restlessness he rose,
To find two letters on his breakfast table;

On viewing one, his very heart-strings froze,
Nor to believe his error was he able.
It was inscribed 'Dead letter.' With a groan,
He read that 'None such is at Berk'ley known.'

Here was the mystery, and its proper meaning.
Good heavens! all this weary length of time,
That had with so much pain been intervening,
He had been proud, disdainful, quite sublime,
Calling his love 'coquette'—a flirt—a snare—
And she unconscious of the whole affair.

Fool that he was—it left him room for hope.
He cast his eyes upon the envelope;
Oh! anger, indignation—there he found
His hapless note had gone an ample round.
All the young maids round Berk'ley's ancient hold,
Of names like hers, had with the note been bold;
With various answers was the letter cross'd,
Or with critiques and sentiments endorsed.
Some criticised his style, and some his means;
Ask'd if towards a cottage love he leans;
Or, was the lady modest, or a beauty;
What were his notions of a woman's duty?
Some thought the note too warm—the lady wrong
If she accepted. One, more frank and strong,
Wrote thus: 'You're just the kind of man I'd like to choose,
And I am willing, should your love refuse.'
No wonder, with some bitterness and ire,
He threw his love-epistle in the fire!

The other missive was a perfumed note
(Neatly directed in a lady's hand—
A hand he ought to know—he didn't know't),
Came through the fingers that he would command.
It invitation was to view a private play
In the aunt's house, and thus run on to say—

'My dear sir, I've lately lent my house
To an old friend, who's writ a pretty farce;
I hope you will your olden friendship rouse,
For of young beaux our audience will be sparse;
Your lengthen'd absence puts me in despair—
Even my niece is wondering where you are.

'Emmy, indeed, will take the lady's part—
The walking lady—heroine, I suppose;
We wish'd your aid in histrionic art,
To be my niece's lover, but now we've chose
(Not finding you) another, who's consented
To act to her—it couldn't be prevented.

'Only last night, we tried a dress rehearsal.
The lovers look'd most charming—quite a match—
And warbled duets from the works of Pearsal
In such delicious style—we hope to catch
Double encores—to make the play go fairly.
We shall be very crowded—pray, come early.'

The young man tore the note in bits asunder;
Here was an issue to his foolish blunder.
Not only did he now good chances miss
Of being the actor of his future bliss;

But worse his luck, another had his part
To play the lover—p'raps with all his heart!
What right had she—yes, after what we know—
To look so charming with another beau?
'Quite a match'—what kind of match, begad!
'Singing duets'—I think I shall go mad;
My Emmy thus, I think my brain will burst;
At any rate, I'll have my breakfast first.
The breakfast brought the 'Times,'—and then a smoke,
Which calm'd him down to think it quite a joke,
Such fun to have a rival—really jolly
To know it was his own consummate folly.

We'll leave his fancies to their own devices,
And hurry forward to this story's crisis.

* * * *

The theatre was domestic, by the making
The larger of two drawing-rooms a hall
For the kind audience (who were almost baking)
As pit and boxes, gallery and stall.
The rear saloon was hidden from the gaze
By a green curtain of the Thespian baize.

The author was a lady—silent sitting
Close to the glare thrown by the lower lights,
Trying to smile (her brows unconscious knitting),
As if quite careless of her fame's delights;
The fame to come, for nothing well could harm her;
The audience too polite to damn the drama.

Around her group'd her nearest, dearest friends,
All complimenting, very much surprised
To think she had such gifts—a thought that tends
To hint of her—they couldn't be surmised:
The more they praised, the more they seem'd to say,
'We thought you were a fool until to-day.'

The play was written as a melo-drama;
Part in farce, and partly sentimental.
Something about the daughter of a farmer,
Who loved, of course, a man without a rental.
The farmer stopp'd (of course) his daughter's marriage,
Until the rentless man could keep a carriage.

This was the plot.—Then in the op'ning scenes
The comedy of low life was presented;
Not as she wrote it—but by other means
Her sons, who acted, had themselves invented:
Their speeches' heads and cues they learnt perforce,
But fill'd the spaces with their own discourse.

Now their dramatic parent had been proud,
When bringing low-life on to this pure stage,
To make it quite genteel, and said aloud,
'The comic parts could hurt no sex or age.'
Her humbler *dramatis personæ* were a bevy
Of proper fools, indeed, and dull and heavy.

Well may you guess the lady's pale dismay,
To hear the mighty alterations in her play;
Her proper scenes become a long harangue
Of broadest fun, fat jokes, and common slang;

As if on purpose, too, no little swearing:
 They not one twopence for the author caring.
 The audience laugh'd at first, and then around
 A proper gravity was gaining ground.
 Not that the jokes themselves were bad—but then
 They were too colour'd for a lady's pen.
 To the poor author soon it did occur,
 This dialogue was all ascribed to her.
 Then she felt faint—but quickly found her speech,
 And turn'd defensive round from each to each,
 With, 'Oh! Sir John, believe me, that's not mine;'
 Or, 'Oh! my lord, I never wrote that line.'
 Her dear friends all around with doubtful smile
 Received this strong assurance—she the while
 Bitterly crying—'Oh! you shameful boys'
 (She almost damn'd her drama with her noise).
 'Peter! to put such jokes upon your mother!'
 But Peter only answer'd with another.
 Thus it went on, until it was not certain
 Whether the farce was 'fore or 'hind the curtain.
 The play could have no doubt about success,
 If half as comic as its authoress.

After the comic came the lover scenes,
 Presented in a mass of evergreens,
 Hastily placed as arbour garniture;
 And strangely mingled with domestic furniture,
 Which, with some pots of flowers, made a bower
 Supposed to be the place for Love's sweet hour.

The 'Inadvertent Man,' with panting ears,
 Gazes from off the hindmost row of chairs,
 Restless to see how his unquestion'd dear
 Will bear herself towards her cavalier.
 At last she comes, and treads towards the light,
 Tastefully dress'd—a very pretty sight.
 She sings a little song—and speaks her part;
 Now she stands list'ning—then a graceful start.
 'He comes!' she cries—'he's coming to my heart!'
 She smiles a glorious smile—and then her charms
 Are close enfolded in the hero's arms.
 'The d—l!' bursts a voice from out the crowd.
 'Hush! hush!' the audience cry, as now aloud
 The lovers speak, and slow unwind the plot.
 A man behind the chairs feels very hot—
 Then cold—and then a novel kind of pain,
 As hero clasps the heroine again.

Just then a lady very fond of chatter
 Teased the poor fuming lover with her clatter.
 Saying to him, 'How prettily they do it!'
 Then would-be archly added, 'If you knew it,
 It's very true to nature.' Tossing his head,
 'A deuced deal too true,' he fiercely said.
 The lady turn'd offended; left alone,
 He 'gan to mutter, in an undertone,
 'True to nature; yes, no doubt attracting.
 I know that shallow puppy isn't acting;
 To pull his nose I deem my special mission;
 He takes a mean advantage of position.
 I wonder she allows it. Modest Emmy!
 I really couldn't think it—not I, demmy;

By Jove she's clasping *him*! Good lack! so zealous.
Ah! well, it doesn't matter: I'm not jealous;
And *that* as well—I cannot stomach this.'

The last remark was call'd up by a kiss,
A sounding kiss, with loud decided crack;
No stage deceit, a most undoubted smack.
The shock'd spectator madly took to flight,
And sought the nearest chamber with a light,
It proved to be the supper-room, where merry
Were some few spirits, swilling port and sherry,
He loathed the sight of supper; but, alas!
Sharp mis'ry offers oft the dang'rous glass.
He drank the copious draught, until his brain
Was mad with jealous thought and iced champagne,

The play was ended soon, he fled the crowd,
Who now descended tow'ards him, laughing loud,
And sought elsewhere to cool his heated rage.
He found himself on what had been the stage;
There coolly sat, looking most happy, gay,
The gallant spark who'd stolen his love away.
'Aha!' the other thought; 'I must not drub him;
At least not here—at any rate I'll snub him.
You acted well.'

He watch'd the other raise

His eyes to say,

'I thank you for your praise,'
But with the manner of a haughty she,
When she would say, 'How dare you speak to me?'
But nothing daunted, our friend proceeded;
'You did some things a little more than needed.'
The other still was quiet.

'For example,
I thought your bold embraces more than ample.'
The other strangely stared.

'Not to intrude,
I thought your manner to her very rude.
No gentleman, I say, of good condition
Would take such mean advantage of position.'
The other look'd confounded, and his eyes,
Hazel and large, grew almost double size.
He bit his lips, as if to cage a smile,
And mutter'd, 'Who'd have thought it?' all the while,
At last the smile broke loose—a moment after,
Burst from his mouth a peal of ringing laughter.
His rival stamp'd, and bawl'd amidst the pealings,
'How dare you, sir, so hurt another's feelings?
Give me your card, we cannot quarrel here.'
The other gasp'd and smother'd, cried, 'Oh dear!'
And panting said, 'Oh, pardon, I'll explain!'
But then his laughter rose again, again.

Just then, young Emmy enter'd to the room,
Bright in her beauty and her ball costume;
And as she came, the laughing cavalier
Whisper'd some secret in the fair one's ear.
Whate'er it was, she answer'd with a 'Hush.'
It made her laugh, but also made her blush.
This was too much for flesh and blood to stand.
'Madam,' the wrong'd one said, 'I can command

My feelings in your presence; you away,
I fear my righteous indignation would not stay

From some strong act—it could not well be blamed ——
He had gone on, but Emmy, now afraid he
Would do some violence, in haste exclaim'd,
'Edward, be calm—*this gentleman's a lady*.
The play-bills could have shown you, in a moment,
This character enacted by Miss Beaumont.'

Edward stood bound, with open mouth and eyes,
A very portraiture of great surprise—
Breath quick and hard; at length recover'd, cool,
He softly mutter'd, 'Well, I *am* a fool.'

A single glance convinced him of the truth
As to the sex belonging to the youth;
Though largely form'd, and 'more than common tall,'
The points were woman's—she possess'd them all.
The mincing walk was there, the arms were thrust
To suit the mark'd enlargement of the bust.

And then she forward came, and archly said,
'Your conduct to poor Emmy was ill-bred,
A moment to suppose her not correct.
Know, sir, it wholly rose from your neglect.
For you away, to act, our pet declined,
With aught but something of the female kind.
Then lots we drew—to me it fell by lot
To take your part, *and don't you know what*.

'My pardon take for praising my *humanity*;
Then, with a little *piquante* touch of vanity,
She smiling said, 'I'll go exchange my dress,
Or p'raps some other doves I may distress.
So now adieu; indeed, it's time to go,
For whether man or woman, I'm *de trop*.'

The lovers, left together, were not long
In making that all right, so often wrong.
For now the ice was so completely broken,
Not much was left between them to be spoken.
But still the lady thought it only right,
Now to resent the blunders of the night,
Or really vex'd, or with it in her mind
To make the explanation still more kind.

Those who know women, surely tell,
That if a woman loves you passing well,
You've ne'er a better chance of her good graces,
Than when she's vex'd, and pulling pouting faces;
And so the 'Inadvertent Man' succeeded
In raising smiles, and saying what was needed.
It was but nat'ral, when so near the close,
This happy couple should adopt a *pose*;
And so they form'd a group, nor was it curious;
It was a like arrangement made him furious,
When jealous-blind, love-sick, and stupid,
He thought his Psyche loved another Cupid.

Their platform was the stage behind the baize,
Where one small taper gave a doubtful blaze,

That shone sufficient for their young delight;
 Nor quell'd the lady's blushes in its light.
 While thus engroup'd, still, breathless, happy there,
 They were astonish'd by a sudden glare.
 They started up; before they knew the cause,
 Their tableau was acknowledged with applause
 From the whole party, who, to their dismay,
 The curtain raised, were viewing this new play.
 I need not say the pair took headlong flight,
 Nor beau nor belle again appear'd that night.

The trickster is unknown, though some have said it,
 That fast Miss Beaumont ought to have the credit
 Of bringing back the guests; at least, 'tis certain
 She had a hand in pulling up the curtain.
 The guests declared, that, when at feast down-stairs,
 They were advised to seek their former chairs,
 As *tableaux vivants* were about to show,
 Though not, they thought, with such a living glow.

Of course, it needs one meeting yet again
 To place all straight between the thwarted twain.
 Then suddenly the gallant found his marriage
 Had all along been founded on miscarriage.
 When introduced to Emmy, he'd been told
 Her beauty was but equal to her gold.
 But now he learnt (his strange mishaps to crown)
 The heiress-niece had never come to town.
 Her name was Emmy, too, so rose the error.
 This was a blow, because he felt a terror
 Her father might refuse consent, on learning
 His income small, his fortune yet an-earning.
 Not so at all; for, now he'd caught her,
 He found his Emily a thirteenth daughter.
 With her he found his all—a happy life,
 Nor want of fortune in a prudent wife.

ALMÆ MATRES.

No. III.—UNIVERSITY EDUCATION.

πολυμαθίη τὸν νόον οὐ τρέφει.

NEXT to politics and religion there is scarcely a subject of discussion which excites so much irritation as that of education. It is not merely because there are in this island of Great Britain no less than 106,344 men and women of all ranks, ages, and abilities, engaged in teaching, training, scolding, or caning, from the Head of a House down to the village dominie, and that this number exceeds that of the parsons, lawyers, and doctors all put together; but because education is a subject in which every man ought to be as much interested as in his daily

meals and general health, and not a little more so. We have all been educated, are all still being educated, shall all probably go on educating our minds more or less, rightly or wrongly, till our dotage, and we all either have, or hope or fear to have, sooner or later young minds which it will be incumbent on us to educate, or cause to be educated, in the best manner according to our means.

So then it is a grave topic, and as such, as a matter of course, is the subject of a decided opinion in every British mind. And who so fond of opinions,

who so violent in upholding them, who so devoted to discussing and expressing them, as the cube of that magnificent, self-admiring animal, Leo Britannicus?

I approach it then with awe and reverence, and shall endeavour to treat it after the staid and solemn fashion beloved of Quarterly essayists.

The worst of this is, that we must set out with a definition, and in this case with a couple. A definition is precisely the most troublesome thing in the world. It is a kind of mental mince-pie, which, besides the common ingredients, must have proper seasoning, and done up in a compact, eatable, and what is more, digestible, form.

I apply to Johnson, to save me all this trouble, and what does he say, 'Education, the formation of manners in youth.' If this be true, then Alfred founded Oxford in vain, and Edward VI. wasted substance on his grammar-schools, for Mr Turveydrop alone can impart the desired perfection.

Again: 'University, a school where all the arts and sciences are taught.' I might as well drop the pen at once, for it is clear that, if Johnson be right, there are no universities in Europe to write about.

Now, after much mental parturition, I have produced the following conclusions:—1. Education is a certain relation between a teacher and a pupil. 2. This relation is an intellectual one. The carpenter, who teaches his son to make a garden-seat, is not thereby educating him. 3. It is not simply the imparting of knowledge, but 4. it is the development of the powers of the mind, and their preparation to receive and acquire knowledge. If you teach a boy to write only, you do nothing for him. If you teach him to read, you educate him.

Dr Newman, who has written for the nonce a very apt work on universities, maintains generally that a university is a political body. It is evident that the doctor had Oxford and Maynooth in his eye. It is true that many universities, at home and abroad, mix, and ever have mixed, most unnecessarily in political agitations. That of Paris has always been troublesome, and one of the chief duties of the

rector and curator of a German university is to prevent the formation of secret societies. But a political body must have some political influence, and this cannot be predicated of any university. The opinions of Oxford, Cambridge, Durham, Edinburgh, Dublin, and the rest, as universities, have no more influence on the politics of the country, than those of Brown, Jones, or Robinson, who is continually writing to the 'Times,' but whose lucubrations are never published.

Johnson is however right, when he states a university to be a school. That is its genus. But there are schools of all sorts—military, medical, surgical, homoeopathic, gymnastic, schools of design, and schools of no design, engineering and riding-schools, besides many others; and I have seen an advertisement of a grand polygraphico-aesthetic school, under the superintendence of course of a German Ph. D.

A university is again an upper school; but it is not an upper classical, nor an upper mathematical, nor an upper training school, nor an upper school which simply mingles a certain number of these subjects. It is an upper school where the teaching is not special, but universal.

Then universal is a very big word, and must be pared and cut round to bring it down to our purpose. For instance, a university teaches the mind, not the hand. You don't learn to make pot-hooks at Cambridge, but to compose; not to play the fiddle at Oxford, but the theory of music; not to shoe a horse at the University of London, but veterinary medicine. Indeed, this is an important limit, and one often lost sight of. The moment you begin to teach anything manual, you lose the character of the university. To cut up dead bodies, to handle pallet and brush, to mould plaster, to draw sections and elevations, to distil water and make precipitates, to draw up a deed and to compile a sermon, all belong respectively to the upper schools of surgery, painting, sculpture, architecture, chemistry, law, and theology. Universities cannot, and should not, undertake to teach you these. They can only give you the science and theory of each, and they can only use

the dissecting-room and the studio for the sake of illustration, not of manual or mechanical instruction.

A university is then an upper—and the uppest—school for the education of minds by universal science. Its political status, its constitution, and petty parliament, are all handmaidens to this object. You see the chancellor in purple and gold, preceded by one gold and five silver pokers, and followed by a score of learned doctors in scarlet robes, and you say, behold the university; but you are mistaken. Yonder mild meek undergraduate, standing humbly aloof, is the master of all this. In civilised countries the buyer is always greater than the seller; money more honourable than saleable commodities. The mind of the undergraduate is the customer of all this shopful. It comes here to be educated, and unless it came, this great university would soon sink into a mere curiosity, a collection of almshouses and absurdities. The society and discipline are alike adjuncts. I have heard of children being sent to school to be out of the way, and I knew a man whose foolish parents bid him enter with *carte blanche* at Christchurch to toady young tufts; and of course he was rusticated in his first year; but these are exceptions. Education is the staple commodity, and the *object* of the university. It remains only to ask in what way this education is to be effected. The Ionic motto at the head of this paper tells us that the acquirement of many branches of knowledge does not educate the mind, and we must look at the development of the mind as we do at that of the body; at the university as we do at the training-master of athletes.

The athlete is trained, in order that he may use his body, not for the sake of passive health alone. The university trains the mind too for work, not for an indolent superiority. It is not its province, therefore, to educate soldiers, sailors, or artisans. It prepares those men whose work will be mental; and in the present state of society this class is very large, comprising all professions (except the inferior grades in army and navy), all servants of government, all representatives, and all country gentlemen.

The training-master handles the

smooth stripling according to his make and constitution, apportions his diet, exercise, and gymnastics, until his frame be supple as the panther's, his muscle high and hard as Vulcan's. It is then alone, and not before, that he allows the young aspirant to put on the gloves; then only that he is permitted to expose his shins and shoulders to the rap of the singletick; then only that the short-sword makes a devil of his hand and fire of his heart.

Our schools effect the first part of the parallel training of the mind. Books of all sorts and general information are the food of the hungry intellect, study its exercise, propositions its gymnastics. Now it matters not very much what the food be, so it be judiciously proportioned to the strength of the mind's stomach; so it be healthful and simple, so, above all, it be never excessive. With regard to study and to propositions, the question is different. It is clear that it is better to walk five miles one day, six the next, seven the next, and so on, than to have a little walking, a little jumping, a little running on different days. It is healthier to progress steadily. This secret has been known to educators of all ages; and it is a curious fact, that language has almost always been chosen as the healthiest vehicle for training. It is a mere accident that Latin and Greek have been adopted thereunto by modern Europe. The middle ages had little else to go upon, their own languages being in a changeable and undefined condition. But the Greek of old and the Hindoo of yore had no need to go to a dead language. They were content to teach their own splendid grammars, and to progress from grammar to logic, which is the mathematics of language. 'God's good gift of speech' is a fit exercise for the mind, and if taught philosophically and philologically, it also supplies its gymnastics. But it is clear that mathematics and philosophy afford the most direct propositions, and hence it is that a good school mingles classics and mathematics in judicious proportions, and makes them the principal study. Whatever is extra to these must be added in the light of illustration, and with a direct practical object; and as such, the studies of modern languages, of English and other history, of a little

natural science, is not to be objected to, even in our lower schools, provided the teacher continually keep in mind that the harder studies are the more important, that he is training and preparing, not stocking the mind.

When I say that the classics have not been deliberately chosen, but accidentally adopted, by modern Europe, I am not indulging a theory. Latin was before the Reformation a necessary accomplishment, as French is now; it was never taught by way of mental training. The study of Greek was confined to a few erudites. The Oxonian of to-day despises that man who has never toiled through Greek conjugations, but he does not perhaps know that Oxford itself most strenuously resisted—by its usual weapon, ridicule—the introduction of the study of this tongue in the days of Bluff King Hal. When Erasmus was attempting to revive this study, Sir Thomas More wrote thus in 1519:—

'Some scholars of your university, whether out of contempt of the Greek language, or an ill impression they have received, but, what I think more likely, from a wanton desire to play the fool and trifle, have conspired to form themselves into a distinct body, which shall be called by the name of Trojans, . . . whence no one who has any knowledge of this language is free from their insults at home or abroad, but is pointed at with the finger, and treated with other marks of derision by them, who laugh at nothing but what alone they know not, that is all good learning, so well the old adage suits them, "The Phrygians are late wise."'

Ay, and suits them to-day as much as then. I can well imagine, that if the study of that best of training languages, Sanskrit, were attempted, as I trust it soon will be, to be introduced into Oxford, its devotees would meet with much the same treatment from dons as well as scholars.

A nos moutons encore. The boy arrives from school in good mental training, hard-muscled, supple-sinewed. But it is right that the university should carry on this training, because the schools are many, and their systems various, and must be reduced to uniformity. It is only when that state of mental 'condition' is assured, that

the university can ask the young athlete which branch he takes, what field of action he proposes to enter; whether he will be pugilist, gladiator, or wrestler; in other words, lawyer, priest, or leech. It is then that the teaching of the university can be called universal, because, whoever comes, it can supply him with the science necessary for his future career—the science, but not the practice; for again I repeat, that the university teaches the mind, and not the hand.

The province of the university is thus defined. It is not confined to mental training, nor to special teaching; it completes and organises mental training in the study of classics and mathematics in modern Europe (logic and philosophy among the ancients), and then becomes professional, and teaches the science of each branch of mental warfare.

It is maintained against this, that the university seeks to give only a general education, and until within the last twenty years this was implicitly believed. But the nineteenth century has proved the impossibility of this. Oxford and Cambridge, always last to retreat before progress, and, Parthian-like, casting their darts as they go, have acknowledged this of late years. Cambridge took the lead, by establishing professional tripos; Oxford has instituted final schools, which teach the rudiments of professional science; schools, namely, of law, natural science, and mathematics, one of which it is compulsory to pass. How inadequate these schools are, I shall show in speaking of the Oxford system. For the present, I refer to them merely as evidence that even the universities have already yielded a little to the demands of the age.

The fact is, that, as the population increases, and as the professional standard rises, the labour of living grows greater, and thus life becomes virtually shorter. It has been proved by long experience that mental training ought to be continued until the beard has settled on the chin, and ordinary boys should not leave school before seventeen. But, on the other hand, the professions will not wait. A young man who would get on must begin early. Still, it is unwise to begin without adequate scientific know-

ledge; and the special professional schools do not give this, they give only the practice. The schools of medicine have indeed made an exception, and by consequence nothing is studied so little at Oxford and Cambridge as the healing art, although there be some high prizes there for its votaries.

Law, theology, engineering, and art, are beginning even now to take the matter into their own hands, because the universities are slow about it, and to teach their science as well as their practice in their special schools. We see it in the new examinations and lectures for the bar, in the increasing foundations of theological schools. The professions are, in fact, rapidly deserting the universities in England, and find they can do without them. Formerly every barrister had been at Oxford or Cambridge. How is it now? Formerly every physician was a university man. It is now a rarity to find such a one. In fact, time presses, and the necessity of early professional education, and the uselessness of carrying mental training on too late, has been practically manifested. The universities have yielded a little, because they felt their importance and influence going, but they must yield much more before they regain it in full.

The German universities have long known all this, and made their education professional. They are not contented merely to turn out clergymen and country gentlemen. They, like our universities, have the best of means, the best professors, the best foundations and aids to scientific learning, and they feel that it is a pity the professions and the government service should not profit by them. But, at the same time, I do not deny that their teaching has become too professional, and that the mental training is often waived entirely. They know it themselves, and strive by many exhortations to recall their students to a sense of the value of a thorough foundation in classics, mathematics, and philosophy, or, as they call them generally, philosophy and philology.

Let us now examine the curriculum of a German university.

Ernst Meyer and August von Dumberg are emerging from the little, dirty, uncouth village of Duldorf, anywhere

in the Palatinate. The former's father is landgericht, or district judge; the latter's an old baron, who believes that he can still maintain the feudal character of his ancestors in that non-descript, ratty, batty, and owly old ruin half-way up the hill. Meyer has accordingly been sent to a sensible gymnasium, or public school, in the nearest large town, and has in his pocket a first-class certificate, testifying his abilities and his fitness to enter the university. Three classes of these certificates are given after the final examination, the passing of which enables a boy to leave school. The first is for excellence; the second for *tüchtigkeit* (fitness); the third for *untüchtigkeit* (unfitness); and if a boy can obtain nothing better than the last, he will have to undergo a matriculation examination at the university. Now Ernst having an A 1 certificate, crowds considerably over my friend August, whose father, with archaic ideas of that which becomes a noble and a gentleman, the stronger implanted because he is nothing but a *freiherr*, has always kept him at home, with a sallow, sombre, young priest as tutor. Consequently, August will be very uncomfortable when he arrives at Bonn, and have to pass an examination before the rector will admit him.

Now these are the only two cases in which a public matriculation examination is required at a German university. The first and second class certificates from school carry their owner through, and foreigners are only expected to produce testimonials as to respectability of character.

Well, Ernst and August thus provided set forth from their native village to walk to the nearest town on the banks of the Rhine. It is the end of September, and the vine-harvest is being gathered in. Peasant men and working maidens are singing wine-chants, many a hundred years old, up among the rich purple clusters and the changing leaves that yellow all the hill-side; or bearing large, flat baskets on their heads, while the rich juice trickles down their sunburned cheeks.

'Lebwohl,' sigh the youths, turning again and again, and waving their caps to the little village. They are heartily glad to be off though, and

burn for the glories of student life. Meyer is short, stout, flabby, with puffy cheeks, a nose like a mashed potato, and little, twinkling eyes, with no vestige of lash. His brown hair is brushed back in Apollonic waves, which fail to give him the intellectual look to which he aspires. The baron's son has a more interesting face. No matter that the nose is long, the cheeks brown and haggard, the chest cramped. You can see the habit of thought in the eyes and about the mouth, and you believe he may be a youthful Heine or a sucking Freiligrath. His flaxen locks fall over his shoulders in Hyacinthan curls; and though he is by no means a beauty, he looks picturesque and interesting, and you feel that he must have left some 'trauerndes mädchen' in that dirty little village, so sad is his 'lebewohl auf immer dar.'

They reach their town at last, dine on white, insipid veal (that must have been killed when in long-clothes), sour kraut, and plenty of beer; are picked up by the Düsseldorf steamer, and carried down to Bonn, amid a crowd of Englishmen of the Brown, Jones, and Robinson caste, and a host of fat Germans, who are there only for the dinner. In Bonn they seek a modest lodging, and are soon comfortably discussing a frugal supper, when the door is thrown rudely open, and the light darkened by a stout figure in a helmet, easily recognisable as polizei incarnate.

He demands their magistrates' passes, asks where they come from, what they intend to do, how much their papas have per annum, and whether they have been vaccinated within the last seven years. When fully satisfied, he retires, having warned them that they must appear before the rector within eight days. To the rector accordingly they go. August is examined by the commission appointed by government to test the fitness of freshmen, is pronounced admissible, and joins Ernst in the formal matriculation.

They found out the secretary's office at the proper hour, and signed their names in the register. This done, a stout, middle-aged clerk ushered them into a long, handsome room, with a table down the middle, a number of busts round the walls, and a score or

so of lazy, quaintly-dressed students sitting or standing about it. After waiting some time, a little brown man, followed by a large grey one, entered, and the lazy students immediately uncrossed their legs, and surrounded the couple with submissive looks. The little brown rector favoured the assembly with an oration on the value of academical learning, and sundry very good hints as to how to set about it. He then called them up one by one, shook hands with them, and thus admitted them to membership of the 'Royal-Prussian-Rhenish-Frederick-William University' at Bonn.

The large grey man then distributed to one and all a small square 'Legitimations-Karte,' which he explained to them would be often useful as a proof of their being students, and mostly in admitting them at half-price to the steamboats, operas, and so forth.

Lastly, the rector read over certain portions of the statutes, and having duly exhorted them on their moral conduct, dismissed them with kind words. In the anteroom they received from the secretary and his clerks the large imposing diplomas, which had been written out while the rector was talking; a book of the statutes was given them; and, for the consideration of two and a-half silver groschen (about threepence), they were served with a list of professors and plan of the studies. They then paid their fees, amounting in all to only eighteen shillings, and departed to examine their papers.

The first thing they discovered was, that there are five Faculties at Bonn—namely, 1. Evangelical Theology; 2. Romanist Theology; 3. Philosophy; 4. Law; 5. Medicine.

They next discovered the title of philosophy comprises four most important divisions, as follows:—

1. Philosophy considered as a foundational study, and thus divided:—

First year—Introduction to the study of philosophy, logic, and metaphysics.

Second year—Critical comparison of the systems. Psychology.

Third year—Philosophical sciences. Ethics.

August's mouth watered. 'Psychology, ethics, metaphysics!' he exclaimed. 'Oh, I shall stick to philo-

sophy. I am glad I matriculated in this faculty.'

'Nonsense,' answered practical Ernst; 'of what use will it ever be to you? Who cares for philosophy now? You will never make your bread and butter by it. You had better have gone at once to law, as I did; and so lose no time. This university is celebrated for its legal professors, you know. Did you not see what a number of men entered for law? I dare say half of them at least came from other universities, where they had got their magister's degree in philology or something, just as men would go from here to Heidelberg for medicine, or to Leipsic for classical scholarship.'

'That's a horrid system,' answered August, 'to leave one's native university, as it were, just when one is growing attached to it. I shall stay at Bonn. But what is our next division? Oh, No. 2, philology.'

'What a crowd of outlandish languages! They surely don't expect one to learn all those? Why, here's, besides Greek and Latin, Hebrew, Arabic, Sanskrit, Persian, Zend—what is Zend?—oh, old Persian, is it, the language of the fire-worshippers? Very good; what shall I want with Zo-roaster when I am landgericht! Then there are a mass of others: Mæso-gothic, Anglo-Saxon, Old Saxon, Scandinavian, African languages (South and Central), East India dialects, Telugu, Mahratti, Hindi, Hindostani, Guzerathi, three Tartaric languages, Mongolian, Mandschurian; and heaven knows what else.'

'Yes, those are partly for the preparation of missionaries, partly for those who are going to study philology as a comparative science, I suppose. I hear there are students here who know every language taught in the university. There is young Bleek, for instance, the son of the eminent theologian. Well, what comes next? No. 3, history and political economy. Oh, I see Dahlmann lectures on German constitutional history; that will be grand. But everything seems universal under this head. Here are lectures on the history of the world, the history of civilisation, the history of the European parliament of states. How is this? No Roman, no Greek history?'

'For this reason, my dear fellow. These professors know well enough that it is useless to lecture on pure history. That must be read. They lecture on the science, the philosophy of history, and this can only be viewed universally. It must, of course, be comparative.'

'Good. Then, in connection with this, the study of antiquities, which they call epigraphics, the study of documentary and heraldic evidence. Then, for those who pursue this study alone there are all kinds of lectures—chronology, geography, finance, hypothecation, commercial science, national and international right, statistics, and even police-science.'

'Ah, I shall have to attend some of those later,' said Ernst Meyer. 'What comes next?'

'No. 4, mathematics and natural science. First year, mathematics and physics, mineralogy, botany, and chemistry. Second year, geology, cryptogamy, zoology, zootomy; and continuance of botany, chemistry, and mineralogy. Third year, higher mathematics and astronomy.'

'Well, but,' complained Ernst, 'they can't expect a single man to acquire all those blessed sciences in the short space of three years—at the rate of half-a-dozen ologies in as many months.'

'Of course not; the lectures are for the convenience of all alike. For instance, here's a strong recommendation to theologians to study a little botany and mineralogy—to make them fond of the country, I suppose; and students of philosophy are particularly directed to chemistry and geology.'

The other faculties had their various programmes, more or less diversified, but we need not give them here. The main difference is, that, whereas the lectures on theology, law, and medicine, were systematically arranged, so as to afford a steady progress, those under the head of philosophy were distributed with a view to the convenience of students from other faculties. The general plan, and the best, is that pursued by August. A young man begins with the faculty of philosophy, and makes classics, mathematics, or philosophy itself, his principal study for one year, or more, till he is

able to take the degree of magister, with which he passes to the professional faculty for which he is destined, and continues in that two, three, four, or even five years, until he is competent to take the final degree of doctor; which answers in point of position to our B.A. To each faculty a dean is attached, for the express purpose of watching the studies and morals of the youth in his charge. To the dean of philosophy, August next day repaired. He found the old gentleman encircled by smoke wreaths and folios, and in the same room a rather pretty daughter of seventeen, knitting, as only German women can knit, without a moment's interruption, whether she were sitting, standing, bowing, or moving about. I knew a family of six German girls, who all knitted grey stockings at dinner-time, while a festive kitten played round the table with each of the six balls of grey wool.

The dean received August rather grumpily at first, having been disturbed in the elucidation of some mysterious passage in some unknown fragment; but soon melted, and gave him excellent advice. Though himself a pedant, he was not one of those men who think their own line of study the best in the world. He entirely approved the young man's choice of philosophy as a training study, but he reminded him that it was dangerous to let it at once usurp the sole place, and to throw over, for it, the classical and mathematical training he had received before coming to the university. These were, he said, two important paths; which, though entirely separate, each led along its own ground to the one goal, philosophy. 'The earnest student of classical literature,' said the old gentleman, 'will not only approach philosophy in the spirit, and with the assistance, of the ancients, beginning with Plato, Aristotle, and Cicero, but he will also apply the study of philology—say even mere grammar—and of a nation's literature to the science of man, which is the highest of philosophical sciences.'

He warned him to continue his classical studies particularly, and to take them now in a philosophical spirit. It afforded but very little

training to the mind to be profoundly critical, and to waver between texts, and readings, and editions. It was better, in reading any classical author, to study the writer's mind in the first place, and the influence of his age and country upon it in the next. He pointed out one course of classical, and another of historical, lectures, which he strongly recommended to August. Lastly, he warned him that philosophy was the gymnastics of the mind. A thousand propositions would occur to him at every step. It were well if he solved them, well if he tried them, even unsuccessfully—always bad to shirk them. But he must be careful. It was precisely these attractive propositions that ruined the young student of philosophy, and made it, perhaps, a dangerous study for youth. He must go to it therefore in a very humble, a very faithful spirit. It must be to him a religion for the time. If a proposition started up, let him tackle it. If it seemed to admit of no solution, let not his faith be shaken; let him ascribe failure to his own incapacity, and confess his doubts to the professor. If he solved it again, let not that solution lead him into a reckless theory. Let him not think, because he had leaped one hurdle, that he was fit to run a hurdle-race with the best men in the kingdom, with his very teachers, even. Let him submit to them till he had gained the necessary knowledge, skill, and strength, and leave speculation until then. If a young man will study philosophy with advantage and security, he must first chain himself to a strong rock of faith; if he doubts—which he must do—he must combat that doubt to the very utmost, and hold it as a foe, not in the spirit of a partisan.

Of course this calm advice was little to the young man's taste at first. He was too eager to be independent in judgment, and to make his own experience at any risk; but he soon found the value of such a guide, and often fell back on faith, when he would have been miserable under doubt.

He found the professors' lectures very different from one another. In some the attendance was very numerous; and it was evident that the lecturer sought as much to make an impression on his audience as to guide

them. In others, the students formed small classes: in the classical lectures they had to construe; in the philosophical ones, to work arguments and write essays; and the professor was always ready to assist and guide each one separately. But August soon found the necessity of even closer attention; and in his second semester he induced a fellow-student to join him in a *privatissima* course. They selected a young privat-docent as their private tutor. Like most German philosophers, he was a Jew by birth, and a Deist by persuasion. They read Ritter's 'History of Philosophy' with him; and it was curious sometimes to see the young handsome Hebrew twirling furiously round his little room, as he defended the crude theories of the earlier schools on the highest philosophical grounds—his eyes flashing, his nostril dilating, and his little white hand for ever thrusting back his thick black locks, in a fever of thinking.

At the end of two years, August took the degree of Magister of Philosophy, at the same time that Ernst became a licentiate of Law; and two years later, both ended their studies with a doctor's degree, and were ready for any small government appointment that interest or merit could bring them. Both had taken the same time to arrive at the same end; but August had undoubtedly had the better education of the two, and in an open field would certainly have succeeded more easily; but an open field is precisely what too-systematic Germany does not readily offer.

Four years is the usual time taken by a German student to get his degree. His permission of residence extends for that period, after which it must be renewed. But many take five, six, or even eight years; and I knew of one old boy who was ten years in getting his diploma. This, however, is not peculiar to Germany. In 1857 there were three undergraduates in Oxford who belonged to the old system, and must, therefore, have matriculated in 1849 at the latest.

About this German education there are some points to notice. First, everything that is worth learning is taught at a German university, by a first-rate professor; while the dean of

each faculty directs the student in the choice of lectures. Next, though you may matriculate in one faculty, you are not only allowed, but even urged, to attend lectures in others, keeping always your peculiar object in view. Thirdly, most professors, where it is possible, take their audience in classes; and, lastly, you can, at a very slight additional expense, command very good private tuition.

On the other hand, it cannot be denied that this system affords too great a temptation to commence professional and special studies too early. Undoubtedly a boy's mind is not sufficiently trained at school, and it requires a higher style of training to develop all its powers before the commencement of any one line of practical study. Again, the professional education is too practical, too special; and the moment it is concluded, the graduate commences his professional career. Again, I repeat, that it is the province of the university to teach the mind alone; that special schools for the professions are necessary, and that they alone can impart, what the university has rarely the opportunities, or even the locality fitted for imparting—namely, the practical instruction. Nor is it right to anticipate this, by limiting the scientific instruction connected with each profession.

But the fact to which I would call most attention is, that the German universities admit no one who is not fit to study with them. They have fixed a standard of education below which they will not go; and they are therefore never obliged, as the Scottish universities now find themselves to be, to lower their teaching to the intelligence of their frequenters, nor compelled, as I have known many Oxford tutors to be, to teach the mere rudiments of Greek and Latin, the First Books of Euclid, and such arithmetic as even a boy at a parish school has long since mastered. This cannot be said of any English university. The London University, though in many respects it resembles those of Germany, admits students without any qualification, and does not oblige them to proceed to the matriculation examination till long after they have matriculated and attended courses of lectures. The consequence is, of course,

that on many the lectures are quite thrown away.

There is not, indeed, a compulsory matriculation examination in Germany, because the majority of students come from the Gymnasias, or public schools, which they do not leave till they are fit to do so, and from which they bring certificates of this fitness. But, as we have seen, all other candidates for admission—except foreigners—are subjected to an examination.

The subject of a public matriculation-examination has been much discussed. It is evident that in England, more than anywhere else, such an examination is desirable, because here the public schools are less numerous, less frequented, and private tuition more favoured. You may take ten boys anywhere, who will each have been taught on a different plan—each have studied different subjects. The object of such an examination would not be to enforce a uniformity of instruction, but to make a certain previous training indispensable; and it is clear that a university, dealing with such various elements, can have but one uniform mode of treating them. Again, a public matriculation examination would elevate, by reflection, the standard of school-teaching, and tend to keep boys at school till they were fit to leave it. I know from personal experience that nothing is so deplorable as to leave school only half-grounded, and to enter on a course of lax study, at an age when the strictness of the pedagogue cannot be dispensed with. Lastly, it would enable the teachers at universities, whether college-tutors or professors, to take their own ground, and not compel them to sink to the position of mere schoolmasters.

But, with regard to Oxford and Cambridge, it is said that a private examination does take place in every college before admission. This is true, except in the case of gentlemen-commoners, who are fortunately fast dying out at both universities. But what are the effects of this private examination? Does it insure, what is so much to be desired, a uniform standard of education throughout the university? Certainly not. At some colleges, which have a prestige, and are well filled, this examination is so

severe, that men who have had their names down for admission for many years are rejected, and perhaps forced to take refuge in a hall. In others, which are empty, the matriculation is a mere farce, and the candidates are snatched up with little questioning. This in itself is unfair. If one college has the reputation of having better tutors than another, it is only fair that everybody who has had a satisfactory previous education, and who has taken the precaution of having his name put down on its books sufficiently long to insure room for him, should profit by their instruction. Why should only the cleverest men receive the cleverest tuition? It is just the duller man who requires the best instruction.

But the object of this private examination is soon discovered. The pride, nay, the sole ambition, of an Oxford college is to have the most men in the highest class of honours. For this, college-tutors would sacrifice body and soul of their students. They selfishly desire to shine in the university as a good, or perhaps the best college; and they care nothing about the development of the young minds committed to their charge, if only they can work them up to take the highest honours. Everything, in fact, is sacrificed to this honorary system. And when this grand position, a double-first, for instance, is attained, what is the gainer profited? Besides a little unction to his soul, a little fleeting glorification, nothing. He has wasted his energies—his best years—his most valuable time—only that Balliol or Trinity might say, 'We turned out the best man this year.' Honours are not even capital in the present day. They do not secure a fellowship. Fellows are elected, it is true, among honour-men; but a second-class man, or even a third-class man, with good interest, has a better chance than a double-first without it. There are, perhaps, on an average, three vacancies per annum among Oxford fellowships. Two of these will be close boroughs, obtainable only by interest and birthright; and if the third be open, and the young man be not already too old to try for it, he will have all the honour-men of the year to fight again, and may-be the

prejudices of the college fellows into the bargain.

Then, in life, of what avail are high academic honours? Probably his whole mental energy has been wasted in their attainment. It is a common saying, that a senior wrangler and a double-first are fit for nothing:—

'For still the care remains to form his mind,
No college honours fit him for mankind.'

It is of no use to say that a Peel, a Gladstone, and so on, took these honours. They would have been Peel and Gladstone without them. They would have risen to the first place anywhere, and in any competition where mental application and natural talent were required. For a dozen such as these, you have a hundred men of wasted powers. If they go into orders, they are pedants in a parish; if to the bar, briefless nonentities; if into the civil service, of what use are their high classical attainments, and utter ignorance of anything else? Too often they are content to take to coaching at Oxford, which shelves a man for life, or even to the less enviable position of teacher in a school at £80 a-year. It is quite as possible to overtrain the mind as it is to overtrain the body; and, as a general rule, senior wranglers and double-firsts are examples of this, and proofs of the badness of the English system.

The failure of some of the best men in the most trifling things is an argument in favour of a public matriculation-examination. The late Sir Robert Peel, whose 'great-go' I have heard described as the most splendid display of talent and genius, was plucked for his 'little-go,' and that in arithmetic. Now, if the university requires a knowledge of arithmetic or anything else of the kind for its examinations, no man should be admitted who has not already mastered so rudimentary a branch of knowledge. Yet no college would turn back a good classic, because he knew not the rule of three.

I shall now give Dr Newman's account of the opposition to a scheme for instituting a public examination:—'One measure was attempted, nearly thirty years ago, by an eminent person, still alive, and well known in Dublin, and was thwarted by parties

who are long dead; so that it may be alluded to without pain to any one. There are, at Oxford, several societies, or houses, which have practically the rank and rights of colleges, though they have not their legal *status*, or their property. Some of these, at that date, subsisted (and still do so) 'by taking members who either would not be received, or had been actually sent away, by the colleges. The existence, then, of these societies mainly depended on the sufferance with the university of incompetent, idle, or riotous young men. As they had no endowments, they asked high terms for admission,* which, of course, they could not fail in obtaining from those who needed to be in some society or other, with a view to academical advantages, and who could not secure a place in any other body. Evidently nothing could have been so fatal to such establishments than any successful effort to purify the university of unworthy members. Now, in the gradual advance of reforms, it was attempted by the able person I speak of to introduce an examination of all members on their admission to matriculation. But the independence and interests of the colleges and other houses were at once touched by such a proposition; and a rigorous opposition was set on foot, particularly by the head of one society,† which abounded in gownmen of the unsatisfactory character I have been describing. Of course, he might as well have shut up his hall at once, and taken lodgings in High Street, as consent to a measure which would have simply cut off the supply from which it was filled. The private interest prevailed over the public; and to this day, though separate colleges,

* Dr Newman is speaking of the halls, and St Mary Hall must be here referred to. Besides the caution money (£30), a fee of £12 is demanded on entrance, and sunk in the fund which maintains the principal and his establishment. One would not complain of this, if the expenses were kept within moderate bounds; but St Mary Hall and New Inn Hall (commonly called 'The Tavern') are the most expensive hotels in Oxford.

† If St Mary Hall is here meant, it is only fair to state, that, under the late excellent principal, Dr Bliss, it assumed a far more respectable and quieter character; while, I believe, it is the intention of his present worthy successor to admit no more black-sheep and luckless outcasts.

properly insist on the fitting qualifications of those who are to be admitted to their lectures, the university itself is not allowed to exercise its reasonable right of examining its members before it matriculates them.*

This is only another instance of the antagonism between collegiate and university interests, and of the rottenness of the whole system of college independence. The scheme being once opposed on these interested grounds, the 'Tutors' Association maintained the opposition, and advanced in their defence the most trivial objections. One of these was, that the time of college-tutors was already too much engrossed by various examinations, as if the same argument did not apply to the college test. Moreover, there are plenty of idle men among the fellows who would be thankful for the office and pay of matriculation-examiner. But the most absurd objection advanced was that of Dr Cotton, Provost of Worcester, who was afraid 'that a public examination would wound the delicate feelings of men who had come up unprepared.' This is amusing, as coming from one of a class who rarely spare the feelings of those submitted to their charge; who do not hesitate to tell you to your face that you are a liar, or no gentleman, when you may not retaliate, and who on mere suspicions will often blight a young man's prospects, and throw a whole family into anguish, by needlessly disgracing him.

It seems generally admitted that a judicious combination of tutorial and professorial instruction is the best means of educating youth at a university, and the English universities make a boast of attaining this desired position, but without any truth. The professorial system is virtually nil both at Oxford and Cambridge, at least for undergraduates. A great number of public lectures at Oxford are open only to those who have taken their B.A. degree, and the others are almost entirely frequented by those who are compelled to bring certificates of attendance on two public lectures, before proceeding to their degree examination. This compulsion was established in consequence of the utter disregard of the professors and their lectures in former days. In 1721, for instance, we

are told* that only three professors out of twenty ever had an audience. But, even during the last year, so great is the objection to the professorial system—a resolution was passed to rescind this compulsory attendance to that on one course only.†

That this compulsion is, however, utterly useless, is proved by the style of attention yielded by the undergraduates, who are not directed to any particular course, but allowed to attend what lectures they please. The professor of history, for instance, is very popular; he lectures in the Sheldonian Theatre, and counts a number of ladies among his audience. As the deep windows of the theatre afford many comfortable nooks, some of the boys take novels with them; others go to 'look at the girls.' Those who require certificates are requested to leave their cards on the table at the door, and it is no uncommon practice for a number of men to join in deceiving the worthy and unconscious lecturer. They take it in turns to attend, and the one whose turn it is collects the pasteboards of the rest, and quietly deposits them all together on the table at the end of the lecture.

But that the professorial system is felt to be good in some cases, is proved by the fact that numbers of young men preparing for their final examination attend the lectures on history and natural science of their own free will, and reap no small benefit from them.

The arguments against a purely professorial education are these. In the first place, there are many subjects which cannot be taught in a class, however limited. Mathematics and logic are among these, and at Cambridge the mathematical classes of the college tutors themselves are deserted for those of private tutors, who take two, three, or four only at a time, and are familiarly termed 'pairhorse-coaches,' 'four-in-hands,' or 'unicorns.'

Again, the professors, being men of eminence, and lecturers rather than teachers, are tempted to display their oratorical powers. Nor can you easily limit the number of the audience, so as to insure the formation of a class, and proper attention to each. Lastly,

* 'Terre Filius.' London, 1721.

† This resolution has since been annulled.

you have no good means of securing the regular attendance of the students.

It is clear, however, that these objections might be easily overruled, by making the professors do their duty. These gentlemen content themselves with the very minimum of exertion. Some of them reside in London, and only run down to Oxford once or twice a-week, to deliver their written lecture, and return. Very few pay any attention to the requirements of each several student, or make any attempt to divide them into classes, and compel their working. That this might be generally effected, however, the conscientious labours of one or two suffice to show.

The advantages of professorial teaching consist mainly in the character and knowledge of the professor, and in the public scrutiny to which he is open. We need never fear to find the ignorance and little artifices of the Rev. Tommy Long in a gentleman holding a public chair in the university, while, however good college tutors may be, it is clear that with regard to many subjects they cannot possess the information of a professor, nor his power of handling them.

This is in fact the principal objection to a purely tutorial education. We cannot expect that college tutors under the present system should possess that knowledge of law, history, the natural sciences, to say nothing of philosophy—a study limited to Plato and Aristotle at Oxford—which a university should aim at imparting. Nor are they even fit to teach classics and mathematics in any but a very ordinary manner. The practice of Oxford proves it. If a student desires to take high honours, or if he is preparing for his final school in history or natural science, he invariably has recourse to a private tutor, that, if he can afford it.

The private tutor of Oxford is a most eccentric animal, and when not, by nature, he makes a point of becoming so by habit. He is generally a man of considerable talent and abilities, who has done well in honours, but failed of a fellowship. He stands midway between dons and undergraduates, and this doubtful position makes him bitter against the former. He delights in collecting little bits of

gossip and scandal about those reverend fogies, and retailing them to his pupils, while, if he is a member of convocation, he is always busy on the opposition side. On the other hand, he is intimate even to familiarity with the undergraduates, and is always immensely popular. On the whole, though imbued with the narrow-mindedness of Oxford, the 'coach' is a very good fellow.

He receives his pupils familiarly: 'How are you, old boy?' and so on. He generally wastes ten minutes or a quarter-of-an-hour in the tittle-tattle of the place, and then wanders about the room, while you are constructing. He appears to pay you no attention, but he is preparing a lucid and brilliant explanation of the passage, which will burst upon you like a thunderbolt.

'Do you understand it now? Good; then let's have a pipe.'

If you read with him in the evening, he generally moistens the dry Greek with a glass or two of hot grog, and chats away on anything but what he is paid for, for another ten minutes. Suddenly he reverts to the passage, and you go off again at a gallop; but before you have got half through your work, in rushes a pack of wild boys.

'Well, Jones, old boy, how have you done? Haul out the papers. You look pale; I hope you're not shaky. Here, have some gin.'

Jones and company circle round the fire, smoke, drink, and talk; and in the midst of this you may finish your work as you best can.

But the 'coach,' though he gives you little for your money, gives that little good; that is to say, if he sees any latent talent about you. But, if you are a dullard, he betide you. He sits down by you, and with his fist literally hammers everything into you through your shoulder. I have heard of a man who used to try and box knowledge in at your eyes and nose.

'Come, now,' he would say, in a fury, 'you must and shall know that by heart. They are sure to ask you that in the schools. Now, put on those gloves; no nonsense. Now, then, are you ready? *ἴνα ρυθῇς*, that thou mayest be struck—there you are, do you see—*ῥύστη*, or *ῥύστη* (keep your guard), thou art struck, idiot, *τὸν μυχτῆρα*,

as to the nose, *ῥῖνῃ ῥῖνῃ*. There you are again and again. Oh! I see you're good for nothing. But you'll remember *ῥῖνῃ* and *ῥῖνῃ* now, you dunce.

The teaching of the 'coach' being intended only to 'get his men through' the examinations, he takes the shortest and easiest cuts to knowledge. He is very fond of mnemonics and *memoria technica*. Present, for instance, a four-in-hand, Dullson, Thickhead, Block, and Stone, fast youths coaching for 'greats.'

'Now, then, Dullson,' begins the Rev. Billy Driver, the well-known fast coach, 'give me the seven churches.'

Dullson looks down, wags his head slowly, and whistles low, to console himself.

'Confound you, Dullson, you'll be sure to go a mucker. Now, Block, you ought to know them.'

Block begins rapidly, 'Thessaly, Salamis, Ephesus —'

'Oh! oh! oh!' shrieks Driver, frantically. 'Stone, you try.'

Stone can only remember Philadelphia.

'Well, that's right for one; but now haven't I told you all over and over again that the seven churches are Pelt Puss. Can't you remember the cat? Oh! I wish she would scratch all your faces well, you'd remember then. Now, then, Pelt Puss; what's the P., Thickhead?'

'Philippi,' says he at once, thinking rapidly better than correctness.

'No, no, no, Philippi ain't in Asia. Block?'

'Philadelphia.'

'Of course. Now then, the E for Ephesus; L for Laodicea; T for Thyatira; the other P for Pergamos. Now, Dullson, what does the U stand for?'

This puzzler goes round to no purpose, the boys in vain trying to remember a name beginning with U. At last Block suggests Eunice, which raises a great laugh. 'Eunice for U. Ha! ha! ha!'

'For my part,' says Thickhead, 'I never saw a Greek word beginning with U.'

'O Lord! Yes, there's Ulysses and Unicorn,' says Stone, with a look of self-congratulation.

'Unicorn, Greek!' mutters Mr

Driver. 'Heigh-ho. Now, boys, what's the U? Come, sharp!'

'Oh, I know,' cries little Block, suddenly. 'It means united, the United Churches of Asia Minor, the whole boiling of them. Ain't that it?'

'Oh! worst of donkeys,' groans Mr Driver; 'what if it stands for a jack-ass? I'm sure that's very like you.'

'Ha, ha, ha!' all round at Block.

'No, boys; U is put in to make up the mnemonic.'

It must not be supposed that these low artifices are resorted to by the coaches who prepare men for honours. But the same reproach attaches to both classes; namely, that they have nothing but the examination in view. They do not undertake to educate or instruct in the ablest and best manner, as a private tutor should do, but only in that manner which will be most available before the examiners. From a long attention to the subject, they know exactly the style of questions which will be put; nay, sometimes the very questions themselves word for word. They know to what points an examiner's attention is naturally called, and what pieces he will select. A curious instance of this prescience occurred many years since at Cambridge. A dull youth who had little chance of even senior optime honours, happened to ask his 'coach' one evening, if there were anything which it would be wise to get up for the next day's examination. 'Well,' replied the honour-maker, after a little reflection, 'they have not set Fourier's theorem for some years.'—'Fourier's theorem? Why, it is in twelve close pages, and I don't even understand it.'—'No reason to understand it,' urged the accommodating coach. 'Just learn the first three and last three pages by heart, and, when written, pin them together. The examiner will never take the trouble to read it through.' The young man took this advice. Fourier's theorem *was* set, and the lucky youth came out among the wranglers!

To the questions and pieces which they know will be set, coaches limit their teaching, and in this manner are guilty of assisting in a gross imposture: for examinations are intended to be a test of the *whole* knowledge of certain subjects, although, of course, it is impossible to examine in more than a

part of it. They are intended, again, to be a test of study—genuine, honest, continuous study—not of cramming, nor of just so much study as may enable the student to pass. If, then, you come up with the appearance of having studied, when you have only crammed, or proffer a whole subject for examination, when you have only studied parts of it, knowing that they would be selected, you cheat the examiners, and the university, which gives you a degree on the supposition that you know the whole, and honours on the presumption that you have really studied and not crammed; and the coach who aids you in this deception is, in plain speech, dishonest.

Again, the fast and popular coach encourages idleness and ignorance. When a man knows that 'old Billy Driver will shove him through his Aristotle in a fortnight, like old beans,' of course he will never undertake to read until the latest day. You will say that there are some men so thick-headed, or so obfuscated by drinking, and hunting, and Oxford brutalising, that they would never get through without your aid. But then they never *ought* to get through. The university is not a degree turning-lathe, nor an honour-coining mill. Its degrees and its honours are certificates of knowledge and ability, not of cramming and forcing. And the result of coaching is deplorable. The examination once passed, the whole of the forced knowledge disappears as rapidly as it was acquired, and the degree thus imposes on the public. If a man is so thick and so ignorant that he cannot pass by regular and honest study, it is morally wrong that he should be forced through by a process which amounts to little more than cheating the examiners.

We cannot wonder, then, that college tutors look askance at regular coaches. But it is often their own fault that they are resorted to. Yet such is the degradation of Oxford, that the coach has at last become a recognised adjunct, and there was actually a discussion very lately in the convocation, as to whether coaches should be allowed to examine their own pupils in the schools.

Whatever may be said in extenuation of the system of coaching, no one

can pretend that it does not war against the first object of a university—namely, to train the mind. But, on the other hand, its increase of late years is perhaps the fault of the university itself. The public examinations have, since 1850, been increased to that extent, without any extension of the period allotted to study, that it is difficult for a man of second-rate abilities to pass them without some forcing.

The first of these, virtually a public examination—though by some fiction, of which I do not know the reason, it is not called so in the statutes—is that of responsions, or 'little-go,' better known now-a-days as 'smalls,' from its dog-Latin epithet, 'In Parviso.' The student is called upon to pass this before his seventh term; that is, in his first year. Its primary object is 'to ascertain that the principles of Latin and Greek are well understood;' an object which would be earlier gained, if a public matriculation-examination were instituted.

The student is required to construe passages from one Greek and one Latin author, and to translate from English into Latin. He is examined in arithmetic up to the extraction of the square root; and if he passes, will not be troubled with any more ciphering for the rest of his academic career, unless he chooses to employ his spare time in adding up the eccentric figures in his weekly battel-bills. He has the option of being examined in the first two books of Euclid or the rudiments of algebra as far as simple equations; and if his taste is not mathematical, he may discard these branches of knowledge for ever and a day from that time. This is all on paper, but some days later he must appear in white choker and with a still whiter face, and go through the terrible ordeal of *viva voce*, an examination which is as unfair to the examiner in many cases, as it is to the examinee in all, and which is never anything but a most miserable exhibition of real or assumed nervousness.

Experience has shown that the books usually offered are Homer, Xenophon, Thucydides or the Dramatists, Virgil, Horace, Cæsar, or Cicero; and it is clear that a boy of seventeen, who is fit for the university at all, will have

read most, if not all, of these authors. A public matriculation would render smalls utterly useless. Again, how absurd to require an acquaintance with studies which are afterwards to be utterly disregarded. As an introduction to mathematics, arithmetic, Euclid, and algebra, are very good training studies, but it is of no use to begin training with an exercise which will not be carried on, and it may be said that it only teases the young student, and interferes with the one subject to which all his attention should be given.

The next compulsory examination is called 'moderations,' and the youthful wits account for the name by the fact that no moderation is shown them in it. Here the classical portion of smalls is repeated with the variety only of a change of authors, and a more grammatical investigation of them; the object being to prove that, after two years of boasting, cricketing, and other youthful frolics, the aspirant has not forgotten the canons of Doctor Syntax. He again writes a piece of Latin prose, and answers a number of grammatical questions, which 'any schoolboy,' as the penny-a-liners say, would grin at; and although the examination is certainly more scholarly than smalls, the progress in classics which the student is supposed to have made in the six terms which usually separate the two examinations is so very meagre, that we should wonder why there were two examinations at all, if it were not for the introduction of Biblical history in the second one. But even this is confined to a knowledge of the Four Gospels in the original Greek and their story, and as this is repeated in the 'great-go,' we cannot possibly see the advantage of making two previous examinations necessary. Here, too, the youth of Archimedean predilections has but a very mild opportunity for indulging them, unless he has devoted sufficient time to mathematics to go in for honours. Only one more book of Euclid is required of him with the first part of algebra, and this is the whole work which he is supposed to have done during six terms. Lastly, those who dislike geometry can offer to be tested in their knowledge of logic.

Now, it is said in extenuation of this system, that 'moderations' is meant to test the student's critical and grammatical knowledge of the classics, while the 'great-go' proves his comprehension of their contents with regard to philosophy and history; and this distinction would be just enough. But why then retain the 'little-go,' which has no distinct object? Before 1850 this examination held exactly the place that 'moderations' now does, with the exception that logic was kept for 'greats.' What advantage has accrued from making two examinations of it, which differ from one another so very slightly? The Oxonian will reply, that it keeps the student at work; and that is true. But this kind of work is wasted and useless. Between the 'little-go' and 'mods' he learns nothing new, makes but minimum progress in his old subjects, merely substitutes a speech of Demosthenes for a play of Sophocles, and six books of Virgil for the odes of Horace, and takes a whole year to learn another book of Euclid, or rub up Aldrich's logic. Why should all this valuable time be wasted on such trivialities; why, if a study is wanted to keep the dear boys out of mischief, can you not give them something more useful, more desirable to know? It reminds us of school-impositions, when we were set to learn an index of twenty or thirty pages, or a long list of advertisements. How far better would all this time be spent in acquiring what the Oxonian of the highest standing almost always ignores—the language and literature of his own or any other modern country; or, if you must still grovel among the ancients, you will find Hebrew, Arabic, or Sanskrit, every whit as good mental training as Greek and Latin, and with a literature, which, if inferior in extent, is not so in interest.

In the 'great-go,' one philosophical (generally the *Ethics* of Aristotle) and one historical book (commonly Livy's Second Decade) are the subjects of examination. The dabbling in little bits of Euclid, or a duodecimal quantum of Aldrich, is at last abandoned, and the student who has passed moderations might be free to think deeply upon the new truths that are opened up to him in his philosophy, if it were

not for the encumbrance of the divinity, as it is called, though really nothing but a memorial examination in the whole of Biblical history.

Here, at last, however, we have something really sensible. We might perhaps sigh for authors of more recent date and fresher thinking than the old tutor of Alexander. We might even be very bold, and fancy that some parts of the Nicomachean Ethics (which is the book most studied now), are unworthy of the consideration of a young man in the age we live in. But we are so delighted, after our two years of classical twaddle and grammatical school-work, to come upon a study worthy of a man, and one that really develops the mind, that we are content to put up with a few deficiencies in it. That this study, however, is worth more than all the others at the university put together, for the purpose of mental training (for logic, as studied at Oxford for examination, is not carried sufficiently far to make it valuable), is proved by the difference which is apparent between the man of two years' standing and his junior. The moment he has gone through his four books of ethics, he is a superior man, and holds his head up accordingly. He is in fact seized with a fever of philosophy. He is constantly applying Aristotle's dicta to the commonest wants of everyday life; he warns his friends to '*seek the mean*' in their potations, and defends his own little slips by nice arguments as to the distinction of involuntary and non-voluntary; he rushes off to the 'Union,' and for the first time speaks in the noisy debates with confidence and common sense. In short, his mind has acquired strength; and the young man, no longer a mere plodding boy, flaps his new-fledged wings on every twig.

Why, then, should not the young man begin his philosophy much earlier in his university career? If it be dangerous for a *young* man to study philosophy, it is dangerous for him after moderations just as much as before them. Again, why not extend the study of philosophy? It is absurd to take a young man through the first four books of the Ethics, or the Gorgias, or Phædo, and deny him an opportunity of sounding the well to

the very bottom. There is a separate examination in history afterwards, and there can be no benefit in encumbering a man with only four books of Livy, Thucydides, or Tacitus. It is undoubtedly very useful to read and appreciate those great fathers of history, the models of Gibbon, Hume, and Voltaire; but it is the mixture of this with philosophy—the marring of two good things—which I complain of.

So far, it will be understood, the studies of the University of Oxford are confined to mental training, and by the time the student has passed his 'great-go' he has generally been nearly four years at college, and hurries over the remaining examination in the most slovenly and useless manner. Indeed, it seems to be a rule with undergraduates to pass both 'greats' and the 'final examination' in the same term, thus either mixing the two classes of subjects, or allowing only one month for the final school. For this 'final' he has a choice among three subjects—namely, 1. History and law; 2. Natural science; 3. Algebra. The amount of history is equivalent to about a third part of the whole History of England; the quantity of law to one volume of Blackstone, or Justinian with Smith on contracts. Now these two alone are sufficient to employ a thinking man, and one who really desires to understand anything of the philosophy of law and history, for the better part of a year, but by means of 'cribs, *memoria technica*, analyses, and other such villainous devices, the subject is usually 'got up' in a month or six weeks, and, of course, forgotten the moment the examiners have signed your testamur. What absurdity is this! and yet the blame lies with the system, not so much with the men.

Again, natural science comprises, for the *minimum*, chemistry, physiology, and mechanical science. Is it reasonable that a man should acquire a useful knowledge of these in a month, or even in a term? And yet, by the too great weight given to the mere *training* of the mind, all these useful branches of education, which certainly themselves train the mind in their very study, while they stock it with instruments of power, are thrown forward to the very end of the university career, when

the youth is thoroughly worn out by successive examinations, mulcted beyond bearing in pocket, and disgusted by the pedagogic rigidity, the ignorance, the superciliousness, the heartlessness, and the consummate conceit of Oxford dons, for whom he is growing too old.

My first charge against the system of which I have just sketched the outline is, that the mental training is pursued too far, and the scientific or professional teaching forced into a very small compass, and invariably hurried over.

My second charge is, that, even if mental training were alone the object of the university, it departs from the first rule of such training—namely, that it should be single. Oxford has chosen classics as its medium for training the mind. To classics let her be faithful, or, if she must needs introduce mathematics and logic, let her at least keep them independent of one another, and not compel men to acquire a mere smattering of each. In the little-go there is a smattering of mathematics compulsory for all, and then discarded. In moderations there is a smattering of logic, never followed up. In greats there is a smattering of philosophy, marred and interfered with by a like smattering of history. Oxonians have prided themselves on resisting general knowledge, and adhering to classics. We see, on nearer investigation, what these pretensions amount to. We see that the study of classics is interfered with in every stage by the most needless introduction of smatterings. Again I repeat, *πολυμαθὴν τὸν νόον οὐ τρέφει*. Every Oxonian can translate that—even Mr Driver's hieover pupils—let every Oxonian cherish it in his heart; and if he cares to improve his mind by a university education, and not merely to cheat the establishment out of a degree, let him make it his watchword, till he has forced the university to make it theirs.

To do Oxford justice, she has already discovered the rottenness of this system, and proposals are made for remodelling it. Her sense of its absurdity has been chiefly roused by the increase of the plucks* since 1850,

* This term, now so common, has its origin in an old university custom. Long before the introduction of examinations for

to such an extent, that to fail is no longer a disgrace, but a very ordinary accident. The increased favour shown to the system of coaching has an equal claim to her attention.

In offering the following suggestion for examinations to replace the present ones, I merely desire to tend to the reader the result of some experience and no little reflection. I cannot pretend that such a scheme would be the best for any university to adopt. It has been framed with a view to Oxford only, and is of such a character, that it might be grafted on the present system without difficulty, and would demand no violent radical changes. It is drawn up on the supposition that Oxford is content to abide by classics, and leave mathematics to Cambridge.

I have already shown reason for the establishment of a matriculation examination before the university. Its details must, of course, depend on the scheme of education to be adopted. One thing is clear, that a university has no right to demand before admission a knowledge of any branch of study which is not more or less ancillary to those for which her degrees will be given.

The next examination would be within the seventh term, and would thus generally fall at the end of a man's first year at college. Its object should be to show that the mental training with which the youth arrived from school, has been carried on to a proper extent. Its subject should be classics alone; or, if Oxford must teach mathematics, they should have a separate school, and not be made compulsory on the classical respondents. By whatever name this examination might go, it should at least be public. There should indeed be no private

degrees, no undergraduate was allowed to put on his gown, if any one had anything to say to his discredit. The tradesmen to whom he was in debt were the chief opponents, and to give them an opportunity of being heard, it was ordered that each proctor should, before the admission to the degree, walk up and down the convocation house after the calling of each name, that the complainants might pluck their gowns, and so call attention to their petitions. The pluck is now effected by the examiners, but conservative Oxford, as usual, retains the lifeless custom, and wears out its proctors' legs in a ridiculous ceremony.

aminations at all at Oxford. The examiners should be laid more and more open to criticism, since every year they seem to grow more and more arbitrary in their conduct. Response is not a public examination at Oxford, and some years ago, a lady induced one of the examiners, whether by threats or persuasion, to allow a young man in whom she was interested to pass this examination, though totally unqualified to do so. The power of doing this should not be left open. The books required to be read should be four, comprising an orator, a poet, a dramatist, and a historian. One man, for instance, might take up for Greek, Demosthenes (orator) and Eschylus (dramatist); for Latin, Lucretius (poet) and Tacitus (historian). Another might take for Greek, Herodotus (historian) and Pindar (poet); for Latin, Cicero (orator) and Terence (dramatist). By this means, every age and style of Greek and Latin literature would have been studied by the candidate. If these books seem somewhat hard, it must be remembered that under this scheme the whole and sole attention would be given to classics, and that Euclid and arithmetic, which are now such stumbling-blocks for many a good classic, would not be there to interfere. These authors should be read solely with a view to their style, language, and idiom, and no examination should take place in the subject-matter of the historians and orators. A grammatical paper should be set, and comparative philology encouraged as much as possible. There should be no divinity examination here, that having been got over at matriculation; and no honours should be accorded. Latin and, perhaps, even Greek composition required.

By this examination, mental training would be organised, and reduced to a simple progressive form. The public matriculation would be a guarantee for the capability of all men to pass this test within seven terms—i. e., more than a year's steady classical reading. It would now be good to carry the mental training a step farther. In the study of classics, the rudiments of the science of man are taught. The next step is evidently the study of *moral philosophy*. This

should comprise both ancient and modern philosophy. In the study of the ancient, the classical knowledge would be turned to account, but the examination should be conducted in English only, leaving it to the colleges to see that the philosophy was read in the originals. One ancient and one modern author, illustrative of one another, would suffice for a pass; and the answers should be given in the form of short and long essays, the composition of which is in itself a most valuable mode of mental training. At present many a Bachelor of Arts cannot put three English sentences decently together, though he can write pages of Latin; yet every profession, and most of all the profession of a country gentleman, demands this power. Honours should be awarded in this examination, and for these it might be well to make logic necessary. I should propose to confer at this stage a primary degree, to be called the Baccalaureate of Philosophy, and its holders Ph. B., or Bachelors of Philosophy. It is clear that a baccalaureate is properly an honorary degree, and therefore inferior to a licentiate.

It might perhaps be advisable to open a collateral school to confer the degree of Bachelor of Letters—L.B. Certainly the science of man is studied well in his history and literature, though these afford a less developing training for the mind. In this case, English history (without law) and literature would suffice for a pass, and French and German literature, and European history, be requisite for honours. This would turn to some account the present professorships of French and German, and encourage the collateral study of these languages in schools. At any rate, these subjects must be kept distinct. Mental training must have one channel only. The twelfth term, or end of the second year, would be the latest limit for taking the degrees of Ph. B. and L.B.

The third year, and if necessary a fourth also, would be devoted to professional studies, and the degree to be attained would be a licentiate. Before entering on these, it would be imperative for every man to choose his career, a choice now made early in life, and at any rate immediately after the taking of a degree. There would

be no necessity to institute faculties at Oxford, as the delegates of studies would decide the routine of each, and the college tutors guide the young man in his choice of lectures; and their time being left freer, they might pay more attention to the classical and philosophical studies of the undergraduates. The schools would be as follows:—

1. Theology—comprising Biblical History and Research; the LXX. and Greek Testament, critically considered; Ecclesiastical History of the first three centuries; English Church History; the Creed and the Articles, with their expositions. This would leave to the special theological schools the instruction in the Liturgies, in sermon-writing, in religious teaching and parochial duties, besides higher theological reading.

2. The school of Natural Science would be much what it is now.

3. The school of Law would require much extension, and a choice between the studies of the Philosophy of Law, Roman Law, International Law, and even Oriental Law (if India is to retain her codes).

4. A school of Physical Science.

5. A school of Letters, comprising High Classics, and English and Foreign Literature and Languages, or perhaps History, and its attendant studies.

These schools would give the degrees of Licentiate of Theology (Th. L.), Licentiate of Science (S. L.), Licentiate of Law (Ll. L.), Licentiate of Physics (Ph. L.), and Licentiate of Letters (L. L.).

These letters may look queer at first; but it seems to me a matter of small import whether a man have X. Y. Z. or L. M. N. after his name, or the present B. A. and M. A.

The licentiates would then file off as follows:—Th. L. would seek a bishop's palace, or a theological college, as Wells, Lichfield, Durham, Cuddesdon, &c. S. L. would hurry to the hospitals; Ll. L. to the inns of court; Ph. L. to the railways, insurance offices, and *ul' genus omne*; and lastly, L. L. would be admissible to the government service at once, would shine in his county, or make a very respectable living as tutor. Of course there are few men who would care to

go through two of these courses; but the country gentleman's education would be completed by passing Ll. L. first, and Ll. L. afterwards; and, of course, the more L.'s he accumulated, the better he would be.

Seriously, however, whatever the details, there are sundry advantages in such a scheme as I have here roughly sketched, which are worthy of notice.

1. As applied to Oxford, it would not necessitate any increase in the number of professors. If any one will take the trouble to look through an Oxford calendar, he will find that the liberality of founders has left us, at least, a couple of professors for each faculty, and in some four or five. It would only bring these gentlemen into the active service for which their benefactors undoubtedly destined them. Again, as to the tutors, slight and easy changes might be effected in the course of time, which would give to each college a certain number of professional fellows. On this point I shall enlarge in another paper.

2. It would offer a continuous and undeviating line of study for those who desired it. The first year would be devoted to classics; the second to philosophy, partly from classical authors; a third to high classics and general literature.

3. It would offer a sound grounding for all professions; so that no man would be forced to begin the practical part of his calling before he was well read in its theoretical portion.

4. It would give a steadily progressing mental training, worthy of men, whereas the present is fit for boys alone.

5. It would give degrees which are not mere honours, but certificates of valuable and available proficiency.

6. In reducing the number of examinations, it would do away with the necessity for 'coaching.'

7. It would economise time, by enabling a man to obtain his diploma from the special professional schools more rapidly.

8. It would bring thousands to the university, and raise Oxford to what it should be, England's chief seat of learning.

9. The degree of Ph. D., obtained in the second year, would enable the

student to migrate to any other university which offered better professional teaching, after he had sucked the classical yolk at Oxford.

But, whatever be said of Oxonian examinations—and want of space has compelled me to leave much unsaid, as about her religious instruction—one sad fact must not be here passed over.

Oxford no longer owns the sway of knowledge. Port and examinations have taken the sceptre from her hand. Let us walk round the libraries, and see the desolation.

The Bodleian is second only to the British Museum. Indeed, Oxford can boast, thanks to her Romish benefactors, more volumes and rarer MSS. than any university town in Europe, perhaps in the world. But so coldly does she view these unsaleable treasures, that at that same Bodleian the Rawlinson MSS., a most valuable and extensive collection, have for more than a hundred years been lying useless and unapproachable, for want of an available catalogue. Again, undergraduates may not use this university library, except by express permission and introduction, and among a dozen of quiet readers whom you see there in their boxes, you will not find more than three or four gownsmen of any grade.

The Radcliffe possesses an enormous collection of printed books, not only on medical, but also on general subjects, and not a few MSS. The permission to use these is open to all undergraduates. You have only to go in and call for your book. I had occa-

sion to read, in this library, not long since, for about three months, and during that time the curator, the librarian, and myself, were the only people who ever turned a leaf beneath its dome. Visitors came in shoals. Staring freshmen came to look about and go out again, but never a reader.

The colleges all possess curious, valuable, and often extensive libraries; yet, with a true dog-in-the-manger spirit, the dons close them against the undergraduates, and never enter them themselves. It is sad to go into the old dark library at Merton, for instance, where the books are still chained to their places—a proof that students once came here to read—and find the worm, the moth, the spider, and the damp devouring the food which minds might live by.

But what can you expect, where all is so narrow? Books are hated, if they be not of that school. Oxford suppressed even Anthony à Wood, her own chronicler, and Hearne's Camden's Elizabeth; and an Oxford college very nearly dismissed Adam Smith for reading Hume's *Essay on Human Nature*. Yet it was not always so.

Of old walked knowledge in these quiet cloisters, and unveiled her face beneath these mouldering arches. Now the reeling step and horrid mirth of the drunkard profanes her shrines. *Laus Deo* is sung no more, but only

'*Gaudeamus igitur, juvenes dum sumus,
Post jucundam juventutem,
Post molestam senectutem,
Nos habebit humus.*'

A GLANCE AT THE THEOLOGY OF HOMER.

WHEN luxuriating over the pages of some classic author of any age, how naturally does the wish arise, that we could take a peep at the people who read them, with not less keen a relish, at their first issue. We long to ask them, who and what is the God or gods you worship? How do you worship Him or them? What are your ideas of religion, philosophy, the world, and things in general? What, in short, your universal relations? Man, in

spite of Hobbes and his *Leviathan*, is a social animal, and as such will constantly be making inquiries into the social life of his fellows in remote times and distant places. In ages and countries where novels or plays have been in vogue, we arrive at the closest approach to a resolution of our difficulty; but in times anterior, and in places foreign to this class of literary production, we are driven to speculation as to the state of society in which

such and such historical facts were possible; and to deduction from the hero of the poet, to the peculiar thoughts and feelings of the epoch and the nation of which this hero was intended to be the representative and embodiment. The office and gift of the poet, we take it, is not so much actually to create, as to mould and fashion; not so much to announce to the people amongst whom he sings their wants and aspirations, as to put these into their most harmonious and cosmical form; not so much to give them a faith, as to render tangible and luminous the faith already floating in their minds. Apollo stabilises and fixes, does not make, Delos.

In what follows, we shall for convenience' sake, upon the principle just laid down, sometimes employ the words Homer and Homeric as co-extensive with Greece and Grecian. Those who regard Hesiod as contemporaneous with Homer will, perhaps, think that, by the exclusion of the former, we lose something of the dogmatic element of Greek theology, at least so far as the genesis of the gods is concerned; but over and above the fact that we cannot regard such a loss as deplorable, is to be remembered the improbability of their having been contemporaries. Religion takes precedence of philosophy; action, of investigation; the *epos*, of genealogy: and it is altogether to be regarded as unlikely that Hesiod's *Theogony* was the product of Homer's century, as that Mrs Cowden Clarke's '*Infancy of Shakspeare's Heroines*' was in being at the same time with the immortal bard himself.

'Who but the poet has given gods to men?' is a question that has been asked by one, who, in the interrogative form, meant to assert strongly a

categorical proposition. From which we take leave to dissent; involving as it does, at least the one fallacy of concreting the poetical sentiment into the poetic individual. The poet may be the god-fashionser, but not the god-giver; although the poetic feeling, apart from revelation or intuition (which is a kind of individual revelation), may have postulated a deity, or more probably deities. Of what kind those deities were which man eliminated, as the German his camel, out of the depths of his moral consciousness, we are about to see. Let it be premised that men, with a sort of hazy conviction that neither class of beings fulfilled the ideal of their respective natures, held a tradition, that in the olden time, long anterior to the Homeric, and the dynasty under which we are about to place ourselves, more beneficent and just gods bore sway over more happy and contented subjects.

The gods of Homer were for the most part either the children or the children's children of Saturn (Kronos, or Time), a parentage which precluded the idea of eternity, but which yet preserved to them an existence that could never terminate. In form they did not materially differ from the human race; their greater power for good or evil, their blessedness, their possession of the peaks of Olympus, and thrones beyond the ether, broadly marked their superiority. They governed the world, and at every touch and turn gave evidence of their intimate connection and sympathy with men, who recognised their kind offices in every piece of good fortune, but blamed them without reserve for every disaster and annoyance. Good and bad qualities of body or mind were regarded as direct gifts from the gods.

'If thou art exceeding valiant, God, I ween, hath given thee this,'

says Agamemnon to Achilles, in the course of that dispute which was the occasion of 'woes unnumbered' to the Greeks. And Paris, when Hector tells him,

'Vainly in thy harp and presents Venus-given wilt thou trust,
When thy flowing locks and beauteous form are mingled with the dust,'

warns his stern brother not to depreciate the gifts of the gods, let them be what they may—

'The lovely gifts of golden Venus should thy soul respect,
For the god's illustrious presents no one lightly may reject,
Since they give as is their pleasure, and no man may choose his own.'

When men were distinguished egregiously by any favourable token, they were called godlike, or divine: Agamemnon was so named in virtue of the power and the sceptre he held from Jove; Ulysses, for the wisdom which he shared in equal measure with the same god; Paris and Helen, for the exceeding favour of Venus, who granted them an extraordinary share of beauty—the last of these, even on the confession of the Trojan elders and peers of Priam, being 'wondrously like to the goddesses immortal.'

Let us see the Homeric faith as to

'Father Jove, no god more baleful than thyself my plans hath marr'd.
Now, indeed, I look'd to punish Alexander for his sin,
But, instead, my sword hath shiver'd in my hands, my spear hath been
Hurl'd in vain, &c.

And presently, when he had seized Paris by the helmet, and was triumphantly dragging him along to the Greek host, Venus came to the rescue of her favourite, snapping the thong which bound the helm beneath his chin, and (such things being, as Homer interjects, mere bagatelle to the gods) hiding and carrying him away in a cloud, thus again confounding the at-all-points-thwarted Menelaus. After the encounter, when Paris was safely reclining in his perfumed chamber, Venus compelled the reluctant Helen to visit him, and caused her reproaches to sink abruptly into tenderness. When a person was born, married, or slain; sick or in health; weak or strong, the gods were intimately and directly connected with these events or accidents. It was in virtue of their kindly interference that a man enjoyed a jest or a laugh, or sneezed with security; and it was equally by their unpropitious offices, that the mariner was driven out of his course; the wind, which was the mechanical agency, being regarded merely as the breath of a hostile deity. These direct and powerful operations of the gods reached also to the thoughts, and de-

the influence of the gods in bringing misfortune and annoyance. If sun-stroke and pestilence decimated the Greeks, it was Phoebus the Far-darter, angry on account of insults offered to his priest, who was shooting at them with his pointed shafts, and feeding the ever-burning funeral pyres with heaps of dead. If the spear of Menelaus failed of its mark, when aimed at the 'prime sinner' Paris, the disappointed hero reproached Jove with loud groaning and heaven-turned glances in such words as these:—

sires, and judgment. If Jove wished to avenge the dishonour put upon Achilles, he sent a hostile and lying dream (itself a deity) to Agamemnon; that it might, standing by the king's bed in the guise of the sage and friendly Nestor, the better prevail upon him to commit himself to destructive or injurious measures. If a hero was deceived, a god had perverted his judgment, and befooled him; if injured, a god, not so much the human instrument, had wrought the ill. It will be seen that the Greeks afforded no exception to the universality of the theocratic element in the first stages of all peoples. Even at the period at which we contemplate them, the principle of direct god-government in political matters is only formally invalidated. Though Agamemnon is the apparent and human king, he is so only in virtue of his inheritance of the identical sceptre, which Vulcan had formerly fashioned for the great king of gods and men.

Homer enables us to identify the sceptre, by reciting its various holders during the interval between its manufacture and its possession by Agamemnon:

'Vulcan first this staff had given to King Jove, old Saturn's heir;
Jove to his messenger presented it, him who great Argus kill'd;
Mercury gave it up to Pelops, in the hippodrome well-skill'd;
Pelops yielded it to Atreus, king and shepherd of the flock;
Atreus, dying, to Thyestes left it, rich in pastoral stock;
And at length Thyestes yielded it to Agamemnon's hand.'

What weight this sceptre carried, and with what dignity it invested its possessor, may be gathered from the

words of Ulysses, when engaged in chiding the Greeks, both princes and soldiers, for their too great eagerness

to return to Greece. He thus concluded the 'gentle reproof,' which he made a point of administering to the kings and chiefs; whilst further on, in the same quotation, will be seen the more uncompromising manner in

which he reproached the common people. We premise that Ulysses had, for the occasion, borrowed this 'indestructible' sceptre to enforce his personal authority—

'Most dreadful is the vengeance that a Jove-bred sovereign wreaks,
Since from Jove he holds his honour—Jove, the all-counselling, loves him well.
When he heard a base-born fellow with loud factious shouts rebel,
He would beat him with the sceptre, and thus give him reprimand:
"Wretch, keep quiet, and obedient, do what other men command,
Who in station are thy betters. Thou, unwarlike, imbecile,
Neither in the field nor council art accounted aught but vile.
Nowise may all we Achæans here the part of sovereign play,
For mob-rule is but confusion, to one chief let all obey,
One king only, to whom wily Saturn's son hath judgment given,
And a sceptre, awful symbol of the power he holds from heaven."

In this place, intermediate between treating of the *divine class*, or the nature of the gods in general, and of the *divine hierarchy*, or the nature of the Olympian constitution, it may not be amiss to make a remark that will be perhaps of useful application both to what precedes and to what is yet to follow. This remark turns upon the incompleteness, and, so far, the awkwardness of the Greek theology, arising from the want of a spirit of evil, some being analogous to the Ahriman of the Persians or the Devil of the Christians, who should, either in his own person, or by a counter constitution of evil spirits of which he was the head, array himself against Jove and all the inhabitants of heaven, not as individuals, but as a class; working against each and all, not from pique or caprice, but from deep-set, unwavering hate. If the divine superiority had been so proudly sufficient as to have allowed the Titans, or any other anti-theic powers, to range the world, and endeavour to controvert the beneficence and goodwill of the gods, and to thwart their designs for man's happiness, instead of keeping them basely growling beneath volcanoes (where, at least, a later age localised them), the purity, and unanimity, and peace of heaven had been wonderfully enhanced. Men would not then have been tempted to evil by the gods, and they would have had in all doubtful cases—of morals, at least—an alternative of honour, moral right, and final safety, instead of finding themselves obliged, on every debatable point, to select for their proper patron one out of two or more

deities of conflicting interests. This is a remark extremely likely of suggestion, when the warm, sensuous Polytheism of Homer is looked at comparatively with a more abstract Pantheism; or from the *locus* of any monotheistic system. But the Greek himself was not likely to be very acutely sensible of such a defect. His problem was to manufacture gods (as the ingenious harmonic artist a bass-viol 'out of his own head') from the depths of his moral consciousness: what could he do but transfer to the divine an indefinite multiple of the good and evil of his own nature?

Keeping this well in view, we may, as we proceed to unveil the attributes of the gods, come to a tolerably correct estimate of the moral qualities of their worshippers. 'Tell me with whom you go, and I'll tell you what you are,' is, as it stands, a very respectable proverb; but it would lose nothing of its weight or verity, if the first moiety ran, 'Tell me *whom you worship*.' Nay, we incline rather to the emendation than to the original; for the fear of consequences, and a whole host of little conventional arguments, may keep a man within the limits of what he calls the becoming; but, if once he exposes the deity or the quality that he enshrines within the temple of his heart, then, indeed, may confidently be declared what he is, or what he resembles.

Two simple mental processes will give us, as we prosecute our inquiry into the political, social, domestic, and moral life of the gods, the same results as applied to mortals. We have first to consider what was the state of mo-

als and manners which could co-exist and consort with the deification of certain qualities that were reckoned divine; and secondly, to estimate the reciprocal and reactionary influence of the creed which recognised these upon the lives and habits of its believers.

Jove was 'the supreme ruler both of gods and men, and stood to the former exactly in the same relation that an absolute monarch does to the aristocracy of which he is the head. His will was the grand originating centre of all great movements in the physical and moral world; and besides the peculiar functions which he exercised as god of the upper air, he had a general

superintendence over the conduct of all the other gods, and over all the thoughts, purposes, and actions of men.' He seems even to have enjoyed a kind of suzerainty over his co-heirs, Neptune and Pluto; to whom had fallen, at the division of power consequent upon the dethronement of 'wily Saturn,' the empire of the Sea and the Infernal Regions, respectively. Vulcan, the cunning artist of the gods, bore witness to this supremacy, when, counselling his mother Juno to make peace with Jove, he rather ludicrously reminded her of his own misadventure, which had arisen from former opposition to Jove in her behalf:

'Once, in former time, assistance when to thee I would have given,
Having seized my foot, he hurl'd me from the threshold high of heaven.
All day was I hurried headlong, and with the declining day
Fell on Lemnos, with but little life left in me, as I lay.

The unfortunate god was, however, kindly tended by the Sentians, but never recovered a lameness which, in consequence of his fall, seized both his legs. Jove also, with a proud consciousness of his individual superiority to all the rest of the gods, on one occasion threatened that he would hurl any offending or disobedient deity to Tartarus; and challenged each severally, or all combined, to essay their powers against him. Thus, 'Come, gods, and try me: hang a golden chain from heaven, and all ye gods and goddesses suspend yourselves therefrom; yet would you not draw from heaven to earth your supreme counsellor Jove, even with your utmost labour: but whenever I willed to do so, I could

draw it up, together with earth and ocean, and you all, and binding the chain around the top of Olympus, suspend all these dangling in the air.' And the submission of the awed assembly asserted that this was no idle boast. Yet was not Jove almighty, in a strict, defined sense of the term; his title being rather *most*, and *very*, not *all* powerful. He had known difficulties, and been driven to straits by far less formidable combinations than the whole united strength of heaven. The following passage from the appeal which Achilles made in his sorrow to his mother Thetis, shows how that silver-footed goddess had once relieved him from great dishonour and extremity. For when

'Juno, Neptune, and Minerva would have closely fetter'd him,
Thou then coming didst, oh goddess, from the chains release his limb;
Calling up the Hundred-handed quickly to the Olympian height,
Surnamed by the gods Briareus, by all men Ægeon hight.'

And the liberator of Jove was thereupon advanced to a seat of honour and distinction by the side of the grateful god. For the want of consistency and homogeneity in the myths which have their place in Homer, we can only plead that it was not his province to systematise or *articulate* his religious creed, so much as to embellish his account of the main action, by the most effective and dramatic episodes. Whatever the traditional temporary weaknesses of Jove may have been, he does not appear in Homer to suffer any diminution of power or dignity

from the remembrance of them; the gods, upon pain of his displeasure, dared not receive him otherwise than standing; and they followed meekly in his train to and from the celestial banquets. Juno alone would venture directly and in his presence to oppose him, and take him to task for his supposed delinquencies: but even this more in the character of an injured and petulant wife, than a god in persistent opposition to his measures. And though it was common for the gods to take various sides in the Homeric contests, yet in all, according to

the poet, 'the purpose of Jove was being fulfilled,' his will overriding and overruling, whilst conniving at, their active expressions of partisanship. This was the crown of Jove; the will, namely, that would and must finally bend everything to itself, and out of every contradictory and opposing influence assert itself in ultimate and grand fulfilment. The peculiar moral functions of Jove were to befriend and protect those who were otherwise friendless; to avenge all infractions of the laws of hospitality and kindness; to give rewards to those who deserved well, and, conversely, to punish the doers of evil. 'Whatever, in short, rendered man an object of interest and love to man, came from Jove. He was god in a sense that belonged to no other deity. Without him men were wild beasts, life an uninterrupted war, and Olympus a mere bedlam.'

The doctrine of a fortune or fate, which came afterwards to be so elaborated by the tragedians of Greece, is found in Homer only in a very elementary and unformed state. The 'essay of the human mind to satisfy its innate longing for a monotheistic view of the universe,' had not become, in the days of Homer, so essential to man as to necessitate the conception of a power before which even the divine power and will must bow, and within the limits of which these must revolve. This longing, in his time only rudimentary, easily found its correlate in the indefinite supremacy of the one Jove over the subordinate forces of earth and heaven.

'The gods know all things,' is the Homeric epitome of the doctrine of divine omniscience; which, however, no more than the like assertion as to their power ('the gods can do all things'), is to be taken as of strict and literal application. For we are supplied with instances which must operate against the reception of this as an all-embracing or universal proposition. Here is an example. The

'wind-footed' Iris, running down from Olympus, came with a message to Achilles, the purport of which was, that he should arm himself 'unknown to Jove and the other gods.' Iris did this at the command of Juno; who, however, with the sharpened eye and ear of a jealous wife, and withal a slightly shrewish one, had on a former occasion easily discovered a meeting which Jove had arranged and held, clandestinely, as he flattered himself, with Thetis. These attempts at secrecy, whether successful or not, show sufficiently that the planners of them hoped to remain undiscovered, and demonstrate, therefore, their belief in the limited knowledge of those whom they wished to deceive. No monotheist would avow in theory, or proceed upon in practice, the hope of deceiving God; full well knowing that a hope entertained in contravention of absolute divine omniscience must necessarily prove abortive.

The friendship of the gods, whom we may, after having entered this caveat, regard generally as omniscient and omnipotent, was, of course, a thing to be coveted, and when gained, to be highly prized and anxiously preserved. But the winning and the preservation of this favour was a task of no slight difficulty. An answer was often long withheld, even from a worshipper who for the moment enjoyed their protection and patronage, until the gods supplicated had opportunity to revolve the petition in their minds, and decide how far it were expedient, from their own co-working or antagonistic relations with other deities, to reply favourably or otherwise. Thus Thetis was obliged to urge Jove to cut short her dubiety by a word, which should at once either grant or refuse her application. Jove having been thus urged, although with some degree of misgiving and gloomy anticipations of a certain lecture, promised to signify his approval of her petition by nodding his head, the pledge,

'That most binding is; whatever I have by a nod approved
Firm shall stand irrevocably, both by guile and fate unmoved.'

But this divine favour once gained, was by no means therefore perpetual. It was not the glory of the Homeric gods that they were slow to anger; on the contrary, they were easily irascible,

jealous of slights and petty insults, and relentless in their persecution of the luckless wight who had the misfortune to offend them. Over and above these drawbacks, their prover-

bial guile and deceit rendered it politic in the man who had so far succeeded in winning the good graces of the gods, to exact an oath as security for their performance of the good he craved. Ulysses, the crafty suspecter of craft, demanded from Calypso and Circe an oath in confirmation of what he hesitated to take upon their unsupported words. It was not against the nature and practice of the gods to seduce men, not only into misfortunes and calamities, but even into crimes; that of perjury not excepted—although it was a sin for which they reserved in a future state the most severe punishments. On the other hand, since the gods were the dispensers of good to men, they were to be reckoned of a beneficent disposition, and their placability was implicitly asserted by the attempts made to propitiate them. It was to be presumed that the cases in which they inflicted evil on particular individuals were exceptional; and notable instances of their accessibility and readiness to oblige those whose lives were mainly good and devoted to their service, are recorded in the pages of Homer. Here is the form of the very first prayer in the 'Iliad,' which Chryses offered up to Apollo, supplicating vengeance upon the Greeks, for the wrong he had suffered at their hands by the unjust detention of his daughter:—

'God of the silver bow,
List to my prayer;
Thou who of old, as now,
Makest thy care
Chrysa and Cilla divine;
Who dost in Tenedus
Mightily reign;
If ever, Sminthius,
Roofs for thy graceful fane
Have been a care to me:
If e'er I burn'd to thee
(Offering the fatted thigh)
He-goats and kine,
Favour my upward cry,
Honour thy shrine:
May the Greeks feel thy darts
Piercing their hearts,
Smarting for tears of mine.'

To which prayer Phœbus promptly and cordially responded, by sending the pestilence, or, Homerice, shooting the pointed shafts which we have before had occasion to notice.

The relations which the gods bore

to men, and the close and constant intimacy with them and their affairs, suggest the questions, How was this intimacy effected, and these relations made manifest? First, of the first:—
'The gods visited the earth, and often appeared in a visible shape to mortals; generally, however, under some human mask, in such a manner that, while their godhead was veiled to the general eye, they were capable of being seen and recognised in their divine character by the opened eye of their pious worshippers.' Thus, Venus manifested herself to Helen at first in the guise of an old dame who had formerly been a wool-carder in her husband's palace at Lacedæmon; till, at length, her all-radiant neck,

'And her love-inflaming bosom, and her fiery
flashing eyes,'

revealed and confessed the goddess. Iris, again, visited Helen in the semblance of Laodice, 'the fairest of all Priam's daughters.' Minerva, in *propriâ personâ*, and yet in human form, prevented Achilles from taking a deadly vengeance upon Agamemnon, even whilst he was in the act of unsheathing his sword to slay that 'king of men.' Instances are exhaustless of the gods indulging in this method of effecting their purposes, and of working upon the passions and plans of the objects of their visitations by articulate and *vivâ voce* injunctions. It was the custom of all the gods, with Jove at their head, to spend annually a period of twelve days in banqueting amongst the 'blameless Ethiops,' a people whose correctness of life and manners seems to have recommended them, in spite of any prejudice which might attach to the colour of their epidermis, to the divine inhabitants of Olympus.

These theophanic revelations marked the highest and closest degree of intimacy; but there were other methods known to the Greeks by which the gods were accustomed to reveal their will to mankind. When the Greeks met in council to deliberate upon the means to be employed for getting rid of the pestilential visitation sent by Apollo, Achilles advised them to

'Seek the counsel of some priest or prophet true,
Or of one by dreams enlighten'd, for dreams also are from Jove.'

The italicised portion of the above quotation embodies shortly the article of faith under cover of which it was reasonable for Agamemnon to act upon the message and advice of the 'hostile Oneiros,' or lying dream-god, which Jove sent purposely to mislead him; whilst the other part indicates a belief in the inspiration of certain men to unravel and foretell the pur-

poses of the gods. This is explicitly announced in the brief description of the augur Calchas, most remarkable in his profession of all who favoured the Greeks in the Trojan contest, and who was also present upon the occasion of this same deliberative assembly. After Achilles had ceased to speak, then

'Rose up Calchas, son of Thestor, of the augurs wisest far,
Who could tell by power prophetic things that shall be, were, and are.'

And this in virtue of some inspiration or god-possession.

Of the kind of event which was considered ominous or portentous, and the method of interpretation practised by this same Calchas, we may offer one example. The occasion is as follows:—Agamemnon wishing, for various reasons, to essay the disposition of his people, gave orders, in pretended compliance with a command

from Jove, that they should all embark and voyage homewards to Greece. Nestor and Ulysses, with secret understanding of his purpose, had it in charge to stay those who seemed too anxious for flight before the purpose for which they had sailed to Troy was executed. Ulysses, after acknowledging the reasonableness of their impatience, thus proceeded to allay or to divert it:—

'Yet return without fruition, after so long stay, were vile;
Wherefore still remain, my comrades, and be patient yet awhile,
Till the prophecies of Calchas shall or true or false appear,
For this comes within our knowledge, and ye all can witness bear
(Whom the fates and death forbearing took not captive yesterday,
Or the day before). When gather'd the Greek fleet at Aulis lay,
To old Priam and the Trojans, charged with freight of wo and blood,
And we by the sacred altars round the lucid fountain stood,
Offering hecatombs unblemish'd to the deathless ones on high,
Shaded by a noble plane-tree, whence a crystal stream flow'd by;
There a sign appear'd portentous, dreadful to the wilder'd sight,
A foul, red-back'd, brindled dragon, which great Jove had sent to light,
From beneath the altar gliding, to the plane-tree crawl'd along,
Where was lodged a brood of fledgelings, a poor helpless sparrow's young.
Nestling far within the foliage, where the top boughs taper'd fine:
Eight the young ones were in number, and the mother made them nine.
Then the monster ate the offspring: piteous was their twittering cry.
Whilst the mother, round gyrating, grieved to see her loved ones die;
But he, turning, seized her also by the wing, as round she flew
Screaming. And when he had swallow'd her, and her young offspring too,
Then the god made him portentous, who the dragon first had shewn;
For the son of wily Saturn metamorphosed him to stone;
Whilst ourselves look'd on in wonder at what happen'd, and in fear.
So the portents divine, dreadful, to the hecatombs drew near.
Thereupon prophetic Calchas promptly his god-message speaks:—
"Why hath silence thus invaded all your host, ye long-hair'd Greeks,
When to us hath Jove, all-counselling, shown a sign of mighty name?
Late it is, and late of issue, but of ever-deathless fame.
For the sparrow and her offspring were devoured for a sign;
They, the young ones, eight in number, and the mother making nine,
That we must for the like season of nine years wage battle here,
But the tenth shall see our capture of the broadway'd city fair."
Thus did Calchas give assurance, and all happen as he told.
Let us then our old position, oh! well-greaved Achæans, hold
In this place, till we shall capture Priam's mighty citadel.'

The priestly functions were not, by any strong line of definition, marked off from the kingly. In the sacrificial offices warriors would mingle and assist on apparently equal terms with those whose titular glory was *priest*,

with the exception that the man who inaugurated the sacrifice by prayer would generally be of the sacerdotal order. It is not, however, our intention at present to investigate the relations and comparative duties of men

with one another, or even the propitiatory and augural ceremonies they observed, further than is necessary to announce the principles of which these ceremonies were the application. Homer's own description of one of these shall be the substitute for any lengthened one which we might give, by presenting the peculiar features of a multitude. We only notice, that the sacrifice to the gods initiated a feast, in

which those who had worshipped rewarded themselves for their piety by an indulgence in meat and wine. The occasion is the restitution of the daughter of Chryses, and consequent reconciliation of the Greeks to Apollo. Chryses, forgetting his former injuries received at their hands, intercedes successfully for them with the god whose priest he was:—

'For the god then skilfully,
They the hecatomb illustrious round the well-built altar placed;
Next they wash'd their hands in water, and fine barley upward raised,
Whilst for them, with hands uplifted, Chryses pray'd an earnest prayer:—
"Bearer of the bow of silver, to my suit incline thine ear;
Thou of Chrysa's rights the champion, and of Cylla's, the divine,
Who o'er Tenedos dost strongly rule, already prayers of mine
Thou indeed hast heard and answer'd, and hast heavily oppress'd
The Achæans. In like manner, further, grant me this request:
Even now, let this unseemly ruin from the Greeks depart."
So he pray'd, and him Apollo heard with a relenting heart.
Then when they had sprinkled pounded barley, after they had pray'd,
First the neck they bended backwards, and the victims kill'd and flay'd,
And cut out the thighs, enwrapping them with fat in double fold:
Then they placed the flesh, all-reeking, on them as they lay enroll'd.
Next, the old man, pouring sparkling wine upon the billet-wood,
Burn'd them, whilst the young men, holding five-prong'd forks, around him stood.
After they the thighs had roasted, and had of the viscera eat,
Then they cut the rest in pieces, and on spits transfix'd the meat,
Which then cunningly they roasted, and all from the spits released.
When they had prepared the banquet, and had from their labour ceased,
Ate they, nor lack'd aught their spirit of the well-proportion'd feast.
When for food and drink no longer did their appetite inoline,
Then the youths fill'd up the goblets brimming high with generous wine;
And the wine in cups outpouring, to each handed they along;
Whilst through all the day the Grecian youths endeavour'd by their song
To appease the god, and chanted forth the joyous Pæan strain,
Celebrating the Far-darter, who with joy heard the refrain.'

Without indulging, then, in any further discussion as to the ritual according to which acts of worship were to be regulated, let us simply notice that such acts were demanded by the gods at the hands of pious men, and received with approbation, when ungrudgingly accorded. Men, by these outward expressions of piety, not only procured a momentary or transient favour, but accumulated a store of kindly regards, which were available whenever necessity might oblige them to have recourse to the gods, for a benefit in return. In that very pathetic interview of Mercury with Priam, where the god, in the form of one of the myrmidons, conducts the old king to the tent of Achilles, that he might ransom his 'only son' Hector, it appears that the care of the gods had extended even to the dead body of the latter. 'You would wonder,' says Mercury, 'to see how

dew-like (*i. e.*, fresh) he lies, the blood is washed away from around, and he is not polluted in any part. All his wounds are closed, whatever were inflicted, for many thrust a spear into him. Thus do the blissful gods favour thy son, though dead; for he was dear to them in heart.' And Priam in answer declared the reason of their kindness: 'Oh! son, surely it is good to give due gifts to the immortals; for my son, while living, never in his palace neglected the gods who enjoy Olympus; therefore are they careful of him, although he is in the fate of death.' And when, by the renewed good offices of Mercury, the body of Hector was brought home to Troy, Hecuba his mother ended her lamentation over him by declaring, 'Now thou liest, wo is me! in the palace, dew-like and lately slain, as one whom Apollo, the god of the silver bow, hath slain with his mild weapons.'

So placid was the countenance of the dead hero, and so well preserved his body, even after he had lain for twelve days, and in the interval suffered that indignity which all the world knows Achilles inflicted upon him—his body having been tied to the conqueror's chariot, and thus dragged into the camp of the Greeks.

The gods tried by a standard of even greater rigour than the rules of outward religious decorum the hearts and dispositions of men; they preferred humility and self-diffidence, especially when in combination with trustfulness in themselves, to hecatombs offered ostentatiously by proud and otherwise godless men. He was most likely to enjoy the assistance of the gods whose lowly estimate of himself and his own powers inclined him the most to feel his want, and to seek for their aid. The exploits of Diomedes, in wounding Venus and Mars, show how far a mortal hero might distinguish himself in the one case, by the warrant and consequent assistance of Minerva, and in the other, by the presence of that goddess to give efficacy to his spear-thrust, and to fasten that weapon deep in the flank of Mars. The rationale of this matter seems to be, that the constant steady valour of the Greeks prevailed against the fitful and headstrong impetuosity of the Trojans. But we have mentioned it chiefly that we might

here remark what we have left hitherto unnoticed—the liability, namely, co-existent with their blessedness and power, of the Homeric gods to suffer pain. Mars, 'brazen' fellow as he was, at receiving the wound inflicted with the spear of Diomedes by the hand of Minerva, bellowed out as loudly as 'nine or ten thousand men' would have done in the din and strife of battle. Speedily, and like a 'dusky cloud,' he made his way to lofty Olympus, and there made such a speech to Jove, as seems to have been equivalent to application for an order on the Olympian dispensary, the medicines of which, applied by the hand of the skilful Pæon, afforded him happy and instantaneous relief.

Notwithstanding that the Homeric faith necessitated the reference of many evil as well as good actions to the gods, it was not to be supposed that men could escape the responsibility attaching to the line of conduct they pursued. Each man's deeds must be visited upon his own head, and no impious transference of evil suggestions to the gods could save him from the consequences of these, when realised in practice. Minerva might prompt the unfortunate Pandarus to break 'the solemn league and oath' which the Trojans had contracted with the Greeks, but he would still have his own private account to settle with those

'Of the shades below,

Who upon the dead take vengeance for each broken plighted troth.'

Upon breakers of truces and perjurers, we find also such an imprecation as this invoked:

'Jove, most glorious, most mighty, and ye gods who know no end,
Who shall first against these covenants with an impious hand offend,
Let their own brains, and their children's, on the ground stream *like this wine*,
And their wives each learn dishonour as another's concubine.'

The words in italics refer to the libations which the imprecators were in the act of pouring as an integral part of the ceremony that lent to the covenants spoken of their peculiar solemnity. The right of the gods thus to punish men was based upon the principle which Jove particularly avowed, that evil came not from themselves, but from the self-originated perverseness of the human will. In the retributive slaughter of the suitors of Penelope by the returned Ulysses, Laertes, an old, and therefore more probably a pious, man, saw a convincing and com-

forting proof that Jove and the rest of the gods reigned in the mighty Olympus. The gods were never at a loss for ministers or instruments of vengeance. They themselves punished men directly, or worked out their plans of punishment by means of mortal agents, or again commissioned the Erinyes, or Furies, in aggravated cases of impiety, to persecute remorselessly the offenders. 'These Furies, from the manner in which they are mentioned, seem to have been at first merely the impersonations of the curses which parents, when sorely ir-

itated, vented on their unnatural children; but the idea seems afterwards to have been extended, so that even poor persons who were under the special protection of Jove were said to have their Erinyes, or avengers.' So far of rewards and punishments in this life.

The future life which awaited the general mass of mankind was an inipid, undefined existence, generally listless and without activity, in the dark and dreary abode of Hades. Heroes, whose valour and virtuous conduct had on earth marked them out for the discriminating and special kindness of the gods, were promoted to a state of 'substantial beatitude' in heaven, or in the blessed Isles of the West; whilst those who had been pre-eminent in wickedness and hostility to the gods, were the objects of various severe, and often fantastic, punishments. Thus, Sisyphus, who had been remarkable for his cruelties, was condemned to spend an eternity in futile attempts to roll to the top of a steep acclivity a huge stone, which, as soon as it gained the summit, fell back again constantly, crashing and thundering, to the plains below. And Tantalus, who outraged the gods his guests, by cooking and serving up as food the body of his son Pelops, who had been killed in brutal honour of their visit, was condemned to such torment as has given to our language an adjective expressive of great, ever-recurring, teasing annoyance. The general run of mankind, who had not one so much good on the one hand, nor so much evil on the other, as to reclude the idea of having their accounts squared, by compensating temporal good or evil, were kept in a dim, foggy, unrealising and unrealisable existence, somewhat akin to that which the ghosts of our own time, according to the doctrine of the Transatlantic spiritualists, enter upon directly after their departure from this life. Altogether a chill, repressive, subdued life, a sort of life in death, which we may perhaps best imagine when labouring under a determined attack of influenza, specially if it happen to be combined with a heavy visitation of a squadron of azure diabolicals.

We will not stay to examine ethically the graduation of pain, or bless-

ing, or insipidity, to their objects, longer than is necessary to observe, that that was not the most profound view of what constitutes the dignity of an active and intelligent being, which was taken in this article of the Homeric Theology.

From what has been said, it will be manifest that the gods of Homer were merely, so to speak, telescopic men; conceived on a colossal scale, truly, but as truly on a human model. And this is not wonderful; for the gods of any people can never transcend that people's ideal of excellence. And when this ideal has to be evolved and shaped out of the mind of would-be worshippers, it naturally happens that the qualities of men and the phenomena of the universe are, by a strong application of what is technically called *prosopopoeia*, concreted and embodied into individuals, representing the highest conceivable perfection of these same qualities and phenomena. Thus we understand the gross anthropomorphism of Homer. His gods are men *plus* immortality and uninterrupted blessedness; which qualities, we apprehend, exhibit the nearest approach to creation shown in the edification of his system. And even these must, by a severe canon, be reduced to the level of other qualities, which are more palpably only an exaggeration of the qualities of men. For the divine immortality was but the negation of death; and death did not terminate the existence of men: and their uninterrupted blessedness was but the negation of pain and sorrow (not consistently maintained as we have seen), which good men, even here, partly enjoyed, and aspired to as their final inheritance. All the other qualities of the gods are readily resolvable into human ones; their power, wisdom, facility of locomotion, &c., were human characteristics, not infinitely, only indefinitely, multiplied.

It might, we think, easily be shown how the entire Olympian hierarchy sprung up, grouped around the one prime, central idea of power. This, however, involving the philosophy of the gods of Homer, involves also, to a certain extent, their mythology, from which the title of our paper warns us off. We may in one sentence, not announce, but indicate or insinuate what

appears to be the rationale of the Homeric deities. Our readers must bear in mind that this is necessarily only a hard crayon sketch, which deals with outlines, and cannot make pretension to the warmth and lusciousness of colour. Jove was the central generic power, or, if a fastidious taste require the change, force; and this grand force was constantly striving to realise itself in a specific form. Thus, Minerva, the unmothered offspring of the brain of Jove, became the goddess of wisdom and strategy; and her classification will be, genus (underlying idea) power: species (particular manifestation) wisdom. So of Vulcan, Phœbus, Mars, and the rest. It is thus intelligible how it was at all times, and in all circumstances, reasonable and proper to call upon Jove; whilst only under particular circumstances was recourse to be had to particular deities. Jove was, in short, the great head of all departments.

It remains for us to remark, more explicitly than we have hitherto done, upon the shortcomings of the Homeric theology; and this at once broadly and briefly. Some of these shortcomings have already been directly enunciated, and nearly all inferentially; for it was impossible, without projecting ourselves out of our consciousness, which also is impossible, not to be continually, though unobtrusively, comparing the Greek idea of the Divine with our own. The two qualities in which we have expressly stated that the Homeric gods were deficient, shall on that account, though not otherwise in accordance with a wise method, be mentioned first; and only mentioned that our conclusion may be, if possible, also a synopsis. The gods were limited both in knowledge and power; wherever, or whatever that might be, whether physical or moral, that bounded the horizon of their *possible*, it is not necessary to determine; we shall merely assume a right, from former passages in this paper, to repeat, as a proposition, that the gods were not omniscient nor omnipotent. Neither were they omnipresent, although endowed with a facility of locomotion only short, yet still short, of ubiquity. One passage of the 'Iliad' is conclusive on this point. When Achilles wished his mother Thetis to present his petition

forthwith to Jove, she objected that she could not for some days do so, because Jove and all the gods had gone for a twelve days' banqueting to Ethiopia; which period of twelve days' freedom from business, being of annual recurrence, may be regarded as the Olympian long vacation.

So far from the gods being self-existent, or existent from a past eternity, their genealogy was ascertained, and referred, in the first generation, to Time, and in the long run, to Oceanus and Tethys, a pair of ancient sea deities; as if in anticipation of the philosophic dogma of Thales. Throughout the whole range of Homeric theology, there is nothing comparable—nothing second to that grand Mosiac formula, the highest revelation which up to that time, God had given of himself, and contained in the two unfathomable words, 'I AM.'

A certain beneficence displayed by the Homeric deities is the closest approximation to that love which we regard as the most precious divine quality; whilst that awful sacrifice, which we contemplate with wonder and gratitude, as the most sublime and unanswerable manifestation of the love of God, was so far from casting any shadow before upon the Greek mind of the time, that the pages of Homer present no traces of the doctrine of vicarious punishment.

But it were idle to pursue further a comparison between a spark and the sun. We will, although it may be said to be a parting fling at the dead lion, complain that Jove was not only not a god, according to a monotheistic standard; but that he was not even a god whom we should, with our ideas of chivalry and delicacy, call a gentleman. He was not supremely happy in his domestic relations, and whenever his chimney smoked, he had insured to him those two things which are proverbially understood to rank amongst the greatest plagues of life. The scolding of his wife was met by harsh words, and often by harsh treatment on his part, and perhaps their periods of hearty reconciliation were not so much the rule as the exception. During one of these exceptional periods, he made love to Juno in words as delicate as that act would be, by

which a man should introduce to his wedded wife the *passées* beauties of his late harem. A passage which occurs in the 14th Book of the 'Iliad' will justify what we have said; and also demonstrate plainly that purity or holiness was no necessary condition of the Homeric deities.

Throughout the foregoing remarks we have made use chiefly of the 'Iliad,' because in that poem especially we have the gods *in action*, harmoniously or contentiously. We have endeavoured to exhibit the gods in themselves, and in their relations to men; had our task been the converse of this, the building up of the other side of that arch which spans the chasm be-

tween the human and the divine; or the investigation of the relations which men bore to one another, we should have drawn more largely upon the 'Odyssey,' as furnishing the best representations of the civil and social life of man. If there is anything further left us to do, it is to acknowledge, not thereby to cancel, the obligations we have been under to the distinguished author of a paper upon this subject in a number of the late 'Classical Museum.' The adjectives marked off by quotative commas are generally the epithets which Homer applied to the object under notice: for the rhythmical quotations we have no debt to pay nor acknowledgment to express.

THE PAINS AND PLEASURES OF JOHN SHIPLEY.

CHAPTER I.

SINCE there was never yet philosopher that could endure the toothache patiently—and John Shipley was certainly a lover of wisdom, a philosopher—you would not be surprised to hear that he raved under the pain of it. I, however, should tell you an untruth, if I went so far as this. He bore it with much Christian courage, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday; but he was nowise content to bear it on Friday.

Accordingly, on Friday morning, as soon as ever the poor wintry sunshine had struggled out, he betook himself to the operating-room of the celebrated Mr Odons of our town, who is at once our greatest dentist and most eminent patron of the fine arts. Mr Odons was out. The youth in lilac-striped jacket said he would not be in for half-an-hour. So Mr John Shipley was shown into that long and lofty old chamber which we, who have been both patients and guests of the owner, recognise as his dining-room and waiting-room.

All who know Mr Odons—and every one in the borough does, for he has been sheriff twice, and almost mayor once—will not need to be given any description of his dining-room. Even those hundreds of our townsmen who have never been into it, will be pretty sure that its walls

are covered with paintings. Local pride is a very strong kind of pride; it is developed very extensively amongst us. The Royal Academy, the British Institution, and the Suffolk Street Society, are repeatedly expressing *their* estimate of our local painters by rejecting their works: how we think of them any one may see in those short sketches of their lives which our local guide-books supply, and in the criticisms of our yearly exhibition in the town and county newspapers.

What Mr Vernon, Mr Sheepshanks, or Mr Rogers, have been to the popular artists of our day in the great centre of English art, Mr Odons is to the painters of our borough. He is the local Lorenzo de Medici; he is our Louis of Bavaria. But he is not merely a connoisseur or a patron. If he buys a picture for ten pounds, he is not quite so inseparably attached to it that he cannot part with it for twenty. The auctioneers call upon him whenever they have pictures to sell. Set a painting before one of the brokers, and he is anxious to know if Mr Odons has ever said anything about it. It will go down at thrice as high a rate if Mr Hammers or Mr Goingone can say the first local connoisseur has at any time expressed his admiration for it.

John Shipley had dined and supped in this room on many occasions. He had seen as he sat at table the general character of the collection, and in his secret mind concluded it abominable; while Mr Odons, with the air of an instructor in arts, was setting forth the beauty, merits, prices, and history, of this picture or that. He now examined for himself the thickly-covered walls.

There was the 'View on the Trent at Sunset,' which one of the local critics had declared in the columns of the 'Guardian' to be 'the finest of all the works of William Constable Bricktint, and might easily be mistaken by the most erudite of connoisseurs for a production of Claude Lorraine.' There was 'I and Grandmother,' by Harding Bunglebrush; 'equal,' says the same authority, 'to the best of Sir David Wilkie's.' 'A Country Church on Sunday Morning,' by Miss Lydia Scarlet Purpleton; 'the chiaroscuro indifferent, but the design chaste and striking.' 'The Seizure of Mortimer,' by Milo Brawny Thew. 'The Michael-Angelesqueness of Michael Angelo trembling upon every limb;' and the 'Old Forty-five; or, Another Pop, and down goes the Mare;' a picture upon which the stricken and wondering critic could only give the sententious and pithy ejaculation, 'Let Landseer look to his laurels.' Beside and around these were a host of others, which year after year have made local reviewers 'proud of their birthplace,' are going to 'astonish and delight unborn generations,' and have elicited the self-gratulatory cheer, 'Well done, townsman!' In a prominent position amongst these works of art, indeed in the very centre, and surrounded with a gold frame of the same mounting, hung a choice selection of extracted teeth. They had once caught John Shipley's eye at dinner time. On every future occasion of taking meat or drink in this room, he has been careful to sit with his back to them. A sickly taste came up into his mouth as he recognised them; and no one being in the room, remembering the adage, that *to be seen doing*, and not *to do*, is the sin, he felt inclined to spit upon the carpet. Mrs Odons was a manager; she exceedingly disliked parting with money; and a former

friend, at present an enemy to the Odons family, declares that she had these teeth placed in that very prominent position—first, for the positive use of reminding every one who put his or her legs under the Odons mahogany, that the family lived by tooth-drawing; and, secondly, for the negative use of taking away the appetites of half the company, lest they should eat too much.

Mr John Shipley possessed money in his own right, and was training for the priesthood; or, as Mrs Odons preferred to call it, the 'clerical profession,' which she looked upon as an *occupation* rather than an *order*, and as one branch of that fine and unapproachable tree of gentlemanhood, of which she considered the dental profession to be another branch. Consequently, there was a kind of proper and native affinity between her husband and the theological student: whereas there was not the least between Mr Odons and the grocer next door. Nevertheless, the dentist had a silly and unaccountable friendship for Mr Treacletub, often went in and smoked a pipe with him, and had even had the impudence to introduce Master Joseph Treacletub to his own ladylike Sabina, Antoinette, and Marguerite. The possible evils of such a connection must be evident to every genteel person. They were so to Mrs Odons, and that provident lady trampled them in the bud, by instilling into the minds of her daughters those wise principles which she had herself learned from her maiden aunts. And most fortunately there was *within* those young ladies' minds a plasticity which yielded to these moulding hands, a voice which echoed to this call *from without*. All three of them had an innate predisposition to gentility. Mrs Odons had not to say mournfully, 'This is my white lamb; this, alas, is my black lamb; this is my speckled one.' They were all three snowy white. They were a *triumpuellate* (I can scarcely call the gentle beings a *triumvirate*) of lady-likeness. Hence, whenever Mr Treacletub called in, you might discover an external manifestation of this quality in the struggle of their noses to rise upward. I say 'the struggle to arise,' for that feature was already turned up so far

by force of nature, and appeared so continually expressing contempt for every one in general, that it required very much effort and twitching to bring it into an expression of contempt for any special person.

Mr John Shipley was a gentleman at whom it was inadvisable to turn up the nose. Indeed, often and often, as Mrs Odons looked at him with her bodily eyes, and with other eyes at his invisible and future possessions, and then at her daughters, she wished she could apply some painless spoke-shave to those already too aspiring noses, which even their indulgent mother now and then thought ugly. Hence it was that the moment she heard Mr Shipley had come, Mrs Odons called her girls, told them, and descended to him majestically. The Misses Odons ran up into their bedrooms, made a few preparations, and sailed into the room a few minutes after their mamma.

What a fine thing a lady's smile is! I do not wonder the poets have gone into such ecstasies about its power. Here was Mrs Odons', for instance. Any ordinary observer would have called it the most disinterested he had ever seen. John Shipley suspected an underlying trap, into which he, his hopes, his gentility, his bank-notes, his profession, were to fall blindly, like the zebras and harte-beests into

the made pit in Dr Livingstone's African book. Hence, though that very fascinating smile was over all she said and did, and three smiles exactly like it over all her daughters said and did—over their ball-room news, over their expressed disdain for certain persons, and respect for others; over their musical gossip, over their pouring out of wine, over their sipping wine—it was such a thin and gauze-like kind of a smile, that Mr Shipley could not but perceive beneath it the chuckles, the self-esteem, and the feminine stratagems which it was meant to hide. He grew quite weary of their small-talk. He was but an indifferent talker himself; in their pauses he was quite dumb, from being unable to say anything in character with their tastes and tendencies, and unwilling to say anything contrary to them. Not wishing to be rude, this constriction was uncomfortable to him. He kept looking through the window, in the momentary hope of the appearance of Mr Odons, and was mightily relieved when he heard his owner-like knock at the door, and the acute mamma and three insipid daughters bade him 'good-morning,' in a style which, they felt sure, must force him to say to himself, 'What a sunshine either of these delightful creatures would make in my future household!'

CHAPTER II.

Well, however it may be when knowledge is in that advanced state which Mr Buckle is, and M. Auguste Comte was looking for, it is certainly a blessing, in the present empirical state of our moral and metaphysical sciences, that we have not that gift which is promised to us as the ultimate development of knowledge—namely, the power of predicting events. Could Mrs and the Misses Odons have looked along the whole series of physical and metaphysical phenomena exhibited by Mr John Shipley in their presence, and by statistics of the workings of unseen things, or by any other simple, right, reasonable, and *positive* method, have discovered the uniform law which necessarily ever brings uniform results, they would have foreseen something quite oppo-

site to what they fore-fancied, and have gone out of the room scowling instead of smirking. For, as soon as the door was shut, he called them a name which I think quite inexcusable. He then drew a long breath, as one does who is relieved from a horror or a pain, put on his hat, ran up-stairs, and rushed without knocking into Mr Odons' operating-room.

Now, here would be an excellent place for enlarging upon the theory of contrasts; for making a dissertation upon their general effect, with a specific application to Mr John Shipley. Mr Odons was not in the room; but some one was. A beautiful, modest, ill-clad, saintly, and somewhat sorrowful-faced young girl was seated in the operating-chair. Ugly, conceited, besilked, and jewelled, and wearing also

a disagreeably incessant smirk, were the Misses Odons, whom he had just been execrating. I believe this contrast in all points, coupled with the unexpectedness of it, leaving out the positive beauty of this young lady, is the reason she had a sudden and a mighty influence upon him, which she would not have had, if introduced to him in a parlour, met in a ball-room, or passed by in the streets. In the soul, he went down at once upon the knees. St Augustine says, that the lover (of God) has *aures cordis**—ears of the heart, ears invisible. Every true lover knows he has also invisible knees, knees of the heart. In the body, Mr Shipley removed his hat; ay, and did so for all the world as if he had unexpectedly opened a door which disclosed Queen Victoria and all her court seated in majesty, and bending their gaze upon him. First-sight is but the work of a minute; he was in love at first-sight, like an imprudent young man.

Alas! who can wonder? All his decisions in social, matrimonial, amatory, and relative matters were in the empirical condition. They came not from patient exercise of the understanding upon phenomena; they came like the spider's house—it is my Lord Bacon's simile—from within. *Contrasts* were the unnoted and unrecognised phenomena which did this. He was like a collier coming up out of his pit at Basford, to the blue sky and the faces of his children. He was like Dante, when, passing from the utmost hell to purgatory, he caught a casual glimpse of the clear heaven, splendid with stars, ten times more splendid than it had ever seemed, now, after he had endured the close, sulphureous, fetid roof of hell. He was like the household of Noah when they caught sight of the green hills and the sunny land, after their wearying experience of the black and pitchy ceiling and walls of the ark.

The worst of it was, that the intense and sudden admiration made Mr Shipley, as it will the rest of us, painfully wordless. Ten minutes ago he had been dumb from inability to descend; now, he felt just as dumb from inability to rise to his companion's level. He was always regard-

* 'Confessionum.' Lib. i. c. 5.

ing himself as a mighty deal above, or a mighty deal below, every one whom he met. Oh, how often his heart burned for a *companion*! one really on the same step of life—neither bent on lagging behind him, nor on outstripping him—on that ladder which has spokes at every foot, from hell's bottom to heaven's top. He was alone in the room with this young lady for full five minutes; thinking, first, that she was the sweetest and most covetable being he had ever seen; and next, that he should possibly never see her a second time in our huge and populous borough; and yet he could give her no stronger or more vivid impression of his capacities and thoughts, than that he considered it very mild for the time of year. While he was silently working out possible connections of some topic he thought of starting conversation with, a brisk and fussy footstep sounded on the stairs, and Mr Odons burst in.

He was delighted to see Mr Shipley. He wanted to run off and tell his girls he had come. 'Between you and me, sir, I think you have touched the heart of all three of them,' said he. The young man informed him that he had already had the honour of seeing his young ladies, and also that he doubted his ability to touch any young lady's heart.

'Ah,' cried the dentist, laughing, 'we don't know our own powers, Mr Shipley; we don't know our own powers. I could tell you things. But—you know; well, well, it isn't a father's place, sir. And what is the matter with your teeth, Mr Shipley?'

'I have a decayed tooth, which I must get you to draw, sir. It has had enough doctoring.'

'Sit down, my dear sir. I'll trouble you to move from the operating-chair, my dear; for a little while, my dear,' said the dentist to the maiden, in his most condescending tone.

'No, sir,' said Mr Shipley; 'that young lady was here before me.'

His innate politeness would never have suffered him to usurp her right in so glaring a manner. But I should do ill justice to the mixed motives which dwell in the best of us, if I were to leave unmentioned two other reasons for which that gentleman resolved to be second patient. In the first place,

when her operation had been performed, she would leave, and he should then have opportunity to gain some particulars concerning her from Mr Odon. In the second place, though, indeed, a very long way below the other reason, he had once cried out under the pain of losing a tooth; he might repeat such a cry under the present suffering; and he could imagine nothing more humiliating or unfortunate for his earliest music to the ears of his beloved; for such, he felt assured, this maiden was about to become.

'Ay, and you want a tooth out, too, Miss Barnes,' said the dentist. 'Sit you down. I am sorry you had to go away yesterday without seeing me, my dear.'

The young lady trembled, and turned pale, as she re-seated herself in that purgatorial chair, where so many strong men have blanched. The comparison of tooth-drawing to purgatory might be drawn out very fine. Suffering toothache is like our life on earth, full of pain; sitting under the operation of tooth-drawing is like life in purgatory, full of greater pain, but enlightened also by the hope of getting free of it. Rising up healed is a kind of heaven itself, in its new and pleasant sense of freedom. No other consideration could ever have seated the timid little Lucy Barnes in that disenchanting chair. Ah! what a pity it is the tender and pretty creature had not lived four hundred years earlier, when, if she would merely have placed 'the herbe that is clepyd *bursa pastoris*' on the right side of her mouth, if 'the ake of the teeth' were on the left side, and *vice versa*, she might at once have rid herself of pain. Or she could have used the still simpler remedy of crossing herself, and saying gently as follows:—'Saint Apollonia was a renowned virgin, whose teeth were drawn out for the name of Christ. And she interceded with our dear Lord Jesus Christ, that when any one shall have invoked her name upon himself, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost will destroy the dolour in his teeth. Amen.'

'Let us pray.

'O God, who didst deliver blessed Apollonia from the hands of her enemies, and didst hear her prayer, I be-

seech thee, through the intercession of her, of blessed Laurence, of blessed Vincent, and of all thy saints and saintesses (*sanctorum tuorum et sanctarum tuarum*), that Thou wouldest root out this dolour from my teeth, and make me sound, through Jesus Christ thy Son, our Lord, who lives and reigns with thee in the unity of the Holy Spirit, one God, world without end. Amen.

'May the five wounds of God be my medicine. Christ was made for us obedient, as far as death, the death even of the cross.'

These things John Shipley had read in an old English medical MS. of that date, when the same men held cure of our wonderfully interknit soul and body.* A number of crosses were interspersed in the charm, which he esteemed a very superstitious doing. But I cannot forbear remarking, that the *principle* asserted in these old invocations and prayers is, it seems to me, a very noble and necessary one—namely, that in the incarnation and bodily sufferings of the Son of God lies the explanation of all *human* and *mortal* ills; that His are the ground on which we may look for deliverance from ours, and on which Saint Apollonia, and other persons forgotten by the world, patiently overcame theirs. It is because He took the flesh of all, that we have power to bear and conquer the 'ills that flesh is heir to.' He took that flesh, even as far as the pain of the cross, *usque ad crucem*. This consideration came home to the hearts of the simple thousands who tried these cures. 'His "five wounds," which we often invoke for all our pains, must have been infinitely harder to bear than my little toothache.' The beautiful placid face of our Lord on crucifixes and in church pictures, showed how He bore them. That gave them strength and courage to bear those lighter pains by which they were conformed to Him.

As Lucy Barnes did not know either of these short and easy methods, she sat trembling under the hands of Mr

* Preserved in the Royal Library at Stockholm. 80 pages of extracts from it are printed in the *Archæologia of the Society of Antiquaries*, vol. xxx., 1814, 4to, pp. 349-429. By George Stephens, and noted T. J. Pettigrew. Half is English verse, and half ecclesiastical Latin prose.

Odonas, as he inserted that little mirror with which dentists behold the more hidden recesses of our mouths. She shook so much, he could see nothing. John Shipley noticed this pretty cowardice, or rather timidity on its mighty side. It proved strong, as such exhibitions of simple, unconscious, maidenly weaknesses always have proved, and stirred up from his heart one of those unheard, irrepressible sighs, which are signs to a young man what way his heart is turning.

Judge then his surprise, delight, fear, and perplexity, when bland Mr Odonas turned to him, and said, 'Really, sir, if you have no objection, I should be exceedingly obliged to you if you would hold the patient's head.'

Lucy Barnes flushed a pale pink. John Shipley turned fiery red. As he arose abruptly and walked towards the young lady, he felt as if his legs were endeavouring to twist round one another, and would certainly throw him down. If Mr Odonas had been as diligent a student of face and gait as he was of teeth and bad pictures, he would perceive very much in that moment: if he could have read Mr Shipley's face, he would have had up Joseph of the lilac stripes to hold the young lady's head. Not that he particularly cared to whom Mr Shipley gave his heart and pursestrings; but he did care a good deal whom his wife corrected and lectured, and he knew she would lecture him very energetically, if he committed any such imprudence as giving any young lady, saving his own daughters, open occasion to appear loveable in the eyes of the young student coming into more than five hundred a-year.

Now, Mr Odonas never would have suspected for a moment (until the issue of this indiscretion of his taught him otherwise), that a gentleman of such expectations as his friend Shipley would fall in love with a girl who had not a silk dress in the world, nor one blossom of gentility upon her family tree. Hence, and as Miss Barnes was undeniably tidy and clean, he did not in the least doubt the propriety of requesting Mr Shipley to hold her head. He would have asked him to hold the housemaid's; he would not have asked him to hold the cook's, for the very same

reasons. If he had not put this request to him, if Mr Shipley had not complied with it, Lucy would have been forgotten in a fortnight. But that one unlucky lapse of tongue, it *fixed* and bound his desire; it gave it fuel and resolve.

Every one acquainted with the decisions and advices of the love-casualists of the eighteenth century will call to mind a prescription of one of the most eminent of them, by the following out of which a young lady may gain or affix a lover. Let her ask the desired gentleman to remove a speck, chip, or insect out of her eye. It is not in the least necessary she should wait until one is really in that organ; a feigned and undiscoverable one is perhaps the more serviceable; it will certainly afford the process greater play of room and time. Whilst he is looking into that crystalline sea, so small, yet so infinite, so bottomless, he is almost sure to fall in. What a dangerous profession the oculist's must be! It is his daily business to hang over this inescapable gulf. If I were a woman, I would never take one to husband certainly. But let us march on. I have never heard that looking into a young lady's mouth has subjected one single dentist to a similar aberration. 'Pearly teeth,' which hold such a prominent place in the novelist's auctioneer-like catalogue of a heroine's graces, had not the least effect upon Mr John Shipley; and to this hour he does not know whether Lucy's teeth on that occasion were blue, white, or yellow. Only compare looking into the mouth and into the eye. There is nothing tempting in being broken by descending jaws, even though pearly ones; or in rushing to destruction down that cavern, which, even although the sweetest melody that is comes up through it, appears to lead to a darker and ever darker realm. I should not use such deadly imagery, but lovers always say they are *incurably wounded, slain*, and the like; and I suppose they know best. Look then on that kind of decease for which a lady's eye is blameable. Death by drowning has always been accounted the most delightful kind of death. The longer and more steadily we gaze into that deep and wonderful calm ocean of the eye, the more irresistible grows our

impulse to plunge entirely therein, and lose ourselves.

This is what Mr John Shipley did. Lucy's beautiful young head was in his arms. He felt the touch and quiver of her smooth and velvety cheek. Her face was thrown backward for the convenience of the operator. The momentary expectation of great pain kept her eyes widely and attentively open: she was looking at nothing, as people do in such moments, and knew not whether they were open or closed. And John Shipley scarcely knew: he had looked down into them with all the stress of his soul, until he hardly remembered where he stood. He has just committed suicide in those sweet seas. The old body of unlovingness was floating on the top, quite dead. The new spirit of love was rising up from it, looking towards a new, higher, intenser kind of life. The coroner Understanding had gone out of court: those reliable witnesses, Messrs Phenomena, poor pragmatists gentlemen, were left unexamined (an insult to the spirit of the nineteenth century, say the newspapers), or else an inquest would have sat upon the old body and life of John Shipley, and the verdict of 'Temporary insanity' would have been brought in.

But I am anxious to be quite true. Even if Lucy had kept her eyes shut, I do not think Mr Shipley could have been saved. The timid little creature, having no other friend in the world at that moment (if any one says the dentist is not our enemy for the time performing, he has never had a four-pronged tooth extracted; he has never heard, as I have, the most patient lips in the world give utterance to utterly irrepressible cries), she clung to him with a most comprehensive expression of trust. A fine sense of faith seemed to come through her very fingers. Many people can stand being suspected, belied, abused; but what human being, save a reprobate, can stand being trusted. Faith has, of all things, the most tremendous strength; and as suspicion almost always drives men at last into the doing of that whereof they are suspected, so faith as often makes a man become what it believed him to be, and trusts in him as being. See how it is so in the

highest matters: baptism, the creeds, the universal church—the gospel they are rooted and grounded on—are all witnesses that God's method of education is to trust us, to put faith in us.

This reciprocity of trusting, and of feeling trusted in, was passing between the heroine and hero. Lucy clutched Mr Shipley with that maidenly terror of which she possessed even a greater share than the generality of her sex. He, for his part, without considering the length, or rather shortness, and the occasion of this trust, was resolving and secretly vowing to be her solace and protection for ever and ever. A loud cry, a tighter cling; some deep and musical sobs—he ought to be ashamed to hear music in her sobs—and the tooth was gone.

John took the tooth from Mr Odon's, with the air of one who was about to examine it with a scientific, not amatory, interest. He managed to secrete it somewhere, while he dexterously turned the conversation upon some subject totally unconnected with teeth. Miss Lucy arose, looked him modestly in the face, blushed faintly, and thanked him; saying she was ashamed of her cowardice, that she had always been very cowardly, and the like. She then put on her bonnet at the looking-glass, gave Mr Odon's his fee, and wishing both gentlemen a timorous good-morning, went out of the room; John Shipley listening to the last echo of her foot upon the stairs.

'Poor girl,' he then said, 'she suffered a great deal, did she not, sir? Who is she?' he added, in the most apathetic tone.

I have said that Mr Odon's was cunning in nothing but pictures and dentistry. The simple elder, therefore, told the excited and eager younger the most full particulars concerning Miss Lucy Barnes, in answers as really unsuspecting as the questions were apparently unconcerned. I will not report the conversation; the *results* of it are quite sufficient for the purposes of this story, and will take less time. I wish many producers of what are called novels would conform to this law, and improve their books by compressing them; for, as they are, they are far more entitled to be set down as followers of Dean Swift, in a well-

known fragment of his,* than of Cervantes, Le Sage, Scarron, or Mr Fielding. The very external contrasts of these writers with those of modern novelists is very noticeable in the relative amount of type and of paper exhibited on their pages. The former presented us with solid, substantial, closely-packed paragraphs; the latter give us a mere white sheet specked with single words and strips of sentence, which suggest the notion of a listener at the key-hole who can write shorthand. When these stolen dialogues ascend to the dignity of the Parmenides or the Theaetetus, I do not grumble; even though they may be divergencies from the unity of the story; but they are usually of the very reverse description in worth, and of the same in fitness and propriety; that is, altogether empty, and quite unrequired. They stand in the same relation to a novel, I fancy, as the verbatim report of a vestry meeting does to history. But, alas! my plea for silence has made me talkative. Mr Odon's and Mr Shipley had a conversation which is unreported. Only, if you please, imagine on one side good-natured and rather simpleton-like frankness delivering; on the other side, suspicious, stratagetic love and anxiety receiving.

The dentist told his friend that Lucy Barnes was the eldest daughter of a widow, whom bodily suffering had rendered incapable of almost any self-help; and who had, besides, four other children, too young to contribute anything to their own living. Lucy, who was but seventeen, although she looked much older, had for the last three years, by her own efforts, kept the household together; had it not been for her, they would have been in the parish union. Lucy's little income arose mainly from her salary as a clerk at the telegraph office; but it was increased, as indeed it needed to be, by those little water-colour sketches with 'John Wilson Grant,

pinxit,' at the bottom of them, which we come upon now and then in the picture-frame shops, the stationers', and fancy-work repositories of our town. Modesty, or the expectation of a better sale, or some other remote feminine cause, led her to send them forth under this masculine name.

'Both telegraph and painting together bring them in but a bare livelihood,' said Mr Odon. 'For that reason, I have twice tried to refuse the girl's fee; but it hurt her pride, I found.'

The kind-hearted dentist also gave a hint to Mr Shipley, that alma, if conveyed discreetly, could be nowhere more deservedly bestowed than upon Mrs Barnes.

By this insinuation the young man gained a fair ground to introduce a question that had all the while been at the edge of his lips, and which he burned to ask, but dared not.

'Where do they live—in my district?'

'No,' replied Mr Odon, 'in one of the yards out of Bullockgate.'

Now, the whole period intervening between Mr John Shipley's first arrival and surprise in the operating-room, and the dentist's answer to the whereabouts of Miss Lucy Barnes, had been affording a silent evidence how much stronger love is than philosophy. Our hero looked into Epictetus during his toothache, but he felt the twinge above the Stoicism; he read Mr Tennyson's Saint Symeon Stylites, but he found the twinge above the anchoritism. Yet it is quite indubitable that, for the last quarter-of-an-hour, Lucy's face and mien, and the thoughts arising from the contemplation thereof, had triumphed and shone above the twinge; he had verily forgotten it. But, now that her personal sunshine had withdrawn, and he had learned all that he desired concerning her, he began to feel it quite necessary that he should have his troublesome tooth removed.

CHAPTER III.

Lucy Barnes did not live in Mr Shipley's district. How he came to have a district may be seen by an ad-

* 'Polite Conversation'—Works. Sir W. Scott's Edition, vol. ix., 247-482.

vertisement which appears now and then in the 'Guardian,' informing 'young gentlemen who are preparing for holy orders,' that the Reverend X. Y. Z. of our town, 'has a vacancy

for one or more students to live in his house; where, to the advantages of reading for holy orders, they may add that of a practical education as parish priests, by district visitation under his superintendence.' The Reverend X. Y. Z., unlike secular advertisers, esteems his superintendence as a very inestimable advantage. So does his wife; so do his two elderly aunts; so do the six students who enjoy the privilege of it. I am bound to say that I fear there must be some flaw in it; for that most real sign of the *aut stantis aut cadentis ecclesie*, the happy presence of working men and working women (with the exception of those ten or twelve old ladies who are said to have an eye to the sacramental alms), never appears in his church, though he has been giving his assiduous superintendence for nearly fifteen years, nor in any of the churches where his former pupils are at present ministering priests. John Shipley himself is by no means a man who will set the world on fire. But certain circumstances have read him lessons which were not included in the courses of his reverend principal.

It is said about the town, that the Reverend X. Y. Z. is a Puseyite. Whether or no this be true, I cannot tell, never having seen or conversed with any member of that persuasion, though very frequently mistaken for one myself. The Reverend X. Y. Z. believed in the incarnation of the Word of God, and could prove it against Unitarians out of many fathers, doctors, and divines; and often quoted it as one of the doctrines of the catholic church. But it never appeared to have occurred to him that it had any further relation to those multitudes who daily passed the door of the church, the home of the poor, without coming in, beyond being credited by them. Hence he always looked upon that early English building, where centuries of souls had been fed and nourished, and which had seen all the strange vicissitudes of our ecclesiastical history, not as the home of the poor, so much as the arena of his profession. I met him one day in London, after I had been absent from my native town a whole year, and the second thing he said to me, in a stentorian voice, which made the folks in

Holborn Hill stare and turn, was this: 'Have you seen my church since the re-decoration?' An Italian lad was passing at the moment with little plaster-of-Paris churches, whose stained-glass windows rayed out a coloured glory from the lighted tallow-candles within. When the priest had shaken hands, I bought one of these, to present to a little cousin; and delighted, indeed, was she with *her* church, wherein she might light the candles, or put them out, admit the dolls, or keep them away, just when she pleased. Somehow or other, whenever I pass Mr X. Y. Z.'s St Etheldreda, I always think of the little plaster church upon the Italian's board: and the reverend incumbent's conversation, sermons, and ceremonies, just as absurdly suggest to me my small cousin with her pieces of candle and company of dolls.

So too, the reverend principal's life had been too easy, idle, gentlemanly, and empty of strong suffering, for him to hold upon the incarnation in that practical sense which would have made him glad at heart when he learned that John Shipley had given himself to Lucy Barnes. Doubtless in some sense she was a sharer in those benefits and those rights which that tremendous fact has won for us all: she was a partaker in the common flesh of human-kind. He said as much every Sunday. But how much nicer it would be for John Shipley to seek out a young lady with a little sum to add to his, a good family name to give her position wherever they might settle, and a few pretty accomplishments. It was just the contrast betwixt these two possible lots in holy matrimony, and the choice of the better lot, which taught John Shipley (so he says) of what awful import the incarnation is to every relationship and matter of daily life, and gave him that insight into applying that blessed truth, which, by God's grace, is at present making the common people hear him gladly, and the Scribes and Pharisees murmur at his doctrine. The Reverend X. Y. Z. never said so much to John Shipley about Miss Barnes; for John never told him about her, from a clear certainty that this is what he would have said. By simply falling in love with

a maiden who was 'below him' in social position, but in the light of that truth which gives unity to society, and of her own worth, above him, it was ordained that John Shipley should learn more in three weeks of the meaning and bearings of that fact upon which the church is built, 'He was made *Man*,' than the Reverend X. Y. Z. had done from his enormous library in twenty years.

But these three weeks were full of uncertainty, despair, and discomfort. He had no friend to whom he could confide this new and dear secret. He employed himself by thinking over all possible allegations and excuses, by which he might prove to the Reverend X. Y. Z., and to the visiting student of that part of the parish in which Bullockgate is situated, that a change of district was desirable between the latter gentleman and himself. He could find no tenable ones. All the pleas he enlisted and reviewed were so translucent, that, though they might not reveal the reason, they would assuredly make it manifest that there was a reason, to the practised mind of the Reverend X. Y. Z.

But what a fortunate thing is circumstance. Indeed, in story-telling it is everything, and very often the greatest matter in real life, doing just what effort wanted to do, when effort has given up. Circumstance brought John Shipley the thing he wanted, by laying Mr Hilton, the senior student, and the visitor of Bullockgate Yard, upon a sick-bed. It matters nothing to the reader what this sickness was, but it may give him a short glimpse into the society Mr Shipley was surrounded by, to record their diverse hypotheses of its origin. Mr Dominick suggested that it might very possibly have arisen from eating meat on the ferial days in Lent; Mr Simeon Smith, that it was a providential dispensation sent through the medium of a cold to warn him against the ritualistic and unprotestant heresy of going into church on week-days; Mr Thicksaw laid it to an insufficiency of strong animal diet, football, and skating; another, as a judgment for engaging in ungodly diversions; another, to a sickly constitution.

The Reverend X. Y. Z. immediately informed his pupils that they must

make some arrangement between themselves for division of labour upon their sick brother's district, unless either of them could find duty, time, and pleasure in taking the whole of it; which proposition Mr Shipley eagerly accepted as his brethren shrank from it.

It was a glad moment for our young gentleman as he set out that very morning, only an hour after his induction, upon his first visit. The Reverend and Mrs X. Y. Z. were standing at the window. Our hero did not know it, and therefore put no restraint upon the exuberant feeling with which he went down the garden walk. 'I am agreeably surprised and disappointed in Mr Shipley,' said the priest. 'Look at him now, my dear. I have always feared that he was the most indolent and hopeless of my pupils. But, lately, he has begun to exhibit eminent attention and application. I confess I did not expect the gratifying assiduity and earnestness with which he engaged this morning to take upon himself poor Mr Hilton's duties.'

'I always thought him a very gentlemanly young man,' answered Mrs X. Y. Z. 'Do you really believe, my dear, that those were genuine diamonds in Mrs Gauntlison's brooch?'

John Shipley made the Bullockgate Yards his earliest places of call. It was a mercy that his eager and forward-leaning head did not come into cruel contact with the pavement as he hurried thither. I am afraid the *theory* of his visitation—namely, the seeking out, gathering, warning, and consoling of the scattered sheep of God's flock—had a very secondary influence upon the *practice* of it that morning: for he left tracts behind him, instead of that *je ne sais quoi* influence of a kind and cheerful Christian spirit, in each of those yards he entered and departed from, without finding any dweller of the name of Barnes.

The musical character of our town is notable throughout all England: it appears in the names the owner of these yards has written, or given permission to write, over their narrow archways. John Shipley left Mozart Yard, Haydn Yard, and Handel Yard, disappointed. The fourth, Beethoven, called by natives B'oven Yard, stood

at the top of a flight of thirteen steps, and was entered by a passage, through which no corpulent person could ever have forced himself. Except, indeed, on the contingency of a mad bullock or unlooked-for hailstorm, no fat gentleman was ever likely to need this yard; and, doubtless, the builders of the small red brick dwellings within foreknew that no renter would probably grow corpulent, so long as B'oven Yard was his daily passage home. So like various horse-thoroughfares in this borough, which the corporation are always altering in graceful sweeps of the arm on vestry air, and on water-colour plans on paper, but never in good red bricks and paving-stones), if two meet in the B'oven entry, one must turn back. This necessity, as every one acquainted with the *mores uerorum* will perceive, involved continual fights amongst the young generation, no single member of which, in the memory of the oldest dweller, was ever yet known to retrograde and say, with a bow, 'After you.' The little boy or girl, therefore, who—not from self-surrender, but from disinclination to fight—does really wish to avoid a collision, invariably peers along to see if any of their size is entering at the nether end, before they will proceed through the hither. If no stronger personage be coming, they leisurely walk through; if any be at an equal distance with themselves, they rush through at their utmost speed, gaining at once the triumph of priority, and avoiding the indignity of backing, or the inconvenience of a contest.

Now the above is by no means a digression in the story, but a point without the full understanding of which, the following part of it cannot be adequately understood. When historians are going to bring their great man—king, martyr, or conqueror, as he may chance to be—into a city, they spend fond labour in the description of that city, both material and social; not merely that we may have a more definitively-outlined picture of the accessories, or what are fashionably named the 'environments,' of that event; but that we may be prepared to understand the next event in the series. The king's horse stumbles over a huge stone, which had only just been cast in the way by a drunken bevy for

an idle wager; his majesty is thrown upon his head, dies upon the spot, and mighty change is made in the fate of kingdoms: the great preacher is saluted by all the rotten eggs of all the hen-keepers in the city, or by deafening huzzas and clapping of hands. Hence it becomes necessary to say that the city was given to drunkenness and betting, to show that there were pre-existing notions, motives, and habits leading to such expressions of disgust or of welcome, and to exhibit the citizens under the excitement of such motives assiduously collecting bad eggs, and such other missiles as were soft, jactable, rotten, or nasty.

I have to take the hero of this story, Mr John Shipley, up the steps and through the narrow passage into B'oven Yard. This is the first or present event; it is necessary to show what motives are working within that yard, which, conjoining with his entry, will bring about event 2 of this series. A little boy making for Bullockgate discerned a hat, a face, and shoulders slowly coming up the steep steps. The time-honoured principle of the inhabitants of the yard flushed up, and asserted itself in his ardent breast. The awful disgrace of having to back for Mr Shipley rises before him in all its indignity. There is, he thinks, just time to escape it. He seizes the present *division* of a moment, rushes with all his force, pushes by John Shipley, as he is putting his foot on the highest step, treads upon a piece of orange-peel, and falls headlong down the steps on to the pavement of Bullockgate. He gives a long, terrible, hopeless shriek. John turns, and runs down. He finds the poor little lad has cut his head open.

Four or five women and girls, who had heard the shriek, ran out, with wet and soapy hands, or holding brooms, or needlework, or babies, and came down the steps as quickly as they could, some looking anxious, and the others inquisitive.

'Who is it?' cried one.

'Is it my poor Tom?' shrieked another.

The woman who first reached the bottom took the lad from John Shipley, and cried out, 'Bless me! it's little Joey Barnes.'

Guess the surprise and grief of our

young gentleman at this unexpected and miserable method of finding that he was seeking for. Natural pity for the boy had begun to work in him. But it was intensified into a wonderful tenderness, when he heard *whose* relation the lad was once. He suddenly became his brother. The touch of his clothes and flesh had a kind of sacredness. He took him from the woman, and bore the poor stunned body in his arms into the druggist's, a few doors off; an increased retinue of girls and women pressing in after him, and making a great Babel of inquiries, pity, and remedies.

'Run, Sal,' said one of them to her daughter, 'and fetch you Lucy Barnes. And mind you don't let her mother know nowt about it.'

Sympathy for the lad was not so utterly absorbing as to keep John's eyes from the messenger who was running on an errand which was to bring such a happy sight to him, but so wretched a sight to the comer. These contrasts are painful to whoever sees them; but life is so full of them, they cannot be winked at by any but hypocrites and the hardened. John Shipley wished it were not so at the same moment that he was rejoicing that it was so; and he who was training for a director of consciences was hardly put to it in his own inner battle-field at that time. However, what he noticed was, that the girl, instead of turning up the steps, as he had imagined she would, was running very rapidly along Bullockgate.

'Mrs Barnes does not live up either of your yards, then?' he said.

'No, sir—not now; she did till yesterday.'

'Where has she gone to, then?'

'Why, sir, her brother's just died, and left her some houses in Leicester, and she's goin' to live in one of them. Joey was at school when she bid us all good-by yesterday; and she sent him over, poor thing, to say good-by to-day. She's stayin' at the Horse and Dog, and was goin' away for good this afternoon.'

'But she won't now, sir,' said another, who had been jealous of not being the historian.

The messenger came back with Lucy. She had the good fortune to meet her on the stairs, and the maiden

received the account, and started off before her sick and weakly mother could hear of his accident. She entered the druggist's shop, with a painful and anxious, but self-possessed, determined, and quite business-like face; looking the very impersonation of one who knew what to do, and was about to do it. But, when entered, she met the eager and expecting face of John Shipley, and what a change! Her strength and purpose fell down in a minute. She shook and trembled—she stood revealed, the true, leaning, weak, far from self-dependent woman. For she remembered (blushing deeply at the very memory), not the pain of her tooth-drawing, nor her thankful pleasure at his kindness, nor a little silly dream she now and then nursed, when half asleep and half awake, and always thrust from her when quite awake; but clearly and distinctly she remembered every single cling and pull; every dumb entreaty her eyes showed; every murmured expression of trust which she had made John Shipley the object of in her trying pain.

The poor little fellow's head had been bandaged, and he had come to during the messenger's absence. When he saw his sister, he smiled faintly, and whispered, 'Lucy.'

John Shipley had found himself as tried and irresolute as that young lady herself, the moment he saw her enter. A thousand times he had made out for himself a clear, distinct, and manly way of action and manner of speech for the bright occasion when they should first meet. That coveted time had come now, and he felt as if he had forgotten the whole of his mother-tongue. It was well for him that the occasion was not a bright one. It was a thing, therefore, to be thankful for (and once more he had the misery of finding his good in another's ill), that her brother lay sick between them. It opened a common ground; it was a sympathy to begin upon. When the child cried for Lucy, he caught at it.

'Your brother calls for you, Miss Barnes,' he said.

She came over to his side. The check from the unexpected sight of John, as the friend and helper of her brother; the half-guilty consciousness of her dreams and memories about

him, subsided to the anxious white the same moment they had flushed her red. Her eyes filled with tears as she stooped down and kissed the strong, mischievous, lively, often-blamed lad, now so weak and listless. She grew regardless of John and the druggist, and poured out all her sisterly heart in tender and endearing names. Mr Shipley told her she must not excite herself before her brother, or it would do him harm.

He lifted her up gently, and said they had better go home at once, and put the boy to bed. He would send for a fly to take them, and would call early in the evening to see how her brother was. He dared say or do no more. He fetched the fly, lifted the lad in, helped Lucy in afterwards, and watched them away. His impulse was to throw himself on the stones, and send up to Heaven a loud and excited thanksgiving. But happily, through the sickness of his fellow-student, he had double work to do, and went and did it. In its course he met such human misery, so many complaints, so many signs that evil is an unavoidable possession of all households, that he was delivered, for the time, from those rose-colour views of life which the incipient lover usually indulges in.

Accordingly John called in the evening at the Horse and Dog. He heard that the little lad was in bed and sleeping, and that he promised to do very well. But he did not leave when he had learned so much. The poor, sickly widow, whom constant confinement, her inability to move, and her settled listlessness, had compelled to ind excitement in the movements of

others around her, and who had become naturally analytic through this perpetual watching, pierced into Mr Shipley's secret before he had sat with them one hour. She noticed him look at herself every time he had made up his mind to look at Lucy. Who will blame the lonely and helpless woman, if love for her daughter, seconded by ambition for her, set her mind upon plotting John's entire captivity?

So she resolved upon that needless work. Twice every day Mr Shipley called in to ask after the lad. Mrs Barnes contrived to be out of the way on every occasion for the greater part of the time. The boy was not too ill to be removed; but motherly policy, quite as much as motherly affection, kept him in the town for three weeks after the accident. She would have kept him for a month, and physicked him too, if John Shipley, after bringing Lucy home from church one night, had not begged the privilege of speaking with Mrs Barnes alone. Conversations had passed between Lucy and John which no story-teller had the fortune to listen to; tears, embraces, touching of the lips, which no eye had espied. Mrs Barnes put on her most unsuspecting look, and granted the request. You may guess what she heard. Of course she was astounded; of course she thought her daughter too young; of course she would have done anything to have prevented it. Nevertheless, she supposed she must give in to their arrangements. These were manifest about a year afterwards, when Mr John Shipley was ordained a deacon of the church, and Miss Lucy Barnes became Mrs Shipley.

ARTISTIC BOHEMIA.

If the reader should want to discover the home of a Camden Town artist, and if he should wish to make inquiry for said home, I do hope he will not address himself to a milkman. A milkman is a mild animal in general, at the milkmen who serve the artists of the Camden Town district are far from mild, indeed. I am sure

they never drink milk—no, I believe they live on proof brandy and raw beef-steak.

Oh! if the reader should want to see a Camden Town milkman in anger, let him ask for the residence of an artist; but, if the reader should want to see that milkman in a boiling, rolling-eyed rage, let him ask for the resi-

dence of an artist, the number of which residence he shall not know, but which he is quite sure has a LETTER after it—suppose it, say, to be 26a, but it may be 45b.

Ye furies! how that milkman will glare as the reader says 'a,' or 'b.' How he will clang his pails, and go off vituperative.

I shall never forget the effect a milkman on the pavement of Mornington Crescent produced upon me, when I asked him for Mr Exe, artist, No. 1a Capri Terrace!

Said the milky glarer, 'I knows none o' yer hartists in yer No. 1 a's. I knows though that one of the "vilins," who lived at 17 a Flit Terrace, owed me a fifteen and fuppence score, when he hooked it.'

Then the lacteal lubber lunged at me (taking me for an artist, I suppose), drove me against the iron railings of the house which he respectfully served—not being in the occupation of an artist—and went his clank way, wrath expressed in his very boot-heels.

I have since asked several milkmen for artists—real, or those whom I have conjured from the 'vast depths' of my own brains—and I give the reader my respectable word, I have never yet got a civil answer. Why, only a few weeks back, a milkboy tearfully winked, and then wickedly bit his lip, when I asked for Jonas Kreutzbach—that artist so well known in the first row of the British Institution, counting from the ceiling.

Shall I disport myself in a few particulars of my old schoolfellow, Jack Exe's artistic career, when he lived in a place with an 'a' on its doorpost? Yes, I will; for I may. At present Jack Exe don't live in a place, he lives in a ten-roomed house—a No. 1, (not No. 1a). He doesn't struggle any more, and his milkman cheerfully lets Jack run a cream score.

Well, then, when I met Jack in the Strand, after not having seen him for many years—after not having seen him from the time when we parted at Poddington's the day after the breaking up song—Jack said, 'Holloa, Thoffy!' and I said, 'Holloa, Jack!' I think both our eyes were the brighter for the meeting. We confided to each other. I was struggling as an author, Jack was struggling as a painter—

(Jack drew soldiers at school, and at that same period I wrote the most sentimental poetry). I was unmarried. Jack had married; had found himself the father of six children, almost before he found himself the owner of whiskers, and he was then, as he stood in the Strand, a widower.

Jack was in a hurry, for he had to call upon an 'old master' dealer. I was in a hurry, for I wanted to pay court to a small publisher (I refer to his size—not to his publishing). So we parted, after Jack had said, 'Come, Thoff, to my place to-night; No. 1a Capri Terrace, Camden Town.'

Then, we each shot his way, and I'm sure, if Jack thought as much about me at the dealer's, as I did about him at the publisher's, where I had ample time to think about fifty Jacks, Jack must have had me in his mind all the time. Dear me, to think that Jack, who, when I had last seen him, broke down ignominiously at our breaking up in that naval performance, 'On board of the Arethusa,' should turn up the father of six! Astonishment!

I went, after the publisher had toned me down, to Camden Town, and then it was that the savage proprietor of the pails wordily assaulted me as he did. I didn't ask another milkman. I asked a butcher. He was polite for a butcher, and directed me to Capri Terrace. Capri Terrace was a magnificent row of houses—all stucco and ten rooms, and rejoicing in the most important knockers—knockers to chill the blood of the timid.

'Dear me,' said I—(it is a favourite interjection of mine, though I don't know its etymology)—'dear me, artistic life can't be so bad, after all.'

I knocked at No 1 (I had forgotten the qualifying 'a'), and a page opened the door.

'Mr Exe?' said I, respectfully.

The page frowned.

'Mr John Exe,' I added.

Again the page frowned. I, I know, looked stupid.

'Wot do yer mean by comin' yer an' askin' for him for?' asked the page, who gleamed in buttons.

'No. 1?' I said, apologetically.

'Go along with yer,' said the page.

'Yes—go along,' said a cracked voice in a parlour. 'Go along, you

shameful man you. Alphonse, fetch a police-officer immediately. Go along.'

'But he told me No. 1.'

'No. 1a!' said the bristling page. 'Go along.'

And he crashed the door in my face.

What was I to do? Jack's eyes had sparkled too much when I met him, to permit me to think that he had deceived me, that he had given me a false address. What was I to do? Knock at No. 2? Why, perhaps there might be a cracked voice and a page there as well? And, besides, if No. 1 wasn't No. 1a (it *wasn't*), how could No. 2 be it? So, between reasoning and fear, I didn't knock at No. 2.

But as No. 1 was a corner house, and as the turning by it was a quiet little street, all stables and a green-grocer's shop, I turned down it, and inquired for Jack of a man who was peeling potatoes.

'Over there, my boy,' said the impertinent peeler, 'and there you'll find him.'

Now, 'over there' was a stable. Was Jack in a stable? I went over there, and there indeed I found 'J. Exe, No. 1a,' on a polished zinc plate on a gate-post. I went past the post, and into the uneven stony yard; and not seeing anything of Jack, I asked a whistling ostler where was my old schoolfellow.

'There you is,' said the ostler, and ointed with his elbow to a compromise between a ladder and a flight of steps. 'There you is.'

And there I was; for on another post I read, 'Mr Exe's studio', which was a loft. Poor old Jack!

He gave me a tremendous welcome, and Jack, brush in mouth; and Jack's words hurraed enough to frighten the horses down below. Poor little fellows, I guessed they would rather have been out of the equine neighbourhood; for, as I lifted one or two of them up on to my knees, I saw that their little arms and necks were dotted all over and over, which spotting, I knew, jumped up from below, here the horses were.

'You know,' said widower Jack, in referring to the matter, 'I might spend the time I've got in hunting; and would be no use at all—they'd come much as ever; so we only brim-

stone 'em out once a-month, and then the horses cough, and the ostler swears like mad.'

Jack's loft was a suite of rooms, a kitchen and a parlour rolled into one, a bedroom for the children, and a studio for himself; which studio was a fair half of the whole premises. Jack slept in a hammock himself, and thereby heescaped the spotting plague.

Jack's studio wasn't so bad a place, after all; though the walls *were* bricky, and though the children *did* fall down the ladder-step staircases pretty well as often as they walked down backwards. 'But,' as Jack said, 'they would grow used to it in time,' and they did.

No, indeed, a loft is not a bad place for a non-moneyed artist; and indeed the Bohemian artists as a body know it; for the rent is not over high, and the rent of a first floor with high windows is. Again, you may get a good deal of light in at the roofs, and you may divide your loft into several rooms, as Jack did. And indeed the only drawbacks to that species of human house are the spotting and the ill odour the artists get into by hooking themselves on (by means of 'a' and 'b') to the respectable square or terrace round the corner, whose inhabitants don't like the hanging-on address those artists display.

No; Jack's studio wasn't a bad place. Poor Jack! he had to paint and make beds, paint and make bread and milk, paint and wash faces; nay, I believe, just before I came to know him again, he painted and washed children's frocks. But, as Jack said to me, all that was better than running in debt, though I'm afraid Jack had very little chance of running in that way.

After I had paid one visit to Jack, it would have been my own fault, and not his, if I had not paid him a second, and that led to a third; and, behold, at last I moved to the neighbourhood of my old schoolfellow, and helped him to take care of his precious babes.

We used to talk about art, and comb the children's hair, which they would never do for themselves. As we talked, we used to say, that when we got up—the one as painter, the other as author—we shouldn't so look down upon the struggler. And

I used to tell Jack about my last paper accepted, and Jack would tell me about an effect he meant to put into his next little genre picture; and altogether Jack and I made the days slip along contentedly and hopefully.

The winter after I had made Jack's acquaintance, Jack was in awful want (so was I), and we all turned for refuge to rice. So we rubbed on through the cold weather, through the early spring, and then Jack's 'Young Villagers' (who were the only perpetual smilers in the studio during the dreary time) went to the Academy, and were priced at £30.

Jack had a nightmare of black octagon room till private view-day, at the end of which Jack came home to our loft (I had a hammock there by that time) radiant; for our picture was 'only just under the line in the east room.' Whereupon we took the children into the parks, and gave them curds and whey all round.

But Jack didn't like the left ear of the young villager in the green smock, and so he was touching away at it when 'first Monday in May' came, and when I and a lot more were sighing at artistic Hades down below the steps.

'O Thoff!' said Jack, 'M—— has bought the painting, and it's going to his studio. I guess it was M—— who sent us that five pounds in December. God bless him. He's a good man, if he is a fop.'

I said, 'Yea;' and then we two Bohemians went and looked at M——'s works.

'I tell you what,' said Jack, 'they'll bring him a thousand pounds, and I only wish they'd bring him two.'

O generous, grateful Jack! And you, oh! ye gentlemen who write satiric novels, wherein you crush the Bohemians, as though they were not crushed enough, if you tried your hardest, could you find no good? Perhaps not, for the blind cannot pick up diamonds; even the seeing do not always note them.

Then Jack and I pushed, and were pushed, all about the rooms, as is the fashion on the first Monday in May at the Academy; and we admired, and blamed, and asked each other sarcastically, what there was in Westlake, &c. &c.; and at last that first Monday

in May began to grow dusk, and so, with another look at our 'Young Villagers,' we came away.

We talked of M—— and the 'Young Villagers' all the way home; and when we got there, we talked about them, after giving the children pennies in honour of the day; and at last the M——s and the Young Villagers were equal to the sight—for night was come, and they were black.

As I swung in my hammock, I thought of M——, and smiled. I thought of that generous artist—never artistic Bohemian—stepping over to poor Bohemian Jack, and telling him he had bought his picture. I pictured to myself the artist accidentally hearing, while in his pleasant studio—not over a stable—that poor Jack Fie, the genre painter, was in a fix. I swung and swung, and thought, as I still think—'Ah! if ever I am a prince in *my* line, how I will try to make the literary lofters happy.' But then, I am as far off that as a few stairs up is from the grand drawing-room.

M—— sent the money next morning, and next morning we took the elder children to Blackheath by water, whilst Mrs Blirtch, our occasional help, took care of the very youngsters.

We rubbed on for another year. I had got a little forward; Jack was precisely where he had been a year before. Perhaps, proud of my slight elevation, I crowed over Jack a little. At last one night I said to Jack,

'Jack, why the deuce don't you paint a tale?'

'All in good time,' said Jack; 'all in good time. Ay, sir, I'll paint a picture some day that shall astonish them in the square.'

'Yes, but why don't you begin it, Jack?'

'Oh! all in good time,' said Jack, wagging his head; 'all in good time.'

'Yes, but *time* is going on.'

'Well, then, it's nearer than it was.'

'What?'

'Why, my picture that shall astonish 'em.'

'What's the subject, Jack?'

'Oh! all in good time,' said Jack.

'But confound it,' answered I, 'the eldest boy is now ten, Jack.'

'Well, well, next year he'll be eleven—all in good time. You, *you*,

know, want to be some one in a hurry; don't forget about the tortoise and the hare.'

'Oh! bother,' said I, perhaps blushing a little. 'Slow coaches are done away with now, Jack, and we travel by steam.'

'Yes, and we travel off the line sometimes, Thoff. All in good time—good time, my boy.'

'I guess it will be when your head is grey.'

'Perhaps so, perhaps so,' said Jack, 'but ———'

I read.

Some few nights after, as I slept in my hammock, Jack awoke me by casting a pillow at me.

'Thoff—I've got it.'

'What in the name of M—— have you got?'

'Why, the time's come.'

'WHAT time?'

'Why, the picture.'

'Oh!!!' said I, and sat up in my hammock; and only those who have slept in hammocks know the danger of that proceeding. Jack had also gone through the danger, and was upright.

Then and there in the moonlight we discussed it. It *was* an idea, a splendid idea, and—and I put in some back-ground.

'I say, I'll sew up Fid,' said Jack.

'Nonsense,' said I, astonished.

'Well, you'll see—all in good time—good-night.'

Good-by to night, indeed, it was for Jack, for the picture went on the line. R——, M.A., who, we know, can notice things hotly, noticed it warmly. It sold for £50 at the private view. Jack brought home five commissions that week. Letters were not addressed to the loft; and if Jack did not sew Fid up, Jack got up himself to not far below Fid.

The commissions effected, Jack took counsel with me as to the disposal of the money. If the money had been mine, I should have brought out 'MY BOOK,' which I *know* would pay, but, as it was Jack's, I didn't like to risk it (I knew the book would pay, but still ———), and so I said, 'Bank.' I am sure if I had said, 'Book,' Jack would have cried, 'Ay.'

Soon Jack was in the ten-roomed house, and in it I had a room. And he is in it now, and so am I, and thank goodness, if the publishers ever *do* come to their senses, and if one of them should seek me out, he won't find me in a bedroom—no, I will see him in state in Jack's breakfast-parlour.

OLD LETTERS.

Bishop Atterbury to his Son at Oxford.

[Of uncertain date.]

DEAR OBBY,— I thank you for your letter, because there are manifest signs in it of your endeavouring to excel yourself, and by consequence to please me. You have succeeded in both respects, and will always succeed, if you think it worth your while to consider what you write, and to whom, and let nothing, though of a trifling nature, pass through your pen negligently: get but the way of writing correctly and justly, time and use will teach you to write readily afterwards; not but that too much care may give stiffness to your style, which ought in letters, by all means, to be avoided. The turn of them should be always natural and easy, for they are an

image of private and familiar conversation. I mention this with respect to the four or five first lines of yours: which have an air of poetry, and do naturally resolve themselves in blank verse. I send you the letter again, that you yourself may now make the same observation; but you took the hint of the thought from a poem; and it is no wonder, therefore, if you have heightened your phrase a little when you were expressing it. The rest is as it should be; and particularly there is an air of duty and sincerity in it, that, if it comes from the heart, is the most acceptable present you can make me: with these good qualities an incorrect letter would please me; and without them, the finest thoughts and language would make no lasting impression upon me. The Great Being says (you know),

"My son, give me thy heart"—implying that without it all other gifts signify nothing: let me conjure you therefore never to say anything, either in a letter or common conversation, that you do not think; but always let your mind and your words go together, even on the most slight and trivial occasions. Shelter not the least degree of insincerity under the notion of a compliment, which (as far as it deserves to be practised by a man of probity) is only the most civil and obliging way of saying what you really mean: and whoever employs it otherwise throws away truth for good-breeding. I need not tell you how little his character gets by such an exchange. I say not this as if I suspected that in any part of your letter you intended only to write what was proper, without any regard to what was true; for I am resolved to believe that you were in good earnest from the beginning to the end of it, as much even as I am when I tell you that I am your loving father.'

Lord Bolingbroke to Dr Swift.

'Nov. 19, 1729.

'I find that you have laid aside your project of building in Ireland, and that we shall see you in this island *cum zephyris et hirundine prima*. I know not whether the love of fame increases as we advance in age; sure I am that the force of friendship does. I loved you almost twenty years ago; I thought of you as well as I do now; better was beyond the power of conception; or, to avoid an equivoue, beyond the extent of my ideas. Whether you are more obliged to me for loving you as well when I knew you less, or for loving you as well after loving you so many years, I shall not determine. What I would say is this: whilst my mind grows daily more independent of the world, and feels less need of leaning on external objects, the ideas of friendship return oftener, they busy me, they warm me more: is it that we grow more tender as the moment of our great separation approaches? or is

it that they who are to live together in another state (for *vera amicitia non nisi inter bonos*) begin to feel more strongly that divine sympathy which is to be the great band of their future society? There is no one thought that soothes my mind like this; I encourage my imagination to pursue it, and am heartily afflicted when another faculty* of the intellect comes boisterously in, and wakes me from so pleasing a dream, if it be a dream. I will dwell no more on economics than I have done in my former letter. Thus much only I will say, that *otium cum dignitate* is to be had with £500 a-year, as well as with £5000; the difference will be found in the value of the man, and not in that of the estate. I do assure you, that I have never quitted the design of collecting, revising, improving, and extending several materials which are still in my power; and I hope that the time of setting myself about this last work of my life is not far off. Many papers of much curiosity and importance are lost, and some of them in a manner which would surprise and anger you. However, I shall be able to convey several great truths to posterity, so clearly, and so authentically, that the Burnets and the Oldmixons of another age may rail, but not be able to deceive. Adieu, my friend. I have taken up more of this paper than belongs to me, since Pope is to write to you; no matter, for, upon recollection, the rules of proportion are not broken; he will say as much to you in one page as I have said in three. Bid him talk to you of the work he is about, I hope in good earnest; it is a fine one, and will be in his hands an original.† His sole complaint is, that he finds it too easy in the execution. This flatters his laziness, it flatters my judgment, who always thought that (universal as his talents are) this is eminently and peculiarly his, above all the writers I know living or dead; I do not except Horace. Adieu.'

* Namely, reason. † 'Essay on Man.'

Titan's Pulpit.

The Devil's Generalship.

In enemy, before he besiegeth a city, surroundeth it at a distance, to see where the wall is weakest—best to be battered; lowest—easiest to be scaled; ditch narrowest—to be ridged; shallowest—to be waded over; what place is not regularly fortified—where he may approach with least danger, and assault with most advantage. So Satan walketh about, surbeying all the powers of our souls, where he may most successfully lay his temptations; as whether our understandings are easier corrupted with error, or our fancies with levity, or our wills with forwardness, or our affections with excess.

Fuller.

Repent.

This is the main purport and end of God's messages to man in all times, by all that he hath sent, prophets, apostles, Jesus Christ and his forerunner; and still all his ministers under the gospel have no other in effect to say, but to call man to repentance, to bring them home to God. Man is naturally turned away from God, and is still further running away and hastening to the pit, and God is calling after him, Do not destroy yourselves, I will receive and pardon you. Oh! return, why will ye die? And yet men will not hear—en, but run to their ruin. This word is daily preached; and yet who almost is persuaded so much as to stop his course a little and consider what is propounded to him, much less to break off his course and return? Oh! the countiffulness and graciousness of God, that thus entreats, and still entreats, base worms, whom he might tread on and crush in a moment! Oh! the wretchedness and madness of man that refuses, and still refuses, those gracious entreaties! You have been called to in these terms, and where are they that return? Where are hearts breaking for their iniquities, and breaking away from them, mourning after the Lord, and longing for a look of his countenance, and desiring nothing else? Oh! that some soul might now be stirred up, and set but upon thoughts of repenting—serious, real thoughts, that would not die. The Lord will reach forth his hand and draw it to himself, though it find it cannot stir, yea in that very desire of returning to Him, He hath presented it and touched it, and will not lose it—will not suffer it and his begun work in it to perish. Abp. Leighton.

A PRAYER OR PSALM.

Most gracious Lord God, my merciful Father, from my youth up, my Creator, my Redeemer, my Comforter. Thou, O Lord, soundest and searchest the depths and secrets of all hearts; thou acknowledgest the upright heart; thou judgest the hypocrite; thou ponderest men's thoughts and doings as in a balance; thou measurest their intentions as with a line; vanity and crooked ways cannot be hid from thee. Remember, O Lord, how thy servant hath walked before thee; remember what I have first sought, and what have been principal in my intentions. I have loved thy assemblies; I have mourned for the divisions of thy Church; I have delighted in the brightness of thy sanctuary. This vine,* which thy right hand hath planted in this nation, I have ever prayed unto thee that it might have the first and the latter rain, and that it might stretch her branches to the seas and to the floods. The state and bread of the poor and oppressed have been precious in mine eyes; I have hated all cruelty and hardness of heart; I have, though in a despised weed, procured the good of all men. . . . Thy creatures have been my books; but thy Scriptures much more. I have sought thee in the courts, fields, and gardens; but I have found thee in thy temples. Thousands have been my sins, and ten thousands my transgressions; but thy sanctifications have remained with me; and my heart, though thy grace, hath been an unquenched coal upon thine altar. O Lord my strength, I have since my youth met with thee in all my ways—by thy fatherly compassions, by thy comfortable chastisements, and by thy most visible providences. . . . Just are thy judgments upon me for my sins, which are more in number than the sands of the sea, but have no proportion to thy mercies; for what are the sands of the sea? Earth, heaven, and all these, are nothing to thy mercies. . . . Be merciful unto me, O Lord, for my Saviour's sake, and receive me unto thy bosom, or guide me in thy ways.—*Lord Bacon, Chancellor of England (died 1626).*

* The Church of England.

The New Books.

Supplementary Despatches and Memoranda of Field Marshal Arthur Duke of Wellington, K.G. India, 1797–1805. Edited by his Son, the Duke of Wellington. London: John Murray.

THE LAW OF PRIZE-MONEY.

To the Earl of Mornington.

Seringapatam, 2d June, 1799.

MY DEAR MORNINGTON,—If you had not mentioned my name, and alluded to a letter from me in yours to Henry of the 28th of May, I should have imagined that you had been informed that the

army was in a state of mutiny on account of its prize-money, and that it had been recommended to you to yield to its unreasonable demands rather than to oppose them. I do not recollect to have said that I thought that the army had a right to the prize: if I had, however, that opinion would have agreed with Lord Cornwallis's, as given to the army in his general orders. I told you that the army was uneasy about the prize, and I recommended that some step should be taken to manifest the disposition which I concluded Government had upon the subject,

in order to remove that uneasiness. It was caused partly by the inconsistency of General Harris, and partly by a circumstance which I am going to mention, merely as a proof that I always considered the *right* of the army (if I even mentioned it) to depend upon the customs of the Government. When I took the command of the place, on the morning after the storm, I found that my predecessor and superior officer had given the treasure to the prize-agents of the army; I took it from them, and this was one reason why they believed that Government intended to take the treasure for the use of the Company. The General's inconsistency increased a suspicion which, however ill founded as far as it regards the present Government, is not without cause when the conduct of former Governments is adverted to. Another circumstance which proves that I considered your consent as necessary in order to get the prize in, that I pressed you to give it.

As, from the circumstance I have above stated, I am an object of suspicion, and it is therefore impossible for me to know what are people's real sentiments upon this subject, I can say but little of them. This, however, I may venture to say, that the army will never render it necessary for you to put them to the alternative of obedience or mutiny upon any point. The consequence of your withholding your consent may be, that people will not be quite so well pleased with Government as they would have been if it had been given immediately. As it is certain that at some time or other Government will give their consent to the division of the prize, it appeared to me that it would be best to give it at the time when it would be most thankfully received. All I wanted was to keep for Government a fair popularity; which, in my opinion, is never useless.

I should not have written again upon this subject, only that it appeared to me that you had misunderstood what I meant, and had written with more than usual warmth to Henry about it. I believe it will be found that upon the principal point there is very little difference of opinion between us.—Believe me, &c.,

ARTHUR WELLESLEY.

To the Earl of Mornington.

Seringapatam, 8d June, 1799.

MY DEAR MORNINGTON,—I had determined that I would not write to you

again upon a subject which it was very clear you did not view in the same light that I did, till I received your letter in answer to mine of the 24th of May, this morning; * and I think the subject upon

* The following is the letter alluded to:

Fort St George, 30th May, 1799.

MY DEAR ARTHUR,—Henry will inform you of my general views with respect to the arrangement of the country of Mysore, as far as the materials before me have enabled me to form any judgment upon the question. He will also express to you the sincere pleasure which I have received from the view of your distinguished conduct during the late campaign.

The subject to which you have referred in two of your letters, relating to the property captured in the fort of Seringapatam, is undoubtedly of a very delicate nature. It is remarkable that I have not received a single line from General Harris upon that subject, with the exception of a distant reference to an application from Meer Allum (of which Colonel Kirkpatrick will state the nature to you), and the letter which I now enclose.

Erroneous and dangerous opinions appearing to have been conceived with respect to the whole of this question, I shall state to you, without reserve, the grounds of my judgment upon it; and I request you to become the channel of conveying my sentiments to General Harris, as it is through you alone that he has expressed any idea of a reference to me with regard to the application of this property. Even in his communication through you, he seems to doubt whether my judgment be necessary to decide the question.

The right to all property taken from the enemy in war is originally in the State: this is a principle which no man acquainted with public law will attempt to dispute. This right is sometimes regulated or modified by the British Government under proclamations from the crown, or statutes called prize acts, by which the absolute right of the State is conveyed, under certain limitations and restrictions, to the captors; but where no such special regulations exist, the right of the State is unquestionable to every species of property taken in war under any circumstances whatever.

An incorrect notion has prevailed, that property taken in a fortress or town which has been stormed is exclusively the right of the captors. In the confusion which necessarily attends an assault of this nature, it must often be impossible either to restrain the soldier from plunder, or to bring him to account for the property seized under such circumstances. From the mere necessity of the case, therefore, and not from any right arising to the army from the nature of the assault, the State cannot come into possession of property actually plundered in an assault. But the claim of the State still remains unimpaired; and wherever an account can be taken of the enemy's captured property, even in a fort taken by assault (unless,

which you wrote so delicate, that I should not do as I ought, if I did not apprise you of some circumstances which are likely to alter a decision which, in my opinion, will be attended at least with inconvenience at the present moment.

as I have before stated, some previous regulation has been adopted on the subject), it must remain at the disposal of the State. The discretion of the Government, in disposing of property captured by its military force in war, must be governed by a variety of considerations arising out of the particular case. In most cases it has been deemed expedient by the British Government to grant the whole amount to the captors; but this has always been an act of the Government, where it has been possible for the Government to be consulted. Where the amount of the property taken has been very considerable, a part of it only has frequently been granted to the captors in the form of a donation; and cases might be stated wherein the pretended right of the army to the whole property, taken under similar circumstances to that at Seringapatam, must lead to the ruin both of the army and of the State. If six or eight crores of rupees had been found in Tippee's treasury, and if the whole of this enormous sum must of right have been distributed among the army, I leave it to you to judge whether such an event would not have produced the immediate dissolution of our military force in this quarter of India.

By express letters patent from the crown, all booty taken in war by the Company's own land or sea forces, is granted to the Company; and by the orders of the Company, one part of all booty so taken is to be given among the captors, and the remaining part to be carried to the credit of the Company (with the exception of all ordnance, ammunition, and military stores taken in operations by land, the whole of which is expressly reserved for the Company).

Where the king's forces by land or sea act in conjunction with those of the Company, the king in his letters patent has distinctly reserved his prerogative to distribute the booty in such manner and proportion as he shall think fit: and there is an express order of the Company, that all such booty must be kept entire, giving an exact account of the same to the Company, in order that it may be distributed according to his Majesty's pleasure.

This is the law of nations, and the tenor of the king's and the Company's orders on the subject of booty taken in war by the combined forces of his Majesty and the East India Company.

My sincere good wishes for General Harris, as well as my anxiety to avoid the public discussion of a very disagreeable question, have induced me to abstain from any official statement of these arguments; but I request you to represent to General Harris on my part, in the most serious manner, the discredit which he will bring upon his own character, and the confusion of which he will be

The army (right or wrong is not now the question) have got a notion that they have a right to the prize taken in Seringapatam: that notion is founded upon an order of Lord Cornwallis's, of which I cannot recollect the words, but of which

the responsible author, if he should permit the army to proceed to a division of the prize taken in Seringapatam, without submitting the whole of the question to the authority of Government. He will occasion a mischief nearly of equal extent, if he shall encourage the army to expect that I can, consistently with my public duty, grant the whole amount of the prize to the army, without a previous reference to the Company and to his Majesty. I cannot, without a gross violation of my trust, proceed further than to grant one-half of the prize to the captors, reserving the remainder for the determination of his Majesty and of the Court of Directors.

In this private communication I have no hesitation in declaring, that, if the whole of the treasure and jewels found in Seringapatam should not amount to a much larger sum than that which I have heard stated—namely, about a crore of rupees, after granting fifty lacs immediately to the army—I shall recommend in the strongest terms both to the Court of Directors and to his Majesty's ministers, to grant the whole of the remaining fifty lacs to that gallant body, whose conduct I shall ever remember with admiration and gratitude.

The whole of the ordnance, ammunition, and military stores must absolutely await the determination of his Majesty and of the Court of Directors.

Another question arises with regard to the captured property, which appears to have entirely escaped the attention of General Harris. The Nizam is unquestionably entitled to a share of it, proportioned to the number of his own troops serving in the siege. The plan, therefore, which appears to me the most eligible is this, that an exact account of the whole specie, jewels, ordnance, ammunition, and stores of all kinds taken in the fort and magazines of Seringapatam be immediately made out; that an exact statement be also made out of those entitled to claim shares in the division of the whole property, distinguishing the Nizam's share from that of the British army (the subsidiary force serving with the Nizam will, of course, be considered as a part of the British army). In these accounts it will be necessary to separate the value of the ordnance and stores from that of the specie and other treasure. It will also be necessary to consider whether the detachments under General Floyd, Colonels Read and Brown, are entitled to share with the rest of the army.

These accounts should be transmitted to me in council, with a request that I will decide upon them, and direct the disposal of the prize-money according to the orders of the Court of Directors, and to the rules and regulations prescribed by his Majesty's charters and letters patent. I shall then direct

he tenor is given in the enclosed paper, and it is confirmed by the conduct of General Harris in three instances: 1. in giving the prize over to the prize-agents after I had taken it out of their hands; 2. in the negotiation respecting the loan of the lac and ten thousand pagodas; 3. in his orders respecting the Nizam's proportion to be paid immediately, neither the crown nor the Company possessing any jurisdiction over that part of the prize.

To the army I shall take upon me to grant one-half of the sum remaining after the Nizam shall have received his share. This grant from me will be precisely conformable to the spirit of the king's letters patent in the case of the re-capture of Calcutta. I have already said that I shall recommend to the crown and to the Company to grant all the remaining sum to the army. With respect to the ordinance, &c., I must leave that question entirely to the discretion of Government at home: in the meanwhile, if General Harris should be of opinion that a donation to the soldiers of a part of the prize-money would be an advisable measure, I think he might very properly adopt it, stating that he did it by my authority. This letter will sufficiently authorise him to take such a step, if it should appear necessary.

I wish you to communicate on all these subjects with General Harris himself, without the intervention of any third person; and as I am confident that you feel the same attachment to him which is the prevailing sentiment in my mind, I rely on you to urge General Harris in the most impressive manner to attend to my friendly cautions contained in this letter, and not to suffer the clamour of any discontented persons in the army to induce him to hazard any proceeding which can cast the slightest shade, in the eyes of his friends at home, on the splendour and honour of his conduct in the field.—Ever, my dear Arthur, yours most affectionately,

MORNINGTON.

Your letter of the 24th has determined me not to set out for Seringapatam, or even for Ryacotta, until I hear from Henry after his arrival with you: at present I am very well. I cannot account for the style of some of Harris's public letters to me: he has passed over my general order to the army of the 15th, which I meant to be very civil, as if he were affronted at it. Allan arrived today. I am afraid that your commission will not only grow quarrelsome, but presumptuous, and that is my reason for being anxious to arrive on the scene of action myself. Would it not be a good measure, by way of preventing confusion, to appoint Henry sole superintendent of the affairs of Mysore? He might make any use he chose of Close, &c.; and Kirkpatrick might be his secretary. You cannot be in the same situation with Henry, because your military post necessarily places you under the orders of Harris.

Inform Harris, Henry, and Kirkpatrick, that I have again deferred my journey.

appointment of the committee of officers for the management of all matters relating to prize-money.* Having the notion that the prize belongs to them, they have naturally formed hopes and wishes that it will be divided among them immediately; and if it be not divided, the disappointment will be severe indeed. I do not conceive that they are so nice as to care much whether they receive the prize from Government or as a right, provided they receive it; but of this I am certain, that they will not think themselves very kindly treated by Government, if it withholds any part of what they have been accustomed to consider as their own, under an order of a former Governor-General, confirmed by repeated acts of the present Commander-in-Chief.

By your letter it appears that you are determined to exercise your discretion, and immediately to have a division made of half the prize, or fifty lacs of rupees. Nay, you have gone further, as you have authorised General Harris immediately to make a donation to the soldiers, who, I must inform you, having plundered the town, some of them to an immense amount, are at this moment richer than their officers. You think it, however, your duty to withhold the remainder until the pleasure of Government at home can be known. In deciding upon the extent of the sum which it might be proper to give the army at present, would it not be wise to take into consideration the (false) notion they have entertained of their right, the hopes they have formed, the discontent and consequent inconvenience, or even danger, which the disappointment of these hopes may occasion? When the circumstances of the times are considered, is it not possible that it may be wiser, and of course your duty, to use your discretion in distributing the whole prize immediately, rather than to keep back any part of it?

I agree in all your reasoning respecting the right of the State, but in my opinion this is not the time to disappoint the army upon a mere matter of form, as sooner or later it is very clear that the whole prize will come into their hands.

It is certainly not expected by the

* The army of Seringapatam being in want of money, the General, instead of drawing bills on the Government at Madras, took upon himself to contract a loan to Government at a high rate of interest. The loan was rejected, as soon as the terms were known to the Governor-General.—Ed.

army that the Nizam's troops are to share (excepting the infantry). There are various grounds for this expectation; but the principal one is, that Lord Cornwallis allowed them to have no share of the prize-money in the last war. Of course they had no donation. I am afraid that you will have an unpleasant decision to make, if you divide the treasure, jewels, &c., according to the numbers of each army, and that it will be one militating in principle with the decisions which have always been made in prize cases in this country. 1. It is impossible to get any true return of the numbers of the Nizam's troops; and even their greatest advocates will allow that half at least of those whom they return as troops have neither arms nor horses. 2. In all divisions of prize-money in this country, natives have not been estimated as Europeans; I believe they are reckoned as 4 to 1. How then will the account be made out between the Nizam's army and that of the Company? But the truth of the matter is, that if the money is handed over to the Nizam's Government, not a man in this army will receive one shilling, which is probably the reason why Lord Cornwallis gave them nothing in the last war; and that the arrangements talked of in the army—namely, that Malcolm's infantry should divide with the Company's—will be that which eventually may be most advantageous to the troops, although perhaps not so consonant with strict justice. However, the decision in this case as in all others ought to bend to circumstances, and that which I have above mentioned ought to be considered.

In talking of strict justice, it may perhaps not be improper to remark, that if the Nizam has a right to anything, he has a right to a half of everything, and yet no part of some things will be given to him in any case, and probably not half of anything. Your discretion will guide you in the decision upon these subjects, and I think that what I have above mentioned may have some influence in the exercise of it. I really have not considered the subject sufficiently, to say whether the Nizam's cavalry ought to have anything or not, but I know that it will be difficult to decide what they ought to have.

I have one word to say respecting the Commission: I always considered that it was more intended to create union among those who were likely to advise General Harris, than to invest them with any

authority; and in fact they had no power to act from themselves. Even their existence as a Commission was at an end as soon as the place fell, according to your instructions, and from that time we had no meeting, and I have not been acquainted with what General Harris was doing, or intended to do. If things have gone wrong, it must not be attributed to the Commission as a body, although perhaps every person belonging to it excepting myself was concerned in advising the measures of which you disapprove. I advised Henry to dissolve the Commission on the day he arrived here; but the letter received this morning has altered the case entirely. General Harris might imagine that the superintendence of civil affairs was taken out of his hands on account of his conduct respecting the prize-money; the persons about him might imagine that their conduct was disapproved, and Henry would want the co-operation of the one, and the able advice and assistance of the others. As things now stand, he will have the management of everything; General Harris will do nothing without his advice; and, as I said before, the Commission have no power to do anything excepting to advise.—Believe me, &c.,

ARTHUR WELLESLEY.

I have written to General Harris, and have sent him extracts of your letter. I could not leave the fort this day to go over to him.

Tenor of an order given out by Lord Cornwallis in the month of August, 1791, about six months after the capture of Bangalore by storm.

'Lord Cornwallis being of opinion that property of all kinds in any place taken by storm, or abandoned by the enemy, belongs of right to the enemy, desires that proclamation may be made in the army bazaars and in the town of Bangalore, that any person who shall give notice to the committee or prize agents where treasure has been buried or hid, so that they may find it, shall receive half of such treasure when found; the other half to be carried to the account of the army,' &c. &c. &c.

N.B.—This order goes even to private property, which I must inform you that I have had no little difficulty in saving.

To the Earl of Mornington.

Seringapatam, 14th June, 1799.

MY DEAR MORNINGTON,—What has

been done respecting the prize-money has given universal satisfaction: people have been brought to their senses respecting their supposed rights, and there is no sentiment in the army excepting of gratitude to the Government for the favour received.* No private property has been taken, and in case any more public property is found, it will be the duty of the Commission to take care that it is secured for the public. You need be under no apprehensions respecting the amount of the prize-money; it is true that General Harris's share amounts to three lacs of pagodas, but that is one-eighth of the whole property at present to be divided, and, notwithstanding what has been reported, I am convinced that the remainder will not amount to six lacs, including the military stores.†

* The army caused a star and badge of the Order of St Patrick to be formed from the prize-jewels, and offered them to the Governor-General. His lordship expressed regret that he was precluded from accepting this high honour, by the regulation respecting presents. The star and badge were forwarded to the Court of Directors, and transmitted by that body to the Governor-General; who then, the legal disability being removed, willingly accepted the tribute of respect and esteem. But his lordship declined repeated offers made by Mr Pitt, and by the East India Company, of the sum of £100,000, to be paid out of the produce of the sale of the military stores captured at Seringapatam. The grounds of objection were twofold: 1. that the army might thereby be deprived of a sum of money which the king would probably otherwise grant to the troops; and, 2. lest it should be said that as Governor-General Lord Mornington had a direct personal interest in making war upon a native prince.—*Ed.*

† Fort St George, 10th June, 1799.

MY DEAR ARTHUR,—If you were to read over your own letter, on which mine of the 28th May to Henry was founded, I think you would agree that it was impossible for me to draw any other inference from it than that the army was in your opinion entitled, as of right, to the property taken in Seringapatam; that it was in a dangerous state of ferment, under the idea that Government intended to deny or limit that right; and that Government ought not to hazard a discussion on such a subject.

A letter since received from Harris, and your account of the total amount of the prize (a most material consideration in my view of the subject), have saved the question of right, and furnished me with a tolerably accurate rule to guide my discretion in the exercise of a power which, I believe, every rational man, after a calm examination of the subject, must admit to be indisputably lodged in the State. A very awkward ques-

I am in hopes that I shall be able to send away the family of the late Sultaun on the 17th or 18th. I mean his four eldest sons. It is impossible at present to send away the women of the family, on account of the total want of tion might have arisen from the constitution of the Government, and a doubt might have been entertained of my authority over the royal part of the army. This is a radical defect, and must some day be cured. My decision at length has been, to order a distribution of all the treasure and jewels, reserving ordnance, stores, &c., for the pleasure of the king and of the Company. I hear that this decision has satisfied head-quarters; I suppose it will not satisfy the army, where it will be termed illiberal; and I know it will not satisfy the Court of Directors, nor the Company, who will term it profuse, if not corrupt. Yet I think on the whole it is the best possible course which could be taken; because, while it saves the right of the State, it gives a handsome reward to the army, limiting that reward within the bounds of discretion, and preserving for the Company (if the king should choose to grant it) a valuable property in stores, &c. But I should not be surprised if this very transaction were to occasion my speedy return to England; for the Court will scold in their usual tone, which I know I have not temper to endure.

With regard to the Nizam's troops, I perceive a difficulty of which I had not seen the full extent. I was always aware that the Nizam himself would insist on representing the captors of his troops, and that very reason rendered me more anxious to preserve for him an equitable proportion of the prize. On this point may turn the jealousy or cordiality of the court of Hyderabad; and after all it cannot be denied, under my own argument, that the Nizam may of right pocket every ana of the money allotted to his share. He must have a rateable share of the ordnance and stores; but I do not agree with you that his right is to one-half of whatever may be taken. That article of the treaty of Paangul is not at present in force. The question of his cavalry is certainly difficult: a composition with Meer Allum is the best remedy. My new commission will, I imagine, solve all questions of authority in Mysore.

I cannot think that it will be safe to intrust Purneah with the rajah's affairs, after the proofs he has given of a disinclination to the new settlement. Why do we exclude any persons, but because we apprehend they cannot be well affected towards the stability of our arrangements, and will therefore endeavour to subvert them? I shall write fully on this subject to Henry and Kirkpatrick. By remaining at Madras, I shall probably see General Stuart, who is coming here with the admiral. This is a great object.—Ever yours most affectionately, MORNINGTON.

Some reports have reached me to-day which alarm me with respect to the amount of the prize-money. It is said that Harris's

carriage, and it would be improper to send away his younger sons until they go. Indeed it appears to me that it would not be proper to send away the women (amounting to 600), until some place in the Carnatic is provided for them. I have already given orders that the masters who formerly attended the younger part of the family should continue to attend them, which I presume will be approved of.

Colonel Kirkpatrick will have written to you yesterday respecting the 6th article of the Subsidiary Treaty. We all agreed that that ought to be modified in some manner. As it now stands, it will give ground for the belief that we give the Rajah the country at the present moment with the intention of taking it away again when it will suit our convenience. Supposing that the candid and generous policy of the present Government should weaken that belief as far as it regards them, it must be allowed that the conduct of the British Government in India has not at all times been such as to induce the natives to believe that at some time or other improper advantage will not be taken of that article. They know

share of the first division will be three lacs of pagodas, and that the second division will be nearly as great. I am afraid the army will be dissolved by such an extravagant influx of money. Any property now found should absolutely be appropriated to the State, and you commissioners should appoint proper persons to take charge of it.

It occurs to me that Kirkpatrick and Malcolm might easily induce Meer Allum to compromise the Nizam's share of the prize for a handsome sum.

If Tippoo's throne could be put together again, it ought to be purchased by the Company for the king. I shall be willing to make the purchase.

A propos, I hear that there is a fine library in the palace: this the captors ought to give to the Company, who have lately established a Persian library in London. I am sorry to hear that Seyd Saheb's books were mostly destroyed: such as are valuable of those remaining ought to be given to the Company also. If the captors will not give, I will purchase on account of the Company. Mention this to Close. I wish all possible materials to be collected for a history of the campaign, siege, and assault. Set all hands to work to compile journals, and collect anecdotes directly. Kirkpatrick will be very useful as a compiler, but he has an iron pen. A true account of Tippoo's death and conduct during the war and siege would be excellent. Let me know who would be the best man to write the history under authority. Talk to Close, Agnew, and Macaulay on this.

as well as we do that there may be a change of government immediately, and that there certainly will be one in the course of a few years, and the person then appointed Governor-General may not have such enlarged systems of policy as those by which we are regulated at the present moment. This induces me to believe that they will object strongly to that article, and I don't think that it will be very creditable to us to insist upon it.

Henry and I went over to Old Mysore yesterday, and I am sorry to tell you that not a single house is standing in it. In New Mysore there are some houses, but very bad ones, and the water is at the distance of half-a-mile from the fort. These are embarrassing circumstances, and I am at a loss to say where the Rajah ought to be *musnud*. Bangalore would answer till a palace could be built for him at Old Mysore, which would soon bring a town there; but Colonel Kirkpatrick says that Bangalore is in a corner of his dominions, whereas his residence ought to be in the centre of them. If that is any objection, it holds good only for a year, before which time a palace at Mysore could be built. It is impossible to *musnud* him at Seringapatam, because, if we do, we must fix him in Tippoo's palace along with Tippoo's women, which would be cruel as well as improper. Besides, if he fixes the seat of Government at Seringapatam, he must keep with him a crowd of people, which will delay, till he leaves it, the measures to be taken for clearing it and making it a proper military post. I wish you would consider this subject, and let us know your determination. There is another objection to moving him to Bangalore, which is its distance from the Cauvery. I think that it would be advisable to give over to the Rajah's Government the management of the countries which it is intended eventually to cede to the Mahrattas, because they will fall more naturally under it, and will be more likely to be productive immediately, than if we take possession of them. Our gentlemen must have new establishments of all kinds suited to their systems, which, however they may excel those of the natives in the long run, are not so likely to suit the people of the country immediately. I think it is to be apprehended that if we take those countries, it will create a jealousy at Hyderabad. This ought to be avoided, particularly as nothing can be gained by taking them.

My share of the prize-money, amounting in jewels to about 3000 pagodas and in money to 7000, will enable me to pay the money which you advanced to purchase my lieutenant-colonelcy, and that which was borrowed from Captain Stapleton on our joint bond. I will put it into the 8 per cent. loan, and will send you the securities, with a statement of the account as accurately made out as possible from my memory. It is better that I should put it in the 8 per cent. loan, than endeavour to send it to you in any other manner, as I conceive that my example may have some influence over the conduct of other officers in the army.*

I have often spoken to General Harris about my situation here, and he has as often said that he should represent it to Government, but has done nothing. In case he should move to any distance from hence, I intend to state it to Government publicly, as it is as well now to apprise you of what I intend to represent.

* Fort St George, 19th June, 1799.

MY DEAR ARTHUR,—To your letter of the 14th I answer, that no consideration can induce me to accept payment of the sums which I have formerly advanced for you. I am in no want of money, and probably never shall be: when I am, it will be time enough to call upon you. In the meanwhile, I should think that through Henry you might easily convert your 8 per cent. bonds into decennial paper at Calcutta.

I think the case of your appointments quite scandalous: at the same time it would be better that the application for the increase should come to me regularly through Harris, and I wish you would urge him immediately on the subject. I am very happy to hear that you have got through your painful duty so well.

Apropos, try to get Tippoo's small seal or ring for me, and some swords and handsome guns for the Prince of Wales and Duke of York: any sword known to have been used by Tippoo would be curious.

Do you, together with the whole Commission (in order to have the benefit of Close's opinion), send me, in a private letter, your sentiments with regard to the Mahrattas.

The questions are these:

1. Will any concession which we can now make satisfy their avarice, or mitigate their jealousy?

2. Will not the proposed concessions be an augmentation of their resources and means of mischief, and a proportionate deduction from our strength and from that of our real allies?

3. Is it not more likely that the efficiency of our power and its vicinity will awe than irritate them? I have supposed that we cannot possibly grant enough to them to satisfy their avarice and ambition.—Ever yours most affectionately, MORNINGTON.

Since I went into the field in December last, I have commanded an army with a large staff attached to me, which has not been unattended by a very great expense, particularly latterly. About six weeks ago I was sent in here with a garrison, consisting of about half the army and a large staff, and I have not received one shilling more than I did in Fort St George. The consequence is that I am ruined.

General Harris has told me that he intended to propose that the situation of commanding-officer at Seringapatam should be put upon the same footing with that of Trichinopoly. He receives 1000 or 1200 pagodas a-month from the Nabob. I should be ashamed of doing any of the dirty things that I am told are done in some of the commands in the Carnatic, as I believe I proved sufficiently at Wallajah-Nuggur; but if Government do not consider my situation here, I must either give up the command, or submit to be ruined for ever. I assure you that since December I have in some months spent five times, in others four times, more than I received; and an extraordinary circumstance, which could happen in no other country, is, that I have frequently signed the bills of officers under my command, who were living upon me by the customs of the service, and who received nearly half as much more than I did. I state all this detail to you as my reason for making an application upon the subject, which certainly I should wish to avoid, and should not make, if there were any probability that General Harris would represent my case to Government before you leave Madras.—Believe me, &c.,

ARTHUR WELLESLEY.

The Timely Retreat; or, a Year in Bengal before the Mutinies. By Two Sisters. 2 vols. 8vo, 31s and 25s. pp. London: Richard Bentley.

A NEW HAT.

In the train, people usually arrange themselves according to their van parties, and we were deposited in a broad-gauge carriage, just as if we were going to Edinburgh; but oh! the difference in speed—we seemed to crawl along—and our principal amusement was getting a young Irish gentleman to beg oranges for us, which he did like a true son of Erin, and in the broadest accent. Leaning out of the window, and coolly looking into the next compartment, he said, 'Won't ye give us some oranges for a lady, if ye

plaise?—an appeal which was promptly responded to by some dexterous hand neatly pitching them in, and a mock combat ensued. Stopping at one of the stations, our tall friend managed to get out of the window (the door being locked), and made an excursion down the train, pelting in oranges till the whistle sounded, when he appeared amongst us literally like harlequin, all-four. The amusement of playing ball with oranges had now become universal; everybody grew vehemently excited about it, clapping their hands with delight at a good catch, and shouting disapprobation at the awkward individual who failed in arresting the ball, letting it slip down the bank, and so losing it irrecoverably. In his energetic attempts to catch an orange, Master Sims lost his hat and pugheree. The want of a hat in this climate might be a dangerous thing, but we were fortunately able to lend him a spare one—a large brown mushroom, decorated with blue bows. This he tied on with immense satisfaction, and looked so absurd in it, that we laughed till we were tired. His great delight was to put his head out at the stations, and ask the guard some question, to which, seeing the blue bows, he always began replying, 'Ma'am,' and then, observing the coat, continued, 'Beg pardon, sir, thought it was a lady.' This was nothing, however, to the sensation the hat created at the Nile, where, the floating bridge not being completed, we had to cross in little steamers; and just as we turned out of the carriages, it so happened the homeward-bound passengers were landing, and the amazed consternation with which they regarded young Sims's nondescript attire, supposing that to be the newest importation from the land of fashion, and dreading the being compelled to appear in such a garb themselves, was delightful to behold.

THE COCKROACHES.

I must refer again to those fearful cockroaches. On retiring to our cabins a nightly fight commenced. Tap, tap, went shoes energetically, but the enemy were too strong for us, and often have we been awakened by an alarming sensation of something crawling over our faces, a hasty dash of the hand confirming the fearful suspicion that it was a cockroach. Our cabin being near the pantry, we were afflicted with an extra number of these horrors. The transparent character of

the cabin partitions allows interesting scraps of conversations sometimes to be overheard; for instance, in a lady's voice, 'George, I'm certain I heard something crawling.' No response, George being in the land of Nod. 'George,' louder, 'are you asleep? There's a cockroach. Oh, dear George, do get up and kill it.' Some sleepy-toned remonstrance implies he'd rather not. 'George, I'll never love you any more, if you don't instantly look for that cockroach.' And on no response being made to this terrific threat, a sound of weeping and lamentation ensues, of ever having left her dear mamma and her home for an unfeeling wretch who doesn't care if she is happy or miserable. By this time the original instigator of the matrimonial fracas, the offending cockroach, has marched off, leaving the unhappy George wide awake, and fully aroused to the necessity of consoling and soothing the delicate object of his affections, while every griff within earshot is shaking with laughter, and longing to cry out, 'Encore!'

CHAT ABOUT INDIA.

Your importance in India is settled by the rank you hold. Thus my brother, being the 'collector,' was styled the Burra Sahib (great master), while his joint magistrate and assistant were Chota Sahibs (little masters); and well did this cognomen suit the latter gentleman in every respect. His prominent forehead, and merry, good-humoured face, invariably reminded me of codlin apples; but I am indebted to him for many a hearty laugh. He one day alluded touchingly to the manner in which the Indian climate had told on his personal appearance, by saying that his top-boots, which had fitted him to perfection when he left home, now looked like his little finger placed in a wine-glass; but the *naïveté* and *bonhomie* with which he suited the action to the word were irresistibly provocative of mirth, not to mention his choice collection of little hymns, carefully instilled into his youthful mind by his tender Scottish relations. One, a great favourite of his, ran thus:—'I was not born a little slave, to labour in the sun.' At this point he broke off to suggest the palpable untruth of the statement, seeing that here he was a miserable slave to Kutchery, and enduring the pitiless eastern sun. The consequences were, he was as well known by his self-given title of 'Little Slave' as his baptismal name.

Many a time have I seen this valuable servant of Government indulging in melons and strawberries with the graceful ease of a schoolboy, having perhaps kindly offered to assist me in arranging them for dessert, while I was lost in admiration of his consuming capacities. At another time he would enter the drawing-room, and show us a terrific law-book, telling us Keith had set him all that to learn, and thereby worked on our feminine sympathies to invite some favourite (for the time) to tiffin, to lighten the medium of his existence. In his judicial capacity, he, of course, was at liberty to inflict personal chastisement on his servants, which he occasionally did; and after sounds of a general scrimmage in his room, he would emerge, looking heated and languid from his exertions, when he would remark, with great simplicity, that his fool of a bearer would hand him an unbecoming waistcoat, for which offence he had been compelled to shy all the moveables in the room at his (the bearer's) head. I often feared that such a gigantic spirit, confined in such a small compass, would speedily wear its unfortunate possessor out. One morning, when out riding with us, in a transport of affection for his horse, a Don Quixote-looking animal, he suddenly seemed to disappear, and but for a pair of tiny black sleeves round the horse's neck, and a diminutive foot in the stirrup, I should have feared the worst; but he was only embracing his steed. 'Tommy,' however, was seriously alarmed, and shied to one side, thinking some kind of fly had alighted on 'Cavalier's' back.

I was agreeably disappointed with the whole class of cadets—young officers whom that miserable book 'Oakfield' had led me to look on with such pity. There was one round-faced, rosy-looking lad whom we especially patronised; he looked about twelve years old, but was, no doubt, more, or he could hardly have held a commission. When calling on us one day, he began speaking of 'Oakfield,' saying he was reading it, but it was not the least bit true. 'For one thing,' he said, the young officers in the book are laughed at for writing home. Now, with us, every fortnight you see all our fellows writing as hard as they can, and instead of laughing at you, the other fellows urge you on. I have never missed a mail since I came out.' Of course we advised him by all means to keep up so good a habit.

VOL. XXVI.

Many of these poor little griffs lead the most dreary lives it is possible to imagine; they ride the funniest possible little tatas, club together three or four in one house, dine at the mess, and are rarely seen anywhere by any one save their fellow-officers. Unless some lady of the regiment takes pity on them, they are too shy and too much afraid of being snubbed to call on any one else. Sometimes at church they are visible, or on those rare occasions when a party of amateurs open the theatre; but on the Course, and at all other places where Anglo-Indians delight to congregate, they are *non est*.

It is amusing and delightful to hear the astonishment with which a young griff, fresh from school and cricket, describes the kindness with which some grey old colonel has directed his ignorant proceedings, advised him about the purchase of a horse, and arranged for him to share his bungalow with another griff, whereby he is at once raised to the dignity of a householder, and when, for the outlay of £20, he finds himself the fortunate possessor of a somewhat bony, and in some respects ill-favoured, animal, which, however, looks very well on the Mall, and carries him gallantly to parade—when the griff, I say, warranted and encouraged by the said colonel, finds himself in this responsible position, he delivers himself up to the enjoyment of it all with a zest and energy which it is refreshing to behold.

Do you think the senior officer loses anything by thus condescending to direct and aid his subaltern? I think not. Indeed, the kindly feeling thus implanted will most probably last till death severs the bond. No doubt there are many unhappy exceptions to this; but I have often seen with pleasure the senior officer conducting the newest griff through his round of visits to the station, and noticed the half-admiring, half-pitying air with which the man of perhaps ten years' experience listened to the crude observations of the youngster, and smiled on the boyish assumption of dignity with which the griff announces how things are done at home, remembering the time when he, too, passed through the same ordeal, thought the same thoughts, and met with the same sympathy.

In contradistinction to our fresh, open friend, was a sandy-haired, thin, wizened youth, commonly known at Dhoo-gur as 'the Obnoxious Boy.' And well

had he earned his title: Indian forcing applied on a canny Scotch temperament had made him precocious and sharp to a degree perfectly alarming. He was continually being had up in the Court of Requests for non-payment of his servants, yet talked largely of his stud, and kept three horses, to my own knowledge. On our arrival, he, amongst others, had called, and, of course, received an invitation to our first party. As we sent one to the owner of each card on our table, and as few of the officers of his regiment had made our acquaintance, they being, for the most part, a retiring set, he boasted at the coffee-shop of his invitation, saying, 'Ah, you see the Leslies were obliged to ask me; they knew their evening wouldn't go off if I wasn't there, because they've heard of my dancing, you know.' A night or two previous to our party, he began descanting on the various wondrous exploits of horsemanship he had performed, and then informed us of his passionate fondness for dancing, saying, 'I think riding and dancing always go together; a good rider is sure to be a good dancer; and the fact is, my regiment always make me go to parties, to keep up their credit in that line.' It was utterly impossible to snub him in any way. If he heard of a story going about to his disadvantage, he would instantly pick it up, and retail it himself as a good joke.

Nora and I were alternately amused and awed at the solemn manner in which some of the gentlemen warned us against confiding in any member of our own sex. They told us frightful tales of scandal that had originated in this way, saying that motherly old ladies would come and talk us over, telling us to look on them in the light of our own maternal relative; and, having basely extracted our confidences of hopes and fears, would carry it round for the benefit of the station as a pleasing bit of gossip. Even our small friend, Mr Wren, joined in the universal cry against elderly Indian ladies, saying 'they had tried to come it over him in that way, but he knew a thing or two, and was not so easily caught.' I don't wonder at any elderly lady feeling moved to compassion at seeing a youth of his tender age and small size being launched, unprotected, into the vortex of mess dinners and unlimited champagne, without feeling a longing desire to call him under her sheltering wing. But such reiterated forebodings and gloomy warnings neces-

sarily made us at times very doleful, and caused us to look with an eye of suspicion on all the really kind-hearted ladies who came near us, till we learned that feminine instinct was far more to be depended on than any amount of masculine reasoning, and so boldly chose our own acquaintances, undeterred by their desponding precepts.

One great item in an Indian lady's day consists in overlooking the stores which the patient Box-wallahs unfold for her benefit. These men frequently commence the world with no greater stock than an empty soda-water bottle, but with a perseverance and cunning worthy of an Israelite, they trade on till they become the owners of stores of heterogeneous articles; and the manner they pack everything into the smallest possible compass is marvellous. I have seen the whole verandah, the floor, and chairs of the room covered with the contents of a moderate-sized box. Pickles, sardines, perfumes, groceries, crockeryware, millinery, dresses, shoes, hosiery, and stationery, form some of the ingredients of their bundles. We were too lately arrived from England to want anything from these men, and the jewellers claimed more of our patronage. Their great delight appears to consist in unfolding all they possess, and laying it out on the floor; and as each brooch, bracelet, &c., has its separate piece of rag, it is a process requiring both time and patience. When everything was exhibited, we generally selected the things which pleased us, and then retired to our own rooms, leaving the Ayahs mistresses of the field; and then a perfect Babel commenced, as the men invariably ask double they mean to take, and we, knowing our unfitness for bargaining, deputed the Ayah to do it, who, proud of her brief authority, exerted it to the utmost, and often astonished us with the results of her labours. Still I know she never beat them down too much, for she always seemed pleased with her 'dustoor,' the amount they presented to her for her patronage being so many pice off each rupee we had expended. Their tariff of prices is utterly absurd, and varies with the rank you are supposed to be in. Thus, up on the hill, where we were unknown, their charges were moderate, and when we returned to Dhoooghur, the same men would ask exactly double for the identical ring or ornament they had offered us at Lucknow.

but then at Dhoorghur we were the collector's Miss Sahiba.

The amount of sleep natives can get through used to be a continual wonder to me. Any spare time—and they have plenty of it—is invariably passed in this manner; and it was one of our greatest amusements (think what a pitch we must have been reduced to!) to preserve tranquillity till the calm and measured sound of breathing assured us that the Chup-rasces in attendance were fast asleep; then, elevating my voice to its loudest tones, I would shout 'Qui bye,' at which I inevitably heard a series of grunts and starts like small fire-arms going off, and a sleepy voice would reply, 'Missy Baba,' and a limp-looking figure, very much tumbled in appearance, would enter. I always knew from their answer if they had been very long off, by their dropping the 'Missy,' and simply saying 'Baba:' this was when considerably bewildered and startled. But it was delightful to see the native servants amusing the little English children: their patience seems inexhaustible. Thoroughly childish in their ideas, they easily suit their play to their little companions' intellect; and I have watched them by the hour unweariably amusing a cross little thing, imitating a tiger or elephant, walking on hands and knees about the floor with the little charge mounted on their back, and inventing endless games. They are never tired or put out of temper, but seem really to enjoy it; and certainly the child repays their care with an affection I have never seen evinced to an English nurse. It is rather troublesome, sometimes, the amount of attendance they insist upon, and at a juvenile party you can hardly see the children for the number of servants. No child, whether boy or girl, can go out for the evening without its ayah and bearer; and if they venture to leave the room, the child is sure to set up a shriek, and continue unappeased till their return. I suspect their attendants enjoy the excitement of a social gathering, and so make their presence imperatively necessary to the children's comfort, to insure their own participation in them.

DRINKS IN INDIA.

That well-known beverage 'Bass's Pale Ale,' we had been told was a necessary of existence to ladies as well as gentlemen in the East; but I beg leave to observe that very few people I met with

touched it, and as for 'young India,' it infinitely prefers claret, both as a cooler and more aristocratic liquid. We had been brought up on strictly hydropathic principles, and with the exception of some port wine administered to Nora during her illness, we never deviated from our simple rule. A lady who had resided twenty years in India told us she never had drunk any beverage stronger than tea during the whole of that time; and many similar cases I heard of. Soda-water is the article most in demand in the north-west, with a suspicion of sherry or brandy with the old hands. Bottled cider I often saw drunk; the introduction of the light foreign wines has been a great boon, and they are deservedly popular. Beer is the usual drink called for at tiffin, though not in anything like the quantities formerly imbibed, the younger men being fearful of increasing their size, and becoming too heavy for racing purposes, the elder dreading gout and other illnesses. Some infatuated beings still hold to its efficacy in cases of fever, declaring that had Nora swallowed a bottle of it at the commencement of hers, it would have stopped it at once; which was highly probable, as, in my opinion, it would have finished her altogether.

As my brother never touched wine nor beer, he was naturally exceedingly particular about the quality of his tea, and believed he had discovered perfection in that article when he first drank the Dhoon tea. This tea has a most peculiar flavour, exceedingly disagreeable at first; but after you acquire a taste for it, you can drink no other. It is so very strong, that Keith often said it was not tea at all, but a revivifying fluid, under the influence of which he could encounter great fatigue. The natives look upon all tea as a kind of universal panacea for every species of illness. When they are ill, they come to beg for it, and will take it from your hand as if there was no such word as 'caste.' As far as regards dewai (medicine), however, they have made a kind of wholesale and convenient exception; and if the drug is given to them dry, that is to say, in pills, or dropped into their own brass lotas, they will take medicine from anybody. They consider tea as a very powerful dewai, and swallow it with avidity. The climate of the Dhoon seems very favourable for the growth of tea, the plants becoming productive very quickly; but it is still grown only in small quan-

tities; and as it is expensive even on the spot, it will probably be a long time before it becomes at all well known in England.

DOMESTIC SCOUNDRELS.

Mr Douglas having often asked me to take a portrait of his favourite old Khansamah, who, finding the fatigues of his profession too great for his advanced years, was going to retire into private life, I went up to the house one morning to have a sitting, and found him a venerable white-bearded man, with a very Jewish type of face. He was in a flutter of excitement at the unexpected honour done him, and very anxious to go home and dress with befitting splendour; but this his master would not permit, being desirous of having an everyday remembrance of him. He was a horrid old rascal, however, notwithstanding his demure looks. He had been upwards of thirty years in Mr Douglas's service, and acknowledged to having saved 30,000 rupees out of a salary of 14 rupees per month. His secret would be worth knowing. Mrs Douglas told me, when she used to take the weekly accounts from him, she sometimes objected to the extortionate amount of the bills, and was told by that hoary story-teller, that he only brought the small bills to her for payment, the large ones he paid out of his own pocket.

A lady told me that on going into her dining-room one night very late, when all the rest of the household were supposed to be in bed, she met the Khansamah carrying off a large cup full of sherry; not choosing to speak to him herself then, she sent her Ayah next morning to know 'what he could have wanted with wine at that hour,' and was informed that, having forgot to feed the turkeys during the day, he had thought it better to give them some wine for supper! Many ladies, by way of checking their servants' accounts, always write down the weekly bills themselves; and Keith declares he has heard young married ladies, desirous of becoming notable housekeepers, owing to their ignorance of the language, gravely writing down any absurd nonsense the Khansamah chose to invent, such as, 'Little Missy had one goat yesterday for dinner, and the black fowl ate a bushel of corn,' &c.

FUN ON BOARD.

The saloon is one continued scene of eating. At six o'clock early tea and

biscuits made their appearance in the cabins; at seven o'clock breakfast is ready for the children and servants; at half-past eight a warning bell rings; and at nine the general breakfast is on the table. At twelve a refection of bread-and-butter, cheese and biscuits, beer and claret, is laid out for tiffin; and at two o'clock the children's and nurses' dinner appears. At half-past three the dressing-bell again sounds; and at four everybody rushes down ravenous for dinner. Scarcely has it disappeared, when the children's tea is ready; at seven the big children, ditto. Then whist parties begin to form, and other people attend the musical gatherings on deck, or lounge about until nine, when a slight refreshment of biscuits, wine, and brandy and water, is prepared. By ten all the ladies have disappeared, in preparation for the visit of the light-extinguishing quartermaster at half-past. Gentlemen pace the deck to a much later hour, and the whist parties do not break up till two. How they manage for light I do not know, nor can I conceive how the stewards go to bed at all; for the saloon was never quiet till two, and at four holystoning the decks commenced, and all the ship was alive again.

We whiled away the evening hours by music and singing; the piano was hoisted on deck, and our kind friend Mrs Clement seemed acquainted with every air suggested, and ready to accompany every one. We had vocal music of all kinds, from that dreadful 'Bobbing around,' given in thorough American style by a genuine Yankee, to the best operatic airs, dramatically delivered by a gentleman very much in Lablache's style of figure: 'The Friar,' as he was popularly called, from his favourite song being, 'I am a Friar of Orders Grey.' This gentleman's repertoire was unlimited: tragic, comic, classical, anything and everything, he gave with ready good-humour. He was the established wit of the party, and, in consequence, gave utterance to the most terrific puns, at which it was impossible to help laughing from their utter absurdity, though, as a rule, we looked solemn at all puns, thinking them outrages on the feelings of society, and an inveterate punster an unmitigated bore. As it was extremely hot, the ladies were allowed to sit on the fore-castle, and the Hindostanis being flush-decked, it was easy of access, the gentlemen generously consenting to keep to windward when smoking.

After dinner we sometimes had most amusing scenes, for on board people are thankful for any amusement, and resort to the most childish games; *pour passer le temps*, feats of agility and skill were daily performed before a select circle of astonished spectators. Mr Campbell, being immensely powerful, and his arms two inches longer than any one else's, distinguished himself highly. One evening an entirely novel amusement was introduced. Two chairs were placed on trestle at a distance of about four feet from each other, a pole was then rested on them, and a gentleman, with a stick to balance himself by, sat down cross-legged on the pole; a cap or hat was then placed on each chair corner, back and front, and the gentleman, seated *à la Turque*, had to knock each off with his stick. It required extraordinary balance, and almost always ended in the downfall of gentleman, pole, chairs, and all, in a universal roll on the deck. The Friar was always suggesting feats requiring great agility, at which he looked on admiring and wondering. One evening he tied a quoit's ring to a rope, and threw it over one of the rigging ropes, keeping the end in his hand, so that he could elevate or depress the ring at pleasure. He then requested all the gentlemen on board to come and tick at it, and see how high they could do so, urging them to kick out like men, and not be afraid of it. It was the most ludicrous sight to see these stalwart men gravely elevating their toes at the ring, which gradually mounted higher and higher, till Mr Campbell, making an extraordinary bound and kick at the same time, sent it flying, to the mock dismay of the Friar, who declared seriously he could not have done it—an assertion perfectly uncalled for, as no one or an instant would have imagined him capable of such a feat. But to prove that he, too, had his little accomplishments, he procured a skipping-rope, and persuading two gentlemen to turn for him, gracefully gathered his coat-tails about him, and hopped and danced backwards and forwards like a lively porpoise taking exercise.

The Peninsular and Oriental Company spare themselves on allowing ladies to have any little extra luxury at any time they please to call for it: thus they have on this side unlimited effervescent lemonade, while gentlemen are restricted to soda-water. Ices are sometimes served

out to ladies, but gentlemen are prohibited from touching them. A lady is allowed to have preserve at tea whenever she chooses, while gentlemen are obliged to be content with the usual horrid salt butter. This was a continual grievance to Mr Chester, who sometimes persuaded Mrs Clement to send for preserve as if for herself, and then hand it over to him, much to the disgust of the steward, who, however, could not interfere. Mr Campbell said, whenever he felt low-spirited; he always asked for one of those forbidden good things, and felt his spirits revived on being answered, 'You are a gentleman, sir.' Ladies were also permitted to have wine and water on deck at supper, but gentlemen were obliged to descend for it—a rule which they easily evaded, by asserting that brandy and water was wanted for a lady, and the steward's hopes of a future 'tip' prevented his being too sharp-sighted on the occasion.

The Good Soldier.—A Memoir of Major-General Sir Henry Havelock, of Lucknow, Bart., K.C.B. By the Rev. W. Owen. Foolscape 8vo, 236 pp. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

WILLIAM HAVELOCK.

The second Sikh war cost Havelock the life of his brother William, who fell at Ramnugger, and whose eulogy is thus pronounced in glowing terms by Thackerell in his 'Sikh War':—

'It was while the enemy was thus apparently setting us at defiance, that Lieutenant-Colonel Havelock, of the 14th Dragoons, requested permission to charge, and drive them from the bank. No sooner had the equivocal assent been accorded, than the flaxen-haired boy of the Peninsula, on whose deed of valour the military historian has proudly dwelt, entering into a hand gallop, at the head of his men, soon threw himself on the crowd of Sikhs who lined the high bank.

'The 5th Light Cavalry, under Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander, ably supported the gallant 14th. So impetuous was the onset of these determined warriors, and so energetically and effectually did Havelock and his troopers ply their swords, that the bank was swept in a few minutes of all its swarthy occupants, who, running hastily down the bank, across the sand, threw away their standards in their flight.

Not contented with having driven the enemy from their position, Havelock, animated by that fiery spirit which glowed within him, instantly resolved to exceed the limits of his mission, and renew the offensive, contrary to the real wishes of the commander-in-chief, by continuing the charge on the discomfited enemy, and driving them back across the river. Yielding to his insatiable love of glory, he brandished his sword above his head, and calling on the squadron of the 14th, in reserve under Lieutenant-Colonel King, to come and support, dashed furiously down the steep declivity into the tract of sand in which, it will be remembered, the gun had been immoveably fixed, and over which Captain Ouvry had charged. The British cavalry becoming now fully exposed to view, the Sikh batteries opened a rapid and destructive fire upon them. The Khālsa Infantry, also, summoning fresh courage, began to stand and open matchlock fire on their pursuers. The horses of the dragoons soon became exhausted in this difficult ground, their feet every moment sinking into deep sand or mud.

'Our cavalry were not only exposed to the fire of the batteries across the river, but some guns, which had been dragged to the left bank, had taken up a position near the green island above alluded to, and the presence of this artillery inspired the enemy with fresh courage. The deportment of Havelock was more that of a mortal confiding in the protection of the *Ægis* of some divinity, than that of an ordinary human being. In the last charge, always in advance, he suddenly disappeared, and the latest glimpse of that daring soldier, disclosed him in the midst of the savage enemy, his left arm half severed from his body, and dealing frantic blows with his sword, so soon doomed to droop from his trusty right hand. His last words were—"Follow me!" Some days after the action, a mutilated corpse was discovered, which the chaplain of the army, Mr Whiting, recognised by the hair on the body to be that of this gallant but ill-fated sabreur.

'Such a death was worthy of William Havelock.'

The Political Economy of Art. By John Ruskin. Smith, Elder, & Co.

QUARRYING FOR MEN OF GENIUS.

How are we to get our men of genius? that is to say, by what means may we

produce among us, at any given time, the greatest quantity of effective art-intellect! A wide question, you say, involving an account of all the best means of art education. Yes, but I do not mean to go into the consideration of those; I want only to state the few principles which lie at the foundation of the matter. Of these, the first is, that you have always to find your artist, not to make him; you can't manufacture him any more than you can manufacture gold. You can find him, and refine him; you dig him out as he lies nugget-fashion in the mountain-stream; you bring him home; and you make him into current coin, or household plate, but not one grain of him can you originally produce. A certain quantity of art-intellect is born annually in every nation, greater or less according to the nature and cultivation of the nation, or race of men; but a perfectly fixed quantity annually, not increaseable by one grain. You may lose it, or you may gather it; you may let it lie loose in the ravine, and buried in the sands, or you may make kings' thrones of it, and overlay temple gates with it, as you choose; but the best you can do with it is always merely sifting, melting, hammering, purifying—never creating. And there is another thing about this artistical gold; not only is it limited in quantity, but in use. You need not make thrones or golden gates with it unless you like, but assuredly you can't do anything else with it. You can't make knives of it, nor armour, nor railroads. The gold won't cut you, and it won't carry you; put it to a mechanical use, and you destroy it at once. It is quite true that, in the greatest artists, their proper artistical faculty is united with every other; and you make use of the other faculties, and let the artistical one lie dormant. For aught I know, there may be two or three Leonardo da Vincis employed at this moment in your harbours and railroads: but you are not employing their Leonardesque or golden faculty there; you are only oppressing and destroying it. And the artistical gift in average men is not joined with others: your born painter, if you don't make a painter of him, won't be a first-rate merchant or lawyer; at all events, whatever he turns out, his own special gift is unemployed by you, and in no wise helps him in that other business. So here you have a certain quantity of a particular sort of intelligence, produced

for you annually by providential laws, which you can only make use of by setting it to its own proper work, and which any attempt to use otherwise involves the dead loss of so much human energy. Well, then, supposing we wish to employ it, how is it to be best discovered and refined? It is easily enough discovered. To wish to employ it is to discover it. All that you need is, a school of trial in every important town, in which those idle farmers' lads whom their masters never can keep out of mischief, and those stupid tailors' 'prentices who are always stitching the sleeves in wrong way upwards, may have a try at this other trade; only this school of trial must not be entirely regulated by formal laws of art education, but must ultimately be the workshop of a good master painter, who will try the lads with one kind of art and another, till he find out what they are fit for. Next, after your trial school, you want your easy and secure employment, which is the matter of chief importance. For, even on the present system, the boys who have really intense art capacity generally make painters of themselves; but then, the best half of their early energy is lost in the battle of life. Before a good painter can get employment, his mind has always been embittered, and his genius distorted. A common mind usually stoops, in plastic chill, to whatever is asked of it, and scrapes or daubs its way complacently into public favour. But your great men quarrel with you, and you revenge yourselves by starving them for the first half of their lives. Precisely in the degree in which any painter possesses original genius, is at present the increase of moral certainty that during his early years he will have a hard battle to fight; and that just at the time when his conceptions ought to be full and happy, his temper gentle, and his hopes enthusiastic—just at that most critical period, his heart is full of anxieties and household cares; he is chilled by disappointments, and vexed by injustice: he becomes obstinate in his errors, no less than in his virtues, and the arrows of his aims are blunted, as he reeds of his trust are broken.

What we mainly want, therefore, is a means of sufficient and unagitated employment: not holding out great prizes for which young painters are to scramble, but furnishing all with adequate support and opportunity to display such a power

as they possess without rejection or mortification. I need not say that the best field of labour of this kind would be presented by the constant progress of public works involving various decorations; and we will presently examine what kind of public works may thus, advantageously for the nation, be in constant progress. But a more important matter even than this of steady employment, is the kind of criticism with which you, the public, receive the works of the young men submitted to you. You may do much harm by indiscreet praise; but remember, the chief harm is always done by blame. It stands to reason that a young man's work cannot be perfect. It *must* be more or less ignorant; it must be more or less feeble; it is likely that it may be more or less experimental, and if experimental, here and there mistaken. If, therefore, you allow yourself to launch out into sudden barking at the first faults you see, the probability is that you are abusing the youth for some defect naturally and inevitably belonging to that stage of his progress; and that you might just as rationally find fault with a child for not being as prudent as a privy councillor, or with a kitten for not being as grave as a cat. But there is one fault which you may be quite sure is unnecessary, and therefore a real and blameable fault: that is haste, involving negligence. Whenever you see that a young man's work is either bold or slovenly, then you may attack it firmly; sure of being right. If his work is bold, it is insolent; repress his insolence. If it is slovenly, it is indolent; repress his indolence. So long as he works in that dashing or impetuous way, the best hope for him is in your contempt: and it is only by the fact of his seeming not to seek your approbation that you may conjecture he deserves it.

But, if he does deserve it, be sure that you give it him, else you not only run a chance of driving him from the right road by want of encouragement, but you deprive yourselves of the happiest privilege you will ever have of rewarding his labour. For it is only the young who can receive much reward from men's praise: the old, when they are great, get too far beyond and above you to care what you think of them. You may urge them then with sympathy, and surround them with acclamation: but they will doubt your pleasure, and despise your praise. You might have cheered them in their

race through the asphodel meadows of their youth; you might have brought the proud, bright scarlet into their faces, if you had but once cried to them, 'Well done,' as they dashed up to the first goal of their early ambition. But now, their pleasure is in memory, and their ambition is in heaven. They can be kind to you, but you never more can be kind to them. You may be fed with the fruit and fulness of their old age, but you were as the nipping blight to them in their blossoming, and your praise is only as the warm winds of autumn to the dying branches.

There is one thought still, the saddest of all, bearing on this withholding of early help. It is possible, in some noble natures, that the warmth and affections of childhood may remain unchilled, though unanswered; and that the old man's heart may still be capable of gladness, when the long-withheld sympathy is given at last. But in these noble natures it nearly always happens, that the chief motive of earthly ambition has not been to give delight to themselves, but to their parents. Every noble youth looks back, as to the chiefest joy which this world's honour ever gave him, to the moment when first he saw his father's eyes flash with pride, and his mother turn away her head, lest he should take her tears for tears of sorrow. Even the lover's joy, when some worthiness of his is acknowledged before his mistress, is not so great as that, for it is not so pure—the desire to exalt himself in her eyes mixes with that of giving her delight; but he does not need to exalt himself in his parents' eyes: it is with the pure hope of giving them pleasure that he comes to tell them what he has done, or what has been said of him; and therefore he has a purer pleasure of his own. And this purest and best of rewards you keep from him if you can: you feed him in his tender youth with ashes and dishonour; and then you come to him, obsequious, but too late, with your sharp laurel crown, the dew all dried from off its leaves; and you thrust it into his languid hand, and he looks at you wistfully. What shall he do with it? What can he do, but go and lay it on his mother's grave?

Thus, then, you see that you have to provide for your young men: first, the searching or discovering school; then the calm employment; then the justice of praise; one thing more you have to do for them

in preparing them for full service—namely, to make, in the noble sense of the word, gentlemen of them; that is to say, to take care that their minds receive such training, that in all they paint they shall see and feel the noblest things. I am sorry to say, that of all parts of an artist's education this is the most neglected among us; and that even where the natural taste and feeling of the youth have been pure and true, where there was the right stuff in him to make a gentleman of, you may too frequently discern some jarring rents on his mind, and elements of degradation in his treatment of subject, owing to want of gentle training, and of the liberal influence of literature. This is quite visible in our greatest artists, even in men like Turner and Gainsborough; while in the common grade of our second-rate painters the evil attains a pitch which is far too sadly manifest to need my dwelling upon it. Now, no branch of art economy is more important than that of making the intellect at your disposal pure as well as powerful; so that it may always gather for you the sweetest and fairest things. The same quantity of labour from the same man's hand will, according as you have trained him, produce a lovely and useful work, or a base and hurtful one; and depend upon it, whatever value it may possess, by reason of the painter's skill, its chief and final value, to any nation, depends upon its being able to exalt and refine, as well as to please; and that the picture which most truly deserves the name of an art-treasure, is that which has been painted by a good man.

You cannot but see how far this would lead, if I were to enlarge upon it. I must take it up as a separate subject some other time: only noticing at present that no money could be better spent by a nation than in providing a liberal and disciplined education for its painters, as they advance into the critical period of their youth; and that also a large part of their power during life depends upon the kind of subjects which you, the public, ask them for, and therefore the kind of thoughts with which you require them to be habitually familiar. I shall have more to say on this head when we come to consider what employment they should have in public buildings.

There are many other points of nearly as much importance as these, to be explained with reference to the development

of genius; but I should have to ask you to come and hear six lectures instead of two, if I were to go into their detail. For instance, I have not spoken of the way in which you ought to look for those artificers in various manual trades, who, without possessing the order of genius which you would desire to vote to higher purposes, yet possess wit, and humour, and sense of colour, and fancy for form—all commercially valuable as quantities of intellect, and all more or less expressible in the lower arts of iron-work, pottery, decorative sculpture, and such like. But these details, interesting as they are, I must commend to your own consideration, or leave for some future inquiry. I want just now only to set the bearings of the entire subject broadly before you, with enough of detailed illustration to make it intelligible; and therefore I must quit the first head of it here, and pass to the second, namely, how best to employ the genius we discover. A certain quantity of able hands and heads being placed at our disposal, what shall we most advantageously set them upon?

The Beautiful in Nature, Art, and Life.

By Andrew James Symington. 2 vols. crown 8vo, 446 and 322 pp.
London: Longman & Co.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

All the world worships Beauty.

The infant exhibits unmistakeable, though inarticulate delight, on perceiving certain motions or sounds, and is attracted by any bright colour or dazzling glitter, be it of the costly jewel or gew-gaw, the painted daub, or the marvel of art, flower, or star.

The young man, when 'she comes whom God sends,' finds the whole face of things more lovely, nay, glorified for *her* sake—beauty, 'amid all beauty beautiful,' having made for itself a silence in his heart.

The old man, after gazing in silent wonder on the setting sun, speaks kindly to those merry children who have been gathering buttercups and daisies. His thoughts wander away and dwell with a lingering fondness on 'the days that are no more;' and, as he gives the little ones his blessing, the subdued sweetness which beams from his face tells that a chastened heart is filled with the 'beauty of holiness.'

As the education of heart and head

advances—every object, person, book, experience, environment, or influence to which we are subjected, being an education of the truest kind—our sympathies with Nature widen and deepen; while we become more eclectic and fastidious in matters which relate to Art. The sum of our admiration for artistic creations, however, is increased; for, what before was vague and spread over a wide surface, is concentrated and intensified on the few works in each department found truly worthy, till these become well-springs of beauty to the soul.

Education, truly speaking, is the work of a lifetime. Exposed to every diversity of influence, the mind cannot remain stationary; if we do not advance, we retrograde. The school or university ought to furnish us with a method of study—how best to lead out, or evolve, whatever is noblest or highest in our nature. Self-culture is but the continuation—the legitimate application and use of the method acquired. Our whole life is a training—it ought to be a perfecting—for 'spirits are not finely touched but to fine issues.' Self-education neglected, man wrongs that which is peculiarly HIMSELF.

Many talk and think of an education being completed, or 'finished,' when certain preliminary courses have been gone through. It is not the term to which we object, but a prevalent misconception in some minds as to the thing itself.

Others there are, who, duly appreciating its importance, and attracted by

'Nature's loveliest looks,
Art's noblest relics, history's rich bequests,'

on surveying the vastness of the field of inquiry, and the infinite variety of processes and influences which go to the formation of a richly-stored mind, a cultivated taste, and a well-balanced intellect, feel for a time bewildered and disheartened, and are at a loss where or how to begin. Between these two extremes there is also every variety of mind. Recognising Christianity, in an unsectarian sense, as the basis and completion, the alpha and the omega, of all social order and progress, and of all successful intellectual effort, we shall endeavour, in the following pages, to throw out hints which may be suggestive and useful in such cases as those we have indicated, for the attainment of a higher moral and intellectual sphere.

Love, Truth, and Beauty pre-eminently possessing

'A metropolitan temple in the hearts
Of mightiest poets'—

we believe, that by the study of the Beautiful in Nature, Art, and Life, aided, in our perception, by the insight—the 'faculty divine' of the great in all ages, 'with exquisite regard for common things,' ever seeing

'The parts

As parts, but with a feeling of the whole,' many, as Spenser sings, may

'Lift themselves up hyer,
And learn to love with zealous humble duty
The eternal fountain of that heavenly Beauty.'

Few subjects have possessed a like fascination, or called forth more varied theories and opinions from thinkers of all ages, than the investigation of those laws which relate to the nature of Absolute Beauty. Involving, as it does, metaphysics and physics, the cosmos without and the cosmos within, their mutual action and reaction on each other, and the intimate relation of all to God, it is not to be wondered that many widely different speculations should be hazarded in such a field. Hence errors and truth are often found strangely jumbled together: errors similar to those exhibited in some curious old picture-maps of the fifteenth century, wherein islands and continents change places, and outlines of countries undergo modifications which, save for their printed names, render them almost beyond recognition; and truth, only wrong, it may be, in making that which is predicable of a part, apply to the whole.

John Howe, in his 'Epistle Dedication' to 'Thoughtfulness for the Morning,' finely says, 'That is not philosophy which is professed by this or that sect, but that which is true of all sects; so, nor do I take that to be religion which is peculiar to this or that party of Christians (many of whom are too apt to say, here is Christ and there is Christ, as if He were divided), but that which is according to the mind of God among them all.'

Aiming at catholicity, in our sphere, we are too catholic to suppose we have attained it, or that it is attainable; and, for this reason, we can bear with the frequent idiosyncrasies of those who imagine they have most of it.

Beauty has been viewed in so many varied lights, that the saying, 'There are

no rules for taste,' has become a common mode of accounting for all æsthetic differences. It is, however, true that, if a given number of educated men be called upon to decide, a large proportion of them will agree in pronouncing certain objects beautiful: though perhaps no two individuals have arrived at this conclusion by exactly the same process—be it analysis or synthesis—conducted laboriously, or precipitated at the moment, so as to resemble intuition; for, as Shakespeare hath it, 'Grace is grace, spite of all controversy!'

We have here, as it were, the converse of the story of Cinderella: she is present with us in all her enchanting loveliness; but her glass slipper is not yet found. Countless others are vainly tried; but all are either so clumsy that she shakes them off, or so small—belonging to children—that she can only thrust her toes into them and smile. Meanwhile, she patiently waits for her own; knowing, from the good fairy, that the missing one is safe, and already on the way.

To define what Absolute Beauty 'is,' would, as Plato affirms of the soul, 'in every way require a divine and lengthened exposition to tell;' though we are delighted to recognise its manifestations, and much may be lovingly affirmed of it. We would apply the words of the same great thinker—in which Socrates answers Phædrus regarding his belief in the fabulous monsters—to those systems which have attempted to do so *without any positive basis*; first premising that we mean no disparagement to

'The noble living and the noble dead,' nor to their admirable efforts, failing only where failure is incident to humanity, and consequently not inglorious. 'But I,' says he, 'for my part, Phædrus, consider such things as pretty enough, but as the province of a very curious, painstaking, and not very happy man; and for no other reason than this, that after this he must set us right as to the form of Hippocentaurs, and then as to that of the Chimæra; besides, there pours in upon him a crowd of similar monsters, Gorgons and Pegasus, and other monstrous creatures, incredible in number and absurdity, which, if any one were to disbelieve and endeavour to reconcile each with probability, employing for this purpose a kind of vulgar cleverness, he will stand in need of abundant leisure. But I have not leisure at all for such matters;

and the cause of it, my friend, is this; I am not yet able, according to the Delphic precept, to know myself.'

A spirit of inquiry into the phenomena of Nature—a tendency to generalise—together with unsatisfactory, yet ever renewed, attempts to solve those deeper all-perplexing mysteries of the soul—characterise humanity, and have manifested themselves under various phases in every age of the world.

Ever desiring to enlarge his horizon, man seeks to pass from the known to the unknown; would fain lift the veil from the future, court intercourse with the spirit-world, and eagerly engage in the pursuit of knowledge solely to increase his power. Hence the Sphinx riddle, the veiled statue of Saïs, charms, omens, divinations, and in later times the alchemic lore of the middle ages.

The moon, we are told, always presents the same side to us, and the other must remain concealed from our view, excepting the small portion of its edge revealed now and again by its libration. 'So,' it has been beautifully observed by Humboldt, 'in the intellectual world, where, in the domain of deep research into the mysteries and primeval creative forces of nature, there are regions similarly turned away from us, and apparently unattainable, of which only a narrow margin has revealed itself for thousands of years to the human mind, appearing from time to time, either glimmering in true or delusive light.'

In such researches, more has often been gained by the way, than the devoted student, in his most sanguine moods, ever imagined he would attain, even at the purposed phantom goal. For that which hitherto was vague assumes definite form; facts and data accumulate, affording a surer basis for scientific theory. Hence, in our age, Humboldt has been enabled, in a physical point of view, to construct in broad outlines, by bold and striking generalisations, a Mercator's Projection of the Universe, from his knowledge of minute detail. The field is ever widening under the searchings of the telescope and microscope; nor is there any reason to believe that its wonders will ever be exhausted.

In metaphysical studies, if we earnestly advance far enough, we complete a circle, yet bring much along with us, and ought to be 'wiser and better.' Intellectual gymnastics are useful in their way, and after-

wards enable us to value all the more child-like simplicity, and listen more readily to the voice of the heart. Progress is in the nature of things, and truly sings the poet—

'Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with
the process of the suns.'

From auguries, we have physiology; from astrology, astronomy; and from alchemy, chemistry. 'It is curious,' says Professor Longfellow, 'to note the old sea-margins of human thought; each subsiding century reveals some new mystery; we build where monsters used to hide themselves.'

Strange to find chemistry, after being long separated, again, in the present day, coming to the aid of astronomy, telling us whether yon distant orb shines by its own or borrowed light, and also revealing the character of its atmosphere.* This novel and interesting application of the prism recalls that fine description of Newton's statue at Cambridge, in 'The Prelude;' we see the great philosopher standing—

'With his prism and silent face,
The marble index of a mind for ever
Voyaging through strange seas of thought
alone.'

The direction in which great discoveries will be made during the next half-century seems to be already indicated. Extensive observations are being made on the magnetic currents of the earth. The researches of Baron Reichenbach lead us to inquire how far we ourselves are influenced by these. It is known that electric fluids course the nerves and brain; that the double fibres of the nervous system are positive and negative; and Humboldt attests to the fact of the magnetic needle being deflected at will, first in one direction, and then in another, by the life-forces of the human body—a copper wire being employed as the conducting medium.

Mesmerism has ever and anon made its appearance, from the times of the Egyptian priests† to the present day, in

* Arago's experiments on the polarisation of light, and later, those by Sir David Brewster, exhibiting the modification of the spectrum when a ray of light is passed through a gaseous medium. See Professor Graham's 'Elements of Chemistry,' 2d edition, p. 106.

† According to Ovid, Mercury mesmerised Argus before cutting off his head, the process of putting him to sleep by passes being mi-

spite of the imposture and clap-trap often mixed up with it. Lunatics are so called from the supposed influence of the moon on the tides of the soul.

'There are errors,' said Coleridge, 'which no wise man will treat with rudeness, while there is a probability that they may be the refraction of some great truth as yet below the horizon.'

From these remarks it will be seen that the connection of mind with matter is a subject upon which very little is at present known, though the relation between them is close and intimate.* We speak only of the *modus operandi*, for, of essences or *noumena*, things in and for themselves, we are entirely ignorant; the name of a *simple*, sealed with a 'hitherto shalt thou come, and no farther,' being a mere word—a mask for our ignorance; nor can we ever be certain that we have even got thus far.

From such investigations the horizon ever recedes, till, weary with the idea of infinitude, we take refuge in a child-like faith, willing to apprehend much that we cannot comprehend, and believing that what we know not now we shall know hereafter.

It is a clear day in early spring. As we write, we listen to Beethoven's Symphony in C Minor, rendered on the pianoforte in an adjoining chamber. What earnest tenderness, passionate grace, simple loveliness! How elaborately rich in strange beautiful combinations, wild surprises, and bold gorgeous massive harmonies! The bright sunlight, too, is now streaming into the room, and the lively shadows of little birds, perched on the elder-tree at our window, unconsciously fall, dark and distinct, curiously fluttering on the book ranges of our library. How they indiscriminately hover, crowd and flit, as if denizens of all ages and climes! From Plato to Ruskin—from Humboldt to Bacon and Aristotle—now resting lovingly on Chaucer, Cowper, and Wordsworth—then visiting Nineveh, Egypt, Petra, or the Indies. Now the shadows light upon Homer, Dante, and Milton, and back again to Shakspeare, who in his Stratford edition is ranged nutely described. The passage will be found in the first book of the 'Metamorphosis,' and in this connection is worthy of being examined.

* See Sir Henry Hollands' Chapters on 'Mental Physiology,' Sir Benjamin Brodie's 'Psychological Inquiries,' and Laycock's 'Functions of the Brain'—particularly the first of these.

above them all. How wantonly they pass over the tomes of Sir Thomas Browne, Marco Polo, the loving and exuberant Jean Paul, and sundry collections of old ballads—'Cock Robin' being of the number! The songsters seek not to know ought of Mozart, though he knew much of them; and they display like interest in the Knight of La Mancha, or Lane's 'Thousand and One Nights,' in its bright scarlet binding, with Arabic characters and golden blazonry of shields and spears! They are not spelled by Jeremy Taylor, Fuller, or the immortal 'Pilgrim;' nor have first editions any attractions for them. Euclid, Euler, Newton, or La Place, are blank as the others, and suggest simply—nothing. They seem capriciously gay with 'The Dance of Death,' and ere the whole of a sudden take flight, for fresher woods and new prospects, amorously con the white-labelled title of his 'Jest Book!'

Happy birds! 'Sweet joy befall you!' The magnetic needle of the soul, in its dip and inclination, indicates that in like manner there may be regions of mystery, ever on before—potent influences and worlds of wonder within ourselves, and around us on every side, of which we are as utterly unconscious as ye are of the rules of counterpoint, without which ye warble so sweetly; or of the fact, or import, of that lore upon which your shadows so transiently rested, while we are almost as ignorant of yours!

In forming hypotheses, the mind first projects theories, and then refers to Nature for corroboration of their truth. Some of them she confirms, others she allows to fall; while again, from the evidence of her facts, new theories are constructed, which in like manner bide their time—stand, fall, are corrected or adjusted—as they happen to be in accordance with her all-truthfulness.

But nature has many voices and languages, many of which, as yet, we only imperfectly understand; and many more of which we are entirely ignorant. In reply to our questionings, her answers are often as dark and unintelligible as Nimrod's words in that lost and unknown tongue which Dante, in the misty twilight, heard resounding through the Inferno. Ever from time to time we continue to question her, and wait till the interpreters shall arise.

Though theories thus shift and oscillate, we do not therefore set aside Law;

on the contrary, we believe that it admits of—nay, includes in its essence—the greatest and only true freedom, that

'Liberty is duty,
Not license. Every pulse that beats
At the glad summons of imperious beauty
Obers a law; the very cloud that floats
Along the dead green surface of the hill
Is ruled and scatter'd by a God-like will.'

The many mysteries, and even the seeming irregularities which surround us on every side, and which we can neither fathom nor explain, are yet, we are bound to believe, perfect and delicate adjustments, completing the universal harmony, and, no doubt, appear such to higher intelligences. As in the case of Uranus and the planet Neptune, these very perturbations may lead to discoveries of new truths in the orbit of thought. With other instruments and appliances at command—advanced knowledge in regard to the conditions of mind and matter, and, above all, with the outpouring and indwelling of God's Holy Spirit—we may look for the consequent advancement of all science, and attain to a more perfect knowledge of this beautiful cosmos; viewing Nature, by the aids of the arts and sciences, as one harmonious whole, and assigning to each its relative value and position. 'I had rather believe,' says Lord Bacon, 'all the fables in the legend, and the Talmud, and the Alcoran, than that this universal frame is without a mind; and, therefore, God never wrought miracles to convince atheism, because his ordinary works convince it. It is true that a little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion; for while the mind of man looketh upon second causes scattered, it may sometimes rest in them, and go no farther; but when it beholdeth the chain of them confederate and linked together, it must needs fly to Providence and Deity: nay, even that school which is most accused of atheism doth most demonstrate religion—that is the school of Leucippus, and Democritus, and Epicurus: for it is a thousand times more creditable that four mutable elements, and one immutable fifth essence, duly and eternally placed, need no God, than that an army of infinite small portions, or seeds unplaced, should have produced this order and beauty without a divine marshal.'

Unaided reason can never yield satisfactory results to the soul. Its fairest

apples become dust and ashes in the mouth. It ever moves, as it were, in circles which widen rather than progress; and metaphysics *per se* might not inadequately be symbolised by an antique gem, which we remember somewhere to have seen, representing the tortures of Sisyphus, Ixion, and Tantalus!

But based on positive science and illuminated by revelation, which is the perfection, and as it were the continuation, of reason—nay, the very lenses of the telescope—man may, even in time, hope so far to resolve the nebulae into starry truths, and to take cognisance of harmonies, correspondences, and unities—

'Of whose being tidings never yet
Have reach'd this nether world.'

In the beautiful and significant words of George Herbert, 'Man,' created in the image of God, 'is everything and more—he is in little all the sphere;'—in a sense, not figurative but literally true, he is a microcosm; an important fact, of which science is ever, from day to day, obtaining fresh corroborations and clearer views. Recognised as such, and deciphered accordingly, humanity itself may yet prove the rosetta-stone of the universe, its trilingual inscription opening up to us other and wider fields of the Beautiful; enabling us to feel its influence for good with greater intensity, and, at the same time, elevating all our perceptions to a higher and nobler range—higher both in kind and in degree. Truly, O Lord, 'with Thee is the fountain of life, and in Thy light shall we see light!'

Herbert's lines are—

'Man is all symmetry,
Full of proportions, one limb to another,
And to all the world besides.
Each part may call the farthest brother:
For head with foot hath private amity;
And both, with moons and tides.

'For us the winds do blow,
The earth doth rest, heav'n move, and fountains flow.

Nothing we see but means our good;
As our delight, or as our treasure.
The whole is either our cupboard of food,
Or cabinet of pleasure.

'The stars have us to bed;
Night draws the curtain; which the
withdraws.

Music and light attend our head
All things unto our flesh are kin; the
In their descent and being; to our mrs ago,
In their ascent and cause.

arrived at a small public-house just as the postman stopped to deliver a letter. A young girl came out to receive it; she took it in her hand, turned it over and over, and asked the charge: it was a large sum—no less than a shilling. Sighing heavily, she observed that it came from her brother, but that she was too poor to take it in, and she returned it to the postman accordingly. The traveller was a man of kindness as well as of observation; he offered to pay the postage himself, and, in spite of more reluctance on the girl's part than he could well understand, he did pay it, and gave her the letter. No sooner, however, was the postman's back turned, than she confessed that the proceeding had been concerted between her brother and herself; that the letter was empty; that certain signs on the direction conveyed all that she wanted to know; and that, as they could neither of them afford to pay postage, they had devised this method of franking the intelligence desired. The traveller pursued his journey, and as he plodded over the Cumberland Fells, he mused upon the badness of a system which drove people to such straits for means of correspondence, and defeated its own objects all the time. With most men such musings would have ended before the close of the hour; but this man's name was Rowland Hill; and it was from this incident, and these reflections, that the whole scheme of penny-postage was derived.

A lady who plays well on the piano-forte, and desires to make this accomplishment a source of pleasure and not of annoyance to her friends, should be careful to adapt the style of her performance to the circumstances in which it is called for, and should remember that a gay, mixed company would be tired to death with one of those elaborate pieces which would delight the learned ears of a party of cognoscenti. It is from neglect of this consideration that many a really excellent performer makes her music a social grievance. Many a beautiful *sonata* or *fantasia*, to which at another time we would have listened with pleasure, has been thrown away upon a company, who either

drowned it by their conversation, or sat during its continuance in constrained and wearied silence. We would never advise a performer to make a sacrifice to vulgarity or bad taste; but there is no want of pieces which combine brevity with excellence—contain in a small compass many beauties of melody, harmony, and modulation; and afford room for the display of brilliancy, taste, and expression on the part of the performer. A piece of this kind will not weary by its length those who do not care for music, while it will give pleasure to the most cultivated taste; and with such things, therefore, every musical lady ought to be well provided.

Mendicants have great comforts; they require a good address, though they can dispense with a good dress. This dispensation is exclusively theirs; they have little to care for, and their expectations are great. Of them nothing is required; and what forms their calamity, forms likewise a fund for its own emergencies.

The American merchant is a type of a restless, adventurous, onward-going race of people. He sends his merchandise all over the earth; stocks every market; makes wants, that he may supply them; covers the New Zealander with southern cotton woven in northern looms; builds blocks of stores in the Sandwich Islands; swaps with the Feejee cannibal; sends the whale-ship among the icebergs of the poles, or to wander in solitary seas, till the log-book tells the tedious sameness of years, and boys become men; gives the ice of the Northern winter to the torrid zone; piles up Fresh Pond on the banks of the Hooghly; gladdens the sunny savannahs of the dreamy South, and makes life tolerable in the bungalow of an India jungle. The lakes of New England awake to life by the rivers of the sultry East, and the antipodes of the earth come in contact at this 'meeting of the waters.' The white canvas of the American ship glances in every nook of every ocean. Scarcely has the slightest intimation come of some unknown, obscure corner of a remote sea, when the captain is consulting his charts, in full career for the *terra incognita*.

TITAN.

BEHIND THE SCENES IN PARIS.

A TALE OF THE CLUBS AND THE SECRET POLICE.

CHAPTER I.—THE EMBARRASSMENT OF A FIVE-FRANC PIECE.

PARIS by night! I have not been paid to puff the Colosseum in the Regent's Park, and I do not intend to do so without remuneration; nor am I about to furnish hints for hard-thinking philosophers or morbid poets. The world is bad, and the world is good. This is the old philosophy and the new; and I doubt whether any proverbialist, from Solomon the Great to Solomon the Little—Mr Martin F. Tupper—can point out the real distribution of those proportions of good and evil which the Great Measurer of the universe has laid out among mankind. No, I only want to show one or two broad features of Paris by night, which shall practically serve my purpose.

Leaving out those enormous fringes of the town which have grown up of late years, partly to lodge the daily increasing multitudes of the horny-palmed working-classes, partly to afford respectable domiciles to that new nondescript order, which delights to call itself 'the middle class,' Paris may be taken to consist of four cities. There is the Faubourg St Germain, the city of the dead—the last home of deposed grandeur and stifled envy—the gloomy retreat of Conservatism. There is the Faubourg St Honoré, the city of the living (taking the word in its Parisian sense), the palace of pleasure and luxury,

where the wealthy upstart, refused an entrée on the other side of the river, is content to mingle with the extravagant foreigner. There is the Quartier Latin, the city of noise and low debauchery, with study in the midst of it; and lastly, there is the great Faubourg St Antoine, the city of poverty—the hotbed of crime and sedition—where the artisan, the thief, and the conspirator wear the same dress, and slink in and out of the same dirty cabaret.

Let us take one of those glorious spring nights just about Easter,—the second season of Paris,—short, indeed, but no less gay than that preceding the Carnival. In the Faubourg St Honoré, the crowds, which had been walking or sitting in the Champs Elysées up to the very last moment, had at length dispersed. The licensed beggars, who all day long had squatted under the trees, keeping up an incessant din on cracked fiddles, broken-winded bagpipes, tuneless flageolets, or still less tuneful throats, had hobbled off with their respective instruments to a supper of black bread and garlic in the cellars of the Faubourg St Antoine. The last carriage had rolled back from the Bois de Boulogne, and none but a few ardent lovers, and stern, martial gendarmes held possession of the allées. The Place de la Concorde was one

mass of lighted gas. Along the streets the carriages were rolling rapidly, loaded with masses of tarlatan, or slim figures in black coats and dress boots, and the sluggish fiacres were trotting listlessly onward, with a worthy bourgeois in white waistcoat within, bound for some less-pretending soirée. On the Boulevards the shops were still blazing with light and their brilliant wares, and along the pavements two closely-packed streams of idlers, of every race and land, were moving slowly, the one up, the other down, as if life were nothing more than a pleasant stroll for threescore years and ten. Before the cafés the crowds of little stone tables were still covered with glasses and cups, and the little green chairs, still occupied by those enthusiastic visitors to Paris, who believe that it is 'the thing to do the cafés.' At the corner of each street you saw two or three commissionaires, in blue canvas jackets and glazed caps, standing for ever on the look-out, exchanging, from time to time, a quiet monosyllable, often followed by a low laugh of derision at some passing Englishman, while your ears were

'Mon père est à Paris,
Ma mère est à Versailles ;
Et moi, je suis ici
Couché sur de la paille.

Toujours, toujours, la nuit comme le jour.
Yuch, yuch, yuch, yuch, tra la la la la.'

And those wild boys, with perhaps only a few sous in pocket, are the sons of country gentlemen and even noblemen ! Oh ! youth, youth, poets have sung thee ; but, alas ! thou art often little else than bestial !

Well, even the Faubourg St Germain is gay to-night after its fashion. Madame la Marquise receives a few old Legitimist friends, who drink bad tea and poor lemonade, and whisper sneers about the Emperor and his court. Madame la Comtesse has a *petit comité*, where a few plain girls will dance demurely, and glance meaningly at modest youths whom they know they must not dream of liking, while dowagers and chanoinesses will talk by the card-tables of the fortune of Henri de B—, and the accomplishments of Léontine de C—. Poor Henri and poor Léontine, who are perfectly indifferent to one another, these

filled with the harsh cries of 'La Patrie, La Presse, les journaux du soir,' from long-nosed, high-cheeked women sitting in little stunted sentry-boxes.

In the Quartier Latin again there was much gaiety of a coarser description. The shops, indeed, were shut, and the streets narrow and badly lighted. But then each street seemed to be full of nought else than *cafés*, restaurants, or cabarets, from which an odour of inferior viands and pipe-smoke issued, along with the noisy mirth and snatches of song that students delight in all the world over. Within these *cafés* and *estaminets* each unlicked student sat by the side of his favourite *grisette* ; he in slouched hat and Vandyke cloak, or, if less romantically natured, with greasy cap and little coat of blue or green, covered with black frogs ; she, with well-feigned modesty, wearing a neat white cap, and black silk dress. Then, when they had well drunken and eaten, you might see them issue forth in tens and twelves, link arm-in-arm, and parade homewards, shouting—

good old dames hold your fates in their hands, and some day you will be man and wife, before you have had time to say ten words to one another.

Turn we now to the city of poverty. Turn we into this narrow dark street, and half-way up we shall nearly stumble over the cellar doors of No. 15. We look down into the cellar and see the faint glimmer of a farthing rush-light. We descend the greasy stone steps, and stand in the midst of a workman's home. The candle is stuck in a bottle, which is set on a tub in the middle of the damp den. In one corner we can just discern a litter of straw, and upon it the wan form of a dying woman ; a weak, starved-looking child is lying near her bosom.

'Oh ! mother, mother,' it cries in a shrill tiny voice ; 'I am so hungry, mother ; do give me something to eat.'
'Hush, child ; hush, darling,' mur-

murs the poor mother in a hollow voice; 'your father will soon be back, and he will bring us bread.'

Another child is crouching half-naked upon the end of the straw. From time to time it utters a low whining cry. 'Mother,' it says feebly; 'I am ill, I am dying.'

'Be patient, my poor child,' she answers. Then turning with pain and difficulty upon her side, the dying woman strives to stifle her own groans.

Presently there is a step upon the stairs. The mother and children are too weak to start up, but a faint gleam lights up their faces, and they turn their heads towards the entrance.

'It is your father,' murmurs the wretched woman, trying to raise herself upon her elbow.

The man, who paused a moment, and stood upon the lowest step but one, was their father, Louis Girardon.

England is a very boastful country, but there is not one of her many boasts so highly cherished, yet so utterly unfounded, as that of her domestic ties. I know that in saying this, I call down thunderbolts upon my head. I care not—truth is more precious than popularity. But to prove it; and first between husband and wife. Has any who has lived longer in France than this writer, ever heard of a husband in any class of life, beating his wife, knocking her about with his fists, brutally asserting his superior strength, and taking advantage of her weakness, as we hear of every day, in every class in England? And if to this it be answered that the husband abroad inflicts a far worse than bodily injury on his wife, and lavishes his love on some wretched mistress, I reply that I do not uphold their morality, only their domesticity.

Again, as between parent and child; where, tell me, do you see in England that tender affection, respect, and devotion, which we have seen a thousand times abroad in sons and daughters? Would it not appear even ridiculous to our cold eyes, if a dashing young dandy, starting in his cabriolet for his club, were to press a kiss upon his father's brow each time he left the house? Or where do you see in England generation after generation content to live together in the same house? Is it not almost a rule that

the young married couple shall install themselves rather in wretched lodgings, than in the same house with their parents? Nay, the love and honour from child to parent is so strong in France, compared with England, that it is this which partly accounts for the number of made-up marriages, as many a son and daughter would rather marry a cannibal at once than oppose the will of a father or mother. To all which it will be answered that these are matters of custom, not of feeling. And I reply that if you wear a coat of ice, it will soon freeze your blood; but if the blood be very hot, it will melt the coat of ice. Feeling will out, in spite of climate and natural phlegm; and if the worthy inhabitants of Britain had as much of it as they pretend to, they would certainly show it more in their daily social intercourse.

But enough of sermonizing. If you satirize the faults of one class, all the other classes will applaud and encourage you. If you abuse a peculiar vice, or a peculiar fashion, everybody who is too respectable or too timid to run into the one or the other, will cheer you on. But if you tell a whole nation its errors, the whole nation will either despise you as unnatural, or knock you down with the weight of common opinion.

All this is apropos of Louis Girardon, who stood on the lowest step but one of the damp cellar which formed his dwelling-house. Girardon was sober, fearfully sober. Now, I ask, would an English husband, under the same circumstances, and in the same class of life, have returned late at night to a starving wife and two children—sober?

Girardon was just the right specimen of a St Antoine workman in bad circumstances. He was short and ugly, with a thin, very white face, lank black hair, and a wiry mouth. His eyes, which were naturally small, had attained a terrible size of socket from the sinking of his cheeks, so that the lower lids hung down in flabby purses. His dress was the very minimum of decent attire, for, one by one, each article had been pawned to buy bread, while the hope of finding work should last. A short blue canvas blouse and trousers of the same stuff were posi-

tively all he wore. Even his black-silk neckerchief, dirty though it had been, and his greasy old cap were gone—*'chez ma tante.'*

But with all this against him, and with hunger and misery to sour him, there was a look of some sweetness, of an unselfish pity on the face of the wretched man as he stood there and stared at the scene I have tried to describe, as if it were new to him, though he had seen it a hundred times.

He descended the last two steps slowly, as one who puts off an unpleasant duty to the last possible moment, and tried to look hopeful and unconcerned; but his misery was too great for him to speak, and he stopped at the end of the bed of straw, and turned his eyes from his wife's face to that of his sick child.

There was a minute's pause, for the wife, hoping against hope, would not interpret his silence rightly.

'And so?' she said feebly; 'and so?'
'So I have returned.'

'Have you—?' she stopped, dreading to ask the fearful question on which now hung life and death.

Girardon shook his head slowly. The poor wife, roused by her alarm, started suddenly up.

'What! nothing?' she cried in a voice that seemed to come from a hollow chest; 'nothing? not one sou?'

'Not one,' answered the man, and his head fell upon his breast.

'Good God!' murmured the wife, and falling back again, she seemed to sink into a lethargy of despair.

The man went to her side and knelt down awkwardly by her. For a minute he could find nothing to say. At last he murmured, 'Cheer up, my wife, there is hope yet; I will go and pawn my blouse.'

There was no reply for some minutes. Then he repeated in a yet more gentle tone; 'I will pawn my blouse, Nina, do you hear?'

'Pawn!' cried the woman, trying to raise herself, and her hollow eyes gleaming; 'pawn! it is too late now; too late to-night. We must die.'

'No, no! there is hope yet. The Mont-de-Piété is shut, but I can try again. I can—I can—*beg.*'

This word he uttered in a deep hollow voice.

'Look you here, wife,' he began rapidly. 'I have been out all day; I have been to every cutler's, pretty nearly in Paris; no work. Then I went to Père Simon, to borrow a few sous. "No," says he, "pay me my two francs now, and I will lend you another." This was laughing at me. Then I looked out for a porter's job, but the commissionaires were all too sharp. I went down to the river. Nothing to be done there. I have been all over Paris to-day till I am dead beat, and, you know, I have not tasted bread for two days. Well, now, there is no help for it. If you and I die the children must live, and though I have been a master cutler before now, I must give in—I will go and beg.'

'And so late as it is—hush child! hush!—there is no one about to beg from.'

The children meanwhile were keeping up a low moan.

'Father, have you brought us some supper? Father, I am very ill. Father, get us some bread!'

The poor man drew one of them to him, and rocked it a moment in his arms. Then he set it down again.

'Wait a bit, Nina. I will sit down a moment to rest and think about it, and then I will go out again.'

He took the candle and bottle from the barrel, and sitting down on it, hid his face between his hands.

Another man, after the day he had passed, would have fallen asleep in his misery, but hunger is the enemy of rest, and he fell a thinking.

'Oh!' said he, after a while; 'if the revolution were come, we should have bread.'

'The revolution, indeed,' answered his wife; 'and what did '48 do for us? It made you a pauper, and brought us here.'

'No, no, wife! That was not the revolution. That was those cowardly citizens who spoiled it; that moderate party, as they called themselves, who did not care for the people, and who made a way for this Badinguey, this usurper, this tyrant, who oppresses us.'

His voice rose as he spoke, and he grew vehement.

'Hush! hush, Louis! you will be heard.'

'And what if I am? Would to God they would carry us all to prison! We should be fed there.'

The poor woman had strength only to sigh.

A long pause ensued, and the rush-light burned rapidly to its socket.

'Ha!' cried the man at last; 'I have it; I have it,' and he started up. 'Wait—let me see—wait only half an hour, and I will bring you food.'

'What is it? what will you do?'

'No matter, wife, be quiet; I will be back soon,' and starting up, he rushed up the stairs.

The man walked at a rapid pace along the street, and turned into the Faubourg St Antoine, along which he pushed in the direction of the Louvre. There was no longer on his face the expression of misery which it wore in the cellar. He seemed now rather like a cowardly soldier, who, having made up his mind at last to march against a battery, rather than be shot by his commanding officer, lays unto himself the flatteringunction that he is a brave man, and marches joyfully to meet the danger.

'I know where I shall find them—lots of them,' murmured the starving man; 'in the little tapis-franc behind the Rue du Louvre.'

But just as he arrived at the corner of that street, he stopped suddenly as if in doubt, and put his hand to his forelock to pull down his cap over his eyes; but, ah! there was no cap there, and the passer-by could watch the working of his mind.

'No, I cannot do it,' he muttered to himself. 'To be spy for a spy—to be—ah! there is the word—yes, they will call me a—traitor;—they will despise me justly at last, after despising me so long for my rags. No—it is worse than begging, even from the aristocrats. Ah!' and the scene in his dreary home came back upon the wretched man; 'yes, I must beg.'

So he walked slowly on, still wavering between two evils, which, in his false pride, he believed to be almost equal.

Beggars, thanks to a well-regulated police, are few in Paris at the present day. A certain number of the maimed, blind, and incapable, are licensed, ticketed, and even distributed throughout the city. To these

begging is a recognised profession—to all others a crime; yet, that comfortable doctrine of expiation by good works, held by the Romanists, opens almost every purse in Paris to the few that there are. Pence are given, not exactly for the love of God, but in the selfish hope of covering a multitude of sins. Not that I am uncharitable enough to deny that the bowels of compassion do often open at the sight of suffering; and would that in England it were not a social virtue to shut them up against the hungry and the wretched! Yet so it is. We are told that no charity is proper save that which is systematic, and we are encouraged to let the magistrate or the clergyman know what our left hand ought to ignore. Indeed, I know not whether all the beggary of Alexandria and Smyrna be not better than that cold charity which refuses a penny to the starveling on the street, and carries a sovereign to the next police-station.

If Girardon had dared to ask, he might have collected half a franc before he had reached the Rue St Honoré, but he had not the courage, and he walked or rather slunk onwards. At last, he saw before him a figure unmistakably English. A handsome young man, in full dress, and with a light cloak thrown loosely over him, had just emerged from his lodgings, and was drawing on a pair of white gloves, while looking about for a passing cab.

It was evident he was on his way to some ball.

'Ah!' thought Girardon, as examining the height and strong build, the whiskers, large features, and dignified walk of the stranger, he at once recognised his nationality, 'Here is a man who is no countryman of mine. He is not one of those who have oppressed me. Of him at least I may ask alms without dishonour, for he comes from a country always open to the refugee, and hospitable to the exile.'

He hastened up eagerly to his side.

'For heaven's sake, sir,' he said, 'give me something, however small, to save me and my family from starvation!'

To English ears such an appeal was too well known to be heeded, and the

Englishman walked on, still drawing down the fingers of his kids.

Disappointed but not discouraged, for he thought that perhaps the Englishman did not understand French, Girardon followed him and pressed his suit.

'My good friend,' replied the stranger, in very pure French, 'it is useless to ask me, for I have no money.' But, at the same moment, his hand slipped mechanically towards his waistcoat pocket, and Girardon, encouraged by the movement, walked on beside him.

Now it so happened that the Englishman had a single five-franc piece in his pocket. He was going to a ball, where, for more reasons than one, he was anxious to shine, but he had brought out just sufficient to pay for his cab both ways. The Englishman had a good heart, but a natural antipathy to beggars. If his five-franc piece had been changed, he would undoubtedly have sacrificed ten sous to get rid of the beggar; but to take the trouble to change it was out of the question, and to ask the applicant for change would have been a cruel mockery, though I have done it myself with success to an English crossing-sweeper. He wavered a moment between self and charity, and gave the verdict in favour of self and his patent-boots. Just as the beggar was about to slink back, he happened, by one of those curious chances which give the colouring to an unromantic world, to pass three fingers of his right hand across his brow.

The Englishman perceived the movement, started, and carried his left hand to his right shoulder. Equally surprised, Girardon placed his hand upon

his heart. The Englishman stopped, and looked the man full in the face.

'Reason?' he asked, mysteriously.

'Strength,' replied the other, at once.

'Feeling,' rejoined the Englishman.

'Brother,' said the beggar, in a low voice, 'help me; I am in distress.'

'Brother,' replied the Englishman, stooping to the ear of the beggar, 'I will; but—' and here again the remembrance of his boots disturbed him—'I cannot now. Call on me to-morrow morning, Rue St Honoré, 491, and I will do all I can for you.'

'But I am dying of hunger; my wife, my children, are dying of starvation. Have you nothing you can give me?'

Oh! fatal five-franc piece; Oh! fearful selfishness. There was no possibility of procuring change. If he gave him anything, it must be all, and—and—desperate thought, his boots must suffer, and his appearance at the ball be a failure. It would have been easy to go back and get more money. But who ever heard of going back for a beggar? The Englishman shook his head and walked on. A moment afterwards, he repented, and pulled the money from his pocket. He turned round, but it was too late—Girardon had fled with a curse upon his lips.

'Yes,' he muttered to himself, as he rushed wildly down the street: 'Yes, yes, they are all accursed, all heartless; the socialist is as bad as the aristocrat. It is enough, I will fill my belly now with vengeance.'

And the Englishman hailed a cab, and drove to his ball. How often a moment's wavering gives the devil the battle-field!

CHAPTER II. — 'THE THREE EMISSARIES.'

Boiling with indignation, rendered more furious by hunger and the remembrance of his cellar at home, Louis Girardon needed no other incentive to keep him up to his first resolve. He rushed back to the Rue du Louvre, gliding in and out among the foot passengers, which his low stature enabled him to do with ease, or at times, where the pavement was very narrow, darting recklessly among the cabs and carriages in the road. Once

or twice, in his anxiety, he even glided, at the risk of his life, beneath the belly of some cab-horse, to the amazement of the driver; for Girardon thought it was better to be kicked into eternity than to linger on with a gnawing stomach.

At last he arrived at a little, narrow, dark alley, down which he turned, and stopped before a small cabaret, panting with excitement, and running.

The outside of this place was on the model of all the cabarets in Paris. Within the windows were thick white blinds, arranged in radiating folds so as to prevent the eyes of the curious from peering in; and in front of these blinds were placed a few large cups and plates, indicating that coffee and chocolate might be had within, to say nothing of the numerous other liquors which doubtless formed a far more important portion of the business of the house. Above the front was a new sign-board representing three individuals with their eyes bent sagaciously on some invisible object, clothed in a neat attire of black, and wearing small black caps like that of a military undress. Beneath this work of art was an inscription—

'Aux Trois Emissaires.'

From the freshness of the green paint round the windows, and the fact that the white cups and plates were not broken or even chipped, it might be concluded that 'The Three Emissaries' had been recently renovated. Such, indeed, was the case. Emissary is the polite and official term for a spy, and as the system of political espionage had not been brought to perfection until the reign of the present blessed Emperor of the French, the café had but lately been opened to meet the requirements of a rapidly-increasing class.

'The Three Emissaries' offered various advantages for the rendezvous of those semi-official gentlemen whom it was destined to entertain. In the first place, it was situated in a blind alley, in which there were only two or three other houses, and those of a quiet description. Next, it was placed within an easy distance from both the Tuileries and the Faubourg St Antoine, which may be considered as the antipodal sites of French politics. Thirdly, and this was the most important point of all, it was kept by an individual who, in forty years of unwearying service under three royal masters, had achieved the reputation of being the most effective detective in Paris, which is saying a great deal. Le Père Michaud, as his customers affectionately styled him, was a man of sixty years of age, and had retired from the service only because a wound

in the leg, received in an encounter with a dangerous socialist, had deprived him of that activity which had been his chief source of pride. But the Père Michaud was not utterly idle and useless, wandering all day among his cups and saucers, his liqueur-bottles and glasses, and spreading his coarse napkins over the little marble-topped tables in his café. No; he had become the receptacle for all the secret news of the country, and he still rendered the State occasional service by the information which his long experience enabled him at times to give.

At the door of this haunt of suspicious spirits the traitor stopped. Two things stayed his feet. It was so long since Girardon had entered a café of any sort that he feared to go in, still more so in his wretched rags, and without a sou in his pocket; on the other hand, he knew not what reception his overtures would meet with. But a man who has nothing to lose, and the goad of starvation at his back, is not long in making up his mind, and Girardon turned the handle and went in.

Little would the casual visitor have suspected, as he entered Père Michaud's café, that the sign of 'The Three Emissaries' had any relation to the company assembled there. He would have seen before him fifteen to twenty honest respectable-looking men in costumes of almost every description. Here, was a peasant from Brittany in broad-brimmed hat, with long light hair hanging in love-locks over his shoulders. There, was a young recruit, apparently just arrived in Paris, and thoroughly ignorant of the world. Here, again, was a quiet bourgeois in a neat suit of dark-coloured clothes, walking-stick in hand; there, a bad imitation of an Englishman, with very large shirt collars, very stiff back and legs, large whiskers, and a hat without a brim. The predominant costume, however, was that of the simple *ouvrier* of the Faubourg St Antoine. Indeed, there was only one person in the room who, in his single-breasted coat, buttoned up to the chin, and little black undress-cap, at all resembled the figures in the work of art outside. This man, whose long thin face was

crowned by a peculiarly low forehead and a few straggling white hairs, was none other than the Père Michaud himself, whose chief delight was still to array himself in the uniform of his quondam office.

But to Girardon, who knew almost every face within that room, the effect was very different, and somewhat appalling. As the door opened, although the lively conversations of the different groups were uninterrupted, every eye mechanically turned towards it, and when he entered, some twenty pairs of dark penetrating optics were fixed upon him; fixed not in the ordinary manner of the curious or inquiring, but with a regard peculiar to the Parisian *mouchard*. Everybody, in short, from the Breton peasant to Père Michaud himself, took a rapid inventory of the new comer. His height and figure were first set down, then the colour of his hair and eyes, then his complexion, and so on to the minutest points, until the stranger was thoroughly registered in each man's mind. Nor did the scrutiny end here, for that which the *mouchard* most delights to discover is some peculiarity, some distinguishing mark, whether of person, gait, or manner, by which to recognise their man at once, and many eyes remained pointed at Girardon while he walked up the middle of the room, and even when he addressed himself to the Père Michaud.

That father of spies was not a little amazed at the entrance of so ragged a specimen into his respectable liquor-shop. At first, indeed, he thought it might be some *mouchard* in a successful disguise, but his penetrating eye soon convinced him this was not the case. Then, as Girardon waited a moment before coming up to him, he made up his mind that this was some spy or informant employed by one of his customers, and appointed to meet him there. But it was part of Père Michaud's duty, nay, of his character even, to suspect, and Girardon's wild and wretched appearance was by no means calculated to allay his suspicions.

When, then, he walked up to him, as being the only man in the room wearing the uniform which he recognised, the worthy father of spies

turned one shoulder towards him and eyed him over it, as you would a dog that comes to sniff at your ankles. Then, in a tone by no means encouraging, he asked, surlily—

'What do you want, *mon ami*?'

Now, those two words are used in France in a somewhat anomalous manner. To the servant you are scolding, you say '*mon ami*.' To the peasant, of whom you ask the way, you say '*mon ami*,' nay, to the horse you are spurring on, you may say '*allons, mon ami*,' if you like it; but unless you wish to quarrel, take care that you never say it to a friend.

'I wish to speak to you,' replied Girardon.

'Well; you can speak,' answered the other, drawing himself up.

'But it is a matter of business.'

'I do not transact business in the evening.'

The Père Michaud easily guessed the nature of the business to be transacted, but it was only consistent with his dignity to be difficult of access; while, on the other hand, he felt no slight satisfaction in finding that all present were watching the interview with considerable interest, and taking a lesson from this professor of duplicity how to receive an unknown applicant.

But my business cannot be delayed; it is immediate, it is important,' urged the unfortunate man.

'Oh! indeed; and pray, who sent you to me?'

'No one; I come on my own account.'

'Well; I am sure I can have no important business with you. I do not know you. You had better call to-morrow morning.'

Girardon was in despair. It seemed as if fate had conspired against him; as if even his crimes were destined to fail. He looked round the room, doubtful how to act, and his eyes lighted on a stout woman seated behind the little counter from which the various beverages were dispensed, and wearing a smile of affability which might almost have been mistaken for benevolence.

'Ah!' thought he to himself, 'that must be the Mère Michaud, of whom I have heard so much.'

And he was right.

Some one has said, or might have said, that 'if our ambassadors had been women, we need never have had a single war in Europe.' The originator of this saying was both in the right and in the wrong. It is true that women possess both the tact and the talent for conciliation to a far higher extent than men; but only think of their tongues. Imagine a conference at Paris in which England, Russia, France, Austria, and the rest, were represented by lovely leaders of fashion. Why, even if you succeeded in getting them away from Palmyre's and Bacqueville's in time for the meeting, what a terrible conflict of voices would it present! At the same time, it cannot be denied that the Russians have employed female emissaries with success, and the princesses Lieven and Trobetskoi have won fresh laurels for the sex.

On the other hand, the nation that loudly arrogates to itself the mastery in the school of gallantry, has not scrupled to attribute openly to its women all the immorality of a character fitted for deception and diplomacy. If France has never made ambassadors, it has filled its most important agencies with its wives and daughters, and in spite of its Salic law, has allotted them the chief duties in its most serious political intrigues.

Cum magnis parva again; and in her own humble way La Mère Michaud is an illustration of what we say. The secret list allowed her three hundred francs per annum, in order to keep her valuable services on the side of Government. In the fat comely form of forty summers, there was, to all appearance, such a spring of good nature as drew to her the confidence of every one that knew her, and the mysteries that her husband could not pierce with his black suspecting eye, she lured from the heart without an effort, as one draws the cork from a soda-water bottle; and while she looked the picture of happy indifference, La Mère Michaud was really the Queen of Emissaries.

In her eyes, then, Girardon found boundless encouragement. In spite of his empty stomach and his many disappointments, he gathered from it courage sufficient to raise his little form on tiptoe, and whisper in the ear

of the husband, 'This business will stand you in well.'

But the other seemed to be inexorable.

'Ha!' he answered in a loud voice, 'every one here knows that I have quitted the profession' (he loved to call it a profession); 'that I am content with my means, and make nothing by any other transactions.'

Which was precisely what no one there *did* know. However, at these words, when Girardon's heart again sank within him, La Mère Michaud rose from behind the array of bottles and cups on the counter, and came towards her husband. She whispered two words in his ear.

'Well,' said the ancient *mouchard*, with condescension, 'come, this way, *mon ami*, and we will hear what you have to say for yourself.'

The traitor's heart rose again, and he followed the couple to a side-table, and sank exhausted with conflicting fears into a chair. La Mère Michaud sat down opposite to him.

'Madame,' he said to her, in his most respectful tone, 'I have a very important communication to make, but I have been two days without food, and I fear I shall be unable to speak soon, if you cannot give me a little refreshment.'

'Oho!' cried Michaud aloud; 'if this is all you came for, my man, you have mistaken your host. You may have what you like, if you choose to pay for it, but this is not a *maison de charité*.'

'No,' replied the starving man bitterly; 'I know it is not, but I cannot give up my secret for nothing, and I am dying of hunger.'

The tears rose to his eyes as he spoke, for to be bullied when one is weak with fatigue and starvation, is very hard. La Mère Michaud, with her usual discernment, guessed the whole truth. She got up quickly and returned at once with a glass of absinthe in her hand, and a long loaf under her arm, from which she cut a large round, and set it before the starving man.

'Wife, you are a fool,' said Michaud, turning upon his heel; but La Mère Michaud thought otherwise.

Girardon could scarcely credit his happiness. The colour rushed back to

his white hollow cheeks as he poured down the reviving liquor, and attacked the crust of black bread voraciously, till he was almost choked. He had despatched half of it, and was still hungry, more hungry really, perhaps, than before, when the remembrance of his wife and children came back upon him, and with an effort he stuffed the remaining half boldly into his canvas shirt. 'Now,' said he; 'I am ready.'

The Père Michaud took the remaining seat, and the three leaned their arms upon the table, and with their faces close together, began a series of question and answer in a low inaudible tone.

What they said, we must not now reveal, but it was clear that the intelligence interested Michaud deeply.—'And for this you can pledge your word,' he said in mollified accents; 'you know the penalty for perjury, I suppose? You know that the law punishes false intelligence given with interested motives very severely.'

'I know it, but I am ready to prove everything that I have said.'

'Then, there is only one thing to be done, and there is no time to be lost.' Then he whispered to his wife—'This is an affair of a couple of hundred francs at least. Give the man another glass, for we must take him to the chef-du-bureau at once.'

'Ah! you are very good,' said Girardon humbly, as La Mère Michaud poured him out a glass of *genevieve*.

'Now, do not be angry, but I have a wife and two children at home, who are dying of hunger—indeed they are—could you give me a little something for them?'

La Mère Michaud was not without heart, and what she had was warmed by the prospect of the two hundred francs. She cut another large lump of the black loaf, and poured two or three glasses of *genevieve* into an empty bottle. 'There,' she said, 'go, and good luck to you.'

'Well,' thought Girardon, as he stuffed these provisions into his canvas shirt, 'if nothing else comes of this, I shall at least have got a meal for us all for one night.'

As they passed out, Michaud beckoned to the young man, who was disguised as a Breton peasant, who rose and followed them out. Just as they

moved forward towards the Rue du Louvre, a head which had been peering round the corner, was quickly drawn back, and its owner secreted himself under the arch of a porte-cochère; not however before the quick eye of Michaud had perceived the movement.

'Aha!' said he, 'my fine fellow; I know you—it's of no use to come prying about on these premises; you can't find out half so much about us as we can about you.'

'Who's that?' asked Girardon, who since his meal had become quite bold and even lively.

'A fellow who was on the look-out there round the corner; I have seen him before many a time, and I shall know his name one of these days, when I can take the trouble to dodge him home. He's a man who wears a black beard all over his cheeks, and cut quite close and stumpy.'

'Black hair and eyes, thickly built, tall and strong, with a habit of frowning savagely?' asked the young Breton.

'That's the man.'

Girardon turned pale. In this description he thought he could recognise a friend.

'Well, it's no good to waste our time on him to-night,' continued Michaud; 'when you've a spare moment, Briou, just look him up. But he might just happen to be one of you,' he added to Girardon; 'and so to keep on the safe side, we will try and put him off the scent, in case he is still lurking about here.'

So saying, he led them in a direction just the opposite of that which would have brought them to the chef-du-bureau of the secret police.

The man, however, was not to be baffled. He had recognised the figure of Girardon, and to see him in such company was very alarming, whatever might be the cause of it. He, therefore, determined to follow and find out what he could, and slipping from porte-cochère to porte-cochère, in the shadow of the wall, he managed to keep them in sight until they reached the house of the chief of the secret police.

'Oho!' thought the man, as he again hid himself and carefully watched the three figures enter the house.

'Here is either a brother in misfortune, or a great traitor; we shall see;' and taking out a little *brûle-gueule* of a pipe, and his pouch of black caporal, he sat down contentedly on a doorstep, and awaited the exit of the late callers.

He had not to wait long. The chef-du-bureau was in bed, and having got up to receive them, was very cross, until, learning from Michaud the reason of their visit, he had thought the matter sufficiently important to refer them all to the minister. At the end of the interview, Michaud had whispered in the chef's ear.

'Ah, yes, true!' the worthy official had replied. 'Well, be at the office to-morrow morning toward ten o'clock, and you shall hear more about it.'

This being the extent of Michaud's direct interest in the matter, he left them at the door, and handed over Girardon to the charge of the pseudo-Breton to conduct to the minister. This was no small relief to Girardon, for the face of his new conductor was far more attractive than the suspicious scowl of the Père Michaud.

'Then you, too, are a *mouchard*, I suppose?' he asked, as they walked in the direction of the minister's.

'I am an emissary of police,' replied the young man rather touchily.

'Yes, yes, I beg your pardon,' Girardon hurried to say. 'I—I meant an emissary—yes, of course—of course. But your disguise is very complete. No one on earth would have thought that you were anything else than what you pretend to be.'

'It is no pretence,' replied the young man.

'How so; you said you were an emissary?'

'So I am; but I am also a Breton, and I remained in Bretagne until about two years ago.'

'Indeed; but what can have induced you to leave the hills of Brittany and adopt such a—a—'

'Such a despicable trade, you would say. Well, you are right. It is a hateful business, and I detest it. But

have very cogent reasons for retaining in it, you may be sure.'

'And what are they?'

The young man tossed his head proudly back.

'No matter; it is a long story.'

'But will you not tell it me?'

'Not now, at any rate; we have no time, for here we are at the minister's.'

As he spoke, they entered the arch that leads from the Rue de Rivoli to the Place du Carrousel; and at the same moment the man with the stumpy black whiskers slunk behind one of the pillars which support the arcade in the former street.

The note with which the chef-du-bureau had furnished them gained them an easy access as far as the minister's antechamber. Although it was now past one o'clock in the morning, that antechamber was nearly full, and of a class with which Girardon was about to identify himself—spies, informants, traitors. It was a busy season. The minister had not slept for ten successive nights, and the telegraph between his private room and the Emperor's apartments had been working night and day. A successor of the Napoleons was on the eve of being firmly established. France was on the eve of submitting to a hereditary despotism; and the result was, that on the one hand, the Emperor was anxious to ingratiate himself with the people, while on the other, the people were furious at the prospect of a race of tyrants; that people whom tyrants alone can govern successfully. The course that the Emperor had to pursue was clear. Two things, he knew, were respected and even dreaded in France—courage and fatality. To devise for himself a scheme of assassination, which should fail only at the critical moment, was his heart's desire. The *how* was now, at the very hour, in fact, when our two friends arrived at the ministry, the greatest puzzle.

The anteroom, or rather waiting-room, was nearly full, as I have said; but although the class that filled it were, morally speaking, the lowest, there was not one among them who presented so shabby an appearance as Girardon. It was, perhaps, on this account that one of the *huissiers* who kept the door had no sooner perceived him, than he came up and asked his business. The Breton replied for him, by handing to the door-keeper the note of the chef-du-bureau.

In a few minutes the door opened,

and one of the three private secretaries put his head out and spoke to the *huissier*, who immediately handed him the note.

Ten minutes afterwards the door again opened; the same secretary whispered to the same *huissier*, and Girardon and the Breton were ushered together into the presence of the minister.

There is no room in the whole building of the Tuileries which can properly be called small, and although the private cabinet of the *Ministre de l'Etat* was one of the smallest, it was sufficiently imposing to add to the awe which Girardon, with all his socialism, could not help feeling in the presence of an imperial minister of state—Girardon, who had himself been posted as candidate for a similar office under the provisional government.

The room happened to be one of those new ones which were only occupied a year or two after the establishment of the empire; and this, which the socialist knew, tended to increase that respect for the solidity of the empire, which he now felt growing upon him. For here was a room, one of the least significant in the whole palace, in which, nevertheless, not a single point of elegance or comfort had been omitted. The ceiling was richly painted and gilt. The feet sank deep into the rich carpet. The furniture, though destined for work rather than luxury, was handsome, comfortable, and even tempting. The walls were covered with maps of every portion of the globe, printed lists, notices, almanacs, orders, &c. &c., and everything indicated that this private cabinet was the second seat of the French Government. There were four substantial mahogany writing-tables in the room, at three of which the secretaries were seated, fully occupied; and two enormous *secrétaires*, filled with drawers of different dimensions, all classified and numbered. A library of purely official volumes, that drove a chill through the spectator, completed the principal objects that arrested attention.

I must not forget to add, however, that at the further end of the room a door stood half-open, and disclosed a large closet containing all the appa-

ratus of the electric telegraph, before the handles of which a fourth confidential secretary was so seated as to be able to catch the minister's eye at the same time that he worked the machine.

That which perhaps was most remarkable in the place, was the complete order that reigned throughout it. Although every table was covered with papers and official books, not one was out of its place.

The minister himself stood behind the principal table in the room. He was a short man, with a small bird-like face, and keen, active eyes, beneath thick, black eyebrows. He held in his hand the note of the *chef-dubureau*, and appeared to be reflecting about it as the secretary ushered Girardon and the Breton to the other side of the table. The secretary looked at the minister, pointed to the socialist, bowed and retired to his table without uttering a word. The minister bent a keen gaze upon Girardon, who, timid before Michaud and men of his own class, felt his courage rise at this critical moment, and returned his stare with some determination.

'Your name, my good man?' asked the minister, in an affable tone.

'Louis Girardon,' replied the socialist, who disdained to give the official personage a title.

'And your profession?' added the other, smiling slightly.

'Formerly a master cutler.'

'And now?'

'A ruined man, and a pauper.'

'Have you been long out of work?'

'About six months.'

'During which time you have supported yourself in what manner?'

Girardon resolved to look offended at this query. 'Honestly and honourably,' he replied sulkily.

'I have no doubt of it; but by what kind of work?'

'Well, if you must know, by occasional jobs, as a journeyman cutler, or anything else I could manage to do. I have a wife and family, and—'

'Very good; we will come to that presently. Meanwhile, were you not a deputy under the Provisional Government in April 1848?'

'I was.'

'And you have since become a member of a secret society?'

'Yes.'

'Which calls itself?'

'The Young Freemasons.'

The minister checked an expression of surprise. This was positively the first time that he had heard of this society; and a gleam of satisfaction played on his face, as he walked to the door of the closet, and whispered in the ear of the secretary. The handles of the telegraph began to work noisily.

'Has this society,' he asked, returning to the table, 'any connexion with the original Freemasons?'

'I believe that the original Freemasons do not recognise it.'

'Can you then account for the adoption of so strange a name?'

'I believe that it is derived from a likeness of the signs used, and the principles of which they are symbols.'

'What are those signs?'

Girardon drew three fingers across his forehead.

'That is the question, I presume?' asked the minister, interrupting him.

'And the answer?'

Girardon placed his left hand on his right shoulder.

'Is there any other sign?'

Girardon placed his right hand upon his heart.

'Any more?'

'That is all; but there are watch-words.'

'Which are?'

'Reason, Strength, and Feeling.'

'Ah! M. de Caumont,' turning to one of the secretaries, 'have the kindness to bring your desk to this table, by my side here. These signs are important. Now, my good friend, do me the favour to repeat these signs slowly.'

'And what connexion is there,' he continued, when the secretary had fully described the passes on paper, 'between these and the signs of the true Freemasons?'

'I cannot say exactly; but I believe that the Freemasons pass three fingers of the right hand under the chin for the question, and use signs similar to the other two. Then their three pillars are called Wisdom, Strength, and Beauty. Our triad of Reason, Strength, and Feeling is almost the same thing in other words.'

'Yes, yes,' interrupted the mini-

ster, impatiently. 'Enough about the Freemasons. Let us return to the club of which you are a member. Do you know how long it has been established?'

'Since December 1852.'

'Ah! yes, of course.' Then thoughtfully, 'Were you not one of the first members? Yes—and how many members do you reckon now in Paris?'

'Only fifty.'

'Indeed! That accounts for the secret being so long preserved,' he said to himself; then added aloud, 'But of course you have correspondents in the provinces? Do you know any towns in which there are branches or cognate lodges of your society?'

'Well, there is Lyons, first of all; then Marseilles, Nantes, Liège, Angers; and there may be another or two, but I do not know of them.'

The minister gave a significant glance at the secretary in the closet.

'Ah!' he repeated slowly, as if reflecting. 'Lyons, Marseilles, Liège, Nantes, Angers—very good—yes; and the rattle of the telegraph proved that this information also had gone to headquarters. Well, then, what are the precise objects of the club in question?'

'To restore the Republic to France,' replied Girardon, with an air of some pride almost ridiculous in the penny-traitor.

'A republic, I presume, communist and socialist; and how did you hope to achieve this restoration, as you term it?'

'By subverting the present government.'

'Yes, yes; but governments are not overturned by a small body of uninfluential men. You must have had some more definite design; and the minister bent his eyes fixedly on Girardon, who, unable any longer to endure this gaze, hung his head and was silent. The minister walked round to the socialist, tapped him familiarly on the shoulder, and whispered, 'Confess that the Emperor's life was aimed at.'

Girardon, fearful to make a confession which, he imagined, might bring him at once to the guillotine or the galleys, remained silent.

'Ah! I see I am right, am I not? Well, well, it is good. Your informa-

tion is valuable, and we shall proceed at once to prove its sincerity.' (Girardon started.) 'In the meanwhile, you will, of course, remain in custody here' (Girardon turned deadly pale); 'at least till to-morrow' (Girardon breathed again), 'when we may perhaps require your services, which you seem so anxious to offer. Of course, if we are satisfied of the validity of your information, his Majesty the Emperor may perhaps see fit to reward you.' Then turning to the Breton, 'You are in the service, I believe? I think I have seen your face before. As you are now acquainted with the history of this society, you may be very useful to us to-morrow morning, or in fact to-night. I should recommend your remaining with this person, and'—here he drew Briou aside and whispered,—'and if you can draw any further information from him, and put yourself in a position to act as one of the provincial members of this club, you will be meritoriously filling your office.'

He then motioned to the two to retire. But Girardon held his ground, with a scowl upon his face.

'I wish to know, sir,' he asked pertinaciously, 'why I am to be detained? I offered my information freely, and, as an informant, I am, of course, absolved from all the guilt of participation. I demand to be released!'

The minister smiled.

'You are detained, my good friend, simply until we shall have ascertained the accuracy of your report. We cannot, of course, be certain of

your sincerity, and it would be madness to let you go, perhaps only to warn your associates. Besides, we shall require you to-morrow to give up the names of all the members of the club whom you may know.'

Poor Girardon looked aghast. He had, indeed, been cutting his own throat; then the recollection of his poor wife and children came back upon him.

'Oh! sir,' he cried, 'for Heaven's sake let me go. I promise, I vow, to have nothing to do with them—not to utter a word to anybody. But my wife, sir, and my children, are dying of starvation. Look, sir, look!' and he opened his blue shirt. 'This is what I have collected for them. They have tasted no food for two days. Oh! sir, pray, please let me take this loaf home to them. Send me with a gendarme, any one; but let me go and cheer them up.'

There was some good even in the traitor. The minister smiled. Accustomed to suspect, he mistrusted this appeal.

'Look, my good friend,' he said; 'Briou here shall carry your bread to your wife; and—and he shall take this loaf to them as well. Now, go.'

And placing the gold in Briou's hand, he motioned them from the room.

Three minutes later the minister was summoned to the Emperor's cabinet, while Girardon was ushered between two gendarmes into a kind of lock-up-room, on the ground floor of the Ministère.

CHAPTER III.—CONSOLATION.

When Briou was gone, Girardon threw himself full length upon a stuffed bench—to him a luxurious couch—and fell asleep. But he had not slept more than two hours when he was awakened by the noise of Briou's return.

Girardon roused himself joyfully.

'Well,' he cried, 'and how did my wife take it?'

'Ah! poor woman,' replied the Breton, 'I had much trouble to convince her that you were in no danger; that you were occupied, as I told her, with my master, a Breton gentleman, who, having heard your story, had

given you an important commission to do, and had paid you very liberally beforehand. Poor woman! when she saw the gold she was quite overcome, and fell back fainting.'

'Ah! my poor wife,' said Girardon.

'But it was only for a moment. I always carry a flask of brandy about me. It is a Breton custom. In the cold mists we have there, it is positively necessary, when out shooting, to drink something. So I pulled it out, and poured a few drops down her throat, which brought her to. But, seeing that she was really ill, I thought it better to fetch a doctor.'

'Ah! yes, we shall be able to pay for one now.'

'Pay for one! why, these doctors are obliged to attend the—the—those, in short, who cannot pay, gratuitously.'

Girardon's socialist pride fired up at this.

'I never accept gratuitous service from any one.'

Briou smiled. 'This is the man, who with his family was just now on the point of dying of hunger,' he thought; but his mind was full of the minister's recommendation, and he would say nothing to offend his new charge.

'Well, gratis or not, I managed to get a doctor out of bed, and when I had done everything I could, I came back here to tell you about them.'

'And the children?'

'Are all right, and were very glad apparently to lay into the provisions, to which they did full justice.'

'Thank you, thank you,' muttered Girardon. 'After all, my dear fellow, I think I have done right in turning traitor. Eh? what do you say? Better than starving, is it not? At least better than leaving one's wife and family to die of hunger, eh?'

'Traitor,' replied Briou soothingly, —for he saw that the thought of his treachery lay heavy upon Girardon in spite of his forced carelessness. 'Ah! that is not the word. A traitor is a man who betrays that to which he ought to be attached—his country or his cause. But it is evident you have no attachment to that of the socialists. It is clear that you are alive to the absurdities and the wickedness of Communism.'

'True,' said Girardon, 'I am sick of politics and plots, they have never done me any good. On the contrary, they have ruined me. Before 1848 I was a prosperous man. I was won over by shallow arguments, to make knives and swords for the revolution-

ists; but after I had risked my life and property in doing so, what was my reward? The moderate republic came in. The men who had paved the way to it were forgotten—nay, they were even shunned. I lost my custom and my patronage, and, little by little, I sank and sank till you see me what I am. But no,' he added mournfully, 'there is one thought that terrifies me. I have broken a solemn and most terrible oath, which I made to the club in 1852.'

And the wretched man covered his face with his hands.

'But what if you have broken it?' said Briou, whose policy was to win the confidence of the other. 'There are some oaths which can never be binding, because they are immoral. If I take an oath to kill a man, it is clear that my mind has lost its proper balance at the time, and that I am under a bad influence. Well, at another time, I am able to perceive this. I regret and repent of it, and I absolve myself from an obligation which it would be a crime to act up to. No oath can be binding, except one that is taken before God, and with a free conscience, however it may be administered.'

'Ah! you are a philosopher,' said Girardon, pleased to be helped out of his difficulty in any manner. 'But, come, you promised last night to tell me your reasons for turning *mouchard*—emissary I mean. I cannot sleep. Tell me your story.'

'And I never sleep; and I am ready to tell you my reasons on one condition.'

'What is that?'

'That you become my helper and friend. That you place implicit confidence in me; and that you never betray me.'

'Good! I agree.' And Girardon was only too glad to find a friend in the world.

CHAPTER IV.—BRIOU'S STORY.

My real name is Antoine Legrand. I have taken that of Briou for the sake of concealment. You see I take off my broad-brimmed hat and pull away these light brown locks, and you find my head has been closely

shaved, for my hair was formerly blacker than your own.

I have told you I am a Breton. I come from a little town—or rather a mere hamlet called Baud, in the very heart of Brittany, and far removed

from any kind of civilisation. Indeed, the place lies on the outskirts of an enormous forest, where the bear and the wolf still lurk and skulk—perhaps the only corner of France where the former still exists—and through which the high-road passes, and in spite of a line of horse patrol along it, affords immense advantages for highway attacks. Indeed, it is a wild country. Hill follows hill in every direction, with little cultivation, and at best covered with masses of short apple-trees, bearing the best fruit for cider in the whole province. Then there are woods here, and woods there, streams here, there, and everywhere; but man and his domicile are only found in little villages ten or fifteen miles apart from one another. It is in very truth a wild country, and the wilder that it seems to belong to no modern nation. The peasantry talk Breton and little else. The nobles still live in great fortified castles, and collect their retainers about them. Oh! you cannot imagine how glorious is its simple life compared with this giddy city, where every boor may jostle his master in the street, and no man respects his better. Ay, it is a fine life in Brittany. Winter and summer we wage war with the beasts. They are our only enemies, and it is right that man should busy himself to assert his supremacy, for, *mon dieu!* the beasts are more numerous than the bipeds in those parts.

Well, the principal château in the neighbourhood of Baud was that of the Baron de Ronville, whose family had been there since—oh, since the days of Merlin probably; and a proud old fellow he is too, you may be sure. The castle is a glorious old place, with five towers at its flanks and back, crowned with high peaked roofs, and a moat and walls all round it, enclosing its pleasure-gardens laid out in green sunny terraces. Now the Baron owns a vast amount of land in the department, but nearly all of it is forest, and devil a bit does it bring him in, as far as money goes, though for sport—and the old fellow delights in the chase—there is not a better estate in the whole of France.

My father was his forester—his chief forester, I mean—and we lived in a little house about a stone's-throw

from the château. I remember when I was quite a boy, how we used to turn out with the old Baron in his rough velveteen coat and great jack-boots, with a rifle slung across his shoulders, and a fowling-piece in his hand, to take our chance in the forest. We knocked up what game we could, unless it was a particular day, when my father would turn out the night before, and track the wolf or the bear, or oftener still the wild-boar, to its lair, and bring the Baron on the scent the next morning. The boar was our chief sport. Sometimes we collected twenty or thirty mongrel dogs, that no one cared to lose, and went out on our Breton ponies for a regular chase after some old sow and her litter. Sometimes we padded the hoof, and then, sooth, it was real work, for the danger enhanced the sport, and a tusk in your calf is no joke, I can tell you, friend citizen. Oh! my life was a glorious one then, and I was happier than all the kings in Christendom.

Well, in '48 I was a lad of eighteen, as hearty and strong and happy as any lad in the province, and one of the best shots in the whole department. But all this was doomed to change. The rumour of the Revolution reached even our out-of-the-way country, and we were not to escape it even in the wild forest. You must know that there is a large town not many leagues from Baud, which the first Napoleon once thought of making the capital of Brittany. Before his time it was called Pontivy, and its fine old castle still stands, grown over with ivy, and creepers, as I have often seen it—the *Sœurs de Charité* use it as a hospice now, though it was once a warlike fortress—but the great Emperor changed its name to Napoleonville, and built a huge new town by the side of the old one.

The new city is anything but a thriving one, and of the manufactories only two or three now remain: and as the true Breton is fonder of the woods and fields than of that kind of work, most of the workmen are brought from Nantes, and a nice set of scoundrels they are, too. It was these men who, having done all they could to ruin the town of Pontivy, determined to explore the depart-

ment, and as they said, 'drag the haughty aristocrats from their nests and fastnesses.'

One day I was lounging about in the forest, with my dog and my gun, and as it was just the beginning of March there was not much to do, though I hoped I might still get near a hare or two, when a strange noise suddenly broke upon me from the distance. It was evidently the sound of human voices, but they must have been in considerable number to make the noise they did. I recollected then that the high-road was distant only about a quarter of a mile from where I stood, and I tried to account for anything like a procession, from which this mingled shouting and singing could proceed. But no. There was no fête, I was certain. I, a young fellow of eighteen, was sure to have heard of anything gay going on in the neighbourhood. Besides, the noise was much too fierce and furious for a party of mere revellers. Not knowing what to make of it, I took the nearest path, and reached the high-road, just as a band of some twenty-five or thirty men, ten in a row, came marching along it. Certainly at that time, I had not only never seen such a spectacle before, but I had never even dreamed of it. Two-thirds of these men were drunk, and in the most dangerous, that is the pugnacious stage of intoxication, and as I afterwards learned, they had been in this condition neither better nor worse for a whole week. Their clothes were all ragged and filthy, smeared with powder, and even stained with blood. Some of them had drawn a soldier's sacket over their rags, others had stuck a helmet, or a shako, or a képi upon their dirty heads, and their matted hair floated ragged under it. Others again wore dragoon's sabres, and let them trail along the ground, adding their clank to the wild shouts of their wearers. Not a few seemed to have made a good harvest of it, and had pulled over their burly shoulders splendid civil uniforms much too tight for them, while one or two of the more drunken were strutting along in women's petticoats. But there was nothing for me to laugh at in this absurd medley, for the faces of the miscreants who thus disgraced them-

selves were too disgusting to be looked at with a smile. Even upon the least atrocious of them, there was that bold licentious leer of those who have shed, and perhaps drunk the blood of their own brothers, of men who long subordinate abuse their freedom, and become worse than beasts. I guessed it all in a moment. The rumour of the revolution had reached us. We had sighed over it, for the honour of France—

'Come, come!' murmured the quondam socialist.

'Yes, I repeat it; for the honour of France,' replied Legrand, warming with the remembrance of the scene; 'for we had heard of the savage revelry that had followed the flight of Louis Philippe, and though we cared little for that monarch—we legitimists—yet we did care for the name of France among the nations, and I for one trembled to think that we were to have a repetition of the Satanic fury of that Reign of Terror, about which my father had so often talked to me.

'Well; at the first sight of this crew of marching beasts, I felt stupefied with horror. They were evidently marching upon my native village, and what villany might they not commit there. I fell back against a tree, and looked at them with stifled fury as they came on, singing, or rather roaring out that air which I have since discovered to be the Marseillaise.'

'It is a magnificent air,' interrupted the traitor.

'Yes, when sung by true citizens, and those who know how to appreciate liberty. But in the mouths of these brutes it sounded like a hymn to the devil. Well; they soon caught sight of me, with my gun.'

'Aha!' cried one; 'that's the child for us. A nice boy, mon dieu! and armed too. The more arms we can have the better.'

'He must join us. He shall join us,' exclaimed several voices; and amid their shouts three of the more drunken of the band separated from the main body, and came forward towards me. I had my finger on the trigger, and it itched to draw upon them, but I restrained.

'What do you want with me?' I

cried in a hoarse voice, before they could come too near me.

'Want? We want you to join us, of course. You are a sportsman—we will give you something livelier to shoot at than rabbits and partridges.'

'Join you!' I answered, roughly. 'Thank you. I have something better to do than sing along the road with a band of drunkards.'

'Ha! the young aristocrat,' cried one, raising his musket, but the first speaker stopped him.

'Let me manage him,' he said. 'He will be more use to us alive than dead. Now, my friend citizen,' he added, turning to me with a wicked smile, 'we will not interrupt your sport, since you seem to think woodcocks are a better mark than talking bipeds. But if you will not join us, have the extreme politeness to direct us to the nearest château.'

'And what do you want with the nearest château?'

'Simply this. We represent the power of the people, now gloriously reigning in France, and we desire to drag from their dens the haughty aristocrats who refuse to recognise it.'

'And that you will never do,' I cried, 'so long as there is a right hand in Brittany.'

'Ah! the aristocrat! Ah! the villain,' they all cried. 'Seize him, seize him, flay him, down with him, down with the lickspittles of the nobility!'

'And amid these shouts the three rushed towards me. I levelled my piece, and lodged the contents of one barrel in the breast of one, and those of the other in the head of a second. The third man wavered, and I leapt back and darted for my life among the trees. It was not too soon, for the next moment a shower of bullets whizzed about my head, and with fearful yells some half-a-dozen of them bounded after me. I was only a boy, but I was courageous. Knowing it was useless to resist such a number of well-armed men, I trusted to my superior knowledge of the place, and broke through the brushwood like a hunted boar. On and on I fled, till the shouts and yells grew fainter and fainter, and I made my way through the forest in the direction of the town. But still I was pursued. I heard the brushwood

crack behind me, and from time to time a fearful oath rang in my ears. It must have been some man who was accustomed to forest life, for with all my knowledge of the place he gained upon me. This was a terrible moment, but my mind was made up. Jacquo, my dog, was following close behind me, and the man was close behind Jacquo. I turned my head for a second. I saw that the fellow held his gun in one hand above his head, with his finger close to the trigger, while with the other he pushed aside the branches. I hissed a signal to Jacquo, who turned and flew at his neck. 'Sacré nom des noms!' cried the fellow, stopped by the dog. I turned round, and taking my gun in both hands by the barrel, I dealt him a blow with the but-end that felled him to the ground. One second I stayed to see him fall, and I sickened as I saw the blood and brains gush from his skull.

'Good God!' I murmured to myself. 'I am indeed a murderer.' But the next moment I consoled myself with the reflection that it was all done in self-defence, and rushed madly on with Jacquo by my side. Thank Heaven! I reached the town in time, and ran shouting into the little market-place. The neighbours came to their doors amazed.

'They are coming, they are coming!' I shouted on all sides. 'Make haste, make haste, and rush off to the castle. We must all defend it.'

'Who are coming? who are coming?' was the general answer.

'The revolutionists, the assassins, from Pontivy,' and I hurried on to the inn.

'Where is my father?' I shouted, bursting into the parlour.

'Here I am, my boy,' said the old man, amazed. 'But what the devil is the matter?'

'The matter. Why, in ten minutes we shall all be massacred if you don't make haste. A band of revolutionists are on the road, marching on quickly. I met them, and killed three of them. They are going to attack the château.'

I had scarcely done panting out these words before the room was full of staring peasants, not knowing what to think or do. My father took his

gun calmly, and the innkeeper rushed up-stairs for his pieces.

'Now,' said my father in a commanding voice, 'I know what this kind of thing is, from the revolution of '30. There is not a minute to be lost. Every one of you must get your arms together, whatever you have got. If you haven't a gun, you must bring a scythe; if you haven't a scythe, get a pitchfork. Collect your wives and children, and run off to the castle as hard as you can. When the fellows find the place empty, they will come down to the château, and there we will receive them. Eh, Antoine?'

I did not stay to see the result; but while my father had been talking, I had reloaded both barrels, and rushed off to warn the Baron and his household.

I bounded over the drawbridge, and nearly knocked down old Pierre, one of the men-servants, who was standing under the arch.

'Is the Baron at home?' I shouted to him, without stopping.

'Why, you're mad!' I heard him grumble.

I felt sure the Baron would be in his library, and ran up there; it was a library that had been there for centuries, but the Baron himself scarcely ever took a book down, though he delighted to have it thought that literature was not above him, and there accordingly he would write his letters. I pushed open the door without knocking, and I shall never forget the Baron's face of horror as he jumped up.

'Why, you impudent scoundrel,'—he began.

'There is no time for excuses, M. le Baron—if you do not wish to have your castle burnt down, you must make haste, and defend it; a band of revolutionists are on their way here now, and will be here in a quarter of an hour perhaps.'

'Revolutionists!' cried the Baron, opening his eyes and stumbling back a step. 'What! these damnable socialists, these confounded republicans coming here? here, do you say? blood and murder, we will saltpetre them—we will, by—' and, rushing to a window that looked out on the court, he shouted at the top of his voice, 'Pierre, Etienne, here! come quick!'

But he had no need to call them, for at that moment a crowd of women and children rushed into the courtyard, wailing and shrieking, as women invariably do, long before the danger was at hand.

'*Mais que diable!*' cried the Baron fiercely, 'are these your revolutionists? Tonnerre de Brest, why—'

'No sir, no, these are the people of Baud, whom I warned on my way, and who are coming to take refuge here.'

'But where the deuce are their husbands, fathers, brothers, and all the male kind? We can't defend all this weak mass ourselves.'

'Why, here they come,' I answered, as in twos and threes the worthy peasants ran in armed in the quaintest manner with any old weapons they could lay their hands on, and many of them carrying heavy boxes and chests in which they kept their money. As they came in, they looked up to the broad window at which we stood, and took their broad-brimmed hats off to the Baron, who watched them intently, murmuring all the while, 'Good, good. Here they come—good.'

About twenty of them had had time to assemble. The rest were either busy about the outlying farms, or away in the fields and woods. At last I saw my father strut in, poor old fellow, like a self-appointed general, encouraging the women, giving instructions to the men, and making himself generally conspicuous—if not useful.

'Aha!' cried the Baron, as he spied him, 'aha, old Legrand, come up here, and let us hold a council of war. But first tell Pierre and Etienne that they must get up the drawbridge if they can.'

'The drawbridge? M. le Baron, it will take a dozen men to haul up.' Then to the peasants, 'Here you, and you, and you, go and help Pierre and Etienne, and be quick. Remember you are concerned not for your own lives only, but for those of M. le Baron and his family.'

Meanwhile, the Baroness and her maids, and in fact all the servants, had run hurriedly to the corridor in which we stood, and pale and trembling were asking the cause of all this disturbance.

The Baron explained it all to her in a modified form.

'And how many of these wretches are there?' she asked of me.

'Madame la Baronne, certainly not more than five-and-twenty. There were three rows of them, and about eight or nine in each row. But then I had the satisfaction, Madame, of despatching three of them.'

All eyes were opened.

'You killed three of the insurgents? You, my boy? Bravo! well done; we shall make you the captain of our host soon.'

But there was no time to lose. A cheer from the archway announced that the drawbridge was up, and after a short conference, the Baron, my father, and myself, descended into the yard, and choosing the best men, sent them to different parts of the château to keep guard.

'Ah, if we only knew which side the rascals would attack first,' said my father.

Just then a shriek from the window startled us all.

'Madeleine, Madeleine!' cried the Baroness's voice, 'where can Madeleine be? Has anybody seen her? Sophie, Elise, run and look for her all over the château.'

Madeleine was the only child of the Baron and Baroness, a lovely girl of about twelve years of age. Just then it occurred to me that my gun was loaded only with shot. I was determined to be prepared for the worst, and I made a rapid exchange with a peasant who had a double-barrelled rifle in his hand, but who, I knew, could not do any good with it. It was just in time, for the next moment a head appeared at one of the upper windows, and shouted—'They are here, they are here, they are attacking on the garden side.'

The women raised a fearful shriek, and ran, dragging their children into the rooms which they thought most secure, but above all their cries, I heard the voice of the Baroness, who stood at the window wringing her hands, and exclaiming, 'Oh, mon dieu! mon dieu! if Madeleine should be in the garden,—some one go and look for her; save her.'

I did not need a second appeal. I knew how her father and mother loved this only child, and hastened to the terrace in quest of her. The moment

I had issued from the postern-door that led to it, I saw that the ruffians had already crossed the moat, and two of them were now in the garden. In the arms of one wretch I saw the Baron's child. A rapid glance showed me a dozen glittering guns projecting from the windows above, and I heard the Baron's loud voice exclaim, 'For God's sake, don't fire, you will kill my child.' Then there was a terrible silence, broken only by the struggles of the poor child to escape. For a moment I doubted how to act. To rush upon the villain would have been useless, for the distance between us was great enough to enable him to join his comrades before I could reach him. I therefore raised the rifle to my shoulder, and sighted him as he moved rapidly away. I never felt such confidence in my life. One second I saw his head before the sight, the next that of the beautiful girl. To another man it would have been agony, but in the ardour of my youth I did not doubt of my aim: I drew, and then staggered back. Through the thick smoke I could just see the miscreant fall. I summoned all my courage and pulled the other trigger. His companion uttered a cry and reeled back. There was a fearful silence, for both parties were amazed. I rushed up and tore the poor girl from her devourer's grasp, for he was only wounded, and held her fast. I saw blood upon her, but I dared not think of it. I placed her in front of me, and hurried back to the postern, amid a shower of bullets. Once within the gate, and I drew the massive bolts, and breathed again.

The child was senseless in my arms.

'Good Heavens!' I murmured, 'is she wounded?' And as I carried her along, I saw blood trickling upon the ground. The next moment I had placed her in her mother's arms.

'Blood! blood! oh, mon dieu!' cried the poor woman. 'Is she wounded? Is she killed?'

At that instant I felt a twinge in my arm, and looking at it, saw the blood trickling from my elbow.

'No, Madame, it is only I who am wounded.' I followed them up-stairs, felt my hand pressed warmly by the Baron, heard my praises sounded by

many voices round, and then, weakened by the loss of blood, I became dizzy, and sat down almost insensible.

When I came to myself again, I saw a crowd of cheerful faces around me. My father was close to me.

'Never mind, old boy,' he said; 'never mind your wound. We have sent the rascals to the right-about. We have shot five of them, besides the two you wounded, and the rest got frightened, and made off. Poor

Léonard is killed though, and Henri severely wounded.'

'And Mademoiselle Madeleine?' I murmured.

'Is untouched. Oh! that was a noble shot of yours, my boy.'

'A noble shot—a noble shot!' exclaimed a dozen voices.

I was amply repaid.

'Well,' muttered Girardon, 'it was well done on your part, I must confess.'

CHAPTER V.—CONTINUATION OF BRIOU'S STORY.

Well, continued Legrand, this skirmish put an end to all our apprehensions from the revolution. A few days later a message was sent down from the Provisional Government in Paris to the mayor and borough of Napoleonsville, to form a committee of surveillance, and organize a body for the protection of the lives and property of the citizens. This was done, and probably not a few of the rioters who had troubled us so much were shot or guillotined among the refractory.

But no matter. It is much more to the purpose that, from that day, I was accepted as almost a friend of the family at the château. Knowing my position, and being by nature rather shy before my elders and betters, I never presumed on the license given me, while, at the same time, as I was too proud to wish to be considered as a dependant of the Baron's, I never joined the servants in their meals. Sometimes the Baron would say to me, 'Come, Antoine, I am going to have breakfast here by myself. Sit down opposite and join me, and tell me how the partridges go on.' Sometimes, when I had come in from a long day's shooting with the Baron, the Baroness would stop me with a 'No, Antoine' (she too called me by my Christian name), 'it's too late for you to dine at home. You know you will only get cold fare. You had better stop and take what you can here.' And these invitations I accepted with blushes, and bows, and considerable doubts whether I ought to accept them or not. The fact is, that there is really much more equality between the noble and his tenants in the country, than ever you social-

ists can effect by violent measures. Then, too, the Baron and his wife lived in a mere corner of France. The nearest château was ten miles distant, and the two families visited one another perhaps four or five times a year, but that was all; so that the De Ronvilles were glad to have even their forester's son to talk to occasionally.

But they would have been far less pleased if they could have guessed that that forester's son looked lovingly on their only child—the beautiful Madeleine. True, it was four years after the event I have described, that I began to admit to my own conscience that I felt anything more towards her than the respect and attachment of an inferior (a hard word to you, perhaps, but remember that the highest exercise of self-control is to learn *how* to be inferior); but ever since I had saved her life, I had felt towards the child (for then she *was* a child) as if her life and mine, endangered together, and together saved, were destined to influence one another in after-times.

But she was now sixteen, and sixteen, I take it, is the acme of a girl's youth in France. She has not only thrown off childhood, but she has learned to blush, and again to conquer her blushes. She is as modest as at fourteen, but more composed. The innocence of childhood, the romance of youth, and the sufficiency of womanhood are all blended into sweet sixteen. And when to this Madeleine added a beauty to which I at least have never met a rival, and a certain mystery of character, what wonder if I, her preserver once, now became her lover?

Yet even to myself I scarce dared confess it. When I followed her stealthily in the woods, and was happy if merely the skirt of her dress were kept in view ; when I watched her sink upon the soft moss by the side of some hill stream, and draw from her pocket some volume of poetry ; when at other times I watched beyond the moat, to see her walk upon the soft green terrace near the castle, and turn her large eyes upon the distant view ; when at night I would stand up to my knees in the long grass, satisfied if I saw her shadow flit across the blind, I always tried to persuade myself that it was a mere admiration of a purely beautiful face that held me ; that I should do the same for any other beauty, and that, as I did not know her really, as I never saw her in a position that tested her character, therefore I could not really be in love with her.

Then I made a great effort to subdue even this admiration. I knew that to love her would be the bane of my life. I knew that I never dared aspire so high. Nay, even the Baron, when delighted at some service or other I had done him, had said to me more than once, 'Bravo, Antoine, bravo ! why now, if I were an Eastern Prince, and you had noble blood in you, I would give you my daughter for that ;' and there was the difficulty—that noble blood.

Well, I felt all this, young as I was, and I sought to engross myself with some other attraction. But this was impossible. In the girls of my own class, however handsome, I could not help seeing a great inferiority to the one I had taken as my ideal ; and it was all in vain. Then I tried devoting myself to the chase. If I shot a rare bird, I could not help sending it up to the château, 'for the ladies. If I wandered all day without getting a shot at anything, I only thought the more of the beautiful Madeleine ; and knowing the hopelessness of this love, I became miserable.

There was something, too, in her very character that encouraged me in my love—nay, even in hope. She was quite unlike all other girls. With far more modesty than most, she had none of that absurd prudery which before marriage makes a young lady

shrink with horror from the mere look of a man. She could speak even to me without reserve, because she was so confident in her womanly dignity, that she knew I should never dare presume upon her condescension. Then, too, she was a lover of solitude. Without a single companion of her own age and rank—an only child, with a father who shot and hunted from morning till night, and a mother for ever busy with the troubles of house-keeping, what was a poor girl to do but roam about the gardens and woods, and make companions of the little books in her father's unused library ? And I could see that she grew thoughtful and romantic. I could see—for I watched her—that her large blue eyes, beneath their black lashes, acquired a deeper look. And I knew that she was religious, for at high-mass on Sundays, I would bring my chair round in the shadow of one of the pillars where I could not be seen, and feast my eyes upon her solemn face. Then, too, she would go every evening to Salut, and often I would go myself, at the risk of being the only man in the congregation, for the sake of a smile from her, and perhaps a few words as we came out, until I was forced to give it up, for the neighbours all said, 'How pious Antoine Legrand is growing,' and my father told me that he should make a priest of me soon. I did not care much for this chaff ; but as it was a proof that I was observed, I thought it safer not to give rise to suspicions.

Pardieu, what a fool I was ! because Mademoiselle de Rouville smiled sweetly and blushed a little when she spoke to me, I thought that she noticed me more than the rest. Idiot ! I did not see that there was the same smile and the same blush for every one, because it was her nature to be kind, while her solitary life made her timid.

However, this went on for some time, and I grew worse and worse, until I passed whole nights thinking of a single word, a single look, she had given me during the day, and construing it to mean something when it meant nothing. I have read in the *Thousand and One Nights* of princes who wasted away, and even died for love of some princess whom they had

only seen once, and it is therefore no wonder to me that I should grow ill, and listless, and idle, from love of one whom I saw every day.

But a crisis was destined to come.

One day as I was on my way to the Baron, to ask him about his fisheries, I heard loud voices in his study. I stopped, doubting whether I should go in or not, but the very first words were so full of interest to me, that I could not refrain from listening to the rest.

'And I tell you, sir' (this was in the shrill note of the Baroness), 'that your daughter's health, if nothing else, demands some change. I wish you to perceive that this growing habit of solitude depresses her spirits, and that this depression reacts upon her body. She eats little or nothing. You see, as well as I do, that her complexion is grown fatally white; and yet there is no disease. All that she wants is change of scene, and a little society. Of course, I do not insist upon her forming a matrimonial alliance—'

At these words I felt that I trembled and turned pale.

'—She is, as you say, still very young. There are three, or perhaps even four years to wait, but still you know the difficulties which surround such an alliance; you know the obstacles, and the disappointments, and the time wasted, and the sooner that her marriage is contemplated the better.'

There was a pause after this speech, and then I heard the Baron mutter hoarsely, 'Thirty thousand devils!' The Baron was partial to oaths of high numerical value, but when he got up to thirty thousand, it was evidently for something very terrible.

'Well?' asked the Baroness.

'Well, we will leave this to-morrow. You tear me from the only enjoyments I have. That is nothing; I do not consider myself' (he considered himself generally the first), 'and you launch us into Parisian life, for which neither our manners—'

'Speak for yourself, sir.'

'—Neither *our* manners, I repeat it; for ten years of Breton life are not calculated to fit people for court etiquette—neither our manners nor our money suffice. You will break up our peaceful life here for one which will

be full of bitterness, disappointments, and trials. But I submit. The world demands that Madeleine should be presented. Let it be so. We leave for Paris to-morrow, madame.'

'To-morrow! absurd. Just consider what has to be done before we can get away. Etienne must have a new livery, Madeleine a new wardrobe. A suitable apartment must be procured for us in Paris. No; this day month, at the earliest.'

'Good, good!' replied the Baron, delighted at the respite. 'As you like it, madame; this day month, if you please.'

Seeing that the conference was drawing to an end, I retreated to the end of the gallery, to allow the Baroness to make her exit. Then I went in, in as few words as possible transacted my business, and then rushed down to the forest to think over the coming grief.

Two days later I was wandering quite disconsolate in the forest, when I perceived that I was approaching a spot which, for four years, I had always sedulously avoided. It was the place where I had felled my last pursuer with the but-end of my gun. According to Breton custom, a little stone-cross had been erected to mark the grave of the murdered man, whose body the priest—whether rightly or wrongly I know not—had refused to bury in consecrated ground. I hated the place then, for the agony of death on that man's face haunted me whenever I thought of that day, even though I knew that I had killed him in self-defence; but somehow, on this day, an irresistible power drew me towards it. I held my breath and softly pushed aside the boughs, when, to my amazement, I saw the figure of the young girl kneeling before it, with her face buried in her hands. I hid myself behind a tree, and watched her with a beating heart. Then I heard her sob violently, and the words, 'My God! my God, deliver me from this!' reached me in my lurking-place. At last she rose, and turned towards me her pale face, and her eyes red and swollen with weeping.

I could not resist the desire to speak to her; and I glided from my hiding-place and stood before her. She started, and turned even paler than before.

I saw that words were struggling on her lips; but though I waited she did not speak.

'Mademoiselle,' I said, tremulously, and removing my hat in the deepest respect; 'Mademoiselle, pardon this intrusion. I do not wish to force myself upon your grief, but I could not bear to see you weep, and I come to offer you most humbly and most respectfully my services, if you would command them, and, if you permit it, my consolation.'

She looked at me for a moment very sadly, and then, with a forced smile, said, 'I thank you, Monsieur Antoine, for your good intentions; but it is quite out of your power to serve me, and the consolation that I desire cannot come from any human being. I have sought it in the right place, and I shall find it.'

She had never spoken so openly to me, and I felt emboldened by her confidence.

'Mademoiselle,' I said vehemently, 'do not deprive me of the happiness of thinking that I can do something for you. At least let me speak to you a few words.'

'Speak, if you wish it,' she answered sadly.

'Do you know,' I said, 'what spot you are standing on?'

She looked down.

'Yes; I do not forget that you once saved my life, sir.'

'Ah! Mademoiselle. You forced me to remind you of it. For has not the man who saved your life some right to save you from—from?'

'And I have never repaid that service; but I will do so one day.'

'Oh! Mademoiselle. You will repay it amply, if you will allow me to serve you, and to speak openly to you.'

She hesitated a moment, then still looking down, she said:—'Speak if you wish it, but as briefly as possible; and she turned away her head.'

'Mademoiselle, I know the cause of your grief.'

She started, and turned upon me a look full of warning and dignity.

'Yes; I know it. I know that you look forward to this journey with apprehension.'

She changed her look to one of inquiry.

'Well?'

'—And that not only because you love your native place so well, but because you are aware that projects are being formed for you, which —'

'Sir!' she said with sudden indignation.

'Ah! Mademoiselle, forgive me, if I am too bold. But I know that my surmise is right, and I can aid you.'

'You? how?'

'You do not know that your father, the Baron, is opposed to this projected journey?'

'You are mistaken, Monsieur Antoine,' she interrupted, with a smile of incredulity. 'It was my father who urged it upon me, himself.'

'Mademoiselle, I have reason to know that I am right. I heard it from his own lips. The Baron is strongly opposed to it, and it is only the settled determination of the Baroness, your mother, that has brought him over. But it is not too late. There is still time to win your father to your side. Go to him, Mademoiselle, tell him how hateful this project is to you; and I am confident that he cannot refuse to aid you— you, whom he loves so much.'

She smiled doubtfully, and yet I thought I saw a ray of hope about her face. After a moment's reflection, she asked, 'And you are confident of what you say, Monsieur Antoine?'

'Mademoiselle,' I replied passionately, 'may I die at this cross, as my pursuer died four years ago, if I have deceived you.'

'Then, I thank you, and I will try your plan. Now, leave me, if you please.'

So saying, she stretched out her little hand towards me. For a moment I doubted my senses. She had never given me her hand before, since she was a mere child. I seized it, and pressed it warmly. I was bending down to kiss it respectfully, when she drew it from me, and darted away.

But my plan succeeded, and the journey to Paris was put off till the next year.

The next time I met her was in the corridor coming from her father's room. Her face was radiant with happiness.

'Oh! M. Antoine,' she cried, 'you have saved my life a second time. We are not going to Paris. Thank

you. Thank you.' And she ran off, with some favourite book under her arm.

And I, fool that I was, saw in all this a reason for hoping. I had gained her confidence. I had become useful to her. I had rendered her my debtor. I might still merit her love. Oh! but that was too high a wish.

Time passed, and during a whole year my mind dwelt continually on this one subject, and every little event, every look and word, every rumour depressed or raised me, according as it were favourable or not. In short, I was mad with love.

The rest of my story is soon told. The increase of the imperial fleet had made a great run upon ship timber. The Baron had some of the finest oak in Brittany, and Brittany possesses the finest oak in France, so that, having pocketed an unexpected sum, he was less opposed than before to the trip to Paris. They went, and I remained behind.

I will not weary you with an account of the misery I suffered in this absence, of the suspicions of my father and the neighbours, and of the intense longing that I felt to follow them to Paris. But no, I thought, in Paris I should see even less of her than at home. In Paris, I should have no excuse for going in and out about the house, as I did at Baud. And so I abandoned the idea. But a whole year passed, and they did not return. Then I determined to throw off this yoke that enslaved me. As I grew older, I began to think it was unmanly to be the slave to an affection, which at best was hopeless, if not even ridiculous. Then too, she could not return from Paris the same as she entered it. Surrounded there by young nobles, by men whose powers of attraction were backed by their social positions and fortunes, it was impossible that her heart could escape, even if she were not spoiled.

And I was not very far wrong. Notice was given of their coming back, and I determined to be present with the rest to welcome them. On the evening fixed we had waited long, when we heard the rumble of a carriage up the drive, but great was our astonishment when it came in sight, to see a magnificent chariot, drawn

by four post-horses, instead of the shaky antiquated shandradan and pair in which the Baron's family were wont to travel. But we were not long lost in amazement, for this carriage was followed by another, which we at once recognised as the 'old original,' and which was covered with a multitude of boxes, the Baron alone occupying the inside. The first carriage drew up pompously, and a tall, handsome man of thirty or thirty-two years, dressed in the height of Paris fashion, leapt out and offered his hand to the Baroness and to Madeleine.

My heart beat fiercely at this sight, and my eyes were fixed on the face of the young girl. She was much altered. All the simplicity of her dress, and much of that of her manner, had made way for Parisian elegance and Parisian politeness—that sickening system of hypocrisy. She who had always greeted us as friends, now smiled to us graciously, but as a mistress, but passed on without seeing me at all.

That evening I was sitting reading for the hundredth time a poem of Victor Hugo's, in a volume belonging to Mademoiselle de Ronville, which I had abstracted in her absence from the library—it was a poem marked by her in pencil—and trying to recall the Madeleine of old, as I had once known her, now so changed, when my father stalked in, rubbing his hands gleefully.

'Aha!' cried he, 'here's news, my wife. Miss Madeleine is going to be married!'

'Oh!' I cried painfully, and striving to keep down my emotion.

Yes, and that to the stranger who arrived with them to-day. *Tonnerre de Brest*; he is a great lord, a Count Lud—Ludowsky, I think it is; however, some outlandish name—and such a fortune! Why, that was his carriage they came in to-day, and he brings three servants with him, as well-dressed, *ma foi!* and as dignified as any noble in the land; they are. It will be a fine match for our little beauty.

'And how do you know this?' I gasped out.

'Know it, by St Hubert! know it, indeed! Why, I had it from the Baron himself.' 'Ah!' says he to me, 'we've brought you a sportsman, Le-

grand, that you don't have every day—a gentleman who has the run of Compiègne and Fontainebleau, a count of the highest water. So you must be awfully civil to him, for who knows he may one day be your master.' 'My master?' says I, 'excuse me, M. le Baron, but I shall never leave your service, while I live.' 'Ay, but suppose he became one of the family—my son—eh! you would stick with him when I was gone—eh? Legrand, eh?' 'You gone, sir!' I answered; 'why, I'm ten years your senior, and so I shall go first, if the devil wants me.' 'Which he's sure to do, Legrand; but look you, the Count Ludowsky is fearfully in love with my daughter, and he shall have her; but I don't think it right or fair that two young people should marry before they know each other well, and learn to like one another. Va—I had rather our Madeleine married Etienne or Pierre, than a man whom she could not bear.'

'Well, I congratulated M. le Baron as well as I could, and on the stairs coming away, whom should I meet but Etienne? So I begin to talk to him about the match. Now Etienne, do you see, is quite stuck up after having been in Paris. Lord, he's got such a superb livery, and he struts about in it, just as if his father had been peer of France, instead of a pig-driver.' 'Oh!' says he, 'it's a very poor match for the young Baroness.' 'Poor match,' says I, 'nonsense! A swell Count with lots of money!' 'Ah,' says he, stroking his chin, which he holds very high in the air, I can tell you, 'Ah! if you knew the offers our young Baroness had when she was in town, you would think her mother and father had made a very bad choice.' Well, I was glad to hear she was admired in Paris—but, Dieu! of course she would be—but I could not stand any more of Etienne's humbug, so I came away.'

I had listened to every syllable my father uttered, and when he had done I went out and strolled about in agony. At last, after all kinds of confused plans and purposes, I resolved to watch the face of Mademoiselle de Ronville, and discover, if possible, whether her heart was in this match or not.

'And if not,' I muttered fiercely to myself, 'if not, I swear she shall not

marry him. I know she cannot be mine, but she shall not be miserable. I have saved her before, I will save her again.'

And so I watched her, and became convinced by degrees that she was miserable. I saw that when she spoke to the Count, her smile was forced—I saw that when alone, she was sunk in melancholy. I never dared to speak to her, but I watched and waited.

Heaven sent the good time at last. One day I was out with the Count, carrying his bag, which he was too lazy to carry himself, while my father and the Baron had struck off after some snipe. From time to time the Count looked anxiously at his watch. The birds were put up, but he forgot to fire at them, and I was growing quite tired of this game, when at last he turned and asked me if we were not near the highroad.

'About a hundred yards, M. le Comte,' I answered; 'that path will bring you to it.'

'Well then, my good fellow, wait for me here a while, and I will rejoin you.'

I allowed him to get out of sight, and then followed him, and concealed myself behind a tree. He sat down on a log of wood, and looked anxiously along the road. At length I heard the rattle of a horse's hoofs; the Count jumped up, and the horseman seeing him, drew rein.

'You have brought me a despatch?' asked the Count.

'Yes, Count,' replied the stranger familiarly; 'here it is, and very important too. Your presence is required at once in Paris. I have ridden hard to be here in time, I can tell you.'

The Count took the despatch, and the rider looked round uneasily.

'Oh! there is nothing to fear here,' said Ludowsky, 'no living creature but birds and beasts to hear or see you.'

'Well then, I have to tell you, that the young Badinguey is now becoming a certainty; and in consequence of this, the Faubourg-club has decided upon a coalition, if possible, with the Rouges—that is, with some of them; but without you nothing can be done.'

'Then what are their proposals?'

'The despatch will tell you. Some propose to finish the young one, but

those who take a bolder flight, want to strike at the parent stem.'

Just then the Count looked round. I thought my position dangerous, and stole back to the spot where I was to wait for him; and as I waited, I endeavoured to make out the meaning of this strange conversation. 'Ah!' thought I at last, 'one thing is clear, that the Count is engaged in political intrigues. Whether he is a Legitimist or not, I cannot tell; but at any rate, I will sound this matter more deeply, and if I can discover anything, I will expose the Count and save Madeleine.'

The next morning he left for Paris. A month later the family followed him. But before they left, my fate was decided. Mademoiselle de Ronville fell ill. I believed I knew the cause of this illness; and in a moment of folly I wrote three lines to this effect—'Mademoiselle, only assure me that you have no desire to marry the Count Ludowsky, and I will rescue you, as I did once before.'

Three days passed, and my note remained unnoticed. On the fourth day the Baron sent for me. When I entered his library, he was livid with rage. My letter lay open on the table.

'Antoine Legrand,' said the Baron, pointing to it, 'did you write that note?'

'I did, sir.'

'Then you are dismissed my service; and if I ever see you within the precincts of the château again, your life shall answer for it.'

'Sir, I—I—'

'Not another word—Begone!'

The same day the family left for Paris.

The next I collected all the money I could, my wages as under-forester for some years, and followed them to this city.

Legrand now lowered his voice.

'Do you understand now why I am in this odious service? Do you see, that although perfectly indifferent to the Imperial cause, I have wedded myself to it, for the sole purpose of denouncing and ruining the Count Ludowsky?'

An Englishman listening to this story, would have taken this view of its hero. Antoine Legrand is a thorough Frenchman, and that is a strange medley. He can lie *ad libi-*

tum; he has no principle to keep him from deceit and treachery; he has no Christianity to debar his employing every means to ruin a rival and secure his own satisfaction, if not to further his own interests. But Antoine Legrand has one fine trait in his character—he loves the beautiful and the pure, purely; and for this love he has sacrificed self. Antoine Legrand is not a bad character IN FRANCE.

But Girardon, bred amid duplicity and suspicion, reflected on it in quite another fashion. 'This man,' thought he, 'has cleverly worked out his story, in order to make me believe that he is not really devoted to the interests of the service to which he belongs, and he has tried to interest me in his personal motives, in order that I may assist him in furthering the ends of that service under cover of a romantic vengeance.'

But Girardon was one of those clear-sighted individuals who can look into the contents of millstones, and in this case he saw too far. Antoine Legrand was a somewhat better man than he imagined. Antoine was sincere in this vengeance, and had told him a true story, because he counted on the confidence and aid of Girardon, whose ductility and weakness of character were very apparent.

'And now,' said Legrand, 'I have given you my confidence, and I know—I am certain you will not abuse it. Let us make a compact to assist one another. My services are all at your disposal; and from my official experience, I can assure you that they have some value. I only ask one thing in return. Give me the name and address of one of the members of your club, and I will guarantee that you shall not be troubled by the minister for the rest to-morrow morning.'

Girardon was not loath to do this. He only reflected for which of these members he had the least affection.

'Well,' said he at last, 'there is an Englishman who lives at 491 Rue St Honoré—a young man with light hair. You may attack him as much as you like, for I hate him.'

Now Girardon had never seen the Englishman before the previous night; but oh! the dear life, for all our hatred of it, we hate those more who will not aid us to keep it fast.

(To be continued.)

A L M Æ M A T R E S.

No. IV. (AND LAST).—UNIVERSITY CONSTITUTIONS.

Sarvadavyasbu vidyaiva, dravyam āhur anuttamam ;
 Abhayaivān anarhyatvād akahayatvāch cha sarvadā.

Of all possessions knowledge is the best, they say,
 For it can nor be bought, destroyed, nor stol'n away.

HITOPADESA.

To do man justice, he has not spurned the fruit for which he fell. Whether from a pure love of the truth, or for the sake of the power she gives, knowledge has in most nations and ages been courted and well throned. And yet not all knowledge, but only some branches have been honourably accepted by various races. 'To tell the truth and draw the bow,' was education enough for a strong, wild barbarous horde. The gentlemanly philosopher of Athens could theorize on political enigmata, but left it to the despised slave, who was but a chattel in his model republic, to teach his sons the firm, strong plinths of learning. Nay, Roman citizens could hoot even at Cicero for a scholar and a Grecian; and forsooth it seems to be the rule of all ages, that while one-half the world honours, the other should point the finger at learning. Knowledge is a valuable commodity, yet, strange anomaly, to dispose of it—though while you sell it, you keep it, and even increase it—is degrading. The governess and tutor of to-day ranks just above the butler and lady's-maid, but no higher. The public schools of Rome were kept by slaves, and it is amusing to find Horace congratulating himself on his private-tutorage, and thanking his father that he had not sent him to Flavius' academy, where he would have mixed with the sturdy sons of sturdy centurions, with satchel and tablet swinging from the left arm, paying their fees once a month, a week before the Idea.

It was not so much the profession of learning, as the parting with it for money, which the ancient world looked down upon. The sneer which attached to the Sophists had been anticipated in India, where it was an irreparable disgrace to teach for remuneration, though the Brahmins, who alone gave gratuitous instruc-

tion, never declined, but rather expected, a cow, sheep, or goat, at the end of term, by way, of course, of a gift. Nor even in the middle ages was knowledge regarded as a vendible commodity. The monks professed to teach for nothing. Doctors lectured to free audiences at the Sorbonne, and liberal benefactors left rich lands in England, to support Fellows who should instruct gratuitously, and who now take large sums for their teaching. But if it be a peculiar feature of this mercantile age that knowledge is bought and sold freely and honourably, it is peculiar to Christianity to surround her with a court, with ministers and satellites, and enthrone her amid all the paraphernalia of a State Establishment. There were indeed universities at Athens, Alexandria, and elsewhere. Paid or unpaid philosophers disputed beneath groves and porticos, or lectured in spacious aula. In the holy cities of the Ganges wise men, associated only by caste and a common object, muttered to worshipping disciples the pedantic sophistries of Hindu science, and Brahmanic superstition. But only in China, which in all things is to Europe what the monkey is to man, do we find universities, like our own, organized, established, supported by government.

These institutions have grown up with the necessities of Christian civilisation. In all the countries of Europe they had their origin in the desire to extend theological knowledge. A few learned monks lectured to eager listeners; not seeking to breed statesmen or philosophers, nor popularity for a sect or school, but simply to teach. They had no disciples, no pupils—only an audience; and since letters and civilisation had to revive, not to originate, it was learning rather than genius for which these monastic lecturers demanded the simple diploma of popularity.

That these early gatherings should have grown in time to associations and corporations, and have received the direct patronage of their several governments, results partly from their religious character, and the strong connexion throughout Europe of Church and State, partly from that tendency to amalgamate in distinct guilds and societies, which is the peculiar characteristic of that Teutonic race, whose spirit in the middle ages pervaded the whole civilized world from London to Jerusalem.

I cannot give a better instance of the growth of universities, from little knots of students to large corporate bodies, than by tracing that of the boastful Alma Mater on the bank of the Isis.

Now it matters little here whether the Druids did or did not teach near this spot the crude mysteries under which they figured a god pervading nature, and nature revealing God. In the absence of any Druidical remains, arguments are brought to show that Oxford was and was not a likely place for the wearers of the white robe and oak-wreath to initiate their disciples at. It lies in a marshy valley, watered and continually overflowed by the principal river of the kingdom. But this proves nothing either way. I have seen menhirs and dolmens on every possible site; on river-banks and high dry land, on the sea-shore and far far inland, on low marshes and rocky heights; and if some parts of France and England are utterly devoid of these remains, while others are crowded by them, it would only appear that the arts by which these huge stones of worship were erected, were first employed at a time when the Celts had already been driven back by the advancing Teutons.

The Newdegate prizeman who dwells with rapture on the glory of his Alma Mater, may think it of no slight importance to prove that Saxon Alfred, with prophetic wisdom, chose this site for the head-school of England, and there can be no doubt that whoever did select it, made an admirable choice. But we can scarcely suppose that this was designed. Alfred could not have foreseen the light race-boat, the broad cricket-

ground, and the six packs of hounds that meet within distance. Oxford has at all times, until the present century, been an important town independent of its university. It occupies a very central position; it was the convenient crossing place of that river, which once divided northern from southern England; and the very spot where many a venturesome freshman hires a dingy for the first time, might have been that easy ford over which the graziers from the rich pastures above, drove their herds to southern markets.

But enough of this. One thing seems certain, that a school of learning was here long before William of Durham founded University College in 1249. We know, for instance, that before the commencement of the fourteenth century, there were as many as 300 halls, while, as yet, there were only three colleges. These halls were nothing more nor less than hostels, and some of them retained the unassuming name of inns even to the days of Mr Froude's hero, when Wolsey pulled down one of the last, Peckwater Inn, to make way for Christ Church. The annals of Cambridge afford similar proof of the character of these establishments, which were never anything more than private speculations, without foundations, and probably dependent for patronage on the popularity of some *doctissimus*, who was induced by the innkeeper to take up his residence beneath his roof. The Cambridge halls have long since lost this character, but those of Oxford are still quite distinct from the colleges. They are not societies or corporations; they can hold no property, and what they make use of, even to the spoons and forks on their dinner-tables, is held in trust for them by 'the vice-chancellor, masters, and scholars.' They are governed by a distinct set of regulations, called the Aularian Statutes; the chancellor himself is their visitor, and appoints their principals. Indeed, a curious custom in connexion with these appointments is still kept up, to prove the subserviency of the principals of halls to the university. After the newly-appointed head has been sworn in, in the dining-hall, kneeling submissively before the vice-chancellor

who lays the book upon his head, and when the votes of all the members of the hall, have, for form's sake, been collected, the principal is led out by the vice-chancellor to the door of the residence. The latter enters alone and shuts the door, which the former, however aged and respectable a gentleman, proceeds incontinently to kick with all his force three times, as a demand for admittance, whereupon the vice-chancellor asks who is there, and what he wants, and receiving the formal answer, admits him to the house he is henceforward to inhabit.

The number of these inns rapidly decreased. The fattening colleges swallowed them up one after another. Covetousness led men to seek establishments where they had a chance of a comfortable scholarship, followed by an ample fellowship, and common-room canary. When James I. founded Pembroke, the eighteenth college, the halls had dwindled down to seven. There are now but five, and these make but a sorry show. Skimmery and the Tavern have long been little more than sanctuaries to which the victim of collegiate harshness might fly for peace and comfort. At St Alban Hall there was only one undergraduate a few years ago, magnificent in his solitude, and if Magdalen Hall is as well filled as a college, it is partly because it offers scholarships, and partly because it admits married men.

The colleges have a very different origin. There seems little doubt that they were originally monastic bodies. We know this for certain in some cases. Gloucester, now Worcester College, belonged to Benedictines; St Alban Hall was kept by some nuns whose convent was at Littlemore. Trinity, was Durham College in the days of Richard II., and the bishop and priors of Durham sent hither a posse of monks with well-filled pockets, and orders to maintain as many pupils as they could entirely free of charge. These pupils, of course, were to come from their own neighbourhood; and in this we see the true origin of the colleges. For before the foundation of University College, when the students lived each at his own cost, at his own inn, subject to few restrictions, if any, the

doctors, holding a place analogous to modern professors, may, and in all probability did, lecture and dispute free of all charge. Whether they drew incomes from the Crown, or were supported, as is more likely, by the several innkeepers or heads of halls, is of little matter. The popularity they derived in days when learning lay hid in monasteries, nay, the very influence which they obtained and wielded, in some cases, against their monkish rivals, was meed enough in those ages. But be this as it may, no doubt that during the reigns of Henry III. and the three Edwards, Oxford became vastly popular. The wealthy in each district would desire to send their sons, nephews, and cousins, to pick up crumbs of Latinate erudition, ascetic wisdom, and mystic philosophy, from the docts of whom the fame had reached them, and it would be just as salutary to their souls, and far more useful to their families and neighbours, if, instead of giving their moneys to the existing Benedictines and Austin Friars, they were to found a small society of monks for themselves, to keep house at Oxford for students, whom they would also maintain, to overlook their conduct, and to aid their studies. In this disposition, there were lands and moneys left in various parts of England for the purpose of building a single quadrangle, and maintaining some eight, ten, or even twelve monks, and the same or a larger number of students, either of the kith and kin of the founders, or, these failing, of the poorer natives of their favourite places. No college had more than one quadrangle at first, and the earliest buildings, of which none now remain, were of an inferior character, being only intended to accommodate the fellows and scholars.

Such were indeed the primitive Colleges, little more than charity-schools for certain districts, and bearing the names either of these—as Lincoln, Exeter, and the former Durham College; or of the founders—as Balliol, Merton, and Wadham. Religious names were more modern as applied to the Colleges,—such as Jesus, Magdalen, St John's, Trinity, Corpus Christi, and even All Souls', but very anciently affixed to the Halls; and

these names would seem to be peculiarly suitable to collegiate establishments, since precisely the same are found at Cambridge, though not erected—save in one or two cases—by the same founders. There are, lastly, two quite local names of Oxford Colleges, namely, Oriel and Brasenose. The latter has really nothing to do with that huge and hideous gilt proboscis which the unphilological of the last century chose to set over its doorway; but the word is derived from *Brasin-hous*, a brew-house, some such having given place of yore to the college—nor inappropriately, for who does not know the many joys of the Brasenose tap to this day; and who will deny that the spirit of the brew-house and the beer-shop still pervades that green quadrangle? It was in Brasenose that the famous 'Hell-fire Club' was held; and they show you to this day the window in Brasenose Lane through which the president of that diabolic, but dull and deluded society, is said to have been carried bodily away by his rightful owner amid 'flames of fire, which caused all the folk very much to admire.' It is strange that, after such an exit, the men of the brew-house should have regretted the club and its president, and striven to revive its glories in 'The Phoenix;' but even this has died out, I believe, and, in spite of the old tap, they cannot, alas! find men enough to drink, swear, gamble, &c., up to the true diabolical mark. Very sad, is it not, the scouts, who cherish the memory of the 'Hell-fire,' murmur. 'It's all them Examinations as does it, sir.' But in justice to Brasenose, it must be admitted, that it still keeps up its old reputation, though I cannot say with how much justice, for fear of libel.

It is easy to perceive why these quiet and limited monastic establishments were sought by members not on their foundations. In the first place, they were not, like the halls, subject to the University control; they were conventual, if not actually religious houses; they were regulated by the statutes framed by their founders, and they proudly closed their doors against impertinent proctors. Their discipline within was their own affair, and there is no doubt that

their powers were as great as those of any monastery in the kingdom; nay, in virtue of the lands they held, they had sometimes power over life and death; and Anthony à Wood, who, though said to be 'an awfu' liar' in some things, may be believed in his merely casual notes, tells us that Merton had a gallows in Hollywell, 'as you goe to the church, where they had leave to hang, draw, and quarter.' The spirit of this privilege is still kept up; and the undergraduate who enters his good name on the books of a college, must still be content to place it and his future prospects at the mercy of arbitrary masters.

Oxford has naturally been affected at all times by the state of the country. In the troublous days of the fourth and fifth Henrys she declined fearfully, and only revived under the Tudors. Henry VIII., when abolishing the other monasteries, confirmed the privileges of the colleges with a few exceptions; and Elizabeth, in spite of the trouble they had given her, incorporated the two Universities. Under Charles I. they were again deserted; and the Colleges showed their devotion to the cause of that gentlemanly but incapable monarch by a general delivery of all their plate.

Oriel on this occasion played the part of Ananias, and they still show you the splendid old cups which the dons hid behind the arras till the storm had blown over. St John's, where the king lodged, has or had a curious remnant of their devotion to his person. It is a portrait of the king, each line of which is a verse from the Psalms. When Charles II. was in Oxford, he begged this relic of the college, and offered to give them anything they might ask in return. They yielded it reluctantly. 'And now what will you have?' asked the king. 'The portrait back again, if it please your majesty,' was the faithful answer. In 1721, they possessed, in the library of this college, a veritable thigh-bone of St John Baptist! *Credat Judæus Apella.*

Under James II. the colleges were again deserted; and Anthony à Wood draws a terrible picture of the idleness, ignorance, and vice of the Universities in those days; yet terrible as it is, it would seem to resemble

any that might have been drawn at any time from that period to the present. Certainly, though, the Universities have improved a little during the present century, and in 1801, no slight encouragement was given to study by the institution of Classes of Honour; but when the Hebdomadal Board asserted, without descending to proof, that, in 1846, the numbers of the students in the University had

increased far more rapidly in proportion than the population of the kingdom, they must have wanted data. I give the following figures from a little work called the 'Foundation of the Universitie of Oxford,' published in 1651, and from the 'Oxford Calendar' for the present year; and I have appended a list of the number of first-class men turned out of each college between 1831 and 1856:—

Colleges.	Names in the Books		1st Class Degrees
	in 1651.	in 1857.	
University,	73	285	17
Balliol,	138	345	59
Merton,	80	170	7
Exeter,	230	501	15
Oriel,	106	387	13
Queen's,	160	251	12
New,	135	186	4
Lincoln,	109	195	0
All Souls',	70	114	0
Magdalen,	220	220	8
Brasenose,	186	424	11
Corpus Christi,	70	158	11
Christ-Church,	223	807	41
Trinity,	133	304	23
John's,	110	339	13
Jesus,	109	154	2
Wadham,	129	310	15
Pembroke,	169	219	8
Worcester, founded in 1714,		359	14
St Mary Hall,	100	75	3
Magdalen Hall,	220	254	5
New Inn Hall,	140	34	2
Alban Hall,	99	21	2
St Edmund's Hall,	93	70	0
	3102	6189	

Now, in 1603 the population of England and Wales was computed at five millions; in 1690, at five and a half; by the last census it was found to be about twenty millions. It has, therefore, increased in the ratio of 1 to 4; while the members of the University of Oxford have not even doubled their numbers. If, too, we remember that the first figures were taken at a period of University decline, during troublous civil wars, and just after the death of Oxford's dearest monarch, we have even less reason to assert that the popularity of the University has extended.

These figures are worthy of the attention of the Oxonian. It will be interesting to him to know, that Christ Church and Exeter have always

been, as they now are, the largest colleges in the University. Nor can this be accounted for by any reason except fashion and prestige. The college exhibitions are not half so attractive. Of more than 200 undergraduates not on the foundation at Christ Church, only about 40 receive any collegiate emolument, and the scholarships and exhibitions at Exeter are few and poor compared with several smaller colleges. Nor is the tuition at these institutions of a superior kind; far from it. The fact is, that, before the Reformation, Oxford was divided between two nations—north and south—of whose battles, which were sometimes bloody, we have still many a history. The north seems generally to have been the stronger.

University, Balliol, Queen's, Lincoln, Durham College, and Brasenose all recruited among the sturdy Danes of Yorkshire, Lancashire, Lincolnshire, and the adjacent counties. Exeter, Oriel, and Merton drew their forces from Saxons south of the Thames. These distinctions have been lost, with few exceptions. Queen's and Brasenose are still filled with north countrymen, and Exeter resounds with the dialects of Devonshire, Dorsetshire, and Cornwall, which are heard nowhere else in Oxford. This accounts in great measure for the numbers at Exeter, while Christ Church is the college *par excellence*.

It is amusing to notice the decadence of the halls, and sigh a scoutish sigh over the departure of those glorious vices on which they thrived—extravagance and luxury. The halls of last century were by no means the rubbish-holes they were until lately, and now, with the exception of Magdalen Hall, they are rapidly being converted into training-schools for plain-song, and the silly phantasms of the party who take in the *Union* newspaper. And these little establishments were once such comfortable inns for the wealthy sinners, who had been turned out from anywhere else; such choice dinners, such gentlemanly 'wines,' such a superb indifference to all discipline once distinguished them. Now, they say, the cook at Skimmery, a mute inglorious Vatel of Oxford, is meditating suicide; and the butler, who used to pocket £800 per annum, is actually dunning his old customers.

But poor little New Inn Hall, nicknamed 'The Tavern,' suffers most. Built on a site, called 'The Seven Deadly Sins,' she opened her Lais-like arms to the most desperate refugees, and offered the hope of redemption and a degree to the most criminal of statute-breakers. It was her only means of subsistence, for she has never been popular. Nay, in Charles I.'s time, she was of so little account, that they turned her into a mint for melting into crowns and angels, the cups and spoons sent in from loyal colleges. Well, it is not so very long since the merry sound of champagne suppers echoed in her passages (for she has no quadrangle).

There was only one room for the hall and the chapel, and at times, when the suppers were kept up very late, the one scout would come in at five or six in the morning, and say, 'Gentlemen, I am sorry to disturb you, but I must open the windows to let out the smoke—for chapel will be at eight o'clock this morning.' It is needless to add that the principal and the scout usually formed the whole congregation.

But in spite of the scouts, it must not be supposed that Oxford has changed much for the better. It is only that frantic lavishness, and the bravado of fastness, have been succeeded by more careful and systematic vice.

To return to the constitution of the University. My first premiss is that it is essentially clerical; and this in the teeth of those phil-Oxonians who maintain that this alma-mater educates all for all professions, for all positions above a certain line. In the absence of returns, it is difficult to prove, what every Oxonian may observe for himself, that at least three-fourths of the students are destined for holy orders. Of the rest, about a half will become country gentlemen, a fourth go to the bar, and the remainder to various other pursuits.

However this may be, the governing body is undoubtedly clerical. To prove this I have given an hour to examining the lists of M.A.'s, whose names are on the books. I find that, exclusive of the College Fellows, there are about 2700, of whom not less than 2000 are already ordained. In other words, three-fourths of the elective body are clergymen. Of the 544 Fellows, at least 350 are in orders. The Vice-Chancellor is, of course, a clergyman, as, indeed, the Chancellor also was until 1552.

Conservative Oxford has, strange to say, altered none of her institutions so much as the government of the university. Her Conservatism is in fact the quality of the colleges, an innate attribute of the collegiate system, in which emolument plays so prominent a part. But the University herself, being poor, and having few sinecures to offer, has been allowed to alter some of her institutions when they were found to be growing troublesome.

To understand the character of these changes, it must be borne in mind that the government of Oxford is by its nature elective. The elector is the M.A. Now, this degree would seem to be the oldest in the university, and for a long time the only one besides that of Doctor of some faculty or art. It was obtained originally, after a certain amount of residence, by disputations or public exercises, which may have been held before the Congregation of Doctors and Masters themselves. The moment a man had taken the magister's vows he was an important unit in the university known as the 'chancellor, masters, and scholars,' of Oxford, by which name it was afterwards incorporated.

Before the Reformation, the Congregation of Masters, called together by the big bell of St Mary's, governed the university and elected all its officers; and as these officers were then very important, and as the war between the collegiate interests and those of the university at large was for ever being waged, these assemblies were naturally turbulent. To check this, a statute was passed by which Masters were divided into Regent and Non-regent. To become a Regent, and hold a vote—in short, to belong to the governing body—it was necessary to petition the Congregation itself.

This body, being thus sifted, met continuously for the conferring of degrees and other regular business, but the election of the principal officers still remained with the *Congregatio Magna*, or Convocation, convened from time to time for that purpose. The yearly election of proctors was now the great occasion for tumult; and in 1629, so much scandal was caused by it that an arrangement was made in 1634, by which these officers should be chosen in rotation from the different colleges. About this time, too, the originally popular character of the government was completely altered by the introduction of a small oligarchy, who quietly took to themselves the whole burden of the government.

This was the Hebdomadal Board, composed of the heads of houses, and their place of meeting was nicknamed Golgotha, from a general belief that Heads of Houses are nothing but

empty skulls. The name is obsolete at Oxford, though common in 1721, but is still retained at Cambridge. This Board proposed all the important measures, took the votes of the lower house on the subject, but remained quite uninfluenced by its opinion. When examinations for the commonest degree were substituted for mere exercises, the powers of Congregation were yet more restricted; and it was said with justice of that assembly in 1852, that it met 'only for the purpose of hearing measures proposed which it could not discuss, of conferring degrees to which candidates were already entitled, and of granting dispensations which were never refused.'

Thus, the constitution of Oxford changed from a noisy republic to a dull but respectable oligarchy. It was reserved to the late Commission to erect it into something more like a constitutional government, with a puppet chancellor at the head, having much the same position as our excellent Sovereign holds with respect to this country. The Hebdomadal Board was abolished, and a council of the same name substituted. This is composed of the vice-chancellor as permanent president, the proctors, six heads of houses instead of twenty-four, six professors, and six members of convocation of the respectable standing of at least five years. Thus, the purely collegiate interest was shelved, the educational and professional duly represented, and new, younger life, infused into these solemn counsels by six members of convocation duly elected. The statutes, indeed, are still promulgated by the upper house, but the lower has the power to propose amendments, which are carried back to the Hebdomadal Council for adoption or rejection. But while the government is thus still reserved for the oligarchy, one most important advantage was gained by the masters in the permission to speak in English, for it will scarcely be credited that up to so recent a period all discussions were carried on in Latin, or at least a dialect which went by that name, though I have no doubt Cicero would have had hard work to understand it.

But the old system had one advan-

tage which is much to be regretted. When gentlemen were forced to spout dog-Latin, they spoke less often and more briefly. Any one who now reads the university intelligence in the papers—and who but a university man does read them?—cannot fail to know that a little local parliament sits in that city of Dons, Duns, and Dunces. The consequences are fatal. Nothing is sweeter to the confirmed bachelor than to make speeches. It is your bachelor who toasts the bride at the breakfast, your bachelor who makes the longest speech at a public dinner, your bachelor who leads the stormy opposition, your bachelor who upsets the vestry meeting, and alarms the peaceful wardmote. Who so loquacious as Cœlebs? Who ever heard of a married man in a debating society? Nay; for the matter of that, it is possible that the orations of matrimony, lectures à la Caudle, and the perpetual loquacity of the weaker vessel, soon cure a man of his love for the gab. But if the confirmed bachelor is fond of talking—particularly nonsense—what must the Fellow of an Oxford College be? And what must be that parliament which is made up of celibate fellows? If you imagine an assembly of withered, narrow-minded schoolmasters, debating with ludicrous gravity and not a particle of fire on the most trivial questions, which one man with a talent for governing could dispose of in five minutes; if you imagine them fighting the debate again at dinner and in common room, and their whole minds occupied with these local trifles, which they magnify into mountains, while the great but distant world sinks from them into something less than a molehill; if you imagine that these interests allure the fellows and tutors from that attention which is due to the studies and discipline of their colleges, you compass that political folly of Oxford which is the principal cause of her uselessness as a school.

But there is no help for it. Englishmen, who have so little conversation in society, revel in making set orations in newspaper terminology, and it is, perhaps, as well that their bile should come away in nothing more dangerous than public invective.

From a board of directors to the imperial house everything must be done with the tongue, and if it be slower, it is certainly surer thus. But it were well if the parliament of Oxford were more judiciously composed; if each college sent one or two deputies—men who could afford to give up their collegiate duties—to support their interests, and compelled the rest to confine themselves to the more sober and less exciting employments of teaching and correcting the refractory and the dullard.

There is little need to complain because the chancellorship of Oxford is an honorary sinecure. In this country we are fond of boasting that our great men, like Lord Castlereagh at Vienna, are better distinguished by the absence of cordons and crosses that wear out their dress-coats. We pride ourselves on the want of a Legion of Honour, on the exclusiveness of the Garter, the Bath, and the Thistle. But it is amusing to find that, while we are so chary of these pettier honours, we freely offer the highest offices in the land to the men that we delight to worship; freely, for their sakes, make sinecures of our greatest responsibilities. The universities are quite consistent in making the Chancellor's gold-lace and purple the covering of a mere puppet, which cannot even pronounce correctly the few words of learning it is called upon to utter. Scotland—already too content to imitate, where she fails to rival—has adopted the same plan for her universities, but then she certainly gets a good English sermon, like that of Lord Stanhope at Aberdeen, instead of a mere Latin formula and false quantities. As the Chancellor receives nothing more substantial than honour from the university, it is of little matter that he is a Prince Consort, a Wellington, or a Derby, non-resident, indifferent, and not really governing. It is only of importance that his *locum tenens* should be fit for the office.

Now, when the Chancellor was resident, and elected for one, two, or at most three years, it was sensible enough that he should appoint a head of a house to assist him as lieutenant. Such minor duties as would then devolve on the vice-chancellor

would not materially interfere with those he was called on to perform as master of a large beneficiary and collegiate establishment. But at the present day, when the vice-chancellor does all the work, and is the real governor of Oxford; when, besides presiding over the Hebdomadal Council, the Convocation, and the Congregation, and filling the more really responsible position of chief civil magistrate in the university court, he has all the private business of the whole university to transact, to keep books, to pay moneys, to decide all matters of reference or dispute, to fight the corporation of the town and the several corporations of the colleges, and to make a large number of important appointments, it is scarcely reasonable to expect that he, one and the same man, should do his duty by his own college. If you answer that in very fact he does manage to combine the two offices, and not complain much, I reply, that however well he may fill that of vice-chancellor, he cannot the other, inasmuch as there is not one head of a house who has arrived as yet at a sense of what his real duties, his real responsibilities are, not one, certainly, who carries them out. But it is not right that the duties of the vice-chancellorship should be allowed to be an excuse for such negligence in any head of any college. Yet it is out of the question for him to combine the two offices, if he conscientiously fulfils both. How can he, for instance, pay a right and sufficient attention to the morals and discipline of sixty or seventy most undisciplined young men, to say nothing of twenty or thirty Fellows? Or, if he leave this to his lieutenant, himself being already a *locum tenens*, how is that lieutenant, who is always a tutor of the college, to combine these duties efficiently?

Nor is this the only, or even the chief objection to electing a vice-chancellor from among the skulls of Golgotha. I have more than once pointed out the antagonism between the interests of the university, and those of the separate colleges, and shown how completely the former is in the power of the latter. As long as the vice-chancellor is a head, this will continue to be the case, for it is

improbable that he should at all oppose the collegiate interests, when he has a college to keep himself, and almost impossible that he should resist the encroachments, or counterbalance the weight of other colleges, when he does not seem to be raised above them. His position and double vote in the Hebdomadal Council tend to annul entirely the provisions made by the commission. As long as he remains a head of a house, the colleges must have a majority of two over the professorial interests on the one hand, and those of the regent but non-collegiate body on the other.

I have already, when writing about University Discipline, pointed out the insufficiency of the proctors. It will be answered, that there were never more than two of these officials, and that, during more than 600 years, no complaint has ever been made of the inadequacy of that number. It was, however, a very different thing to be proctor in the 13th and 14th centuries, to what it is now. Not only has the number of the students been trebled, but the duties of the proctors have increased considerably; the assemblies of convocation and congregation, the taking down names and receiving fees for examinations (a whole day's work), at least three times each term, and various other duties, have become so much more frequent, that the time of these officials is far more closely occupied than it has ever been before. One thing, however, is certain, whatever be the cause of it, that the proctors do not carry out sufficiently the discipline which the university chooses to think necessary. One of three changes is called for. Either abolish the proctors, and do without them, as is done in the metropolitan universities, and at Durham (and I have yet to learn that the students in those places are morally worse than at Oxford or Cambridge); or do away with their merely formal duties, such as their presence at the granting of degrees; or, since you shrink from any abolition with such pale horror, increase their numbers.

The chief objection to such an increase would be the expense. Now, there is one means of meeting this difficulty effectually. There are in Oxford six individuals who go by the

name of 'Pokers.' Of these, the senior or gold poker, receives, I believe, £200 per annum, and each of the silver ones £150. The duties of these gentlemen—for they are gentlemen by education, though their ranks were sullied (*horribile dictu!*) some years back, by the appointment of a retired coachman among them—are those which, in any other place, would be performed by one or two beadles or active livery servants. They carry heavy maces before the vice-chancellor, whenever he sallies out on official business; they are at his beck and call to run with his messages, and perform the active physical part of his duties; and they may be seen at any time with a bundle of notices or letters in hand, which they carry from college to college, inserting one under the door of each residence, just as you see boys hired for the purpose, do with London advertisements. Lastly, one of them is occasionally employed by the vice-chancellor to write the addresses on the notices which he will afterwards take round.

Now, of course, there is nothing in itself degrading in these duties, but it may well be asked if any gentleman would undertake them, if the pay were what it should be—that of an ordinary footman. If there were the slightest necessity for the vice-chancellor to be preceded by a ridiculous body-guard, carrying weapons of state far too cumbrous to be of any use in case of emergency, surely a stout beadle or two would suit the purpose, and the university, for £100 per annum, enjoy as much sorry state and visible dignity, as she now does for more than ten times the sum.

But there is no such necessity in the present day. The vice-chancellor requires his gold and silver pokers for protection, no more than the Lord Mayor does that miserable solitary representative of former grandeur, the man-in-brass. Then, as to dignity, I need hardly say, that in the eyes of townsmen and gowmsmen alike, the pokers tend to bring little else than ridicule on the procession of Oxonia's magistracy. Those who have seen them—as I have—striding solemnly and awfully along, followed by a little wizened decrepit old gentleman, whom to look at was to laugh, and whom not

all the pomp of all the Cæsars could make a whit more dignified, and less insignificant, can well understand that this half-dozen of academic lictors, affords little more than subjects for caricature, and butts for such darts of wit as can be drawn from the poorly-filled quivers of Oxford undergraduates.

If, on the other hand, it be advanced that the university does not care much for these Esquire Bedells, as they delight to call themselves, but maintains their offices by way of additional provision for worthy and not over-scrupulous gentlemen, it may be asked, why she cannot change these menial duties for something rather more useful and less ridiculous, or why, seeing she confesses to such poverty, she thinks it incumbent on herself at all, while there are 500 fellowships in the various colleges, to provide for individuals who do not appear to have any claim on her gratitude or esteem.

Now, if the work of these gentlemen could be done by any number of retired coachmen, or others, for at most a tenth of the sum now expended on them, there would be a fund at the disposal of the university for increasing the procuratorial staff.

But however obvious the advantages of any proposed change may be, it is quite useless to suggest it to men labouring under the curse of Egypt and China—social immutability. The mere fact that the pokers have existed for many long years, and many a hundred times swung their gilt maces or poked notices under doors, suffices to hallow them in the eyes of Oxonian rulers. The small opposition has indeed already made an attempt to dislodge them, but the poker when judiciously wielded is a dangerous weapon, and whether from fear or hopelessness, the noisy reformers too soon gave in.

Let it not be thought that I desire to see a spirit of sweeping reform admitted to disturb the classical repose of our worthy port-drinkers. Some places are made for use only. Take, for instance, one of those delightful smoke-shrouded working towns of Lancashire. Oxford on the other hand is made for ornament. There is nothing practical or useful anywhere about her. Certainly there

is much that might be abolished, and the better sense of late years has done away with some absurdities, such as the grand compounder's expensive procession. Formerly any unhappy wight who possessed landed property to the extent of £300 a year, was flattered—nay, forced—into paying enormous fees on taking a degree, in consideration of which he was called a grand compounder, and could require a procession of the vice-chancellor and doctors to inaugurate him. The form has been abandoned, but I fear the fees are still exacted.

On the other hand, there are several old customs, neither very extravagant nor despotical, which I should be sorry to see discontinued simply because they are useless.

On the first of May, for instance, the choir of Magdalen are wont to mount the splendid square tower of that college—a tower which for colour and proportion is perhaps one of the finest in the kingdom. In the grey chill dawn of the morning they hurry up to be before the sun, and greet the baby spring, the fresh flowerhood of the year, in a splendid hymn. I am ashamed to say I was never out of bed early enough to hear them, but they say, you may feel the tower away and rock beneath you, as the chorus swells.

This custom may or may not be a remnant of Druidism, of sun-worship, or what you will. It matters little. It is better even to worship the dawn with poetry, than the belly in sluggishness; better to shiver in poetry than snore in prose.

Again, there is at Christ Church a tower built by Christopher Wren, who somehow succeeded in most of his gothic attempts, in spite of bad architecture, if that can be called bad which is picturesque. Tom Tower at Christ Church, and the towers of Westminster Abbey, have their own peculiar beauty, and look at least 300 years older than their builder.

In Tom Tower, there is a bell, called Big Tom. Every night at a quarter-past nine, one hundred and one times does this clumsy monster send his dull notes over the house-tops of Oxford, once, in fact, for each of the one hundred and one students of Christ Church, and whenever a

vacancy occurs by death, he marks his grief by the silence of one stroke.

Many of these old customs have died out. Anthony à Wood tells us that it was the wont of the Fellows of New College to walk in surplice on Holy Thursday to the chapel of St Bartholomew's Hospital in the fields, there to make a collection, draw cheer from the Buttery, and return singing catches and glees together across Hedington Hill. I have no doubt so cheerful a custom was very well kept up, till rainy weather and umbrellas came in, but it would certainly be too good a joke to see some of the gouty port-drinkers who now fatten on William of Wykeham's bounty, and have not sung a note for lustres, keeping up these commemorative visits.

I have said that the spirit of Merton Gallows still pervades Oxford, that each college is, to all intents and purposes, completely independent of the university, and absolute and all-powerful within its own walls. This is the case too at Cambridge, and of late years Durham has attempted to follow the example of the older institutions in the same particular. But I do not know of any other university in the whole world which is thus made up, for the so-called London University can scarcely be said to have an existence. The collegiate system, then, is a phenomenon peculiar to a few English universities. I have already attempted to sketch its growth, and I need not say that there is no reason for imputing design to its institution. Accident however—as we are wont to call Divine Wisdom in these atheistic days—often shows itself to be shrewder than man, and accident has here raised up a constitution, which, if properly administered, would be worthy of much commendation.

The advantages of a collegiate system are, first with respect to education; that it affords regular tutorial teaching, in addition to the professorial instruction given by the university itself; that it supplies a number of well-taught men who have—or ought to have—little else to do than to direct and assist the studies of the younger members.

Again, if it be admitted that disci-

pline is necessary to a university, it will not be denied that the collegiate system affords the readiest means of carrying it out effectively, and indeed that it would scarcely be possible to exercise any severe discipline at all, if all the students lived in their own lodgings or in private establishments.

Lastly, if honestly carried out, this system would not only enable needy men of the educated classes to receive the same education as their fathers, but would open to all a preparation for the world within the means of all respectable parents of a certain standing.

It is strange then that Oxford, being fully alive to these advantages, has lately consented to annul them by permitting residence in lodgings, and the establishments of private halls. In the former case strict discipline becomes impossible; in the latter, the advantages of good class-tuition are no more to be enjoyed than at any private school in the country.

Not that, for my part, I find fault with either of these concessions. The residence in lodgings has long been tried at Cambridge to a very great extent, and I do not learn that that University is a whit behind Oxford in piety and propriety. If, on the other hand, the professorial system were done justice to, the frequenters of private halls would not be on at all inferior ground to those of such old original establishments as 'Teddy' and 'Skimmery.' I merely desire to point out the strange inconsistency of maintaining the collegiate system in all its vigour and with all its vices, while you publicly depreciate its value by such concessions as the above.

But it is a sad thing that an institution of undoubted merit should be so subjected to private interests—so marred by the vanity of individuals or societies, as to render it scarcely less a curse than a blessing.

The selfishness and independence of the bodies which make up this University, has the effect of impeding, if not completely restraining, every progressive step which the country thinks the University ought to take. The constitution is in fact in the hands of the colleges. With a preponderance of heads of houses in the

Hebdomadal Council, with a convocation made up of some five college tutors to every independent man, it is not likely that the University should accept anything which was not to the interests of the separate corporate bodies, which are her limbs. Yet it must not be supposed that the Colleges are the University; on the contrary, they are a very small part of it. The University exists throughout the country wherever a M.A. is to be found, and its interests are not Oxonian, but patriotic. The University has duties to fulfil to the country. It receives the support of the country in the shape of grants and professors' chairs; it lives by the good favour and custom of the country; its interest is clearly to perform those duties to the satisfaction of the nation it serves, and that, too, in the most honourable and most effective manner.

The colleges care for none of these things. It is the University that brings them customers, and, as long as she keeps up her prestige, they will do well. The interests of the colleges are local and narrow in the extreme. Next to the common desire to make as much actual money out of their various resources as possible, whether for the purpose of increasing the value of their collegiate offices, or to extend their premises, and thus augment their establishment, their greatest ambition is to turn out the largest number of first-class men and University scholars; and they have no conception of the duties of tutorship beyond this. On the other hand, it is only natural that each college should desire to have as many University offices held by its members as possible, and that every attempt should be made to increase, in any legitimate manner, the influence, position, and prestige of the college.

Prestige is, in fact, their hobby. For the sake of this they will refuse to lower their charges, and decline to receive, whether as fellows or undergraduates, the more exemplary, that they may open their arms to the more distinguished. It is not only All Souls' where many fellowships are reserved for the younger sons, cousins, and nephews of the peerage, nor is it the Commissioners alone who take so absurd a view of the character of these

academic almshouses, as to suppose that a fortune of £500 per annum should be no disqualification for a recipient of founders' charity.

I have no wish to charge the colleges with abusing their independence in the matter of education. I cannot show, from any experience of my own, that the tutors do not do their best to carry out in their lectures the system countenanced and upheld by the University. It is true that the professors are thrust in the background by them, and must sacrifice their convenience to that of the colleges. They must be content to lecture after, the morning's work is over, and to audiences already tired out with Mr Snozer's or Mr Drymarsh's prosey classes. They must do this or lecture to empty seats. It is true, again, that nine out of every ten men who leave Oxford declare that they have only unlearned all they ever knew, and acquired nothing but vanity in its place. But these are faults of the system, not of those who are there to carry it out. I am confident that in some colleges—and I take the liberty to mention Exeter as one—the tutors are most conscientious in striving to 'get their men through,' though undoubtedly they take more trouble with those who are likely to do honour to the College, than with the vulgar herd of pass-men. It is the fault of the system that these tutors have no higher aim than to enable their pupils to pass. It is the fault of the spirit that pervades Oxford generally, that no attempt is made to elevate their minds, to progress in learning and knowledge, to strike out new and clever paths of mental training.

But I do accuse the colleges of abusing their independence in the matters of discipline, expenditure, and society. If any one will take the trouble to read the second of these papers, he will find that I do not make these charges without good reason. I ask for some systematic investigation of all that goes on within college walls; I ask for the power of an appeal to the magistracy of the University from the gross injustice constantly perpetrated against powerless undergraduates; I ask for the revival of the office of Visitor in all its original force; in short, I ask for jus-

tice. Young men are sent to Oxford, or go there from choice, but they cannot be members of the University without being also members of a college or hall; and they cannot be the latter without being subject at any moment to tyrannical oppression, and at all times to gross imposition in the charges of these establishments. Any college can expel any man, and, once expelled, he is shut out from entering at any other English University. A board of interested, partial, and silly old men, belonging to a single college or hall, has the power of ruining your prospects for life, and the University cannot, nay, even the visitor dare not, interfere.

The same thing applies to the expenses, and to any regulation that a college may choose to enforce upon its men. There is, in short, no check upon the voluntary acts of a few narrow-minded men, who do not form a public body, but only a portion of the university. It is impossible to say to what extent such powers may at any time be abused, for there is not even public opinion—that mighty modern censor—to interfere with these societies.

It is, then, highly desirable that some regular scheme of appeal should be established, and it would be an excellent thing, though one may wish for it with as much reason as a child does for a slice out of the moon, if the colleges were compelled to render either to their visitors, or to the vice-chancellor himself, a monthly record of their acts and condition. Still better would it be if a perpetual commissioner, with the fullest powers, were attached to the university, as is the case in Germany. He should not be a member of that body, but an independent, impartial, and implacable censor, who would regulate the charges of colleges by tariff, and inquire strictly into every measure they might take.

Some appeal, at any rate, is urgently needed; some check, too, must be put upon the selfishness of the colleges. It is the colleges who prevented the institution of a public matriculation examination; it is the colleges who rendered the work of the Commissioners futile; it is an association of tutors who have been most active in

opposing every good measure of most necessary reform. But if my words seem to want confirmation, or I be thought to speak from prejudice or in ignorance, I shall quote the words of a man with whom Oxonians, at least, will not find fault, and who, whatever his deficiencies in character, cannot be accused of poverty of intellect. I mean Dr. Newman. In a chapter devoted to the discussion of collegiate independence, he says, the colleges 'are withdrawn in an especial way from the action and influence of public opinion, than which there is no greater stimulant to right action, as things are, nor a more effective security against dereliction of duty. The colleges, left to themselves in the course of the last century, became shamefully indolent and inactive. They were in no sense any longer places of education; they were, for the most part, mere clubs, and sinecures, and almshouses, where the inmates did little but enjoy themselves. They did next to nothing for the youth confided to them; suffered them to follow their own ways and enjoy their own, and often, in their own persons, set them a very bad example of using it. Visitor, they practically had none, and there was but one power which could have exerted authority over them, and most naturally and suitably too,—I mean the university; but the university could do nothing. The university had no means of acting upon the colleges; it was but a name or a privilege; it was not a body or a power. This seems to me the critical evil in the present state of the English universities, not that the colleges are strong, but that the university has no practical or real jurisdiction over them. Over the members of colleges it has jurisdiction; but even then, not as such, but because they are its own members also; over the head of the college, over the fellows, over the corporate body, over its officers, over its acts and regulations within its own precincts, it has no practical jurisdiction at all. The tutor, indeed, is a university office by the Statutes, but the college has made it its own.

Certainly, Oxford has improved since the last century, for there are now only two colleges and two halls

which are used as mere clubs and hotels, though, in many others, there is little doubt that the fellowships 'are made beds of ease,' as Emerson took care to tell America, after staying some time at Oriel, where the fellows are undoubtedly the least sleepy and most intellectual in Oxford.

There is one means of raising the character of fellows in general, and employing their too idle time, which, at the same time, would greatly assist the mingling of a professorial with a tutorial education. I mean the establishment of professional fellowships. Nor do I advocate this only in connexion with the scheme put forward in a former paper for remodelling the educational course at Oxford. Professional fellowships would be of great advantage even under the present system, and would enable young men to prepare much more seriously for the final examinations in chemistry, history, and law, anatomy, and physiology.

A movement in favour of professional education is already being made at Oxford by a young man who has already practised as a physician, and now holds a good medical appointment in the gift of the university.

Glad as I am to see such an awakening in Oxford, and to find that such a proposal as has been made—though nothing less revolutionary than to allow medical students to reside only two, instead of three years at Oxford—has, since it comes from one of themselves, been not wholly discountenanced. I cannot but feel provoked to find such sly half-measures brought in, and thrown, as it were, as a sop to quiet hungry reformers like myself. It is painful to find that even an Oxonian so little appreciates the mental training system on which Oxford prides herself, as to propose to give a purely professional education to medical students. It is sad to learn that the reason for proposing to limit the period of study to two years, is because of the *expense* of residence. Would such a plea be advanced in London, Edinburgh, or Dublin, or, if advanced, how would sensible men meet it? Surely by inquiring if the expenses could not be reduced, rather than the term of study, already too short for the acquirement of science.

It is really melancholy to find that Oxonians, though quite alive to the unnecessary expense of their establishments, can unblushingly propose to cut down knowledge's rations, rather than lower the cost of them, and suffer, however little, in their own pockets.

The introduction of professional fellowships must naturally be a work of time. Let us take Corpus as an instance. There are here twenty fellows in receipt of £200 a year each. At present, only eight of them hold collegiate office, and for these receive additional stipends, chiefly out of the pockets of the undergraduates. In an ordinary college—Corpus happens to be considerably under the average size—there are about fifty men, paying each about £20 per annum for what is called tuition. Thus, each of the eight would receive about £125 in addition to their fellowship. The other twelve are either non-resident, or in no other way useful to their college; and until we can get an act to prevent absenteeism in college-fellows, and thus carry out the designs of the much-maligned founders, we must content ourselves with supposing ten only to be in actual and continual residence. Now, of these ten, let four be supposed to have been chosen from those who have taken high honours in classics. Let these four remain undisturbed. But at the first vacancy, elect a man who has taken the highest honours in some final school. Repeat this at every vacancy until the other six consist of one mathematician, one historian, one good lawyer, and three natural-science men. Let these form classes within the college, and purely for members of their own colleges, in each subject in which they are distinguished, and let them duly prepare the young men who have passed their classical school for their final examination.

By this means you would not only lessen the labour of tutorage, by increasing the workmen, but you would keep your whole ten resident fellows well employed. Of course, if the educational course were altered, the importance of such professional fellowless would be increased tenfold, and young men, getting over the original in their college lectures,

would be able to appreciate the higher flights of professorial eloquence.

Parisians are fond of telling you that 'Paris c'est la France,' but in this conservative fox-hunting country, it requires some impudence to announce that London is England. Yet this seems to have been the maxim adopted by the Comteists of Gower Street for the University of London, which has not only been founded on the broadest principles of local association, but even thrown out tentacles over the island, and 'affiliated' unto itself the stray colleges which it has succeeded in clutching. Thus, the University of London, though governed by a senate, and established by charter, has no definite existence except in its examinations; and it is a remarkable feature in these that a young man can, and generally does, become a member of one of its colleges before he passes that matriculation examination which makes him a member of the university. Thus, the matriculation loses its chief importance, which should consist in testing the student's fitness before he partakes in the education afforded; it fails to fix the standard of the teaching, and offers no safeguard to the professors against gross ignorance in their audiences.

The London University has, as yet, no political status whatever. Its graduates have no direct interest in its government. They can interfere in no way in the appointment of their governors, nor have the slightest control over their statutes and organisation. It has no representative in the parliament of the country, and it may be doubted whether its incongruous elements have any common interest or feeling which admits of, or can even demand representation. Educational franchise is at best a very vague idea. You cannot represent education in the abstract, but only the sentiments or interest of a constituency separated from the rest of society by an education having some definite object, and in accordance with some peculiar theory. Where professional education is not the sequence of a common mental training, but collateral with and independent of it, there cannot be said to be any educational theory, nor any definite

object. Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin, wedded to mental training only, can still demand representation. The German universities have none, and do not need it, and I cannot see any difference in this respect between them and the London University.

But it affords notable proof of the influence of fashion, and the subservient respect, I might almost say adulation, in England, of everything which is considered time-honoured—I do not mean time-proved—that this university, founded upon every radical and heterodox principle, and with an undisguised contempt of the older institutions, should now be blindly calling for Parliamentary representation, simply because three of the oldest universities, Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin, have members in the House. Now, without entering upon the question of educational franchise, which, however, seems to me to have arisen on the strangest jumble of ideas, I may ask what there is in a university such as that of London to represent at all. At Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin, you have not only a peculiar theory of education, which may seem to have a claim to representation by virtue of its peculiarity, but you have a distinct body of men, resident masters, and so forth, holding distinct opinions, distinct powers, and separated from the rest of the community by strongly-marked differences of habit and occupation. These men seem to think that they cannot be duly represented by the members of the boroughs to which they belong, and I look on their scruples as the highest possible compliment to the borough members. But you have nothing of the kind in the London, nor, indeed, in any Scotch university. Each member of these, who is in a position to be represented at all—for, of course, mere students do not require representation—belongs to his several community, where all his interests and opinions are duly mingled with those of his neighbour. Neither by residence, nor mode of life, nor port-drinking, nor celibacy, nor theories, is he any way separated from the borough or county to which he belongs.

What, then, remains to represent in such universities? You answer,

the interests of the universities themselves in the abstract. But can these interests be really represented in Parliament, when there is virtually no interested party, where there is no university constituency, where there is nothing but a senate with its president, and where all the interests of the university are in their keeping alone? Or, of what real use is university representation? What has it done for Cambridge and Oxford? Has it enabled them to battle the Commissions, that interfered with what they thought to be their interests? Has it defended or forwarded those interests in the very least degree? I think not.

For the rest, most, if not all, the colleges belonging to the University of London are governed by their several committees, who elect professors, appoint officers, and supervise the studies. King's College has an able and influential principal. At its foundation in the early part of the century, University College had likewise a warden, but sundry differences led to the abolition of this office, and his place is now supplied in some measure by a secretary wholly under the control of the committee. How the other colleges may be governed, I do not care to inquire.

At the present day, King's College, London, appears to be a compromise between a German university and an Oxford hall. While it is far from confining its teaching to mental training, it emulates, though with indifferent success, the discipline and exclusiveness of the older universities. King's College does, I believe, succeed, and I think its success must be attributed to the fact that it is governed by a single man, who can give up his whole time and attention to its interests, and who is supported by position.

On the other hand, University College has failed. Its shares, originally worth £100 each, are now scarcely saleable at as many shillings. This is the more striking, as it has always been fortunate in possessing the most eminent professors, while its medical school is acknowledged to be the best in the kingdom.

Both these colleges, however, have astutely perceived the necessity, in England of to-day, of bribing men to

come and be taught. They have both managed somehow to offer exhibitions and scholarships to be obtained by competitive examination. And here I must protest against the idea now attached to these emoluments, not only in the London, but in all the universities of England. It seems now that a prize in money is the reward of proficiency, as if a man should be paid for acquiring a profession which will be invaluable to him ; and it is said that such prizes tend to promote education in the lower schools. It is a little matter that it also promotes covetousness, and often induces parents to educate their children for this sole purpose, and consequently to limit their education to the requirements of some future examiner. All this seems to me very much like paying the Athenian citizens to attend the theatre. It is a part of the utilitarianism of the age, which would throw over all education, except that required for the business or profession for which the child was destined, if it were not for the hope of a scholarship or fellowship here or there. I know, that if the motives of the parents of university men could be laid open, it would be found that two-thirds have in view only the preparation requisite for the profession of the Church—for a profession too many insist on considering it ; and that of the remainder half look to the chance of collegiate preferment ; and the other half to the hope of their son's forming society for himself. How many parents, if any, send their sons to Oxford and Cambridge, because they think those institutions afford the education and training which is most likely to make wise men and Christians ?

The true, original, and only honourable idea of a scholarship, is that of an alms to enable those to study at the university who could not afford to do so without such assistance. This was the intention and the definition of the founders, who looked to give a first-class education only to 'those who should be most meet for towardness, poverty, and painfulness ;' and I think it perhaps the only piece of praise due to the opponents of the Oxford and Cambridge Commissions, that they have attempted to resist the clamour for throwing open all scholarships and fellowships to competitive examina-

tion. The result has been, that it is those men only who have been at large public schools, that carry off these prizes ; and though it may often happen that these men are really in want of assistance at the university, it by no means follows that scores of others do not obtain these scholarships, who could do well without them, and who therefore are selfish and covetous in accepting them.

The fact is, that to obtain a scholarship has come to be looked on simply as a distinction of merit ; and the poor, for whom they were whilome designed, and who cannot afford the coaching necessary to obtain them, are ousted by those who need them not.

This is not so at German universities, where the *stipendien*, which answer to our scholarships, are allotted only to those who can prove that they could not frequent the university without them. If then a competitive examination be made the introduction to these emoluments, let none be admitted as candidates, till they have proved, after strict investigation, that their friends cannot afford enough for their college education, and *then* there would be no harm in the examination. At present, however, many a youth who is not ashamed to wear the sleeves of poverty combined with learning, and who draws from £40 to £100 per annum from his college, may be seen in the hunting-field, or found giving champagne suppers in his rooms. I protest against allotting to proficiency alone, what is the right of the poor. I protest against the sons of men of good means, ousting those of the starving clergymen from his due. They would be ashamed to take bible-clerkships, and read the Scriptures in the college chapels, because these are given only to the really poor ; but, since these scholarships have been made the simple prizes of proficiency, they are not ashamed to wear what was once the badge of 'towardness, poverty, and painfulness.'

There is the same reproach to be made to the tenure of fellowships. Many of them, as Emerson says, 'are made beds of ease.' It is no rare thing for a man's income to be stated as '£500 a year, besides his fellowship at Oxford, you know ; that's another £150 ;' while at such Colleges as New, All Souls, and Christ Church, there

is not perhaps one fellow in ten who really needs the charity of well-meaning founders, or is ashamed of accepting it. Yet if fellowships were given only to those who need them, we should have no more common-room extravagance, no temptation to live beyond one's means—a simpler and a purer mode of life among the dons; while higher and better motives than the mere hope of a monetary prize would prompt men to try for the highest honours of the University. We have got rid of the blind exclusiveness of the founders in some cases, and scholarships and fellowships are less often given to the natives of some country village, or the thirtieth cousin removed of some ancient line. Let us not destroy the wheat with the tares, and put aside the charitable and benevolent intentions of those worthy but short-sighted men, by dispensing their gifts, not to the poor, but the greedy.

The Royal Commissioners were charged with such reforms as are here needed, but the Royal Commissioners were, it would seem, men of the very lowest capacity for the work. Will it be conceived that these gentlemen, who lacked no powers, and spared no feelings in the exercise of their duties, have taken so low, so mercenary, and so shoppish an idea of the fellowships of our principal university, as, while pretending to reform them, to fix a property limitation of not less than £500 per annum; thus permitting men, who could live and marry, how, when, and where they pleased, to come and eat the bread, and drink the—the port provided only for poor gentlemen?

The German universities, not being self-governed, have a very simple constitution. The Minister of Worship and Instruction has absolute control over them, and he is represented by a Royal Commissioner attached to each university, not being a member of it, who attends the meetings of the Senate, confirms or reverses their decision, and interferes generally in the management of the institution.

The principal magistrate is the rector, appointed by the minister from among the professors, and he is assisted by a senate composed of his colleagues. The whole business of the establishment devolves, of course, on this body; while the rector, as their

president, has all the active part of it to carry out, particularly duties similar to those of our proctors. He is assisted, however, in this by the deans of the several faculties, who supervise not only the studies, but also the morals of the students committed to their charge. The university further possesses a court and university-judge for the decision of all civil causes.

To the committees of the faculties, presided over by their deans, is intrusted the conferring of degrees.

The system is simple but sufficient. It is worthy of notice, as an example of the despotic character of all continental institutions, and affording a marked difference from the constitutional and representative system under which our universities labour. For, however much we may be enamoured of our institutions, we cannot deny that this representative system is very cumbrous, when introduced into every establishment. It is difficult to see of what advantage it is to Oxford and Cambridge. They elect their chancellors, it is true. But what does that matter, when their chancellors take no part in the government of the universities themselves? They do not elect those most important officers, the vice-chancellor and proctors—more's the pity. Again, they elect their professors, but we have seen that these gentlemen have little or no influence on the character or the studies of the institution. Lastly, they elect their parliamentary representatives.

But beyond this the powers of the elective body of masters cease, and it has still to be proved that parliamentary representation is necessary to the wellbeing of even the two original universities.

On the other hand, the German universities have no colleges, or anything analogous to the collegiate system. They have not even that rare but ridiculous fiction by which a number of schools and colleges throughout the United Kingdom are said to belong to the London University.

The spirit of association is not quite so strong in Germany as in England. But, on the other hand, they possess among themselves a capability which is much to be desired in England—that of migrating from one university to another, without trouble and with

no expense. This is, of course, chiefly valuable where the professional system obtains, and when this is the case in England, we shall perhaps have cheaper means of migration than we have at present.

There are many questions connected with universities which I have been obliged to forego. Perhaps not the least important of these is, whether a university is better in a metropolis or in a small town, which ere long it seems to govern and call its own. I confess that the advantages of a small town seem to be limited to the facilities it affords for discipline, but I have written these papers in vain, if

I have failed to show that even this advantage may be entirely lost, where those who should profit by it, are not wise enough to do so. On the other hand, the metropolis is security against that worst of sins—narrowness of heart and head. The *localism* of Oxford, Bonn, and a dozen other towns, is far more dangerous to soul than the temptations of a large city.

If the reader of these papers is now convinced that both in discipline and education some of the most famous universities need—nay, loudly call for—reform, the truth will not have been unveiled to no purpose.

MY TUTOR'S STORY.

I HAD not seen my old college tutor since I left Magdalen; and that was more years ago than I quite cared to remember. For memory, though a luxury, is a sad one; and its melancholy, if too closely pursued and analysed, may even degenerate into remorse. Life, regarded as a whole, presents so wide a field for retrospection, and reveals only such broad masses of light and shadow, that it is not easy for us to estimate those impalpable gradations of progress and change, which, stealing noiselessly upon our footsteps, result in revolutions so extraordinary, and by the agency of their silent influences, mould us unconsciously to their eventual purpose, and make us actually what we are. Perceiving distinctly only those defined outlines and salient features which sketch for us the story of the past, we fail to bring within the range of vision the specific details of the vast picture; nor can we realize that each more obvious combination was but the aggregate of earnest moments, each one charged with its allotted function, its labour of duty and love. It is only when considered under this general aspect, that life redeems its title to the old poet's description, and becomes to each of us the saddest, sweetest fable in all the quaint mythology of time. For, if a fragment is severed from the great idea, and thrust upon us with all the stubborn minutiae of fact and circumstance, it is seldom that the vexed heart can

soothe its retrospect with even the prevailing consciousness of self-satisfaction.

It was many years then since I had left Magdalen; and during that period, my destiny had led me ever further and further from sympathies and associations, once all-engrossing and supreme. Pushed suddenly forward, without appeal, into the strong battle of life, I had buffeted my way with the rest; and when, after a long and bitter controversy, I lighted on a breathing space, and looked around, I beheld myself a grave and solemn elder, with the fair, soft faces of the little ones gathering round my knees. My intercourse with my old college friends, always fragmentary, had necessarily diminished rather than increased; and when the last personal link was broken by the removal of Dr Fox to a distant charge in the north, my slender communication with departed memories abruptly gave way, and thenceforward ceased entirely. When, however, a few weeks of priceless leisure gave me, one lovely autumn, a chance of renewing my acquaintance with something outside the din and sadness of cities, I paid a swift farewell to the great weary Babel, and passed out once more into the deep, musical silences of fading woods, ripe, waving corn, and the soft, merciful sky.

It was a pleasant time, an autumn lovelier than the loveliest, or so it seemed to me. Warm, golden sun-

shine, that might have been stolen from the heart of summer, alternated with those mild, grey days that come at no other season, and in their sad and chastened beauty, might well be called the poetry of sorrow, if they were not so full of love and peace. Determined to make the most of my 'treasure-trove,' I eschewed for the most part all public ways and means; and wandering hither and thither, without any very definite aim, though with a decided northerly impulse, I found myself, towards the close of harvest, not a hundred miles from St Bridget's. A strange longing came over me to see my dear old master, and shake him by the hand; and without stopping to be casuistical on the question of accident and design, I started into my new track. I was at once rewarded so richly for my sudden change of route, that I began to entertain serious suspicions as to the philosophy of second thoughts, and to wonder, if, without compromising my consistency with my impetuous little Harry at home, I could recant my avowed principles, and act upon unreasoning impulses for the future. Life and nature seemed opening up a new page to me; and I pierced deeper and deeper into their secrets of unimagined loveliness, and stole back from their immortal innocence something of the freshness and wonder of childhood. I do not know that there is a sensation more exquisite than this blending of the old instinctive happiness with the longing earnestness of our elder years; we think and see no longer as children, it is true, and yet something of the long-hushed, passionate feeling smites through our being with a sob of joy.

My road lay for some miles through the enchanting solitude of a forest, where nothing but the dull crash of a distant axe, or the infrequent hut of the woodman recalled me at intervals to the consciousness of my own identity, by asserting the vicinity of my fellow-men. There is a species of awe, at once mysterious and pleasurable, in the sensation of utter loneliness, which is simultaneously alleviated and intensified by the fellowship of nature. The dark rooks flapped, with their hoarse and rattling cry, round the well-known suburbs of their airy cities; and deep in the heart of the

forest beat the sobbing note of the shy ringdove, while the robin shook his scarlet plumes, and filled the autumn woods with music. Some of the trees let fall their golden leaves at every step; and the sturdy oaks dropped their russet acorns when the wind sighed. The shadows began to gather early among the thick boughs, but when I got out once more under the open sky, the evening sun was still shining on the church tower of St Bridget's, some half mile away.

Just where the path emerged from the forest, and effected a junction with the public way, my curiosity was arrested, and my interest excited by coming suddenly upon the entrance to a long green avenue of beeches, leading apparently to one of those fine old manor houses, noble and dignified, that are so much in keeping with the best and simplest elements of the national character. The peculiar desolation of its aspect was what surprised me, however; for the first glance convinced me, not only that it was untenanted, but that many years must have elapsed since it had owned an inhabitant. The air of desertion that possessed the place was melancholy in the extreme. The stone supports of the heavy iron gates were ruinous, and dropping to decay; and the gates themselves, moss-grown and eaten with rust, swung mournfully to and fro, and creaked as their loose and broken hinges obeyed the evening wind. Long, rank weeds choked up the slender ornaments, and nettles climbed rudely amongst the thick mantling ivy. Impelled by a nameless desire to investigate further, I tied my horse to the half-open gate, and struck onwards in my desultory fashion, my feet marking the soft turf that crept to the roots of the hoary trees. The house itself, though catching at the moment the clear rays of the setting sun, looked mournful and deserted as I approached it; and its dim, blinded windows gave back a feeble and sorrowful smile in the deathly stillness. The birds hopped about, tame and fearless; the brown hares leaped and scampered on the uneven lawn; and a pale owl that sat blinking his dim eyes in the shadow, spread his heavy wings at the sight of me, and made for the nearest refuge, hooting with

fear. Some relics of dainty garden flowers, wild long ago, were trailing at random their slender branches among dominant thistles, and strewing their fine blossoms on the common soil. In the ruins of what had been a garden, a beautiful sundial, of rich, old-fashioned architecture, was silently and faithfully numbering the dying hours; and as long as the faint light lingered above, and fell on the crusted stone, its lips breathed out the old and earnest legend that told men to remember death.

There seemed a spell upon the place, and as I turned away half unwillingly, I made no effort to resist the fascinating sadness that crept over me. Giving the rein to my fancy, as well as to my steed, I pleased myself, as I rode slowly onwards, by weaving wild and dreamy scenes that might have been enacted in that strange, desolate home. But my thoughts were soon dissipated, for life and man began to assert themselves once more, and a sweet drowsy hum came floating from the village, defining itself as I drew near; and, recalled at once to my senses and to the object of my journey, I began to cast about for the rectory, marvelling how I should light upon my good old friend.

There is not a prettier rectory in merry England. I settled that question in my own mind before it received its final confirmation from the lips of Dr Fox. Nothing but a thick hawthorn hedge parted the quiet garden from that yet more peaceful enclosure, where the weary rested in the shadow of the house of God. Within, it was a very waste of evergreens, if that word could be applied to anything so trim and well ordered. The glossy laurels swept the ground with their low branches, the tall hollies were already gay with their ruddy clusters, and more beautiful still, the dark melancholy yews hung out those exquisite waxen berries, whose delicate crimson laughs at the Christmas frost. A profusion of rhododendrons held out rich promise for the spring; and among them all, on the mossy turf, the low white house, with its eccentric gables, and deep-set, irregular windows, nestled like a dove. The light smoke went curling cheerily to the clear evening sky, and in the trellised

porch stood the rector himself, watching his favourite swallows, who, still unwearied, were wheeling and darting in the crystal heaven at the utmost speed of their slender and fragile wings. My unexpected apparition diverted him from the study of hirundology, and he advanced to meet me with the gentle and dignified courtesy that was so pre-eminently his own.

He was scarcely altered; I should have known him anywhere. The face was perhaps a little calmer, the white hair a little thinner, the figure a trifle more stooping, and that was all. But with myself I knew that it was very different, so different, that I was by no means prepared for the almost instant recognition that followed his rapid scrutiny, and the prompt familiar greeting, 'Why, Walter! is it possible?' took me completely by surprise. 'This is more than I expected, my dear Dr Fox,' said I, returning his warm grasp with usury; 'I had as little anticipation of being recognised before I introduced myself, as of being rejected afterwards. I quite promised myself the triumph of a mystification, but I see you are as hard to baffle as ever.'

'Ah! you thought to impose upon me, because your hair is not so black as it was. No, no; I learned all your faces by heart, and the trick is not so easily forgotten as you fancy. Come in, come in, and see if you can put up with an old bachelor's welcome.'

The old bachelor's welcome was the warmest I ever had. His books, he said, were wife and children and all; but there were more than he wotted of in the humbleness of his heart, to rise up and call him blessed. He was as rich and ripe a scholar, as he was a wise and loving man. Much study had neither wearied his flesh nor dried up his spirit; and while his brilliant endowments and intellectual superiority commanded the most profound and unequivocal admiration, his mild benevolence and tender sympathy secured for him a yet more universal and enviable affection. He was one of those rare beings whom nothing can spoil; his life was the life of a Christian scholar and gentleman, and his death the death of the righteous, for he is gone to his reward, the gentle old man.

'There is only one drawback to my pleasure,' said the rector, as he led me round his little domain; 'you cannot see my rhododendrons, the pride of my heart.'

The low shrubs were planted out in clumps upon the lawn, within the shelter of the taller evergreens, where they bloomed out with the first breath of spring, and lighted his eyes with a flush of delicate crimson. We pleased ourselves with flowery visions for some vernal future; but alas! that dream will never be broken, and the rhododendrons now blush and fade in vain.

We fell into a long train of inexhaustible reminiscences, succeeded on his part by a sequence of affectionate personal interrogatories; and it was not till I had fully satisfied his warm-hearted curiosity, that I could advert to the subject of my own, and proceed to catechize in my turn. My questions were answered with the same genial alacrity, till I broached the subject of the old manor-house, and then, in a moment, his manner changed. A deep sadness came over his face, and he closed his eyes for a moment; I could almost have fancied to cover tears. But he recovered himself immediately, and although his voice shook somewhat as he replied, he did not seem indisposed to satisfy my inquiries.

'I cannot tell you anything of its absolute history,' said he; 'the real owners have long been absentees. You see, I am only a naturalized citizen, and if you want a chronicle *ab initio*, you must apply to the children of the soil. But your surmises are correct enough,' added he mournfully; 'it is twelve years since the last tenant of Netherstoke died.'

'And he had a story,' said I.

'My good friend,' said Dr Fox, with a quiet smile, 'have we not all our story, if the truth were told? But you are right again. Paul Lyndhurst had a story, and a sad one too.'

'Lyndhurst! not Lyndhurst of Magdalen?' I interrupted. 'A sulky anchorite he was in those days.'

'Nay, are you turned cynic in your old age, Walter? Trust me, his heart was gentler than your own. Speak heedfully, for you did not know him. Few did, and he was little loved, but those who found the treasures that he hid, will scarcely hear him lightly held;

and, Walter, my heart still bleeds and trembles at his name. You have sons,' continued the old man hurriedly, 'and they will love and honour you—God grant they may; but verily, they will never be to you half what Paul Lyndhurst was to me.'

I cannot repeat the story as I heard it; all that made it so sad and touching will be wanting; but I must gather up the broken threads, and tell it as best I may.

Paul Lyndhurst and his brother John were born, as the saying goes, with expectations. Their father had inherited in early life a considerable fortune, the fruit of much patient and devoted labour, not his own; and having married a fair young wife, whose penniless attractions won her small favour from his ancient mother, he threw himself, in his free careless way, into the mere pleasure of existence, and indulged himself, without control, and even without consideration, in refined tastes, intellectual luxuries, and generous fooleries. The birth of his children opened a new channel for his affectionate susceptibilities, without deepening his sense of immediate and extended responsibility; and his fatherly pride and fondness took the same bent as his previous emotions had done, without the smallest perception on his part, that he was running a perilous course. Sorrow came knocking at his door with a very sudden hand. When John was seven years old, and Paul but four, their mother died, leaving a passionate memory in the breast of her elder child, and in the heart of the younger, that nameless and perhaps unconscious sense of desolation, which often obtains such a mysterious and paramount influence upon the early formation and life-long development of the character and sympathies of the motherless. Her husband, when he recovered from the first stunning effects of this heavy blow, felt hopelessly that he had lost his stay. His character had not sufficient energy to support itself, and the grand defect in his mental constitution, a total want of moral courage and stability, laid him open to the attacks of unprincipled persons, whose designs, if he had the wit to suspect, he had not the wisdom to frustrate, nor the firm-

ness to repel. For a year or two he went on in his old way, the inherent deficiency telling upon him more and more. There was just a sufficient consciousness of impending danger to make him avoid looking at it steadily; and when the crash came at last, there was no one to take him by the hand. Receiving from his stern old mother more blame than compassion, and more reproaches than sympathy, he bent suddenly under his misfortune; and having looked wearily into the wild waste behind him, he kissed the prattling lips of his little children, prayed God to bless them, and so died.

It was not from his mother that Francis Lyndhurst had derived one particle of his generous, pliant, and mobile nature. She was one of those painfully excellent persons whose alarming virtue is more repellent than attractive, calculated to inspire more respect than sympathy, and more fear than love. Conscious of eternal rectitude, she pursued her unrelenting way, and swept from her path not only the humane peccadillos of more genial dispositions, but all those nameless, exquisite charities that make up so much of the sunshine of daily life. Retaining in advanced old age the stately carriage and iron sinews of her youth, her mind was yet more unbending than her figure. Her understanding was strong but not clear; she was shrewd but not judicious, absolutely destitute of tact, positive without being consistent, and argumentative rather than rational. Her principles were prejudices, and her duties superstitions; for physical weakness she had no sympathy, because she could not understand it; and of moral dereliction she was a hopeless censor. Her laws were as the laws of the Medes and Persians; her establishment was ordered with a rigid economy that almost amounted to parsimony; and her solitary household moved in its orbit like the planets in their spheres.

To this stern and loveless rule the little brothers came, fresh from the freedom and indulgence of their early home, to learn their first hard lesson in the world's school, to be taught with great plainness of speech that they were orphans, and to lay the deep but bitter foundations

of passionate brotherly attachment, silent fortitude and resolute self-control. John was his grandmother's favourite, for, like all narrow-minded characters, she was essentially partial; and as her preference proceeded on logical grounds, and depended first on the incontrovertible claims of primogeniture, and secondly, on the circumstance of his Christian name, a reasonable boy like Paul had no cause to complain. The little fellow's unpardonable likeness to his mother exercised an unfortunate influence upon his fates, and made her at last the victim of a singular delusion, which led her to separate in fact the interests of the brothers, and actually, though not avowedly, to regard each as the exclusive property and residue of one parent. The immediate consequence was that Paul gradually became more grave, silent, and thoughtful, and John, a generous, warm-hearted little lad, proved but an ungrateful recipient of bounty which he was required to share alone. Many and many a night, when they had escaped at last from that cold and ever-watchful eye, did the poor orphans cry themselves to sleep, sobbing into one another's ears, 'O mamma, mamma!' 'O papa, papa!'

It was very soon made known to John, in a private conference with his grandmother, that he was to be her residuary legatee. She was considerably surprised by the composure with which he received this intelligence, and probably imputed his silence to her own majestic reticence as to particulars. She would not have understood it any better if she had seen them afterwards sitting together on their crib, John's eager, honest eyes flashing apologetic fury, and seconding his indignant words of comfort.

The epoch of school-life, when it came, was an intense relief to both the boys. John, always practical and sensible, though not essentially clever, very honestly applied himself to his labours; but his character unfolded much more rapidly than his intellect, and Paul, though so much his junior (in years at least), soon followed, overtook, and passed him, more to his pride than his sorrow. Paul indeed was one of those rare specimens of

boyhood, devoted to learning for its own sake, regarding imposed study not merely as the imperative introduction to a noble and a wise hereafter, but as a positive and intrinsic pleasure; and as his mind enlarged, and the endless vistas dazzling with immortal light first opened on his vision, he began to feel that life was indeed worth living for,—and that there were wells even of earthly water, that could assuage, if they did not quench, the thirst of his childish sorrow. He grew intensely studious, and pored over his books so earnestly, that his grandmother gave utterance to the bold heresy that reading was one of the deadly sins; a conclusion for which she found it irksome to advance her premises when closely pressed on the subject by the downright John. That wicked boy took great delight in luring her into an argument unawares, when he would carry on an endless war of words, much to the discomfiture of his adversary, and the secret amusement of the silent Paul, who seldom ventured to question orally her incoherent dogmas. As may be supposed, she was no bibliomaniac; and, indeed, her choice of books was so exceedingly small and select, that but for the relics of their father's library, which in the wreck he had managed to secure to his boys, they would have been sadly at a loss. Paul perceived that the sight of these books made his grandmother bitter on the subject of literary progress, and attempted to confine his perusal of the treasured volumes to his own apartment, an innovation which met with violent opposition. But John, who began to have alarming notions about the rights and privileges of a free-born Briton, came valiantly to the rescue, and gained his point, although without much ulterior benefit to Paul.

Being in the immediate vicinity of a great public school, the course of their education went on smoothly enough, until the question of their future destination impended, when a serious division arose. John, though he had acted like a good, sensible boy, and gone through his school career with credit if not with honour, showed so great a repugnance to a prolonged course of study, and so great a desire

to embark at once in active life,—that his grandmother reluctantly consented to relinquish the fondly-cherished plan, which with unaccountable inconsistency she had formed, of bestowing a university education on her darling. But John had a harder triumph to achieve; his heart was set upon the transfer of this coveted boon at least, to the share of the defrauded Paul; and so earnestly did he plead his cause, supporting his own arguments with such wonderful oratory, and refuting hers with such ingenious and glaring unreason, that the baffled old lady from sheer weariness gave way at last with a very bad grace, which in no wise detracted from the generous ecstasies of one grandson, or the grateful transports of the other,—although, unfortunately for herself, she had little to do with either.

Paul's natural precocity and singular assiduity resulted in the event of his going to college at an unusually early age. This circumstance rendered it peculiarly fortunate for him that he was brought into contact with Dr Fox, who was first attracted by the extreme youth, and then by the extraordinary proficiency of his pupil. The interest very soon became mutual; for, discovering, with his usual penetration, Paul's peculiar temperament and consequent disadvantages, with exquisite tact and tenderness he sought the sympathies of the proud and melancholy boy, surprised him into confidence, and drew from him by degrees the secrets of his deep and passionate nature. But from that hour Paul was another being. The long craving of his heart began to be satisfied, and the loneliness of his orphanhood passed suddenly away. Years, as they glided by, only increased the strength and fervour of this attachment; and meanwhile another kind of sunshine was stealing into Paul's heart.

The fame of Mrs Lyndhurst's parental qualifications was not confined, it would seem, to the mother country; and it was so ordered that the young daughter of a distant relative, who had crossed the Atlantic in his youth, was consigned to her exclusive guardianship, until such time as she should attain to the years of legal discretion. Sorely pining on his deathbed for the

dim blue skies and low green hills of England, he answered little to the voluble outcries of the French Canadians, her mother's friends, and sent Adrienne home. And very captivating she was. Her genuine worth and honest goodness, brightened by an innocent vivacity that danced and sparkled in her fair blue eyes, which yet could lie in deep and earnest shadow beneath the calm, soft brow, and pensive lashes of golden brown. The trustee, alas! was unhappily chosen, and the poor child had her own struggles with the pride and prejudice of her capricious guardian. The brothers saw her from time to time, when they met beneath the only roof, which, cold as it was, bore for them the name of home. The silent spirit of orphanhood first drew their sympathies together, and the bond quickly strengthened into a friendship which to Paul was something more. He fed upon it, and lived upon it long in secret, and when at last he spoke, Adrienne trembled at her own strange joy. No one had the faintest foreboding of the crisis—not Mrs Lyndhurst, not John. The grandmother had indeed watched over her heir with silent and jealous vigilance, but perfectly satisfied with regard to him, the thought of Paul had never so much as crossed her mind. When the truth burst upon her in all its enormity, her rage was dreadful, and with terrible violence she assailed the two young orphans, who had dared to whisper to themselves, and to one another, that they wished to share their loneliness together.

Paul's spirit stirred within him; the pale student rose, and, with a sparkle she had never seen in his dark eyes before, put his strong arm round Adrienne, and told her no power should ever part them; then taking her gently from the room, he turned, in his calm, indignant pride, to meet her rude and bitter violence. But in vain she poured on him sarcastic reproaches and angry menaces. He quietly received her passion, and refuted her inconsistencies. She charged him with deceit, hypocrisy, and ingratitude; she drowned his reason in invective, and met his arguments with insult; but when she so far forgot herself and him as to taunt him with his

mother's poverty, and to insinuate, with a coarseness as false as it was cruel, that his union with her had been the ruin of her son and Paul's father, his gallant heart could bear it no longer, and, with a word and a look she never forgot or forgave, terrified into silence an insolence that was never attempted again.

But though cowed for a moment, she was by no means baffled, and no depth of meanness was too low for her now. Finding him utterly invulnerable to menaces, arguments, or reproaches, on his own account, she had the horrible baseness to strike at him through his brother, and assured him with no uncertain threat, that the total ruin of John's worldly prospects would be the inevitable consequence of his determined opposition to her will. The brave boy bowed his head like a deer caught in the toils, and the face of his grandmother, as she looked at him, was not good to see.

'My own darling,' said Paul, as he crushed all his heart into his low farewell, 'remember it is only for a time. Nothing but death shall ever part us.'

'Not even that,' whispered his young love, her tears falling on his cold hands. 'Dear Paul, we can wait.'

And she did wait, and she would have waited longer, but her heart broke, and she died; and John knew nothing of it till he saw the reason fleet from Paul's eyes over her coffin, and the look of terror in his grandmother's face, when she could not silence his fever-ravings. She having finished her work of mischief, shortly went to account for it; and John, silently and irrevocably making over every penny of her evil pelf to his broken-hearted brother, settled him, at the urgent entreaty of Dr Fox, at Netherstoke, where, after a few years of protracted bodily and mental suffering, gently and patiently borne, he found his last day.

'We buried him, by his own desire, beneath the chancel-window. He wrote his own epitaph,' said the rector, rising. 'It is a moonlight night—come, and I will show you his tomb.'

The great harvest moon was shining full on the old east window of St Bridget's church, and its cold light

silvered the thick graves, and fell on a rude cross already muffled gently in the creeping ivy. The short inscription was distinctly legible—

P. L.

ÆTAT 26.

OSCINET SPES; FVRELLIT AVVM; CONSOLATUR MORB.

The night was very still and balmy, and we sat down upon a tombstone opposite, in strange passionate silence, till the letters one by one died out of the moonshine, and only the dim outlines of the memorial cross spoke mournfully from the deepening shadow.

A FRENCH CELEBRITY ON SOCIAL CHANGES.

Few men of the present day display greater intellectual activity than M. Granier de Cassagnac, who comes before the public in three distinct capacities—1st, As a journalist and ardent partisan of the Bonaparte dynasty, so as to be a particular object of antipathy to the Orleanists, Bourbonists, Fusionists, and Democrats; 2dly, As an ardent opponent of the light literature of the Sand, Sue, and Dumas fils school; 3dly, As a man of profound, extensive, and various historical and philological erudition; thoroughly acquainted with antiquity, and particularly familiar with the vast social revolution which the advent of Christianity produced in the Roman empire—at that time a convertible term with the 'civilized world. We will not meddle with his career and position as a journalist either *pro* or *con*. In the republic of letters there are good and bad, moral and immoral writers, but neither Orleanists nor Bonapartists. Nor shall we say much of his onslaughts on the modern romance school, as we have treated that subject in a recent lucubration. It is, however, justice to M. St Marc Girardin and M. Granier de Cassagnac to say, that although they have not, like M. Eugène Poitou, written any distinct book upon the modern school of French romance; yet, that the germs of many of Poitou's ideas are to be found in the scattered writings of these two accomplished authors. We have not seen the numbers of *Le Réveil*, the new journal of M. Granier de Cassagnac, but we learn from other quarters that he continues the paper war against this literature, and that the last comedy, 'Le Fils Naturel' of M. Dumas fils, has been very rudely

handled by him. We will keep our eye on this curious combat of opposite schools; but, in the meantime, we invite the reader to accompany us in a brief excursion through the collected and published literary works of this prolific writer.

The first thing that strikes us in these works is the clearness with which he points out the change which Christianity effected in the whole of the social and political relations of mankind; and, in order to elucidate his view of the change, he first paints man in his relation to the State, to the family, to the bond, and to the free, and shows that the struggle of spiritual and temporal power is altogether peculiar to modern times, and was unknown to the ancients, who had only one power—the spiritual or religious one. In all the little governments of Greece, even in the Roman government itself, the authority was *ab initio* pontifical, and the deliberating bodies formed a theological council before they became an Areopagus or a Senate. What we moderns call liberty of conscience, was considered by the ancients as a horrible impiety. The Moslems of the present day have the same idea; they cannot conceive liberty of conscience within the pale of Islamism; and notwithstanding the reforms, no minister, not even the recently deceased Reschid Pasha, has ever dared to assume in theory, that the authority of the Sultan is, as regards the Moslems, other than theocratic. In ancient Greece the superior authority of the state prescribed theologically the public faith and the external worship, without permitting any one to take refuge in any sort of *Protestantism*; and it was for such an exercise of liberty of conscience

that Sophocles was denounced on a capital charge, and Socrates actually condemned to death. In these instances the Athenian Areopagus proceeded on the same principle as the Inquisition, and the long and bloody persecutions of the Christians during the three first centuries of our era, had no other foundation than the violation of the religious authority of the Roman Senate.

Religious belief was, therefore, with the ancients, the basis of the civil and political law, hence jurisprudence was defined as 'the science of Divine and human things.' Theology and the augural art formed, therefore, the basis of social science. All the arts of life—commerce, agriculture, and professions—were under a tutelar deity; and all the great acts of public life—war, peace, and embassies to foreign states—were regulated by theological ordinance and prescription. But antiquity did not die with the introduction of Christianity, although M. Granier de Cassagnac does not dwell upon it; the Romish Church has shown in her history a continued series of efforts to continue the theocratic infallibility of antiquity. Professions, if no longer under a tutelar deity, were under the tutelar saint. The horoscopes of the Middle Ages, and of modern Islamism, in commencing war or travel, and many other customs contrary to the true spirit of Christianity are clearly traditions of antiquity.

Therefore, when Christ presented himself to the pagan nations, he held a language so new to them as to excite their astonishment, and also the indignation of all those whose interests were bound up in the old system. According to the pagan ideas, men were not brothers, because they had not the same father. Some were sons of the gods, and others were not. Cæsar, who seriously believed himself to be the descendant of Jupiter by Venus, the mother of Eneas; and Alexander the Great, whose lineage was traced from Hercules, could not conceive their souls to be like those of other men. The noble races were considered by the ancients as quite apart. This was the opinion of Homer, who considered that the servile races had only half a soul; this was also

the opinion of Plato, who does not take the trouble to discuss the question; and of Aristotle, the intellectual giant, who towers above all the rest of mankind. He says that the gods had created men to command, and men to obey. The fraternity that Christianity established was therefore a change, *toto cælo*, from everything that had existed before.

The revolution in the family which Christianity produced, was not less remarkable than the change in the relations of man to man. According to the ancient patriarchal theory which existed, and was reduced to practice before the lawgiving of either Jews or Greeks, the children were the absolute property of the parent by right of paternity. In the most ancient times, parents had right over the life or death, service or sale, of their children. But Christianity taught the parent, that his children, as creatures of God, had a social value which had not been recognised, that they were no longer his property, so that he could not kill or sell them, as had previously been the case. Christianity also taught the husband that his wife was no longer his slave; that she ought not to be purchased or taken from the father, but obtained by her own consent; and the wife being his equal, he must give love for love; and that polygamy and adultery were unlawful. Christianity also taught the wife, that as his lawful spouse, she had a civil status which the laws and tribunals ought to protect, that she had a husband, and no longer a master; that she ought to love, and not to fear him, and that the ancient Gynæceum, where the master shut her up with rival wives, like a modern oriental harem, was abolished. Christianity also taught that the pagan family, in which the children belonged to the father, and owed no deference to the mother, was done away with; and that, on the death of the father, the mother was the natural guardian of the children.

But the blow which Christianity struck at slavery, was still more remarkable. Granier de Cassagnac's view of slavery is, that it was not instituted, but existed previously to all institutions and written laws. Moses founded the laws of the Hebrews, and slavery is in the Mosaic books

Homer lived before the promulgation of the known laws of Greece, and yet slavery is in the poems of Homer; the Papyrian code is the basis of the Roman laws, and slavery is in the Papyrian code. All the traditions seem to establish that slavery existed in the family, and not in the state; and in its origin was simply the submission of children to the ancient paternal authority—an authority first absolute, and which civilisation has successively diminished. Slavery, therefore, commenced peaceably, and not violently; the first slaves were not reduced to slavery, but born in it. We may add, that children when they were taken, given, or sold, changed masters without changing their condition. Afterwards, in historical times, when nations regulated themselves, positive laws defined and regulated slavery, but did not institute and create it. Such, according to Granier de Cassagnac, is the origin of slavery in pre-historical times. The speculation is ingenious, and historical records are too scanty to enable us to pronounce dogmatically on this subject. It appears to us that the author in this instance does not draw a sufficient distinction between patriarchal authority and positive slavery. Undoubtedly, patriarchal authority existed in the very earliest ages of all human society; but we rather apprehend that the positive institution of slavery as commonly understood, had its origin in the utilitarian practice of taking the labour instead of the lives of those vanquished in war. The victor, no doubt, said, 'Your life belongs to me, but you can ransom it by your labour and bond service.' In patriarchal authority, affection and habit temper it; not so with positive slavery that springs from captivity in war. Homer informs us, after the death of Hector, that Andromache pictures to herself how she will have to become the menial of a Greek who will carry her captive in his vessel—that she will be destined to the bed of a Greek master, and that she will have to draw water from the well, and perform other base offices, while her son Astyanax, who lived on marrow and the most delicate food, will be reduced to misery. But whatever was the origin of slavery, Christianity

abolished it by establishing fraternity, and that God looked not to the bonds of the body, but of the soul, and that in his eyes the slave of his evil passions was to be condemned.

Thus, every one of the positions of life were modified by Christianity. Polygamy was abolished as well as concubinage; the relations of parents to children were entirely altered. The woman was endowed with civil rights, and could buy, sell, and dispose of property. And the woman, moreover, gave herself to her husband, of her own free will; thus the bond were everywhere made free. Such was the revolution that Christianity produced (apart from all theological doctrines) in the social relations of man.

The logical induction from this view of antiquity, and of what we call the Christian revolution, is, that the view taken of antiquity by Racine and the French writers of the seventeenth century, is altogether false, however seductive their poetry and versification may have been. The ancients, such as Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, never put on the theatre what is called a love intrigue, that is to say, a fable founded on the efforts which two lovers make to be united, or on the obstacles which separate them. Now, in the time of Louis XIV., plays written for the small courtly public, that is to say, for a select society that was gallant and idle, could not do without love; the affections of the heart are the strongest, the most general, and the most profound. Everybody has been in love, is in love, or will be. The more general the passions are which are introduced on the stage, the poet addresses himself to a more extended public. Exceptional passions are only for a limited public. Political pieces have no interest for women, and besides, exclude men of a contrary opinion; a love-plot unites everybody, men and women—the young by their hopes, and the old by their recollections.

Granier de Cassagnac, therefore, considers that Racine and Corneille were justified in putting love-plots into the pieces taken from antiquity, but that they were wrong in inventing heroines, false in conception and treatment. The Greek tragedians could not properly introduce the mo-

dern love-plot, because this supposes that a man and a woman, who are not brother and sister, and who consequently belong to different families, can see and converse with each other. But until the establishment of Christianity, virtuous women never showed themselves in public, or ate or conversed with men. It, therefore, would have been impossible for these Greek poets openly to violate all the deencies of that time, by allowing persons to meet who were rigorously separated by religion and morals. When in the *Iphigenia in Aulis* of Euripides, Achilles perceives Clytemnestra, he cries out stupified, 'O sacred laws of modesty! what do I see?—a woman here!' he alludes to the impossibility of their conversing with each other, and retires. Cicero relates, with profound indignation in his oration against Verres, that Rubrius, one of the familiars of this worthy, being at Lampsacus, went to lodge in the house of one of the first men of the town, whose name was Philodamus, and who had a daughter a great beauty. During the dinner, Rubrius asked his host why he did not introduce his daughter? But this man, who was respectable by his age and the decorum of his conduct, was confounded by these impudent words, and answered, that with the Greeks women did not sit at table with men. Even so late as the year 449 of the Christian era, there was a Roman law which gave a husband the right to repudiate his wife if she dined with strangers. Hence the impossibility for the ancient tragedians of introducing anything like our modern gallantry upon the Greek stage. The ancients had none of those elevated, delicate, and respectful feelings, which we have for women. The language of love would, therefore, have been wholly misplaced in the mouths of the men of antiquity. In Athens, if a man left his property to anybody, and there was a daughter, the heir took the daughter also. The daughters of a dead man were so completely attached to the inheritance, that if heirs by fraud or error succeeded to a property, and were afterwards dispossessed by a lawsuit, the true heirs got back everything, not only the land, but the women, after years of mar-

riage. This was monstrous, and yet the fact is incontestable, as appears from irrefragable documentary evidence.

Not less remarkable are the errors which other modern writers have fallen into as to the political constitution of ancient society. M. Barthélemy St Hilaire's translation of Aristotle gives Granier de Cassagnac an opportunity of pointing out how inapplicable the modern expressions, 'State, Citizens, and Republic,' are to ancient Greece. The distinctive and fundamental character of all the legislation of remote antiquity is, that it was for a town and not for a country. Solon made laws for Athens, Lycurgus for Sparta, Numa for Rome, &c. &c. In antiquity people were composed of a town and its territory, the slaves not being considered part of the citizens. There was, therefore, no State in ancient Greece, but simply a collection of towns.

Perhaps the most curious part of Aristotle's book is where he discusses slavery with the utmost of antique simplicity; but M. St Hilaire wishes to excuse Aristotle, as if he had lived in the post-Christian period. M. Barthélemy St Hilaire comments upon the great Aristotle by the aid of the poor Abbé Grégoire, and this Granier de Cassagnac turns into ridicule in that vein of pleasantry now familiar to his literary opponents, and we think it will be more satisfactory, instead of a translation, to give the concluding paragraph of the original.

C'est, à notre avis, quelque chose de bien étrange, que cette idée de vouloir faire d'Aristote un membre de la Société d'émancipation, et un collègue de M. Julien de Paris, nous aimerions autant être Aristote tout court. Mais ce qui nous paraît bien plus étrange encore, c'est l'idée de commenter Aristote avec des extraits de l'Abbé Grégoire! Concevez-vous ces deux noms dans le même livre, l'un pour le texte, l'autre pour la note? Composez donc les ouvrages les plus surprenants de l'antiquité; soyez, avec Homère et avec Platon, l'une des trois plus grandes figures du paganisme; ayez cette majesté calme et cette auguste pérennité que donnent deux mille ans passés des suffrages du monde; et, un beau jour,

ou intercalera dans votre page, dans votre idée, sur un pied d'égalité et de fraternité littéraires, quelques lambeaux arrachés aux plates compilations d'un inconnu, qui s'appelle l'Abbé Grégoire.—*Œuvres Littéraires*, tome i. p. 134.

To excuse Aristotle for his defence of slavery, is absurd; the fruits of Christianity were not to be plucked in the noblest groves of Accademe.

We will touch very briefly upon the barbaric period that succeeded on the fall of the Roman Empire. Granier de Cassagnac shows, with great clearness, how, from the age of Constantine to the end of the fifth century, Christianity made most rapid progress, yet still the Christians rendered to Cæsar that which was due to Cæsar. The Christian populations sought no other chief magistrate. Another administration, to be sure, was formed and organized, like a new bark that grows up under the old one that is decaying. This movement of the extension of Christianity was a magnificent spectacle, represented by the writings of the fathers and the primitive councils. But this movement was suddenly stopped by the barbaric invasions of the fifth century. This created the necessity of recommencing the apostleship and the conversions. Most of the barbarians were idolaters. Even the Goths, the least uncivilized of them, and the most susceptible of a regular political existence, were Arians. 'Thus,' says Granier de Cassagnac, 'the excellent soil of the Roman empire, which had been cleared by the hands of the apostles and the fathers, and fertilized by the blood of the martyrs, was, from the year 406, covered by a vast and deep flood of barbarians, who deposited a thick bed of Pagan mud.' And as the invasions of one barbarous nation after another continued incessantly, the work of apostleship and conversion had perpetually to recommence, 'until these burning lavas, flowing from the crater of the Asiatic steppes, had cooled down and taken a fixed position.'

In a certain number of the Germanic nations who invaded the Roman empire, we find Republican independence arising from the principle of self-government. But many of the

other invaders were simply chiefs and slaves, that is to say, populations with whom were replaced those inequalities which Christianity had abolished—slavery, the absolute authority of the father, and the subjection of woman-kind. Hence the beginning of the feudal noblesse of the middle ages. Their Christianity was only nominal. We prefer quoting the expressive language of the original *in extenso*, to any re-hash or condensation of our own.

'La noblesse de l'invasion tenta donc de gouverner l'Europe, comme l'avait tenté la noblesse de l'ancienne Grèce et de l'ancienne Italie; elle eut pour dogme sa lance, et pour morale son bon plaisir, comme toute puissance absolue, elle accepta Dieu pour égal et non pour supérieur sur la terre; elle prit en main la conduite de la société, et, à coups de sabre et à coups de lois, elle charpenta du mieux qu'elle sut l'édifice enchevêtré du moyen âge!'

The extension and enfranchisement of the towns gradually overthrew, as our readers well know, the whole fabric of middle-age feudalism, and the extreme expression of this overthrow is undoubtedly the supremacy which the city of Paris has established for itself, so that the city has in modern times compelled all France, *volens* or *volens*, to accept the master which the capital might choose for itself. The curious speculations of Granier de Cassagnac on this topic derive an additional interest from the highly important measure of dividing France into five great military commands. If this were merely a political measure of the day, characterizing this cabinet, or that cabinet, we should not allude to it; but it strikes us, unless we are deceived, as a great landmark of modern history, and likely to have most important results. Hitherto, when a government has fallen in Paris, France was lost. But by the creation of other military capitals with military commands, armies, and resources of their own, it is quite clear that even if a total collapse of a government were to take place, the question is not decided unless Paris can also hold its ground against four other armies moving concentrically on the capital. The marshals command-

ing on these important stations are to be allowed to concentrate and march their troops according to their own judgment in case of troubles. Within a few days of any victory of the mob of Paris over the central government, they would have to contend first with the armies of Tours and Nancy, who in a few weeks later would be joined by those of Lyons and Toulouse. We offer no opinions on the form of government best suited to the French nation. We simply note the fact of an administrative change having been made, which is so great as apparently to set aside the despotic fiat which the city of Paris has always issued as to who is to be the master of France.

Granier de Cassagnac, in treating this subject, begins, as usual, with antiquity, in which he is so well grounded. As already stated, Greece was grouped into towns, these towns having around them a territory which was the property of their inhabitants, the laws of which were applicable only to this town and territory. The Roman Republic, during the ages of its most rapid and alarming extension, never broke up this framework; the civil laws, the police, and the municipal affairs, remained to the towns who received a Roman governor. Gradually the towns of Italy asked for Roman citizenship on account of the privileges which it conferred. The inhabitants of Greece, Gaul, Spain, and Asia Minor, asked it in their turn. But although scantily granted by the central government, we find that under the Emperor Claudius the municipal registers gave a return of nearly seven millions of Roman citizens, scattered over the surface of the empire. The other eighty or hundred millions of men, distributed into towns which form states, were governed according to their own laws, and the complete fusion did not take place until the reign of the Emperor Caracalla.

In France itself in the middle ages the different provinces having estates or parliaments, governed themselves according to the theory of the law; during this ancient system Paris was a town like the others having laws and government, but nothing more. As a town of political importance, Granier de Cassagnac declares Paris

to have been 'below Rennes, Pau, Aix, and Toulouse. Because the latter were provincial capitals enjoying political prerogatives with which Paris as a mere enfranchised town was not invested.' Paris could therefore be angry or pleased, set up or knock down her magistrates, without France caring anything about the matter. Even so late as two hundred years ago, Paris was the principal town of France, and yet she was not in possession of the supremacy over the whole country. When the barricades were raised under Louis XIV., the provinces heard of it a month afterwards, but the capital could not have altered the dynasty. It was the revolutionary centralization that has constituted the supremacy of Paris; but it is a very curious fact which we perceive stated for the first time in Granier de Cassagnac, that the origin of the civil code is to be found not in the revolutionary mania, but in the projects of ancient lawyers, the juriconsults of the beginning of this century who took the *Code civile* from the works of Pothier. 'The most notable part of this code was discussed under Louis XII, in April 1510, in the Hôtel of the Bishop of Paris, by the servants of the king, in presence of the delegates of the Church and the State, and with the assent of the commune of Paris. The rest was published under Henri III, by Achille Harlai,' and Granier de Cassagnac wants to make out that the Council of State of Napoleon only modernized and arranged old materials of several centuries' standing. He confesses his dislike of this supremacy which Paris has arrogated to herself, and by the total absorption of the then administrative independence of the provinces. 'It does not appear,' says he, 'that the town of Paris which takes the lead in our native land, has been ever very patriotic: under the reign of Charles VI, she opened her gates to the English; in 1814, she opened her gates to the Russians, to the stupefaction of the Emperor, who said in terminating his prodigious campaign, that it was not easy to take possession of a town of eight hundred thousand inhabitants if they were resolutely bent on defending themselves. In 1815, she opened her gates to the

'Prussians, &c. &c.' We cannot venture to predict what Paris will next do, but we rather think that her absolute dictation to the rest of France has received a serious shake by the military measure so recently promulgated.

Granier de Cassagnac disapproved of the journals of Paris treating France as conquerors, and speaking of the provinces as the Athenians spoke of Boeotia; and he insists that irreligious and turbulent Paris, with its dangerous classes, does not represent France, and he finds that it is a strange spectacle that a corrupt town should lead a virtuous country! 'If I have gone,' says he, 'to receive from the air of Paris the dew that falls upon the artists and the poets to freshen and expand the flowers of the intellect, I prefer infinitely those simple landscapes which the Adour fertilizes, and which have the azure of the Pyrenees for a background. There is certainly in these regions less *bel esprit* than at Paris, but there is more of religious veneration and domestic existence; I therefore see with regret, that the poison of the Parisian ideas penetrates more and more into the heart of the country. Thou art very imprudent and very ungrateful, O Paris! to poison the springs at which thou drinkest; whence come these orators and these poets of which thou art so proud, but from the provinces which thou turnest into ridicule!'

With the journalism of young France, and even with other literary coteries, Granier de Cassagnac has been often at war. One of his most amusing encounters was with M. Jules Janin, the lively *feuilletoniste* of the *Journal des Débats*, on the subject of great and small journalists. The reader may remember a droll vaudeville of M. Scribe, 'Le Coiffeur et le Perruquier,' in which the wig-maker extols this adjunct to the head by describing all the great men who adopted it, from Louis le Grand and Molière to Voltaire and Frederic the Great, concluding that all great men had worn wigs. The opponent, however, insists that the intellectual greatness consisted not in the wigs, but in the heads, and triumphantly asks if Cæsar wore a wig. M. Jules Janin,

to extol journalism, had made out that Mirabeau, Madame Roland, M. Châteaubriand, General Foy, Benjamin Constant, M. Guizot, and a host of others, were journalists. Happily for France, says Granier de Cassagnac, had these men been journalists alone, we should never have heard of them. These men were philosophers, poets, and learned authors; they all had a work done, a name made, and glory acquired, when they consented to hand over to a journal some ideas of their great works, and to let a ray of their glory fall upon an ephemeral newspaper. Granier de Cassagnac thinks that the connexion of newspapers with the political passions of the day, is an obstacle to their being the vehicle of grand ideas. '*Le journal est une allée basse et étroite, où les grandes pensées ne passent jamais sans balayer les murs de leurs ailes.*' Was Mirabeau the obscure gazetteer of Holland, worth the Mirabeau the adversary of Barnave? Were the articles of M. Châteaubriand in the *Journal des Débats* on a level with "Le Génie du Christianisme," "René," and "Bonaparte and the Bourbons?" Would M. Guizot give his historical works for his newspaper articles? Granier de Cassagnac then goes on to show that, if all the newspaper writings of these men were to be effaced, not a thought, or a success of these men would be diminished, because they existed in themselves, in their books, in their speeches, and their style, and far from needing journalism in order to appear in public, it received a lustre from their talents and their reputation. On the contrary, there is a set of men who have never done anything but write articles, and read articles, but who do not know a line of Homer, or a sentence of Bossuet, and who are to true publicists, what advocates are to orators; those easy and fluent phrase-makers, who, unacquainted with the great masters, and unable fully to enjoy them, have no strength or originality of style. These men who live and die in journalism, are like the mites in cheese. These men understand nothing of politics, but the polemic of each day. 'They turn like horses in a hippodrome,' says De Cassagnac, 'always going over the same ground with the same paces.'

These men,' adds he, 'who write daily for thirty years, and yet have neither a name nor a style, who consume their intelligence and their life without a moment of brilliancy, are like damped wood that burns without a flame. Suppress the *Journal des Débats*, and M. Châteaubriand will remain in all his glory; suppress the *Courier Français*, and the name of M. C. will be utterly forgotten. There are two sorts of people who write in the journals: those who make it a shop, and those who make it a pulpit; those who receive their food from the journals, and those who think in public through them; those who, if journals were suppressed, would be commercial travellers or street-rioters, and those who would still remain historians, economists, and poets.' It was urged that the great fortune of M. Thiers was made by the press, but to this Cassagnac answers, by showing that, in his ministerial capacity, all the acts of M. Thiers were a contradiction to, and a practical denial of his principles, as set forth in the *National*, the journal which he founded.

Of the literary characters treated of in the works of Granier de Cassagnac, one of the most prominent is M. de Châteaubriand; and having taken a glance at his ideas on Christianity and classical antiquity, it is not irrelevant to say something of modern classicism and romanticism, as well as of the modern partisans of Christianity and Materialism. The imagination of Granier de Cassagnac represents him 'like the Moses of Michael Angelo, bringing back the French muses from the captivity of Rome and Athens, writing for them the tables of the new law, and placing them at the beginning of the land of promise.' Châteaubriand, in fact, closed the period of French classicism, and commenced the restoration of the national traditions, not only without completing it, but without even fully comprehending, or being conscious of the work he was doing. Granier de Cassagnac resolutely declines to admit Madame de Staël into this collaboration; and we think that on this point an inordinate national literary vanity has led him not only to do an injustice to Madame de Staël, but greatly to underrate the influence which

her celebrated book on Germany, and a better acquaintance with English literature, have had on the mind of France.

'If we attribute to M. Châteaubriand only an external co-operation in the literary renovation of France, we yet must assign it to him alone. We know that a general idea is abroad, that Madame de Staël, more than any other person, has contributed to the foundation of our young literature; but in our opinion, Madame de Staël went to seek romanticism in Germany, as the Decemvirs were said to have sought the laws of the twelve tables in Greece. It is proved that the Decemvirs never set foot out of Rome, and we hope to make it appear, not that Madame de Staël did not go to Germany, but that she did not bring back the modern literature of France, which is of pure French race.'

What then, he asks, if we may be allowed to condense the sequel, did Germany lend to France? 'Is Germany in possession of any grand idea which we have not ourselves?' As to her philosophy, he considers that Descartes was the author of it; and as to religion, if Germany had her Lutherism, France had her Calvinism, the stronger negation of the two. In France, he declares that Germany is generally unknown, and he doubts if M. Châteaubriand, M. Lamartine, and M. Victor Hugo, ever read Schiller in German. He has the same idea of England having had little influence on the literary renovation. All the modern nations of Europe are daughters of Christianity. But one cannot help smile, when he tells us that France is the eldest daughter, because she has always been thinking and acting for the others, and that all the revolutions have begun with her. M. Granier de Cassagnac forgets that France got the arts from Italy, printing and liberty of conscience from Germany, and political philosophy and economy from England. 'It is possible,' admits Granier de Cassagnac, that "René" may be derived a little from Goethe, "Henri III." from Schiller, and "Les Enfants d'Edouards" from Shakspeare, and isolated works from foreign prototypes. But that the romantic literature in a mass, prose and verse, as language, romances, dramas, proceed

from England and Germany, and that "Les Méditations Poétiques" have any other inspiration than M. de Lamartine's, seems impossible and unreasonable. The literary renovation is neither English nor German, it is French, having its root in the traditions and elements of the national literature, and being the end of the period of the Renaissance, and the resumption of the æsthetic inspirations peculiar to Christian civilisation.

It is impossible for us to concur in these opinions. No doubt the genius of M. de Lamartine, M. Hugo, and other writers of the romantic school belongs to France and to France alone; but it is unquestionable, that after classicism had fallen into discredit, it was to England and Germany that the rising generation looked for forms more suited to the public mind. That generation had before its eyes the forms of Racine and Corneille, and the forms of Shakspeare and Schiller, and it deliberately preferred the latter. No doubt the essentials of the French genius do not alter; the style of France remains clear, gay, and agreeable, with an occasional tendency to bombast as before; but the influence of the foreign literature was at that time too powerful not to have raised the anger of all the old classicists, who protested against what they call the barbarous innovations. 'People,' says Théophile Gautier, 'were at that time intoxicated with the great romantic insurrection. People were wild with Shakspeare, Goethe, Byron, and Scott.' Even in the fine arts, the race of Catos and Scipios was gone, and scenes from Rob Roy or Macbeth covered the walls of the exhibition rooms; and *Nôtre Damede Paris*, and other productions of that stamp, although the scene was laid in France, came direct from the school of Scott, although deficient in the moderation and probability of his great prototype, the shadows being all black, and the high lights too full of striking contrasts. St Marc Girardin points out this exaggeration as the great defect of the new French literature, as compared with the old. 'Grief has become melancholy, tenderness has become morbid sensibility, meditation has gone into reverie. Our literature,' continues he, 'represents the imagination

in vogue, but does not represent the French society of the nineteenth century.'

M. de Châteaubriand was undoubtedly the beginner of the romantic reaction, but in spite of M. Granier de Cassagnac's opinion, and in spite of the ten thousand printed copies of *L'Allemagne*, which were confiscated and destroyed by the police of the first Emperor, we hold that Madame de Staël, quite as much as M. de Châteaubriand, is entitled to a place as associate foundress of the reformed literature, which, in course of time, was to become revolutionary. But it is certain that the ideas of M. de Châteaubriand found favour with the Catholic and noble classes of France, who had a rooted antipathy to Protestantism and bourgeoisie! Madame de Staël, a Protestant and a bourgeoisie of a Swiss municipality, could not act upon religious and historical France. M. de Châteaubriand, in his capacity of nobleman and Catholic, was, according to M. Granier de Cassagnac, the sole effective champion of romanticism. This writer delights in seeing France rescued from the captivity of classicism, and coming back to an autonomic literary system, but with, as we think, an excess of national literary vanity; his attempt to ignore all foreign share in the change, is belied not only by well-known facts, but by the opinion of a majority of the ablest French critics of our generation.

We have on this subject a very curious parallel taken from a point of Roman literary history, which is noteworthy. For towards the end of the reign of Augustus, the Greek taste declined in Italy. Under Tiberius, Claudius, and Nero, this showed itself by ideas and forms which were a revolt against the orthodoxy of Terence, Virgil, Cicero, and the other Latin writers of the Greek School. The Greco-classicists of that day were scandalized by the ideas and forms of the new Latin romanticists. Even Nero, who had the classic taste, turned the new style of Seneca into ridicule, which he called 'sand without lime.' But the Roman literature of that day was not destined to a lengthened existence—scarcely had it been victorious over Greek taste, when it was

conquered by Christianity and the Christian literature.

But the great and undoubted merit of M. Châteaubriand was his recalling his fellow-countrymen to a sense of the devastation that had been made by the low materialism of the 18th century, and his eloquent vindication of the superiority of Christianity to the tepid morality of Theophilanthropists and Utilitarians. Not only is Granier de Cassagnac's admiration of Châteaubriand's services in this respect sincere; but in his own numerous writings he has done no little service himself, by constantly inculcating that the national life of France must be hollow and unsatisfactory without a larger infusion of the religious element than suits the practice and principles of modern Materialists. Among one of his most curious productions in this sense, we may point out his essay on the political festivals of France. He shows that the national festivals of the ancients were religious. When the Athenians had their great festivals, the magistrates and pontiffs regulated the order of the incorporations, the number of sacrifices, and the march of the procession, when all the population proceeded, by music, to the Temple of Minerva; and in the floral festivals of Rome there were similar sacrifices and processions, headed by the college of pontiffs; even when Alexander the Great entered Memphis he celebrated a festival in honour of Jupiter. 'But it is the French patriots who have invented atheistical fêtes, and we find not a little singular the pretension of these revolutionary men to confiscate the Deity.'

Granier de Cassagnac condemns all purely political festivals as tending to maintain hatred among parties, and he considers that one of the great faults of the Restoration was having

made a public expiation of the celebration of the 21st of January, as renewing and reviving revolutionary hatred; for the same reason he condemned the fêtes of July. Under the Restoration the children and the members of the convention said, 'Why are we rendered responsible for what happened before us?' The celebration of the 21st of January rouses every year the hatred of the people of France against the enemies of those who condemned Louis XVI. Under Louis Philippe another generation, holding opposite opinions, held the same language. In short, the three days of July were as distasteful to M. Granier de Cassagnac, in consequence of their non-religious character, as the anniversary of the death of Louis XVI. was to him, on account of its perpetuation of political hatred.

We will not meddle with the later career of M. Granier de Cassagnac. He has installed himself as a sort of successor of Châteaubriand in combating the irreligious literature of France; but he has latterly become more Ultramontane in his views than many members of the religious party would desire. With these views no Protestant can by any possibility have the smallest sympathy; but all his writings are distinguished by a high moral tone, vast erudition, a masculine train of thought, and a style singularly accurate and agreeable. He has not the splendid colouring of Lamartine, nor the antithesis of Hugo, but his language is full, strong, correct, and harmonious. And although we admire neither Romanism, nor his excessive national vanity, it is not easy to pick out in the high literature of modern France more satisfactory reading, more pregnant brevity, and more classic form, than are afforded by the literary works of Granier de Cassagnac.

WHICH?

OR,

EDDIES ROUND THE RECTORY.

CHAPTER XX.—VERIFYING THE OLD ADAGE ABOUT 'LISTENERS.'

* All false pretences, like flowers, fall to the ground; nor can any counterfeit last long.—CICERO.

'And if she hapt of any good to heare,
That had to any happily betid,
Then would she inly fret, and grieve and teare
Her flesh for falsenes, which she inward hid;
But if she heard of ill that any did,
Or harms that any had, then would she make
Great cheare, like one unto a banquet bidd;
And in another's losse great pleasure take,
As she had got thereby, and gayned a great stake.'

SPENSER.

'PRAY, Mrs Beckford,' said Mrs Wyndham one morning, when she and Margaret were making a morning call at Beckford Hall, 'how does your honeycomb couvrette progress?'

'Why, indeed, Mrs Wyndham, I can scarcely tell you whether it is going on well or not, for I scarcely know myself; I am very much disturbed in my mind about it.'

'How so?'

'Why, if you look at it, you will see I have only about one row of the fringe to do; but I had not enough of Strutt's cotton to finish it with, so I wrote to a shop in Liverpool where they sell it, to have some sent by return of post; and though I told them in my note I had three sides done, and only waited for the cotton to finish the fourth, I have not received it yet. They are really very dilatory in some of those shops.'

'How many days have elapsed since you wrote?' said Mrs Wyndham.

'Two or three, I think, but my brother Wilmot reckoned I should have it by this day's post; and though I was seated at my work-table with scissors and crochet-needle ready to begin, it did not come. Augusta, do you know what day it was I wrote for the Strutt's cotton?'

'No, mamma; I am perfectly sure I know nothing in the world about it.'

'Indeed, Mrs Wyndham, Augusta never remembers anything I want. Let me see; it was the day the men were rolling the avenue; was that Wednesday? Oh! it couldn't have been Wednesday, now I recollect, for it was Wednesday the house smelled so badly of hot vinegar, with all the

pickles the cook had been making. It may be that it was Tuesday; but no, that was the day the kitten fell out of the loft. Indeed, I could not say with any correctness;" and Mrs Beckford folded up her work, looking the image of despair.

'I would advise you,' said Mrs Wyndham, 'to begin something else that would be amusing, to beguile the interval until you receive it.'

'I am sure you are right; that is precisely what Mr Beckford said; only there was a slight difference, for he advised me to come down to the dairy and see three new patent churns at work. He and my brother were experimentalizing with them, and they wished for my opinion before they fixed on one to be kept. Indeed, I thought them all very funny.'

'One thing in patent inventions,' said Mrs Wyndham, 'they have at least the recommendation of novelty.'

'Indeed, yes, Mrs Wyndham; and I chose a very nice one, that can be worked entirely with one foot, which would be very pleasant for the dairy-maid, in case she had any taste for doing fancy-work. I remember a nurse the children had when they were very young, who used to read to them on Sundays out of a very religious, gilt-leaved book called "The Dairyman's Daughter," who, of course, was a dairy-maid; and she used to read her Bible when she had any time, and used to repeat hymns at some time or other, either when milking, or churning, or doing something of that kind; and I remember what a good servant she was too, and wore such coarse stuff-gowns. And as our present dairy-

maid has some conscientious scruples about attending family prayers here, I thought this would be a good opportunity for her to improve herself; and I intended to buy a new "Tent and Altar," and give her the old one, which is, to be sure, a little worn. Besides, Julia does not like it; she says she knows all the prayers off by heart; and that, besides, it is very "low" indeed, though, for my part, I never saw anything very vulgar in it. But I suppose it is best to give it to the woman, and get rid of it, for, since Augusta came from London, she won't come down to prayers, because, she says, our manual is not the one used by any of the "high churches" in London—only by some very low people. But it was a great pity Mr Beckford would not take the churn; he said my plan would not do at all. It is very odd, people always say that when I propose a new plan, at least the girls do.

'Were the results of the experiments satisfactory?'

'Indeed I forget; only I know there was a great deal of the milk came out of one afterwards—the buttermilk, you understand; which of course is a good thing for people who feed pigs, though, to be sure, they have a very unpleasant smell, and I think the people must find it very nasty going so close to them as they are obliged to do, to get the food pushed in. Would you like to see the churns, Mrs Wyndham? I think they are there still, if you do not mind the floor being a very ugly kind of red-stone.'

Off went the two mothers, leaving the two daughters to entertain each other as best they could. So Augusta ran quickly over in her mind her plan of action, which was much thus:—'How stupidly vulgar of mamma to take this woman down stairs. Of course she will copy every single thing she sees in a sort of second-hand way, and the next time we call on her, she will ask mamma, would she like to see the linen-press, or the china closet, or something of that sort. I won't go, for one, or, if I do, it will be to put them down, and teach them what *their* proper sphere in society is. But in the meantime, I will show this girl something a little more refined, for it

would never do to have her going over the country, and boasting (as of course she will be glad to do) of what she saw in *our* house. Really, the milk-and-butter story will tell well at Clare Abbey, or worse still at the Ducketts; so now for it.'

'Are you fond of flowers, Miss Wyndham? My sister and I are, I may say, passionately so; and as our tastes are not in unison with mamma's and papa's extremely uneducated ones, our principal hobby is a conservatory. The gardener takes very good care of it, so we have not much trouble. Would you have any wish to see it?'

'Thank you.'

Augusta rose, and led the way into a smaller drawing-room attached, and through a glass-door into a very pretty, tasteful greenhouse, saying, as she went, 'I do not know whether you agree with me, that the march of intellect in the present day has brought the minds of the rising generation to a point of cultivation our parents certainly know nothing about. Traveling is facilitated; foreign revolutions have thrown foreign courts open to English society; everything has tended to enlarge the ideas of people, and give young persons quite an advantage over their elders. The only disadvantage I see is, that the rural districts are quite behind the metropolitan, and an educated lady finds herself rather isolated—my sister and I do at present; but in time, I hope, civilisation will penetrate the crowd around us, and put minds more on an equality. Fancy how one could astonish some of the young people in Queen Elizabeth's time, if a few could be conjured up for the purpose!'

'Yes, and a few of the parents too, if you had them,' said Margaret, much amused at Augusta's very filial remarks. 'What a splendid fuschia fulgis!'

'Yes, I am told it is,' said that young lady, as she swept round, not at all in the style of Alfred and Dorinda in Bewick's "Children's Friend," but at the imminent risk of destruction to some tall plants, which had been set on the floor to gain the advantage of a little more height for their tapering stems. Now, thought she, I will say something to suit her comprehension a little better; and

hen I think she has seen enough—he may come out again. 'See,' she said, 'that stove is the same as you see in the church every Sunday.'

Margaret looked at the stove as directed, and said, 'The church is extremely cold in winter. One feels for the poor who are so ill clad; it must be worse to them than to us, for I dare say the majority have but poor fires at home to go to, when they leave church.'

'Well, I must say,' said Augusta, 'my sympathies are not of so low an order as yours. One has really enough to do to keep one's-self warm, without planning for the warmth of the whole parish; the lowest order in it, at least. Charity, you know, begins at home, and I think it is a very hard case—when we always have the carriage to go to church in, we are obliged to muffle just as much as those who go on foot, because the church is at such an awful temperature; and there one must sit, literally choking with cold and ermine, because Dr Price says it is very unwholesome to have a crowded building so heated. It ought, at least, to be at the same degree as our own drawing-rooms are—there would be some comfort in that. I spoke to Dr Wyndham about it the other day, but he refuses to make any change. Last winter, Julia and I made the footman for two or three Sundays bring our *bassinoires à pieds* out of the carriage up the aisle after us, and put them under our feet, just to put the Coopers to shame; but the first time Uncle Wilmot saw them, he told papa, who happened not to have been in church since we began it, and he was dreadfully angry, and topped it. Then we wanted to have a stove put up in our pew; but papa would not hear of that either, nor a fireplace.'

'Has not Mr Herbert's pew a fireplace?'

'Yes; but that does us no good. I can assure you, Miss Wyndham, I can never look at him in his pew with any patience; it is a case of casting pearls, for he never once touches the fire-irons from the beginning to the end of the service. He might as well be without one. Now, if I had a fire, I would keep stirring and poking at intervals, just to remind the congre-

gation I was so much better off than they were. Of course, the third part would be dying of envy. It would be most delightful. Oh! I would give worlds for a fireplace in my pew.'

'It is well,' thought Margaret, 'that your father is a little conversant with your tastes, or a pretty devotional service we should have of it;' but, as she made no remark, Augusta went on.

'But I can assure you that is not all Mr Herbert's eccentricities about his pew. In former times, there was a nice side-door for the Herbert family to go in and out of *ad libitum*, which, you know, is quite *comme il faut*. But not very far from their pew, and just in a line with the door, were the seats occupied by some old alms-women; and Mr Herbert observed that one or two of the seats on the end of each row were always left vacant, and that those who came late, would rather sit on the steps leading to the transept, than occupy one of the vacant places. This awakened the gentleman's curiosity; and one Sunday he put the question to the sexton, who informed him that there was such a draught on those who sat there, coming from his door, that no threats or inducements would tempt any one of the old witches to take them. Now,' she said, 'can you guess, what this supremely wise gentleman did? He had the door bricked up before noon the next day from the outside, and a heavy curtain hung behind, to keep all air from penetrating; and when Mr Cooper remonstrated with him, as did we, he told him that he only regretted not having known of it sooner, and actually provided warm mats for the old women's feet. I never heard a case of greater folly, for he entailed more expense on the parish—which, indeed, he had no right to do—as not one of those old women has died yet, and most assuredly they would, had he not taken those measures; and of course their allowance would have been saved.'

'I think I would have done the same,' said Margaret.

'You would have been a fool for your pains, if you had,' said Augusta, very sharply. 'When we spoke to him, he laughed it off, and said "he

was sure he was amply compensated by the prayers of the old women."

'At least, Miss Beckford, you will allow I deserved them,' said a merry voice, proceeding from the drawing-room; and both girls started hastily round, to the detriment of more than one plant, almost petrified by the sight of Mr. Herbert sitting quite close to the conservatory-door—his arms resting on a small table, and his whole frame convulsed with laughter, at the sight of the dismay he had caused.

'I must beg your pardon, Miss Beckford, for such a dreadful thing as eavesdropping; but I assure you the most part was involuntary. Seeing you so busily engaged with Miss Wyndham, I purposed sitting here until you both emerged; as you moved round, your voice was lost, and I only heard the beginning of your remarks on stoves in general, with stray sentences, which I might have taken as referring to mine in particular; and when you came again so near the door that there could be no mistake but that you were speaking of me, I made myself heard as quickly as possible. Now, is my apology accepted? Miss Wyndham, perhaps you would be good enough to put in an appeal for me?'

'It is,' said Augusta, with the majestic air of Zenobia, or of an Edith Dombey, or as if she would have expressed herself, 'Caitiff! thou art pardoned! but thou shalt not look upon my face FOR EVER!' She then threw herself down with an air of offended dignity on a sofa; and seizing a smelling-bottle from a table near, applied it to her nasal organ, as if with the desire of composing her nerves as gracefully as possible; while Mr Herbert was endeavouring to show Margaret in a cautious manner how very much amused he was, and she quite as sedulously concealing her knowledge of the fact.

Of course, as Augusta said afterwards, in narrating the incident to her sister, the odious girl, that Wyndham, saw him there the entire time, and drew her on to say as much as possible, to have an opportunity for saying she would have done exactly the same thing as he had done. However, she was determined to make her

say something she ought not to say before she left the house. This she found far from easy, for Mr Herbert was in a bantering mood; and Margaret, thinking it the best course to pursue, after such a *malàpropos* adventure, joined him; so Augusta, rather than be left behind in the conversation, was obliged to join in.

'Now, Miss Beckford,' said he, 'let us make an amicable peace; I will propose the terms, if you will try and conform to them. You like a fire in church—we are agreed as to that. And I am, like Mrs Gummidge, a lone, lorn creature—sitting, in fact, as Jack-and-the-bean-stalk's mother and himself did (of course, you understand I mean Jack's mother, not the bean-stalk's), "all alone by myself." I humbly move, that you get Mrs Beckford's permission to sit in a corner of my pew on cold Sundays, or warm ones, too, if you find it pleases you. I will take care to order a good fire, and you can sit at one side, while I occupy the other.'

'But,' said Augusta, 'I cannot sit beside a fire without frequently poking it, and I believe you don't approve of such a course of proceeding during divine service.'

'That only holds good as far as I myself am concerned,' he answered; 'but when a "fair ladye" is in the case, of course all matters and opinions are waived in deference to her and hers. I think it would be a capital arrangement for you to keep the fire brisk, which would leave me at liberty to find both our places in our prayer-books. I could desire the sex-toness to lay all the fire-irons at your side of the grate.'

'Indeed,' said Augusta, 'we often said, when you were abroad, what a pity it was to see such a house, and grounds, and pew unoccupied; in fact, wasting its sweetness.'

'As far as one person can go towards remedying the evil, you will see it done, for I intend spending a good deal of time here for the future.'

'Indeed,' said Augusta, in a tone of affected pleasure, 'I am enchanted to hear it. I hope, Mr. Herbert, you will frequently find your way here; you know we ladies are unable to go and see you, so you must bear that in mind, and come the oftener to see us.'

Mr Herbert bowed, and said he hoped some of his lady-friends would honour him occasionally with their company at dinner. He had brought a good many paintings home; that might be an inducement to those who had a taste for the fine arts.

Augusta was really delighted now. Firstly, at the prospect of company at the Hall; secondly, the compliment to her implied in speaking of the fine arts; and thirdly, that she had every right to consider his invitation as a pointed one, addressed thus to herself, when her parents and sister were not present. There was one drawback; what pleasure is without alloy? His manner and words had, she feared, included the hateful Margaret Wyndham, and she felt how much the delight of the prospect would have been enhanced, had she only had the comfort of thinking these people would be left out. The next moment Augusta started to her feet, and bounced over to the window, in what she considered her most brilliant style.

'Mr Herbert! pray tell me—oh! I implore you to say—is that most stylish phaeton yours that I see at the door? I am sure it is, from there being so fine a pair of horses in it. What splendid animals! Do you know I am considered quite a judge of horse flesh? The one nearest us is as nearly perfection as a horse can be. Oh, Miss Wyndham, do please come over and look. What a *unique* turn-out! We have nothing like that in this neighbourhood. Is it yours, Mr Herbert? Indeed, who else would have things on such a scale?'

'I came in it,' said the owner, very dryly.

'Why do you not speak, Miss Wyndham? Mr Herbert, can you not induce her to give an opinion?'

'It is not worth giving,' said Margaret.

'On such a subject!' said Augusta, tartly.

'If Miss Wyndham would be good enough,' said Mr Herbert, assuming a solemn tone, 'to state what she thinks, I would be much gratified.'

'I doubt that,' said Margaret to herself. 'I must begin by saying, that I have not Miss Beckford's advantage of being a judge of horses;

I never know a good one, only a pretty one.'

'Well!' said Augusta.

'I do not care very much for these. I mean, they are not exactly such as I would fancy.'

'Ah, true, you cannot appreciate. But what of the phaeton; do you know a good carriage when you see it?'

'I know a pretty one, and I know a new one.'

'And that is neither the one nor the other?'

Margaret made neither assent nor dissent, and Augusta poured forth a perfect volley of exclamations at her stupidity and want of taste, until suddenly interrupted by Colonel Wilmot putting his head into the room, and on seeing who was there, coming forward.

'Miss Wyndham, how are you? Mr Herbert, I could not be convinced it was you who were here, until I came and saw for myself.'

'Why, is there anything so very extraordinary? I have been here before now.'

'Yes, but never in such a turn-out as that. I offered to bet ten to one with my brother-in-law against his assertion. Just what we used to call at school "Noah's wheelbarrow;" and such horses! What has possessed you, Herbert? I do not know which is the worst, the cattle or the carriage.'

'I do not legally possess either,' said the gentleman attacked. 'My phaeton is gone to be repaired, and the coachmaker sent me this in the meantime. Seeing its quality, I offered Sir Stephen Norris to drive those animals a few days in it; they are young horses he is training; rough enough they look.'

As he spoke, he could not resist watching Augusta's face. She was by this time in a rage at herself for having gone so far in her admiration, and wondering if it would be a good tack to pretend she had spoken satirically all the time; but before her mind was made up, Mrs Beckford and Mrs Wyndham had returned from their churn expedition, and Mr Herbert and Colonel Wilmot had both followed the ladies to the door, to assist Mrs and Miss Wyndham into their carriage; and when they re-

turned, their conversation had taken a new channel; so Augusta was either overlooked or quite forgotten in a discussion about some church-rates Colonel Wilmot was interested in.

CHAPTER XXI.—TREATS OF 'STEPPING-STONES.'

'For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me
Seem'd greater than I could bear.'

'There are times in life when the soul, like a half-grown vine, hangs tremulously, stretching out its tendrils for something to ascend by. Such are generally the great transition periods of life, when we are passing from the ideas and conditions of one stage of existence to those of another.'—*DAN.*

'Yet it was remarked to him, not so much for the fact itself, but because of the reminder it brought with it, how much she had influenced his better resolutions. None of us know to whom or to what we are indebted in this wise, until some marked stop in the wheel of life brings the right perception with it. It comes with sorrow; it comes with the loss of the dearly loved; it is one of the frequent uses of adversity.'—*LITTLE DORRIS.*

Various late occurrences had combined to throw Mr Herbert and the Wyndhams more together. It is often the case, that the most intimate friends draw off, as it were, for short seasons, till some trivial thing arises to awake all the old familiar intercourse. The decline is from no fault, perceptible at least, on either side; it comes and goes like the four seasons. So it was between the Hall and the Rectory; but spring was drawing near, and as if in anticipation of the summer days in the pleasant garden, the free intercourse of the former year was revived. Mr Herbert found himself morning after morning crossing the wooden bridge he had thrown across the river since the winter floods made the stepping-stones impassable, and making his way to the drawing-room, where the ladies of the family sat at work. He came early, before the fashionable hour which the Landeris gentry considered a proper one for making morning calls. This arrangement embraced two advantages:—first, it avoided the sharp remarks on himself and the Wyndhams, his frequent presence there would be sure to draw forth from Miss Jones and her coterie; and secondly, the conversation, be it grave or gay, flowed on without interruptions or intrusions of subjects distasteful to any of the party. How afterwards he thought over the opinions expressed, the ideas given so naturally and freely forth—what Miss Bremer calls 'those few earnest words of life that seem to do one good;' and as the winter glided by, Mr Herbert thought with regret of the summer days coming on, when

their colloquies would be adjourned to the garden, where all who chose came and joined the group.

How many subjects they passed in review! life in all its bearings—home-life, world-life, book-life, and, above all, thought-life. That is a manifold life; it is peculiar to all, but all have not the perception to detect it. It is ever going on in every human breast. In children, it is strange, swift, wonderful, never understood by themselves as children, but dawning gradually as childhood merges into youth, and youth into manhood. With girls it begins earlier, is earlier matured, than in the other sex. A girl of eighteen has, in most cases, the judgment of a man of five-and-twenty. Of course there are exceptions; but they are the minority. I have heard it said that some people never grow up. I do not think that. Every woman will not attain to the same height of mental excellence, but still they do not remain children. The process in all is gradual; some think that sudden exigencies will blow out the blossom of some women's or men's character; that their own, under the pressure of unlooked-for circumstances, had in the course of one day, one hour, nay, one five minutes, passed from youth to manhood, and the mind leaped gulfs in two or three beats of a pendulum. I say they are wrong. The ground was ploughed and sown for them without their being aware of it, and only waited some shower to fall and touch the dormant germ, and bring up such new, abundant, wondrous plants, that, in the first surprise their

advent causes, you feel shocked at your own ignorance of their properties and uses : you feel as if months must pass before you are familiarized with them. Something of this it was with Mr Herbert : after several years of stagnant life, he had awakened to see something of life in earnest, with its real duties nobly lone ; and when some chance allusion to days bygone told of a hard struggle, not for 'liberty,' as the song has it, but for 'life,' real daily bread, often he marvelled how those quiet women had borne so well the 'battle of life.' Life was dealing gently with them now. In green pastures and by still waters their days were spent, and if acting well their part had ever deserved a peaceful lot, it was theirs, and fairly earned now.

One morning, when Mr Herbert went into the Rectory drawing-room—it was rather earlier than usual—he found Margaret and her sister very intent on a piece of work, cuttings of which were strewed about in all directions. As Frances stooped to collect the fragments, Mr Herbert gave laughing assistance, saying, 'How very busy you are, Miss Wyndham ! What length of time has your superintending fairy allotted you for the performance of that task ?'

'A shorter time than I would wish,' said the young lady. 'How any fairy could expect me to have an entire child's frock finished to-day is more than I can imagine ; but she will have it done.'

'How very cruel ! What do you call your fairy ?'

'Good-nature, or benevolence, I do not know which,' said Frances.

'You do not consider them the same ?'

'Certainly not. It is from good-nature I am helping Margaret, not benevolence, I assure you. I have no sympathy with the object of her compassion.'

'Do you take assistance on those terms, Miss Wyndham ?'

'When I can get it on no other.'

'Hear the tale, if you please, good friend,' said Frances. 'Margaret takes as protégé a child she considers very intelligent, but which I would call very saucy—'

'Don't mind what you call it ; state the mere facts.'

'How can I, Margaret, when you interrupt me ? Mr Herbert, the fact is this—the child is idle and saucy—'

'Now, Frances !'

'For this child, about a month ago, we constructed a garment similar to the one you see there in progress—a garment to be worn at church and Sunday-school. Yesterday comes Miss Jane Brown, and announces the startling fact, that her sister has gone out to service, and taken the frock with her, and she hopes Miss Margaret will give her another. Whereupon Miss Margaret, thinking the case a very pitiable one, presses me into the service ; and here I am, engaged for the whole day.'

'And your spirits are sinking under such cruel oppression. I do not wonder.'

'Certainly, if it was not for the satisfaction I have in abusing Jane Brown and her whole family, I could not exist at all. I should have lived in Dr Johnson's day, I am such a splendid hater.'

'On the same gentleman's principle—you require a good listener.'

'I do, and Margaret is as patient under it as I could wish.'

'Do you like such work as that, Miss Wyndham ?'

'I cannot say I do ; but, like most lazy people, I like the result of work.'

'Only you take a different way of obtaining that result. You work at it, instead of talking at it. You would astonish some lazy people, if they could often see you.'

'How ?'

'By your indefatigable exertions. You are always busy.'

'You mistake, Mr Herbert, I am often very idle.'

'I think not. Some houses I call at, I see young ladies seated in the drawing-room, looking certainly very pretty ; but I never see any traces of occupation, except that endless crochet, and what I believe you call "*broderie*." I know some young ladies who are always busy, yet attractively pretty too.'

'But,' said Frances, 'what would you have these young ladies do, when

you take away from them the "crochet" and "broderie?"

'I do not know—whatever you do.'

'I crochet too, and Margaret does *broderie*.'

'But you do not spend your lives at them?'

'No; I would prefer some change of occupation.'

'That is what I mean. What sort of minds must such women have? Their monotonous work is a type of them. Why, many of them, with more pretension, have less mind than Mrs Beckford.'

'I do not think Mrs Beckford such an idealess woman as most people do. She is only accustomed to be spoken sensibly to by her brother, and strangers are naturally enough inclined to take the tone from her own daughters, who make her always as much of a cypher as they can.'

'They do, and the more shame for them.'

'I pitied her so the other day that we dined there! Their behaviour was not what it should have been.'

'What a dull evening we had! I was quite glad to run over here the next night to shake off the recollection of it in some rational society.'

'Complimentary to the Miss Beckfords.'

'Quite enough so. But you can have no idea how much good coming over here does me. I am quite a new man since I came home. There is not a day, since then, I have not learned something from you. Even those in which I was not near the house had their share, from the recollection of what had passed here on some other occasion. Your life has been a silent but living lesson to me—it was so new and strange; and you are not like the people round here. Ah, Miss Frances, if you or your sister would undertake the management of me, I would be a very different man. You could make what you pleased of me.'

Frances got up and poked the fire. Margaret rose and crossed the room, as if for a piece of calico, and then came back to her seat again. 'Cool,' thought Frances; 'but no matter what Margaret is, I can be as cool as he.' So she turned round, swinging the poker. 'I would willingly comply with your request, Mr Herbert; but

I can only mind one person at once, and I would be quite lost for want of training myself, while I was looking after you.'

Mr Herbert looked at Margaret for her reply, but it did not come. He hazarded a remark addressed to her particularly, so she had to answer.

'I think, Mr Herbert, one should come to be sure they wanted no training themselves, before they undertook such a post for another. That is my case precisely. I have quite enough to attend to.'

Mr Herbert was silent.

'What must it feel like,' he said, after a pause, 'to go about with a steady, well-ordered mind, always knowing precisely what is right to do, and always doing it?—with a comfortable assurance accompanying one always, that, no matter how the wind of circumstances may blow, your mind remains "*une chose fixe*."'

'How would it feel, indeed?' said Margaret, laughing. 'I do not think the wisest man that ever lived had such a mind. We know Solomon had not; and I am sure, if half the sages we hear and read of would make a clean breast of it, and tell truly their inner life, we would have a vacillating kind of sketch.'

'Passing by men, what think you of women?'

'Worse and worse.'

'Not all of them,' he said. 'I know exceptions.'

'They would be stoics,' said Frances, 'if there ever were female ones. A woman's feelings must always sway her more or less. I would not like one of your description at all. She would be an insufferable, pedantic, self-sufficient, strong-minded—'

'Hold, hold! Peace, good lady! I have made out a bad case simply by my clumsy way of stating it. I meant only to draw a feminine character as near perfection as human nature will admit of. See what it has come to! Miss Wyndham, come to the rescue.'

'Not to yours. I know no such perfect characters; and if I gave you any assistance, it would be from good-nature, certainly not from conviction. I would recommend you to strike your colours, and submit gracefully. Your ground is untenable.'

'I will not, indeed. I consider myself fighting your battle under your banner :

"Who fighteth for the fairest fair
Proves bravest of the brave."

Victory or Westminster Abbey!'

'I would recommend you to choose your corner of the Abbey in time,' said Frances, 'seeing you are more likely to take possession there than here. I will give you song for song :

"A Cameron never can yield!"'

'A truce,' said Margaret. "'Discretion is the better part of valour;" and we all know it is better to cease in good time, than afterwards wishing something said were unsaid.'

Or differently said,' said Mr Herbert.

'Or differently said,' repeated Margaret, bowing down her grave face over her work. She was thinking of an evening the previous summer, when she stood in the twilight in the drawing-room window, watching Mr Herbert carrying Nannie Selwyn down the avenue, walking beside Nannie's mother, whose face was turned up, trying to catch his words, which, to judge by the last expression the fading sunset showed on their faces, were more earnest words than those so lightly spoken here. Ah! if people were only true and upright, how much easier the world would be to walk through! Her thoughts made her silent; some, not unsimilar, occupied Frances; and Mr Herbert sat pondering something also—something that gave him deep thought, as the knitted brows demonstrated.

It was some time before the conversation flowed again in its old, smooth channel; and then it was in a quiet, subdued strain: its former light tone had disappeared. What pained Margaret most, was that Mr Herbert had again brought back the theme to himself, and his intercourse with them, and again spoke of the effect their life and conversation had had on him. One time he said:—

'If you could fancy what my life was for five long years—the morbid, sickly tone of mind in which I indulged in every petty grievance, the selfishness with which I brooded over past troubles—you would be disgusted

at the picture. Instead of looking at what I had to be thankful for, I magnified everything, until I came to think I carried a load of sorrow that it would be impossible ever to throw off. I hope I am learning differently now.'

'There are times in life when we all make great leaps,' said Margaret; 'if one is conscious of them, they never forget them. Some of those I myself experienced, though very trivial in themselves, were so great in their effect on me, that I never regard them as the trifles they would otherwise appear.'

'These, Mr Herbert,' her sister continued, 'are what we call "stepping-stones." It is a favourite creed of ours, that life is like crossing a river: all the great changes in it are like the large stones that stand out prominently after we have passed them by. Sometimes one is not aware they stood on a top stone, till long after. The little ones are covered by the stream, but the large ones stand ever out. Sometimes a book makes a stepping-stone, in its effect upon the mind; sometimes a conversation, a few lightly-spoken words, will remain for years a stepping-stone. Deaths of those we love are ever great stepping-stones.'

'You are speaking truly,' was gravely and slowly said.

'Many are very painful, though not all,' said Margaret.

'I have been thinking over some of mine,' said Mr Herbert. 'I am beginning to understand them a little better. My coming to live at home was one, or rather the effect of one. I would like to tell you of it. Will I tire you?'

'O no.'

'About a month before my return here, I was in Germany, in a very retired country village, where I had gone on foot, and stopped to spend the Sunday. In the village there was a little plain building, and understanding it to be a church, and a Lutheran one, I strolled in just before the service commenced. You could not imagine a rougher, more unfinished, more dreary-looking building than it was; a few deal benches for pews, rough walls, and a plain pulpit, also deal, with steps leading

up to it. I do not know what I could have been about for the first hour, for I do not recollect anything striking me much, until, just before the sermon, I saw a little boy about nine or ten years old assisting a very infirm old man up to the pulpit: his white hair and stooped figure arrested my attention, and made me watch him, and listen attentively. His text was the Parable of the Talents, and his treatment of it a different one from any I ever heard. He began by speaking of his own age and infirmities, and how unlikely that his hearers would ever meet to hear him again, and begged them to note well what he would wish them to remember and act on as his last commands. He said, that though the parable spoke of every man receiving according to his ability, yet as to what we had received, he would prove that we had each been sent the united gifts that had been severally given to the servants: the first, the five talents, he called "Time," and you can, I am sure, suppose how wide a field that gave him to speak of its uses and abuses, considering it as synonymous with "life," here and hereafter: the second, the gift of two, he termed "Thought," a noble gift to be worked in conjunction with Time, as being the origin and source of all action: and the third, he said, differed in different individuals—in some, speech; in others, position; in his own case, the power of speaking to them there; and wound up all with a prayer so beautiful, that I felt awed and condemned as I never had been before; and as my foolish life—my abuse of all three gifts—rose before me, I left the church, scarcely conscious where I was going, and walked up the hills for several miles, revolving and resolving plans for the future. On my return, passing through the village street, I met my aged friend with his little companion. Something constrained me to go and speak to him; so I went forward and said, "Sir, I wish to speak to you, to thank you for what you said in church to-day. You do not know what good you have done me, and it is unlikely I shall ever see you again." He was much touched, but seemed greatly pleased, and after a few minutes

conversation we parted, he bidding me farewell in the words of Martin Luther's version of the 115th Psalm:—*"Nicht uns, Herr, nicht uns, sondern deinem Namen gib Ehre um deine Gnade und Wahrheit."*

'It was not very long after that till I landed in England, and, after seeing my little girl, I came home, certainly without any definite plan, but sufficiently ashamed to be ready for any suggestions your good father might throw out, or for any work that might come first. I am conscious of having done very little as yet, but I am in hopes of fitting better by and by, when the people and I begin to know one another. That is my stepping-stone. There is one point I have often wished to ask your advice upon. May I?

Margaret assented.

'It is about my little girl. Mrs Selwyn mentioned her to you?

'She did,' Margaret said, wondering what was coming.

'I do not know what to do with her. She is growing very pretty, very passionate, very disobedient; and what can I do with her? I asked Mrs Selwyn's advice, but she sent me to you. She thought you would have good judgment.

'Where is she now?

'Do you not know? About six or seven miles from Chester, with an elderly friend of my mother's. She is a kind, motherly old lady, but not fit to manage the child; and then it is so far away, though I go very often to see them, I do more harm than good. I would not spoil her, if I were always with her; but I cannot help it, as matters are now.'

'Why not have her to live with you?

'No. I was afraid, for fear she would grow up to hate me. I have heard of children inheriting likes and dislikes, and I judged it best to let her grow up at a distance from me. Now I begin to fear I was wrong. What ought I to do?

Margaret did not wish to give any opinion, so she merely asked, 'What says Mrs Selwyn?'

'No! what says Miss Wyndham? It is a trifling thing to speak a few words; may I not hear them?'

Margaret spoke slowly. 'I cannot

ee why the little one should grow up with feelings of dislike, or even indifference, except indeed you wish for the last. You are taking the most certain means to bring it about, by leaving her among strangers. I beg your pardon, but you would have my opinion.'

'Thank you,' he said gravely, and, after a few minutes' silence, bade them 'good-morning.'

'I must confess,' said Frances, who had kept an unusually long silence, 'it is rather odd in that gentleman asking your opinion about the bringing up of his daughter. You did right to ask him what Mrs Selwyn thought.'

'I consider her the most proper person to ask such a question of. I am afraid I spoke too plainly, but it will have the effect of tabooing the subject; and on the whole I am not sorry.'

Next day, Mrs Selwyn came to ask whither Mr Herbert was gone, for his travelling-carriage had passed through the village early that morning, with himself inside, destination unknown.

Margaret hardly judged it right to connect their conversation with the circumstance, but she mentioned something of what had passed, and Mrs Selwyn at once decided he was gone to Chester. 'Mr Herbert thinks you know all his story from me, but I did not like to do so without special permission; but I see I may now tell you freely of it. The late Lady Charlotte Herbert had a brother who married an Italian lady, and lived in Italy until his death. When his only daughter was eight or nine years old, the mother in the course of three or four years more died, and then Lady Charlotte brought their child here to adopt her, and bring her up with her own children. I never saw so disagreeable a child as Lota was—for she was called after Lady Charlotte—cunning, vindictive, passionate. It was a sorry day for me when she came among us. She tried to undermine my influence with her cousins, and prejudice her aunt by falsehoods against me, besides marring every pleasure party or play we engaged in by her wicked temper. But the boys had high honourable feelings, and principle stood in good stead of Ita-

lian intrigue; and as they always watched over my interests, and rendered their parents straightforward details of all the petty squabbles we had, I never suffered as I might have done from Lota's evil propensities. When Lady Charlotte died, Lota was in Italy on a visit to her mother's friends, having her education completed; and, by her own wish, it was arranged she should live there. Some months after her aunt's death, Vernon had a letter from Lota, begging him to come over and release her from some dreadful misery. He had ever a kind heart; and a letter which had been found in Lady Charlotte's desk, addressed to her sons, begging, in case anything happened to her, they would make their cousin their especial care, seemed to compel his acquiescence; and Mr John Herbert being abroad, he went alone. Of what took place on his arrival at Verona, I never heard the particulars, but my surprise was unbounded when I received one morning an intimation from him that he was married to his cousin Lota. The letter was a sad enough one. It spoke of Lota surrounded by arbitrary relatives, miserable from the life they led her, and denying Vernon's right of interference. The thought of his mother's letter seemed present to him, for he used in his letter many phrases I knew were in it; and seeing no other means of extricating her from her painful position, the step was taken. He wrote in one place, "It has been a hasty step; but she is truly attached to me, and I hope we may be very happy." That was my last letter for a long time. I wrote, congratulating him, and giving as a reason, for a suspension of our correspondence, that he was married now, and I about to be. I have since heard from another channel how miserable the succeeding year was. Her affection was but feigned, for I believe she hated him, and in many a bitter domestic scene scrupled not to tell him so. At last the child was born at Florence, and, before Mrs Herbert's recovery, she one day flew into a violent passion, reproached and even cursed her husband, which violent paroxysm brought on fever, of which she died. In one respect he was happily released, but those last scenes brought on a brain

Which ? or, Eddies Round the Rectory.

ever, from which he was many months in recovering. The child he called Florence, after her birthplace, and sent home to England, and then started on his wandering, from which you all remember his return last spring.'

A long talk ensued after this, before Mrs Selwyn took her leave ; and Frances, if not Margaret, began to understand a little more of Mr Herbert.

CHAPTER XXII.—ANOTHER STONE LAID.

'I breathed a song into the air ;
It fell to earth, I knew not where ;
For who has sight so keen and strong
That it can follow the flight of song ?

'Long, long afterward, in an oak,
I found the arrow, still unbroke ;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again, in the heart of a friend.'

Ten days elapsed, and no tidings of Mr Herbert. No one wondered but the Wyndhams ; for others were so accustomed to his sudden flights, that they caused no wonder ; but the Wyndhams had become habituated to such daily intercourse, and he so confidential in his communications of his usual proceedings, that the ten days' unexplained absence became hourly a greater marvel. On the eleventh, Margaret and Frances were in the garden, when they saw Mr Herbert leaping over the stepping-stones. Springing up the bank, he stood before them, and set down upon the walk a pretty, bright, dark-eyed little girl, whom he had carried over in his arms.

'There, Miss Wyndham ; allow me to introduce my daughter. Your advice has been taken.

'And not repented of, I hope ?' said Margaret, stooping down to caress the child.

'Very nearly,' he said. 'Three fits of passion in one morning are enough to startle an inexperienced person. But you are good now, Florence ?'

'Not very,' she said, sulkily. 'I do not like ladies.'

'Presently,' said Frances ; 'things may improve.'

It was a vain hope. Florence did not seem, either on that or on many consecutive occasions, to improve. She rather grew worse, and poor Mr Herbert was in despair. No one could manage her, neither nurse nor father, and the fame of the little vixen spread over the parish.

Her arrival had been a source of astonishment to many, and it was

quite pleasant to hear Mrs Simpson's charitable remarks upon her, always comparing her to her own angels. Quite enlivening to the good people of Landeris were these little anecdotes. Matilda Jones alone could tell fresh ones for an hour by Shrewsbury clock. She was held up as a warning to all the naughty children in all the nurseries for miles round, and 'you are as bad as Miss Herbert' became a term of the keenest reproach. She should have been a pretty child, but the expression of her face was dark and lowering—so much so, that many very clever people discovered her temper, as they said, 'in her face.' Mr Herbert had plenty of advice given him. He hated that any one should inquire for her : it was the sure preliminary to some unpleasant queries, and still more unpleasant suggestions for her improvement. Every mother wrote him a letter, and every old maid sent him a book, until, in his very weariness, dearly as he loved the child, and to have her with him, he was half inclined to send her back to her Chester home. The Wyndhams alone were exceptions to this custom. They made no remarks, and left him to manage her as best he chose ; for Margaret felt that in a measure she had been the cause of much of it, inasmuch as her remark was the immediate cause of Miss Herbert's introduction to Landeris. The only advice he ever took was Mrs Selwyn's ; and I am sorry to say, that well as her suggestions might have suited Nannie, they were far from producing beneficial results on Miss Florence.

One morning Mr Herbert came over to consult with Mrs Wyndham. How strange he had never thought of doing that before ! He was going to London on business : he could not take Florence, but would Mrs Wyndham go over once or twice, and see how she and her nurse got on ?

Mrs Wyndham thought of a much better arrangement than that. Florence and her nurse should come to the Rectory, and remain until he came back. How his face brightened up ! The very best plan in the world ! He thanked Mrs Wyndham from the bottom of his heart ; and secretly he hoped some of the quiet influence that house seemed to have on himself might fall on the turbulent spirit for its improvement ; and, light of heart, he started off to tell Mrs. Selwyn of the arrangement. Of course she said she was very glad : she could not avoid it ; and confessed—what was, indeed, true—that she had longed to ask the child to her own house, but dared not arouse the tongues of the townspeople.

'I am sure,' said the little lady's papa, 'that Floy will be greatly improved by her visit. Rose and Lucy have had such careful training. They are dear little girls : I wish Florence was like them.' A deep sigh.

'I think,' suggested Mrs Selwyn, 'it would be well to tell Johnson always to go to one of the ladies when Florence goes beyond bounds. I have seen her look greatly ashamed when she was caught by Mrs Wyndham in a passion.'

'I cannot do that, without first asking them if they will submit to the annoyance Johnson and her charge will thereby give. I am only afraid they will have too much already.'

'No matter ; it is worth the trial.'

'I will depend on you to write me candidly how matters go on. Conceal no truths, however unpleasant ; for, if I find the arrangement not satisfactory to our kind friends, I must return to make some change.'

'I will. At Paris you will hear from me, and at London first, if you wish it. You may depend on me.'

'And you will go often to the Rectory ?'

'Indeed I will.'

Mrs Wyndham had 'been and gone

and done it.' In spite of her better judgment, and against resolutions made in cooler moments, she had asked Mr Herbert's daughter to her house for a home-like visit. She could not have helped it. Her warm heart yearned over the poor, motherless, neglected child ; and had she been many degrees worse than she really was—a contingency most people thought impossible—she could not have resisted the pleading conscience, that said over and over again—

'Love and kindness we should measure
By this simple rule alone—
Do we mind each other's pleasure
Just as if it were our own !'

'As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them ;' and the thought arose—'Had I died many years ago, who would have trained *my* children for their father ?' And the thought comforted her, but only herself, for she feared to make known to her family the seemingly injudicious step she had taken. Frances more than all she dreaded ; for Frances, with a strong liking for Mr Herbert, disapproved of the intimate footing he had gradually gained in the family. Many a hint she threw out to her mother that his attentions to Margaret were pointed, and that his conduct was not quite honourable, in speaking particularly to one lady, and paying real, tangible devotion to another. Mrs Wyndham accordingly took the hour when they were all assembled after dinner to make her announcement, trusting to the presence of Dr Wyndham and the little ones to prevent any very pointed remarks from Frances until she had become cooler upon it.

The doctor was delighted ; it was just such a thing as he liked done, and he entered heart and soul into the children's anticipations of the amusement they hoped to have with her. Margaret did not speak at all, nor did Frances. The one sister did not wish to speak, but the other was only reserving her fire for some future occasion ; there was no use in wasting it, when it neither would nor could be of use. Dr Wyndham arose to stroll down the lawn, and his wife volunteered her company, fearing the remarks which might fall from her two

daughters in his absence : one at least being 'made up' on the subject.

Good Dr Wyndham was so hospitable, and Mr Herbert was so willing to avail himself of the general invitation so constantly reiterated, that there was nothing unusual in Mr Herbert spending his last evening at the Rectory. He came early, and took his seat among the group round the fire. Rose and Lucy were stringing beads, and chattering to Margaret of their intended arrangements for hurrying their lessons every day while Florence was with them, to have plenty of time for playing with her.

'You could scarcely believe, Margaret, what a dear little "babe in the wood" she makes, if she would only lie still a little longer till we get all the leaves dropped over her, but she very seldom will. Nannie does what we want her, but Florence will not, without a piece of sugar for everything.'

'Florence bears a bad character, I fear,' said Mr Herbert.

'It appears to me,' said Miss Wyndham, 'as if she only wanted more of the society of children like herself. It is very new to her to have to yield, but after a little she will do it of herself with a better grace.'

This seemed a favourable moment to prefer the request, that they would all try their training powers on the subject of their conversation while she was with them ; and timidly, but very unmistakably, the words were brought forth. He had but a faint idea of the astonishment he created : Frances looked up from her netting at her mother, one indignant glance, as if his presumption had reached a climax ; Margaret, though the words might seem to have been addressed to her, gave no reply ; but Rose and Lucy were in ecstasies. It was just what they had often wished, that they might try to cure her of her passionate fits ; but, as they had been forbidden ever to interfere between her nurse and her, they had been obliged to stand aloof ; and, besides, Rose had great faith in the efficacy of some hymns, which both sisters agreed it was high time she should learn to repeat. Dr Wyndham answered too : 'He had been putting Nannie Selwyn through a course of instruction, and

it would be very much to the improvement of better acquaintance between himself and Florence if she were included.' Mr Herbert looked disappointed that no one else spoke on the subject, but he let it pass without any more remarks.

During tea, some conversation arose about the view to be seen from Dollington Hill ; Dr Wyndham holding steadfastly to the opinion that Landeris lay to the east of the hill, and Mr Herbert as pertinaciously arguing it lay to the west.

'Why, my dear sir,' Mr Herbert would say, making an imaginary road with plates, knives, and spoons, 'here is the gate from which you started that morning ; here is the turn down the Plimton road ; here is—'

'I beg your pardon, I do not think we go on the Plimton road at all.'

'Certainly not ; I merely mentioned it as a landmark ; here is the hill from which you see the trees round Clare Abbey ; here is the first view of the ruins on the hill—'

'Exactly ; then we made a circuit to gain the pathway, which took us round to the other side of the—'

'Yes, but the path winds round again ; and when you reach the summit, if it be the evening, you will see the sun set over Landeris Hill.'

Dr Wyndham sat considering. 'Children, what say you ?'

'East,' said Margaret.

'West,' said Frances.

'Proof, proof,' said both gentlemen.

'Would not your sketch show, Frances ?' said Mrs Wyndham.

'What sketch ?' inquired her father.

'One I took very hastily the day we were there. After we left the dining-place, I got Lady Clare with me ; the scene spread out below was so lovely, so *Turnerish*, that we were tempted to try it. I cannot say we flattered nature in our representation of her sunset, but we pleased ourselves extremely.'

'Do you give private exhibitions ?' said Mr Herbert.

'Of course,' said Dr Wyndham, taking consent for granted.

Rose ran off with alacrity for the portfolio ; it was an opportunity she had long desired of displaying her sister's accomplishment ; and often

and often had she begged permission to bring them forth. 'It is very hard,' she would say, 'that Frances' light is to be under a bushel.'

The tea-table was cleared, and Mr Herbert, relieving her of her burden, laid it down before Frances, saying, 'It seems a perfect treasure-house.'

'In bulk, at least,' was the owner's reply. 'That is the sketch, papa; I was trying it in water-colours, but daylight is more favourable for its appearance.'

'It is as well to be honest,' said Dr Wyndham, 'and yield heroically. I half-contemplated diverting my adversary's attention by the inspection of these scraps, but have relinquished it on second thoughts. Mr Herbert, I say west.'

'Thank you; but I hope your submission is not to deprive me of my treat; I assure you it is not the first time I have longed to turn it over.'

'You and Frances settle that; I am off to my sermon. You do not allow me to apologize to you, so I proffer none.'

'May I untie this bundle? or are they thus fastened to prevent the eye of the vulgarly curious peeping at them?'

'Open, if you choose; I believe they are more interesting to ourselves than to any one else. We call them "sketches of stepping-stones;" they refer to many passages of our past lives that we have since come to know were stepping-stones.'

Mr Herbert turned them over. Here Margaret gave explanations, there Frances; some they let pass in silence, and when so, no questions were asked. There were many graveyard scenes, with tombstone and inscription prominent of some dearly-loved friend or relative who had passed away. There were some of dead brothers and sisters' resting-places, with a little note attached of name or age; these were laid reverently down in silence, and another taken up.

'That is a pretty spot.'

'Yes; a glen near Cardiff, where Margaret and I spent a summer. While I drew that, Margaret read me "Longfellow's Poems." That large tree always brings back "the old clock on the stairs;" there was but a

slight breeze, making the branches move a little to "for ever, never—never, for ever;" and the water flowed over the stones to the words of the "Psalm of Life;" and that shady, cool spot, with the branches arching overhead, brings again that lovely of lovely poems, "The Prelude." It is just the place to read it in.'

'Yes, and

"Lend to the rhyme of the poet
The music of the voice."

But do you consider that intense enjoyment, lovely as it may have been at the time, a "stepping-stone?"

'No; after Margaret had read, we talked; and in what grew from that conversation—the resolutions we there made, and afterwards carried out—we learned, long afterwards, it was a "stepping-stone."

'It was the greatest step we ever individually took,' said Margaret; 'sitting there, we planned it all.'

'I understand you.'

The next was a garden-scene, trim walks, and flower-beds, with merely the initials E. C.—F. W., and the date. Mr Herbert being given no further information, had discrimination enough to ask no question. He laid it down; if he had but looked, one young lady's heightened colour at least would have betrayed the fact. The stepping-stones were finished, and the gentleman turned on.

'That is the drawing we were taking from your grounds, the first time we had the pleasure of seeing you. Do you remember? That is the rough copy.'

'Perfectly; but will you not give it a place among the stepping-stones?'

'Why?'

'Why not? Do you not consider your first meeting with me one? If I were you, and this were mine, I would. Miss Wyndham, would you admit it?'

'It is a matter of opinion,' she said, gravely; 'if it was a very important event to any one, they would be right to place it so.'

'I had hoped it would have been that to you, as my first knowledge of you has been a momentous one to me.' As he spoke, he lifted absently another paper. It was his mother's monument. 'Ah, yes, there is mine; how beautifully you have rendered it!' A

long pause. 'Ah! Miss Wyndham, you played with real soul that night. Whether it was the scene, or the hour, or the music, or all combined, I never knew; but the whole has been like some pleasant dream, that one waking longs to grasp, and hold for ever.'

He caught the look of astonishment on both faces.

'Did I never tell you I was in the church that evening? That was my first acquaintance with you—a happy one for me; for there I learned at once what I might have been months learning, might never have learned—something of a spirit of goodness and purity, that took me at first by surprise, but which every day and hour since has only deepened and confirmed. I can never tell you how you touched me; if ever in after life I am good for anything, or do good to any one, to you I owe it all. What I told you of my old German pastor was but digging the foundations; you laid the solid stones. I have never heard the evening-hymn since, but a thrill of pleasure recalls the singing of it then; and it is the one dream of my life to hear it so again. Will it ever be?'

There was silence for a few moments—he went on again.

'Can you wonder these two occasions have been steps to me? Is it too much to hope that what so concerned me, though a trifle to you—that I may be so far joined in spirit to you as to have my two "stepping-stones" bound up with yours?'

There was no answer; the silence must have been accepted as acquiescence, for he took the two papers, and tied them in with their life-scenes.

The re-entrance of Mrs. Wyndham and the little girls ended the conversation; but on both sisters it had fallen heavily. To Frances came the indignant words, passing and repassing through her mind:—

'I know one who is fair to see,
He can fair and false be;
Beware, beware, he is fooling thee.'

To Margaret came a choking sensation, with one only well-defined wish, that the earth would open and swallow her—any resource to escape from herself and the thoughts that were thronging too fast upon her. It was a relief when her mother sent her to the piano; she felt a longing to pour out her whole soul in some strain that would carry all those conflicting thoughts far away from her home and her. Yet it seemed, to-night, as if one torture was to succeed another. She had played but a little while, when she saw Mr. Herbert crossing the room, over to the piano. There he stood; then he stooped down, resting on it in such a position as he could best catch a glimpse of her face.

'Miss Wyndham, when I made the request to-night about Florence, it was your answer I looked for, and you gave me none.'

'I had none to give.'

'None! And it was from you I hoped so much! I knew the power you could have; and in you lies my last hope for her. I am confident you could make her all, and more than all, I could ever wish or dream of, if you would.'

'You are quite mistaken. I could do little with her, certainly nothing that any one else could not do just as well. I have no influence over her—I never had; so do not look for any improvement to come from any interference of mine with her.'

'At least she will live under the same roof with you—that should do her good,' said Mr. Herbert, with a sigh, as he turned away from the piano, stung by the unwonted harshness of Margaret's tone, and too grieved even to ask for the 'Requiem.'

CHAPTER XXIII.—NONE ARE ALL EVIL.

'But let patience have her perfect work.'

'I hardly know so melancholy a reflection, as that parents are necessarily the sole directors of the management of children, whether they have, or have not, judgment, penetration, or taste, to perform the task.'—GAEVILLA.

For two days, Florence went on to admiration. The entire household at the Rectory were loud in their praises. 'Such an improved little girl!' said

the seniors. 'Such a little love!' said the juniors. 'Such an angel!' said the servants. All this was very pleasant, and very promising; but on the

third morning, when the family assembled for morning prayers, Johnson notified that Miss Herbert would not rise; and consequently she absented herself, with a curtesy. Nothing was said till the servants had left the room. Rose and Lucy sat bursting with impatience to hear what their elders would say; for such an occurrence as any one refusing to rise, except in case of illness, was unknown in the annals of the Wyndham family. Mrs Wyndham and her daughters looked at each other; Dr Wyndham laughed.

'Now, mamma, let us see what you can do.'

Mamma rung the bell. 'Send Johnson to me.' Johnson appeared. 'You do not think Miss Florence is ill, Johnson?'

'No, ma'am, she is quite well; but this happens very often. She will not rise until she chooses, without a great deal of coaxing and bribing.'

'What do you do with her generally?'

'Her papa, ma'am, always takes up his breakfast, and has it beside her. She bid me ask for Miss Lucy this morning, but I think it is a very bad plan; if you please, I think she will get over it much sooner if left alone.'

'I think so too; and I would be very much inclined, if I were you, to let her stay as long in bed as she chooses; perhaps, if she indulges herself fully this time, she may have less inclination to do it again. Now, children,' she continued, as Johnson left the room, 'you are not to go in to Florence at all, except I give you leave, remember.'

She changed the conversation; so no more was said till she and Margaret and Frances were alone.

'Poor little soul, she is lost for want of care; and you see that we were unfortunately compelled conscientiously to try and improve her; I do think she will be better on the whole after this; one week is nothing.'

'I am afraid she will manage Mrs Selwyn, instead of Mrs Selwyn managing her,' said Margaret.

'I sincerely hope she will worry Mrs. Selwyn well,' said Frances, in an indignant tone; all her indignation blowing out afresh, as she thought

on various incidents which had occurred lately.

'No! no!' indignantly from Margaret. 'Poor child,' from Mrs Wyndham, who had mistaken Frances' speech.

When Lucy did not attend Miss Herbert's summons, that young lady became exceedingly indignant, flew into a violent passion, ate her breakfast, and having screamed out a little, went to sleep. The day was far advanced when she awoke, and saw her nurse sitting in the window at work. Too sullen to ask for what she wanted, she lay silent for some time, but finding that very dull, she called Johnson to dress her, which was done, and she went down stairs. Into the drawing-room, empty; into the parlour, empty; into every room in succession, with a like result: only on the study-table she saw the Bibles and catechisms which the Rectory children and Nannie Selwyn used when at their Scripture lesson with Dr Wyndham. This brought a fresh pang, for she knew Nannie had been there, and that, besides, she had missed hearing all the stories Dr. Wyndham had made her first lesson the day she came. She went out to the garden, but no one was there; and, lonely as she had never felt before in her life, she returned to the house. All the time Johnson had been watching her, and seeing her at last safe in Miss Wyndham's room, looking at pictures in a book, and knowing that, by keeping the door open, she could not leave it without her being aware, she returned to her work. The pictures lasted a little while, then peeping into all the drawers and boxes lasted a little longer; but finally the petted little girl, missing the obsequious catering for her amusement that she had at home, and overcome with the disappointments that met her at every turn, crept into the bed, put down her face on the pillow, and cried heartily, not loudly nor passionately, but quietly and very sorrowfully. Here Margaret found her a few minutes after, on her return from walking. She went over and lifted her up, saying in a kind voice, 'Why, my little girl, what is the matter?'

Two or three sobs. 'You all went out and left me.'

'Why did you not come too? I would have taken you very gladly.'

'I was not up.'

'Have you had any dinner?'

'Yes; when I was dressed I got it.'

'That is right; for I have had mine long ago.'

'How long?' (between the sobs.)

'Two or three hours.'

'Where were you since?'

'Down to the village, to bring Nannie's mamma to tea; round by the park lane, and up the avenue gate, and into the hall, and upstairs, into my room, to find a little girl lying on my bed, crying. That was not a pleasant part of the evening—eh, Florence?'

'No; I was so unhappy.'

'And what made you unhappy?'

'Having nobody to speak to.'

'I do not think that was the reason; shall we try to find it out?'

'If you please, Miss Wyndham.'

'The best plan is to begin with the morning, and then one is sure to get it all out. When you wakened?'

'I was very cross, and kicked nurse, and lay there.'

'Did you?' said Margaret, assuming a look of horror.

'I did' (more sobs); 'that is being naughty, is it not?'

'I am afraid it is.'

'But I am not naughty now, and I am not happy.'

'Because being naughty brings on things that prevent us being happy. Do you know how it is, or what brought it on you?'

'Every one in this house is good except me.'

'No one can be quite good, Florence; but God can make us a great deal better.'

'I wish He would make me good.'

'Did you ever ask Him in your prayers?'

'Sometimes; but to-day I said none; I was too bad.'

'Now, there is another reason for being unhappy: not having God to watch us—not asking Him, I mean.'

'I do not know what to do, Margaret.'

'Suppose you ask Him now; and we will talk of it afterwards?'

Florence slid off Margaret's knee, and knelt down, after which she rose, rubbing her eyes, and looking more cheerful.

'I am better now, do you think?'

'I hope so; but it is rather soon to know; if you will help me to put away my things, I will tell you some things about being good.'

While she was running blithely through the room, she suddenly stopped, dropped the shawl she carried, and burst into a fresh shower of tears. Margaret ran over to her.

'Dear Florence, what now?'

'Dr Wyndham—I forgot about him; what does he say about me? I am so very, very sorry.'

'About what?'

'All he told me that day in the library, about the men in the Bible who got into all kinds of trouble, because they did not do as they were bid; and I was to do all I was told, and I did that day; and to-day I had forgotten all about it; and what will he think? I am sorry, sorry; he will think I have broken my promise. But I forgot it all; indeed, Miss Wyndham, I did.'

'We must just tell him so, and try again. Cheer up, little woman, we will do better the next time. Dr Wyndham is a very wise man, you see, Florence; his way of beginning to be good is the very right way, always to do what we are told.'

'And must people do what Johnson tells them? I will do everything you ask me, but I do not like what she tells me. If you had bid me get up this morning, I would have done so; but who would mind Johnson?'

'That is just the thing, Florence; it is not pleasant to have to behave well always, when one has been accustomed to have a great deal of their own way. But, as you and I are going to try a great deal, we must try as much with nurse as with other people.'

A deep sigh. 'I hope I will remember to be good.'

'I think a good plan would be for me to remind you of it when I see you forgetting; and whenever you feel going to be bold, run straight to me, if you can, and I will tell you what to do.'

Florence sealed the compact with a kiss; and when Margaret asked her would she not like to go down to the drawing-room, but instead of going,

she lingered at the door, and at last came up to Margaret—

'I would rather wait for you, for everybody will say something to me.'

So she took Margaret's hand, and went down into the drawing-room, hiding her face behind her friend's dress; but, after all, there was no one there but Dr Wyndham, who, on seeing her, called out—

'Holloa, who is this strange visitor you have brought?'

But Florence had taken counsel for what she should do, and, dropping Margaret's hand, walked up, and with downcast eyes, and a very heightened colour, spoke to him.

'I am very sorry, sir, I forgot all you told me the other day; that was what made all the mischief.'

'My poor little woman, of course you did; many a thing old heads like mine forget, as well as young ones like yours; see if we do not do better the next time. Margaret, get me some pieces of sugar.'

Margaret also took the precaution of warning every one against saying anything to her; and when the children came in, Florence slid down from Dr Wyndham's knee, and went off to join their play, quite gay and light of heart again.

'Never let me hear her called "Miss Hopeless" again by any one, or, in spite of my coat, Margaret, I will be sending a challenge. She is a dear child.'

'Right, papa; and when you do, take me for your friend—the congruity will be complete. There is good in her, if there ever was in any mismanaged child.'

'Oh that she had some one who could draw it out!'

Tea passed over, and the elders still lingered round the table. The conversation had ebbed down to a low tide, making the conversation of the doll party in the bay-window the more audible of the two.

'Has not mine very pretty hair?' said Nannie.

'Not so nice as Miss Wyndham's,' said Florence, rather scornfully. 'I saw hers, every bit of it, to-night, and it is lovely.'

'Oh, but she is living; that is not to be counted.'

'Yes, I say it is.'

'If it is, then, I can tell you my mamma's is far, far nicer.'

'Nicer! Look how little she has. I do not call people with caps and little bits like nurse's nice.'

'But if you saw her without the cap, it is a great deal prettier than any one's here.'

'Is it, indeed?'

'Yes, and you will see some day that it is; for your papa does not like the caps, and he said, "Won't you have done wearing those odious caps before I come back? Your hair used to be so pretty." And mamma said she would; and I know she will, for she and I always do what he bids us.'

Mrs Selwyn's feelings may be imagined on finding the proverb of 'little pitchers' so unpleasantly verified, and sat looking utterly confused and silenced. Margaret, out of pity, tried to talk and drown the children's voices, and Mrs Wyndham rose and moved to the other side of the room; but Frances boldly sat it out—her secret wish being that the hero of the anecdote had only been present to hear himself so reported. Before the quarrel ended, Margaret had to remind Florence twice about being on the verge of naughtiness; and at last Rose, by a telegraphic sign, was desired to break up the dispute, by carrying off one of the belligerents to the next room.

Mr Herbert's absence lasted three weeks, during which the widow abandoned the cap—retaining, however, the black dress, quite sufficient token to Margaret to call back any wandering thoughts before it became too late.

Florence had many a struggle, but out of them all she came with a very fair proportion of victories; and with Margaret's help the three weeks became the most valuable of any she had spent in all her little life.

From the moment of Mr Herbert's return, when he took Florence back, Margaret studiously avoided allowing him to see the active part she had herself taken in the child's improvement; and, except when Florence was alone at the rectory, the warm chord between them seemed to have faded out of sight. Still Florence stuck manfully to Margaret. A word from her would produce more ready

obedience than if the whole world, father included, talked themselves hoarse.

One morning the Wyndham girls were occupying themselves in the garden, when Mr Herbert crossed over and joined them. He walked about, now assisting one and now another in their work, and at intervals watching the little ones in their play. Florence had learned to be the baby Jane now, and lay laughing under a heap of dry beech-leaves. Suddenly Johnson appeared, to claim her charge, who positively declared her intention of remaining where she was. The uproar brought Margaret to ascertain the cause; and the moment Florence saw her, she burst from them, and seizing Margaret's hand, said, 'I am very nearly naughty now, Margaret—do you think so?'

'Very nearly will not be quite, I hope,' said Margaret, stooping to caress her. 'You will go now, Floy; and remember, to-morrow is your Bible day, so ask Johnson to bring you early. Papa will be looking for his good pupil. Lucy will go to the bridge with you for company. Good-bye.'

Florence held up her mouth to be kissed, waved her hand to her papa, who stood in mute astonishment, and ran down the walk.

'Miss Wyndham, do you think, because I have not mentioned it, that I am insensible to the change you have been the means of working? I owe you more than I have words to tell. It was the want of power to express it kept me silent till now.'

Margaret tried to stop him, by

muttering something of her papa; but he only went on, saying, 'He knew his debt to Dr Wyndham also, but to herself first and best of all. How often he had longed to speak freely about —.'

'Mrs and the Miss Beckfords, in the drawing-room,' said a servant, coming up; and before Margaret knew, she was sitting talking to them.

One morning Mr Herbert brought over his little daughter with him, and they went into the drawing-room. Mrs Wyndham and Margaret were there. Mr Herbert was talking to Mrs Wyndham; Florence had jumped on her friend's lap.

'Good-morning, Miss Wyndham. Papa will not allow me to call you Margaret any more: he says you are Miss Wyndham, and I must say that. I think it is very nasty of him.'

'No, no, Florence dear; whatever your papa tells you to do must be right. You must say exactly what he wishes you always.'

'That is queer; and you once told me yourself no one was quite good.'

Mr Herbert coloured to his temples. He had heard every word.

'Well,' said Margaret to herself, 'he might as well have let the child love me in her own way. I would never have presumed on her affection for me, nor used it to push myself into his notice. But I will take very good care to put barriers up of my own raising, and not leave them for him to erect. I will go to Yorkshire as soon as I can, and to Ousely; and then he will be saved a great deal of trouble.'

CHAPTER XXIV.—CAUSE AND EFFECT.

'I must say, Lizzy, if "England expects every man will do his duty," it is more than I do, and very weak-minded of England. For if now and then some one should do it, you may be quite sure it is because they could not help it.'—A. A. C. ON LOVE AND MATRIMONY.

'Noch ist Polen nicht verloren.'—POLISH VOLKSLIED.

'Margaret,' said Mrs Wyndham one day, as they were returning from a drive, 'you have good sight. Is that Sir Stephen who dashed down the avenue on horseback, and turned out of the gate?'

'It must be. What dreadful haste he is in. That is not his usual style of riding.'

'Mamma,' said Lucy, as they entered the house, 'Frances has got a headache, and is gone to lie down. She bid us not go into her room.'

'Why, we left her quite well.' Mrs Wyndham and Margaret went up-stairs.

Half-an-hour afterwards, Mr Herbert sat waiting in the drawing-room.

He had sent up his compliments, with a request for an interview with Miss Frances Wyndham.

'Margaret, you must go down and apologize—Frances is not able,' Mrs Wyndham said, sitting by the couch which Frances lay upon.

'Another proposal, perhaps,' said Margaret, leaving the room.

'No,' said Frances, sitting up, and speaking in a decided way; 'not very likely: we are neither of us Mrs Selwyn. It is my opinion, mamma, that there is something materially wrong with everybody's love affairs in this parish; and I have no patience with the gentlemen: one and all, they are acting infamously.'

'Softly, my dear girl.'

'Why, here is Sir Stephen, who first draws on Annette Holmdon till she is just in the proper state for falling into consumption; then he singles out Margaret in every public place, by paying her the most marked attention; and winds up all by making me an offer of himself. The next enigma is Mr Herbert. If he was waiting for Mr Selwyn to be a proper number of years dead, to satisfy the widow's qualms of conscience, what brings him here continually, telling Margaret she is perfection, and getting us to cure Miss Florence of her "tempers" before Mrs Selwyn gets her, to save her intended stepmother trouble? Mamma, I wonder you bear with it all as you do.'

'People must bear many a thing they cannot help, Frances. I am more uneasy about Margaret than I speak of; nor do I see my way out of this web at all. I am unwilling to speak to your papa, as it might disturb the harmony that exists between him and Mr Herbert. I cannot speak to Margaret either; and what good would it do her if I did? It would only make her uncomfortable; and she has as good sense as you or I, to see what every one who sees Mr Herbert and Mrs Selwyn in the unconstrained intercourse we do must. That dropping of her married name for "Annie," when we are alone, is most disagreeable to me. I dislike hearing gentlemen call ladies by their Christian names exceedingly. Of course, where they grow up together, it cannot be avoided; but after a girl mar-

ries, I do not think it becoming, except among near relatives. I like them both, but I do not like their meetings taking place here. It looks as if I were match-making.'

'Not for us; that is one thing.'

'No, indeed; especially not for you, my dear Fan.'

In the meantime, Margaret had descended to the drawing-room. Mr Herbert rose to meet her, and she began her apology for her sister, which Mr Herbert stopped, by saying he understood she was suffering from headache—her sisters had mentioned it; but he did not like to go without making the effort. Did Miss Wyndham guess the object of his visit? Margaret, feeling rather uncomfortable, 'had no idea.'

'Something concerning the region of the heart,' he said.

Margaret winced, and supposed he and Sir Stephen were like the rival brothers in the Rhine legend, who were each to try their chance for a 'fair ladye.' But the quiet answer, 'Indeed,' gave her not even the appearance of having curiosity. Mr Herbert looked half-provoked at her indifference—he had been so nervous about the opening of his business, and to see her so unmoved! At last a bright idea struck him. 'Do you think I am here on my own behalf?'

'How am I to know you are not?'—her gravity almost gone at the expression on his face. He looked in puzzled despair. Margaret gave him no assistance; but at last he burst forth with—

'Miss Wyndham, you will not understand me. Do you take pleasure in torturing? I am come at the request of Sir Stephen Norris. Of course you are aware of his disappointment here to-day. He is in a state of wretchedness dreadful to behold. You would pity him if you saw him. Poor man! I do from my very soul.'

'Yes?' inquiringly.

'You see men do not often expect to be refused—that is the real truth; and he had so built upon this, and it came with such a sudden blow, that he does not know how to bear up under it. And in the confusion in his mind, he could not mark if there was anything in your sister's manner

that he could cling to, with hope that in time he might make better progress. Is there any such prospect for my poor friend? You will believe how averse I was to undertaking such a delicate mission, but I had to do so at last out of pity. You know your sister very well, I am sure. I am glad I cannot see her; but you will tell me candidly what message I am to carry back. If you had known my friend as long and well as I have, you would say that a more honest, nobler, better heart never beat in man's breast, than in that of Stephen Norris. Is there no hope?

Gesture and words said, 'None.' Answer, 'Poor Norris!'

'Mr Herbert, will you carry this message back for Frances to your friend?—That she is grieved to the soul, and truly sorry, to think she ever said or did anything to lead Sir Stephen to suppose she encouraged attentions from him. Till this day, she never dreamed of how it was with him, and that she asks his forgiveness for the pain she has caused him; and she hopes they will still be as friends with all.'

'To this am I to add it must all end now? Oh, Miss Wyndham! does she dislike him, or how is it? I would think him a husband any one might be proud of, and love heartily too.'

'Perhaps it is due to Sir Stephen to give some reason for such a point-blank refusal. I am sure Frances did not tell him; but I will. Mr Herbert, my sister is engaged—was so before we came here.'

'You need not say more,' said Mr Herbert; 'that contingency I never contemplated, nor did my friend, I am sure. Very well, whoever may be the happy man, Miss Frances has my best wishes for her happiness. She is worthy of more than I have words to wish.'

'He is our cousin. He lived with us at Ousely. Now he is out in South America. In a year we look for his return; when, if all be well, they will be married.'

'She is a brave soul: how well she bears it!'

'When first we came here, she felt it very keenly: but she is better now. It was only last autumn he went out. It was a melancholy "good-bye."'

'He was here?' said Mr Herbert, with new interest in her words.

'Yes.'

They had some conversation after this, and Mr Herbert was thinking it was time to be off to Sir Stephen, who was enduring the horrors of suspense in the library at the Hall, when Margaret said—

'As this is the first and most likely last time we shall ever allude to what is past, I should like to ask you a question. If it involves any breach of confidence, let me know to withdraw it. Was there not some attachment at one time between Sir Stephen Norris and Miss Holmdon, or at least the appearance of such?'

'On that subject I never had confidence reposed in me, so there is no breach in saying I think there was. Other people, I know, thought so too; and I scarcely know whether it is your sister's brilliancy which has so charmed Sir Stephen, or a misunderstanding between him and Miss Holmdon, that has put an end to matters. This much I know—there was a mistake about some bouquet Miss Holmdon received from him, which she was supposed to prize highly, and which found its way into the hands of some other gentleman—through, I have no doubt, some casualty: perhaps the old lady was to blame. But some rather bitter words passed; and that day at Dollington last summer completed the estrangement. Sir Stephen took her absence from the evening party very ill—looked upon it as a final expression, and acted thereon.'

'I do not wonder she did not go. I could not help watching her all day, and she seemed wound up to a pitch of madness. She could neither eat nor speak; and after so many hours' torture, she must have gone home. To tell you the truth, I was very angry with Sir Stephen that day. He did not wish to be inattentive to her; and when he dared not come out boldly, every act was more an insult. Frances was in rather high spirits, and laughed very much—more than was just judicious under the circumstances, as we now see them; and she has never ceased blaming herself, ever since the idea first occurred that she had given Annette pain. To-day has

quite cleared up what we all wondered at with such great regret—that Miss Holmdon latterly avoided us in such a pointed way, and shrunk from all the friendly exchanges of books, work, or music, that had apparently given her such pleasure formerly. If we could but do anything for her! But that is impossible. She has too much to forgive us, to leave any hope of our ever being friends.'

'If I stay much longer, Sir Stephen will expect some extraordinary results. How far am I at liberty to repeat our conversation?'

'As far as you think judicious. We put ourselves in your hands. But—if—would you—in fact, we should not wish it to go beyond Sir Stephen.'

'Certainly not. Good-morning.'

'Women are so conventional,' said Mr Herbert to himself, as he went home: 'they are so taught to conceal their real feelings, and act a part, that it becomes second nature. I wonder how far Margaret concealed hers from me to-day. Her manner is so frank, one does not suspect her of it, like most women-kind; but all along I was afraid she might fall into the same error the public have done, and think his attentions meant for herself. Fool of a man, that he could not have

courage to speak out boldly to the right sister, instead of acting shadow to Margaret in every company. Then that was the cousin I saw! Well, that information is the only piece of comfort I have got out of my match-making. A pretty business I have made of it—inciting this man on, to be thrown back at last! I wish I had not dined at Prenderley that day, and been made a confidant of! Heigh-ho! nothing but entanglement on all sides. Annie Selwyn—there is another scrape I am in for! "Did you ever have a cousin, Tom?"' And Mr Herbert whistled the air, till, nearing the windows of the library, he repressed it, in compassion for his afflicted friend's feelings.

The next news in Landeris was, that Sir Stephen was gone to see his mother; and the first addition made to this was, that Sir Stephen was to bring back a Lady Norris, in the shape of one of his mother's dashing nieces. Many believed it. The Wyndhams were inclined to it too, on the theory that men are never so ready to have a wife found for them, as after meeting with a disappointment; and fame always allowed that Mrs Westerton excelled in that branch of female diplomacy which is generally called 'match-making.'

(To be continued.)

TWO DREAMS.

I. STELLA.—(ESTHER JOHNSON.)

A star upon night's royal crown,
A snow-white petal falling down,
A light upon a stormy sea,
A wave of far-off melody,
Art thou to me.

The mournful oval of thy face,
Thy dark eyes' thoughtful grace,
The bright hair clust'ring round the head,
Like tendrils when the vintage red,
Is blushing nigh.

Pale disappointment's weary look,
As if beside life's sealed book,
Hope tearful sat with downcast eyes,
Waiting the wisdom of the skies
To clear up all.

These shake my spirit, as the breeze,
 Borne shrilly o'er the cruel seas,
 Wafts the sweet tones of love and home
 To those compell'd afar to roam,
 And sigh for rest.

While from the hills of light above
 Thou shinest on earth's chequer'd love,
 And still above youth's ecstasy
 Is heard thy prescient melody
 Of liquid song,

As if upon heav'n's sapphire stair
 An angel stood, with fragrant hair
 Circling a jewell'd harp, and roll'd
 A flood of music clear and cold
 Adown the world ;

Singing, ' I loved for many a year,
 Shed many a lonely secret tear
 For one, whose heart was proud and cold—
 A tale, alas ! too often told
 In human life.

' I met him first in that gay time
 Of childhood's guileless loving prime,
 When the young heart with timid wing
 Seeks some tall tree where she may sing
 Above the blast,

' Cradled within its giant boughs,
 He breathed to me love's burning vows,
 Seal'd on my lips my first love's kiss—
 Foretaste, methought, of future bliss,
 Ah ! woe is me !

' His heart unlearn'd that stainless vow,
 On others bent a smiling brow,
 And left to me the dreary pain
 Of lighting love's cold torch again
 When hope had fled.

' I but to him Self's Passion-flower,
 The fav'rite of an idle hour ;
 I, who for him had proudly died,
 Was not so dear as care or pride
 Of earthly fame.

' For him my life was desolate,
 For him I bore grief's wintry fate,
 Till, wounded o'er death's silent stream,
 I cast off earth's unreal dream
 Within the skies.

' Leaving a trouble on life's wave,
 Where vain remorse above my grave
 Sat down with sombre mantle clad,
 Anon with bitter weeping mad,
 For me gone home.

' And I, as through the solemn skies
 Flow'd on th' angelic harmonies,
 Saw slowly round his cold heart wound
 A desolation most profound
 Of misery.

' I saw indignant reason's light
Pale before retribution's night,
As o'er his head the flood of woe
Swept with a full tempestuous flow,
And deep beneath,

' The treasure of our early love,
His better longings from above,
Mingled with dark imaginings,
Unbridled love of sensuous things,
Gleam'd hard and cold.

' Yes ! he who cast my love away,
When sunset fell on his brief day,
Was laid beneath a mocking stone
Unloved, unpitied,—not alone,
For I was near.

' The dark proud face I loved so well,
Whose haughty gloom love could not quell ;
Silent and grand, beside me slept,—
At last love's tryst was duly kept
For evermore—

' For ever, till that gladsome day,
When all love's doubts shall pass away,
And sternly over sea and land
The Judge shall wave his awful hand,
And one full tone,

' Clear ringing as from mystic horn,
Shall pierce beyond the crystal morn,
And rustling through the trembling skies,
The dead from ev'ry grave shall rise,
For good or ill.'

She ceased—and through the dark'ning sky
Came a full burst of agony,
As if heav'n's music fled and died,
Before the sad advancing tide
Of human tears.

ALAN.

LETTERS TO MY NEPHEW.

LETTER THE FIRST.

' IN SOCIETY.'

MY DEAR BOB,—So, my dear nephew, you ask me for a few advicial letters—good. We old people like such a demand from young folk—it seems to admit our superior profundity—so e'en in imitation of a man as great as I am small, I'll write thee sermons, Bob ; and I've no doubt you'll pay the usual attention to them, Bob, which sermons ever get.

Well, as my advice should relate to your social existence, let me at once give you a few hints on your behaviour in such good society as you can acquire.

Commençons : If you love me, avoid sarcasm—a capital clever thing in books and letters, but a great nuisance in society. Sarcasm is criticism in the strong manner—criticism is the

trade of the critics, and oh, dear Bob, would you do retail traffic in the merchandise of those unlucky fellows?

And by critics, I mean critics *purs et simples*—the unlucky gentlemen who live by criticism alone; who have to hear beautiful operas—see good plays, paintings, and statuary—read good books and brilliant articles—and then turn to for a dinner by complaining of, perhaps, one false chorus, one slip of the chisel, brush, or pen, in works which have been perfected only by months of labour.

No, no, Bob, do not touch the critic's trade. Have a kind word for them—think as gently as you can of them, but don't go to their school and learn their 'A B C.'

And indeed, nephew, I have this subject so much to heart, that at the risk of wearying you in this the very first piece of didacticism, I will continue it. Therefore, I say, that the very greatest wits are annoyances if they bathe themselves in criticism. Annoyances, did I say? I should have used a stronger word.

One of the wittiest men of his time, the late Douglas Jerrold, sometimes made his company miserable by indulging in that same sarcasm in which he was so complete a master, that he despised its wound in the Alexander Pope manner. He would have his satire both felt and seen; and indeed it was. You may have heard Douglas often 'convulsed the table,'—so he did, but 'twas now and then with a convulsive laugh.

I don't say Jerrold always had this mood upon him; being a wise man, he knew the constant assumption of that clothing would have driven him from society—for kindly men and women (and most men and women, Bob, are kindly) would have risen against such an ungenerosity.

No, no; Jerrold knew better than to go over about like a raging lion; and the consequence was, that the laughter he could raise, as easily as a Frenchman his eyebrows, was generally free and unconstrained.

There is one anecdote of Douglas's which you have never heard, and I'm sure will never read, for it oversteps the canons of modern literature somewhat—a sarcasm launched at the founder of a feast, which was perhaps

well-deserved, but which should never have been uttered. That founder, it is true, was an ignorant vulgarian, and told a tale of himself which naturally insulted Jerrold, and other educated men present; but the brilliant retort Jerrold gave, should never have been cast at the host, whose meat and wine Douglas was swallowing.

No, Bob, don't attempt the sarcastic 'dodge,' as Mr Clive Newcome hath it; 'twill serve thee in little stead. Nay, gentle sarcasm, which involves vexatious uneasiness in any person concerned, had better be bottled up, and the cork tied down with the pliant wire of good sense.

As an instance of gentle satire, take that scene between Monsieur William Makepeace and the late Angus Reach—you know the *pas d'armes*, Robert, so I need not repeat it; but I think William Makepeace was in the wrong. When his highness Anglaisé'd the Scotch author's name, it involved total ignorance of the author—and such a position naturally angered Angus,—whose naturally angry correction should not have been met with the gentle peach-blossomed sarcasm which followed.

William Makepeace himself was surely sorry for his charge after he had gained such a victory by it. Let us suppose so, when we remember W. M.'s charitable exertions when Angus turned into that world-wide Portugal Street, and could not find any exit except by the gate of oblivion.

Not, Bob, that I counsel social insipidity—by no means. Satire which don't hit hard, is the lemon in the social punch. For instance, suppose, tired of small talk, you look about and discover that Miss Brown's bouquet is less by a rose, and that you discover the vegetable (as that same Mr William has called the article, classing rose, cabbage, or otherwise, with cabbage proper)—suppose, I say, you discover this vegetation, late Miss Brown's, peeping out from young Jones's waistcoat, I think you have a perfect sarcastic right to point out the flitting; and so far from any harm resulting from the business, perhaps you may bring the question between the young people to a blissful conclusion.

Again, if you see young De Waldemar glancing with infuriated eyes at young Fristel, just home from Scandinavia, relating the wonders of his wanderings to Waldemar's Sophie of three years' duration, I think you owe it to society to index the fact to every soul present who is not *au courant*.

But if, on the contrary, you perceptively discover that young Mr P. V. Rello, the young painter, who is in an unaccountably glistening coat (for you know his circumstances), has left behind him, on a blue and white striped damask chair, a deal of patent black reviver, I do not think you have any right to point to the fact and the culprit.

Nor is there any need to make fun of poor old Miss Tomskey, and her seven precious old discursive brooches. All those ridiculous old ornaments have each a tale; and if they (the brooches) are queer, you have no right to make the whole company believe you are witty by making your young lady partner laugh at your brilliant description of that fossiliferous jewellery.

But if I caution you against sarcasm, I COMMAND you to avoid *mauvaise honte*, or you shall never have a penny of mine. I hate *mauvaise honte*, I dislike exaggerated self-assertion infinitely less. The man who comes into a room with an expression similar to that of my terrier Maggie, after castigation for felony, with his head down, his eyes up, and one shoulder before the other, ought to be kicked, sir,—kicked till he turned and swore at the company generally.

Avoid it, I say; and if you retort that many great men are cursed with the calamity, you might as well put out your eyes, young poet as you are, because Milton could not see a proof of 'Paradise Lost.'

It is true this is a complaint which does crop out now and then among men of mark, but if they do not make a cure of that *maladie-de-rien*, they come sooner or later to the most awful grief.

But a few years ago, I saw a first-class English wit, a man one of whose books got him a comfortable office, make such an awful scene of himself

through indulging in this very horrid quality, that I wondered he didn't flee.

He had come to take the chair at a mechanic's institution meeting, and he appeared, upwards of six feet as he was, to the astonished gaze of hundreds, rapping his influenzaed features with a red cotton pocket-handkerchief rolled up in a ball.

Firstly, Having the influenza, why did he not stop at home?

Secondly, Why did he not have a white handkerchief?

Thirdly and lastly, Why, instead of dabbing those magnificent features of his with that linen, did he not use it like a man—say after the example of a late premier.

Well, this first-class pupil of *mauvaise honte*, for whom nature had done all she could in the superb line, subsided into a leathern arm-chair, rose from it, and addressed the meeting. Such an address! In print he lectured like a Titan, and in speech he spoke like a schoolboy.

At last the dramatic performances went on; and by and by came another opportunity for the bashful chairman to look ridiculous. The youths who were reciting, willing to present the trial-scene from the 'Merchant of Venice' with as much dignity as possible, demanded that unlucky chairman's arm-chair of state for the sacred person of the mock doge.

Now what should he have done?—good-humouredly have refused to quit the chair? But no; in his state of *mauvaise honte*, he positively started up and let the chair be scudded away for the purposes of the mock doge (who wore a cocked-hat, I remember). The wit then lowered his big self into a quivering little cane-bottomed chair, which he so covered up that he seemed to be sitting on precisely nothing.

So ridiculously things went on, till a long-winded performance, in four-score verses, came to an untimely end by the laughter of the audience, whereupon the chairman rose to apologize for the reciter, who retired in high dudgeon. He went on for a little time till he came to the admission that the length of the 'oration,'—here he stopped and covered himself with confusion.

I saw why in a moment. He had made a pun, I felt sure, on 'oration,' (O rash 'un!) in reference to the youth who had tired the public, and, making the pun, behold the confusion!

I think a young Frenchman behind me thus spoke:—'Bah! pourquoi ne se retire-t-il pas?' But he did not; for he remained to have his chair given back to him, and hear a vote of thanks to himself heartily cheered and carried.

And to think that this man—with the head of Jupiter on the body of Hercules—calculated to impress thousands into stillness, should have made himself so ridiculous by his own wilful, stupid bashfulness, as to be a target for your uncle's goose-quill, Bob!

Oh, nephew, I caution you against satire, but I warn you off *mauvaise honte*.

Before I close this letter, there is another piece of conduct about

which I must slightly caution thee—I mean educated vulgarity. I say *slightly* caution thee, because I know, being my nephew, thou art not like to be vulgar.

Still, nevertheless, there is a literary man who, I believe, is frequently in your city, whom, therefore, you may meet, and whom you might wish to emulate, against whom I warn you. True it is, he may be the editor of half a dozen journals and papers—true, he may be educated enough to tell great A from a barnshaw, but though he moves in good society, I pray you do not imitate him. He is vulgar, vulgar, vulgar; and he is no less vulgar, because he is a man of mark.

Well, then, to bring my letter to a perorating close, you will avoid vulgarity—you should avoid satire—you *must* do battle with unreal tin-pot modesty, and overcome it.

Goodbye.

WHAT BEFEL MY COMPANIONS;

OR,

MEMORIALS OF THE JOLLY DOGS.

EDITED BY FRANCIS MEYRICK, ESQ.

A SAD DOG.

PETERKIN had no sooner left us, than Jones started from the seat he had taken, and said in an abrupt and somewhat excited way, that he wished to see Meyrick alone for a moment. On this, our host, frowning slightly, and after some evident hesitation, lighted a taper, and with an apologetic word to Vernon and myself, took the other into the next room. 'We shall be back presently, I suppose,' said he, as they went out; 'but take your coffee when it comes, and don't wait for us.'

'Poor fellow!' said Vernon to me, as Meyrick shut the door; 'is that really Jones? He is changed indeed, and looks ill both in mind and body; though, by the way, it was not necessary for Peterkin to tell him so.'

'It certainly was not,' said I; 'but Peterkin is changed too, and not for the better either. Then this is the first time you have seen Jones since your return?'

'Yes,' replied Vernon; 'I got his address from Meyrick, and called on him, but he was not at home.'

'He seldom is, unfortunately,' returned I. 'He seems to live from tavern to tavern more than in any other way. He even writes in such places; you probably know that he is what is called a literary man?'

'Yes,' said Vernon, 'that much about him, but no more, I have heard from Meyrick. For some reason or another our friend seems unwilling to speak of him.'

'Meyrick has been very kind to

him,' returned I; 'that will serve as one reason. For Frank is too good a fellow to speak of his own generosity when he can help it. Another reason doubtless is, that Jones has been very foolish, to use no harsher term; and Frank, again, would sooner speak good of himself than evil of a friend.'

'In those respects,' said Vernon, warmly, and with his fine eyes beaming, 'Meyrick simply is now, what Meyrick always was of old.'

'Yes, but Jones abuses his goodness. No doubt he has come to do it again to-night. It makes me quite angry to think of it. I don't mind telling you what I know of that fellow, for I have not shown him such kindness as Meyrick has—so much thrown-away kindness, I fear I must say. You remember how Trench spoke of him at my house?'

'I do,' replied Vernon; 'and you as well as Meyrick seemed indignant at it.'

'What he said was but too true, though,' returned I. 'Jones has lost all self-respect.'

'He was not intemperate when we knew him,' said Vernon; 'nor, indeed, at all inclined that way, I thought.'

'Neither he was; nor is it altogether his own fault, poor fellow, that he has become what he is. You know what sort of a man his father is?'

'No,' replied Vernon; 'I know nearly nothing about Jones but what I have seen of him.'

'Then you don't know about his aunt either? The father is a Leeds tradesman. The aunt was a foolish woman; she kept her brother's house after his wife's death, and spoiled her nephew, who was an only child. But she is dead too now, poor creature, so I shall speak of her as little as possible. I learned all about them during the progress of a suit in which Mr. Jones was the plaintiff, and I was junior counsel on the other side. Their peculiar character, or at least his, was in fact the key to the whole proceedings. Of these, however, I need not speak; it is enough to say that the Leeds people we had up told us all about them. As to Mr. Jones, he is a rich tradesman, weak, selfish, and overbearing; obstinate, close-fisted, hard-hearted; harsh to his work-people; inexorable to the poor; arro-

gant and vulgar; very keen as a local politician; a dissenter, and yet bigoted,—for even nonconformists, you know, will sometimes be so; an utter radical, and yet as great a worshipper of rank and title as if he were a model republican. It was, doubtless, because he was a dissenter that he sent his son to Glasgow, and not to either of our own universities. And why do you think he had christened him "Richard Sackville?" He is in no way connected with the Dorset family* by consanguinity, as you may well suppose, nor by clientage either, but he must needs give the child a high-sounding aristocratic name, and he picked out "Cavendish," in preference to "Howard," and "Percy," and "Stanley," and so on, from an old Debrett which he keeps beside the family Bible. I was told that, and other things by Richard himself; he would have told me more, if I had not stopped him, after his unfortunate quarrel with his father. For they have quarrelled, as you shall hear, through faults on both sides, of course. Now, what would you say was the character of Jones when we knew him in Glasgow?'

'Why,' said Vernon, 'he was a friend rather of yours and Meyrick's than of mine, so I had fewer opportunities of observing him than you two had. He seemed easy to understand, however; and I should have pronounced him a gay, frank, open-hearted fellow; honest and upright, but that, perhaps, more from habit than from any real strength of morality—virtuous, in short, chiefly because not tempted.'

'Well discriminated,' said I, as Vernon paused. 'And intellectually?' . 'I don't know that I am a good judge in that respect, but if I might venture on an opinion, I should say that there was a good deal of the Frenchman in him—a proneness to analysis—wit sparkling like champagne—no continuously profound thinking. His genius altogether, I thought, was critical, not productive.'

'Right again,' said I, 'he has proved your estimate to be correct. A critic he is, and nothing but a critic: reviewing is his sole department in

* Since Mr Poyntz wrote, the Dorset title has become extinct.—F. M.

literature, but an excellent reviewer he certainly is. To write anything original, or even indeed to choose a theme for himself, is to him as impossible as it would be for the anatomist to teach his science without being provided by others with subjects to dissect ; but with something before him on which to work, and by which ideas are suggested to him, he is rich in illustration, subtle of argument, sound of judgment. Then again he has much general knowledge, and the power too of bringing it to bear.'

'Yes,' said Vernon ; 'he had read a great deal, I remember.'

'True, and that brings me to his aunt again ; I told you she spoiled him. She had some means of her own—a childless widow she was—and every shilling she could spare of it was lavished upon Richard up to the day she died. She it was who ministered to the craving which, as soon as he had learned to read, he manifested for books of almost any kind. She thought, poor woman, that no harm could come of reading, and, "See!" she would say, "what a boy our Dick is ! so different from other boys ! He never buys sweetmeats or things ; every half-crown I give him he spends on books. I subscribed for him, besides, to the circulating library round the corner, and though the year is not out yet, I do believe he has read more than half-through it already. He will be a great man, I am sure, our dear Dick !" What could you expect, Vernon ?'

'Not much good ; superficial reading, indiscriminate reading, reading without a purpose, is not salutary.'

'Humph, so they say. Well now—what books would you put into the hands of a mere child ?'

'Jack the giant-killer,' replied Vernon ; 'and all manner of fairy tales, and—'

'And what is the purpose in reading Jack the giant-killer, and the like ?' I interrupted.

'To sow the seeds of chivalrous feeling, for one thing,' returned my chivalrous friend. 'Robinson Crusoe, to infuse a spirit of adventure and self-reliance. It's one of the best books in the world even for grown men. I was reading it again only yesterday.'

'Needlessly in all truth, I should say, thou self-reliant and adventurous man !' cried I. 'What else ?'

'Never mind just now,' returned Vernon, smiling. 'Let us talk of that another time. Go on about Jones just now.'

'Well,' I continued, 'one bad effect of his aunt's indulgence, and the worst indeed, was that it made the boy a hypocrite to his father. You said that you thought Jones used to be ingenuous, and so he was, to everybody else ; but from his very childhood up he seems to have lived in a state of systematic deception towards the very being who naturally should have had his entire confidence. The old man was as niggardly to his son as he was to other people—never gave him a sixpence indeed—"What could Richard want or do with money at home?" Thus, as the aunt's liberality was unknown to him, a standing secret existed between parent and child.'

'There was however a second point on which Richard practised systematically on his father. While he in reality abominated the puritanical observances of the parental economy, he ostensibly took pleasure in these, and in nothing so much ; merry and laughter-loving everywhere but in his father's presence, in that harsh presence he was ever solemn and demure. As thus, according to himself : he is at home, still a boy ; his aunt is holding her sides with laughter, and tears stand in her eyes, at his drolleries and fun ; hark ! his father's well-known knock is heard, the aunt runs off lest her looks might betray both herself and her idol, and enter Mr Jones to his good little son, whom he finds absorbed in Baxter's "Saint's Rest," Doddridge's "Rise and Progress," or at best "The Olney Hymns." A second Samuel ! the father thinks.'

'Very sad indeed all that,' said Vernon : 'I do not know which can have done him more harm—the misjudging fondness of his aunt, or the combination of stupidity and severity which his father seems to have exhibited.'

'Well, the same malign influences pursued him when he came to Glasgow,' I went on. 'His father exacted from him an account of every farthing he sent him, and that account he was

able faithfully to render, as his aunt's remittances supplied him but too plentifully with money: his father also exacted from him a minute account of the way in which he spent his time, and that account, again, he was able to render, if not faithfully, of course without fear of detection. We may well suppose that no mention of the Jolly Dogs ever appeared in it. You, and I, and Meyrick, and the rest of us, little thought that on going home from one of our meetings he would insert as having been his occupation for the evening—"*Seven to eleven: Wrote my essay on the 'Division of Fallacies,' in which I show that the Archbishop of Dublin's division of them is fallacious. Then to bed*"—or something of that sort.'

'I remember that essay well!' said Vernon. 'And very clever it was; though whether the logic of it was sound or not, I cannot say. But do you really know that he made such an entry?'

'I really do,' replied I. 'He told us so after his quarrel with his father, saying he made it to please the old dissenter, who he thought would be put in good-humour on learning that he had exposed an archbishop. He added that he was sorry now for his pains. I don't know, however, whether or not the entry was made after a kennel night.'

'Di graceful indeed, all that!' exclaimed Vernon. 'No sense of honour left to him! and yet how merry he always was! To think that a human conscience could be seared so early and so utterly!'

'Well,' I resumed, 'after that famous last meeting of our club in Glasgow, neither Meyrick nor I—we two have all along kept together, you know—heard anything of Jones, till one afternoon we accidentally met him here in the street. He seemed to wish to avoid us, but we pulled him up, and then he stammered out some unintelligible excuses for never having called on such old friends as we were. We three dined together at my house that day, and partly on that occasion, partly afterwards, he told us about himself.'

But here, for a little, I break off my conversation with Vernon, in order

to give at once, and in a connected form, the whole of Richard's sad story, from the time he finally left Glasgow up to that evening. For it was only on that evening, and when he was closeted with Meyrick, that he made a full confession: much as Frank and I had previously suspected of the truth, more had been concealed from us, by the tergiversation and reticence—by the falsehoods, not to shun the term—which had now become habitual to the degraded man.

When Jones returned home after the termination of his college career, he found that his father, who had from the first resolved that he should follow a learned profession, had fixed upon the medical for him. The old man 'had made up his mind.' And Richard, accustomed to unhesitating obedience as he was, made no objection, although till then he had looked forward, and with pleasure, to studying law. Accordingly, after a short probation with a medical practitioner in Leeds, he came up to London to walk the hospitals, and so forth. And in doing so, he fell in with a set of students, his association with whom proved his ruin. 'They were very different from the Jolly Dogs,—very different indeed,' said he to Meyrick one day, when in a repentant mood. 'They were a noisy, stupid, tippling set, and worse: coarse they were almost to brutality, and ignorant in an incredible degree.' Now Jones, if he was of a facile disposition, was also of a refined mind, and one would scarcely have expected that dissipation of the grosser kind could ever have had any attraction for him. So it was, however; the explanation of the fact being, I believe, that he required excitement of some kind or another; and for want of what I may call intellectual excitement, he took to sensual. Be that as it may, he appears to have gone downwards rapidly; while, moreover, though more gradually of course, he became less and less sensible of his degradation. And then, in the midst of his dissipation, his aunt died, and that suddenly.

Now, the fond woman had meant to have left Richard her heir, but, like so many weak-minded people, she had a great reluctance to making

a will. The consequence was, that she died intestate, and all her property went to her brother. Richard was thus in a moment deprived of the source from which he had so long drawn, and what was worse, he was actually much in debt. What was he to do? He had been on the point of applying to his aunt for money.

Fortifying his courage with brandy—for at first he was in too much despair—he wrote to his father, confessing everything and imploring assistance. Mr Jones, on receiving the letter, immediately came to town. He saw his son, uttered no reproaches, and requested an exact account of all he owed. This, to the best of his confused ability, Richard rendered. 'I shall pay these debts,' said the old man: he spoke very coldly, yet his son began to hope, and to stammer out thanks.

'Silence, sir!' cried his father, at once interrupting him. 'Do not dare to speak to me! As I have said, I shall pay these debts, or at least I shall see that they are paid; I cannot go to such places myself. Here is a shilling for you: it is the last coin you shall ever receive from me, and this is the last time I shall ever look on you. Write to me no more; if you do, I shall refuse your letters. And so good morning, Mr Richard Sackville Jones!—you prodigal!'

'Hadt' you better begin to fatten a calf, father?' retorted Richard. This was the first time he had ever openly addressed his father in other than respectful language.

'My curse upon you!—a father's curse upon you!' exclaimed, or rather screamed, the old man, enraged as he was beyond measure at his son's impertinence, to call it by no stronger name. 'Cursed be the day you were born! Cursed to the grave may you go! You bear henceforth your father's curse—your father's curse, do you hear? I curse you!—'

'Stay, father; for Heaven's sake don't,' cried Richard, shuddering. 'Listen to me but for one moment,' he cried, in tones of anguish—for the impressions of his early training were revived for a moment—and in his fear of his father he began passionately to implore his forgiveness. But Mr Jones was deaf to this last appeal,

broke away from his son in a fury, and in a few hours, after charging a solicitor with the payment of his debts, had taken the road back to Leeds.

Richard's ruin was now consummated: he might have been saved, but was not. He became utterly reckless. In his despair, all thoughts of prosecuting the medical or any other profession were relinquished. His debts having been paid, he had credit again for a time, all the more easily that his creditors had found that he had a rich father: they thought themselves pretty safe, and he was not now the man to undeceive them. So he went on as before, mixing with low company, and then with lower still, till lower he could scarcely find. He called this studying human nature in all its varieties and shapes; said he enjoyed nothing so much as the observation of character. This perhaps was so far true; the natural bent of his mind lay towards the analysis of character as of everything else: unfortunately he seemed incapable of self-analysis, as seers, while they can foretell the fate of others, are always blind, it is said, to their own.

What was to be expected followed: the kind of life he led could last but a very short time; the publicans and others who trusted him at first, distrusted him in succession as they discovered, according to their relative acuteness, how matters really stood with him. Utterly destitute, and almost starving, he came to Meyrick one day, told him all, and begged assistance. Begged—for I use the word he used himself. 'I am a beggar,' he said bitterly; 'nothing but a beggar, Meyrick.'

Frank, thus applied to, treated his old friend kindly; but not with a foolish generosity that would have been worse than useless to him. Sufficiently, but sparingly and therefore judiciously, he then and at intervals relieved the poor fellow's wants, while, at the same time, he always gave him distinctly to understand that he did so only on condition of resolute efforts towards amendment, and a readiness, on his part, to work manfully for his living, if work of any kind he could get. And work he got, or rather it was got for him, some of it by myself,

but the greater part by Meyrick—that man of much resource and many connexions. It was not all very pleasant work for a person like Jones; but if not a little of it was painful drudgery to him, still it brought him bread, and he was even able to pay his debts again: it came chiefly from booksellers and publishers, and through them from literary men, and consisted at first merely of making out an index, or correcting the press in a new edition of a classic author, or copying authorities, and making extracts at the library of the British Museum and elsewhere, and other tasks of a similar nature. Later, and when he seemed quite steady again, we got him some private tuition, and then Meyrick suggested that he might try his hand as a reviewer, which he did, and, as I have said, with success. Altogether, he seemed for a time in a fair way of retrieving himself; Meyrick was even so sanguine as to hope that a reconciliation with his father might ultimately be effected. But this, alas, did not last long.

The first bad sign was, that one by one Jones lost his pupils; Meyrick and I half suspected the cause without positively knowing it till afterwards; for, out of delicacy to us, the families to whom we had recommended him, concealed at the time that conduct on his part which made it necessary for them to dismiss him, while he again, on each occasion of the kind, had always some false excuse ready, to account for the unexpected termination of his engagement.

The confession made that evening in the other room, Meyrick afterwards communicated to me; he had told his penitent that he would do so. I shall presently refer to so much of it as is necessary, but meanwhile I return to what passed between Vernon and myself during the prolonged absence of the other two.

We passed from Jones, and spoke of other subjects; at least I did, for Vernon, who never was a great talker, had throughout the evening been even more than usually silent, and now scarcely replied to me except in monosyllables. At last, however, but with an apparent effort, he said, 'By the bye, Poyntz, there is something I

wish to speak to you about; not now, however, for they will be back presently and we should be interrupted. At what hour to-morrow shall I find you disengaged at your chambers?'

'That is more than I can tell you, Vernon,' replied I, rather surprised at his manner. 'I am never sure of half an hour just now. I hope it is not on any law-business?'

'No, no,' said he, smiling; 'I am not such a fool as to go to law. So be relieved, my learned friend.'

'Well then,' returned I, 'come and dine with me. Six o'clock as usual. We shall be alone.'

'Quite alone?' asked he, with a glance, which seemed involuntary, at the chair Meyrick had occupied.

'Quite alone,' I replied, understanding what he meant, but wondering what it was that he could have to say to me, and not also to Frank.

'I shall be very glad,' said he; and then I again started some commonplace topic, rather awkwardly indeed, but it occupied us till the others returned.

When they did at last return, Jones wore a very different look from his former one of nervous depression and anxiety. He seemed, in fact, quite radiant, and the excitement he now manifested was plainly of a triumphant kind: he kept talking rapidly, and laughing at the same time: it was not pleasant to see or hear. 'Ha, Vernon!' cried he, throwing himself into a chair; 'glad to see you once more, old boy. So you have turned up again? Ha! ha! I was rather out of spirits when I first came in, and so did not welcome you so heartily as I should have done; ha! ha! shake hands now, and forgive me. I have been very ill lately, but I am better again: should be sorry to lose your good opinion, for you were always a good sort of fellow; your good opinion, I say, and that's a compliment, ha! I don't care a straw for the opinion of most people, no I don't. They are always wrong; praise you when they should blame you—ha! ha!—blame you when they should praise. So with public opinion in general—all fudge—wouldn't give an egg for its approval. One's own conscience is the only guide, say I. Don't you think so, eh? Ha, ha!'

'Take some coffee,' said Meyrick, when at last Jones paused.

'Eh ?' returned he. 'Coffee ?'

'It is still quite hot,' said Meyrick ; 'the spirit-lamp below is still burning, you see.'

'No, no ; no coffee for me,' cried the other. 'But talking of spirits—come, let us have a bowl of punch, old boy, eh ?' here he slapped Meyrick on the shoulder ; 'in honour of Vernon's return, you know. Come, we were all jolly dogs once—you will give us a bowl in memory of old times ? Ha, ha !'

But the laugh with which this was said, was a sadly forced one, and ended in a wry-mouthed grin. For Meyrick hesitated, and looked grave. Vernon came to the aid of our host ; 'I must leave you now,' he said ; 'it is getting late.'

'Bless me, so it is !' exclaimed Jones, glancing at the timepiece. 'I'll go with you, Vernon ; let us go together ; won't you come too, Poyntz ?'

'Our ways all three lie in different directions,' said I ; 'you go to the Borough, Vernon to Somers Town, and I westwards.'

'Well, if you won't, never mind,' returned Jones ; 'I shall walk so far with you, Vernon ; it is a fine night. Come along ; good-bye, Poyntz. I leave London to-morrow ; good-bye, Meyrick, and many thanks, you know. I shall write to you in a day or two.'

'What was the meaning of that, will you tell me, pray ?' asked I of Meyrick, when he returned from seeing Vernon and Jones to the hall-door.

'You may ask,' said he dubiously, as he filled himself a cup of coffee. 'I am not sure of him yet. Let us hope the best, however, and give him one chance more.'

'The good resolutions he expressed when first he came in, seem to have vanished quickly enough,' returned I. 'To ask for punch in that mean way, with his pretext about its being on Vernon's account ! He has lost all self-command as well as self-respect.'

'He was all right when he came,' said Meyrick, 'but the conversation we had in the other room has excited him ; in his state of health he is easily excited, poor fellow. I shall tell you what passed between us.'

Meyrick then communicated to me the confession already referred to ; a painful story it was. I am glad that I do not require, for the purposes of this narrative, to give much of it, and that indeed it will be enough to say, that partly of his own accord, partly on being pressed, the miserable man had admitted having once more taken to his old vice, and had at last disclosed the fact, that it was in consequence of this that he had lost his tuition. It now appeared too, that from the same cause he had also lost much of the other means of support which had been procured for him. It was not habitually, however, he asserted, that he thus disgraced himself—it was only now and then ; he would again and again 'pull up,' he said, and work hard for a month perhaps, but then a temptation would suddenly come, and for a week or two or more, he would be useless. Probably the true version of this was, that as soon as he was paid for anything he had done, he began to throw away the money in dissipation, and continued to throw it away, till none was left ; and that then he would resume his work only perforce, not voluntarily, or from even a transient repentance. It was not, however, merely to make confessions, such as they were, that Jones had sought an interview with Meyrick. He had gone on to say that shortly before, on the recommendation of a bookseller, he had been employed by a physician to revise a manuscript for publication ; and that this physician, who was a kind-hearted man, and skilled in his profession, though not in the craft of authorship, had been struck by his sickly appearance, had made inquiries as to his health, had felt his pulse, had made him bare his chest, had examined him with the stethoscope, had pronounced his lungs to be dangerously affected, had declared that the only chance for him was immediate change of air and scene, and had advised, that as soon as he had finished the revision of the manuscript, he should betake himself to Madeira, or, if that were impossible, to some place on the south coast of our own country. And then came the real object of his visit that night. Could Meyrick, who was always so generous, help him this once more !

He would repay the loan very soon—within a month; he had profitable work on hand, work from a publisher, and a half-finished review article besides. He could do great things if once he were away from London and its enticements: he would be a new man if only he could find some quiet innocent place where he might reform and be happy. He could do nothing as it was; for days he had been trying and had failed. It was such a dreadful thing to feel he was dying; the very thought quite unhinged him; he was not fit to die. 'I must not die yet! I am not fit to die!' he repeated again and again.

'I thought that but too true,' said Meyrick, as he reached this point of his conversation with Jones. 'It was indeed a painful sight to see a man so afraid of dying; but it was more painful still to reflect that he had good reason to be afraid of it, and that it was not merely the natural weakness of humanity, but the deserved reproaches of his own heart which made him such a coward. It was melancholy, pitiable, to see how he trembled as he spoke of death: he quivered, or rather shook in every limb; and one might have imagined he did so from actually seeing his enemy before him, for he clasped his hands convulsively, and then pressed them tightly against his eyes.'

'A trick perhaps,' said I; 'but he moved your compassion, I see. Well?'

'Of course, I said that I would do what I could to help him,' continued Frank, 'and I gave him at once what money I had about me, also a letter to his landlady, saying that I would call to-morrow and pay her what he owed her. He has got enough to take him down to Hampshire, and to keep him for a week or so, and when we hear from him, we can send him more. It is perhaps as well that I had so little money just at hand, for if I had been able to give him more to-night, he might have—Well, I wish he was out of London, and away.'

'You think like me then, that there was perhaps much hypocrisy in all he said?' asked I.

'No indeed,' returned Meyrick; 'the best of actors could not have simulated that shudder of his when he spoke of death. And then, if he had been

trying to humbug me, he would not have started up and recovered himself so suddenly as he did, on finding that I was willing to do what I could for him. He jumped from his chair as if he had received an electric shock, and brightened up in a moment; and then the way his tone changed! He had begun in a cringing sort of way, but now all at once he assumed a most independent air. However—'That's a new lease of life to me!' said he, and he said no more.'

'He did not even thank you?' inquired I. 'Never mind that, you say? But it was like him; there is no such thing as gratitude about him now. The enemy that steals away his brains more or less frequently, seems to have robbed him of his heart altogether. He—well, well; he is a bad fellow.'

'Come, my dear Poyntz,' returned Frank, 'don't be too severe upon him. Rather let us remember what he once was, and hope that yet he may be himself again. Charity—'

'Begins at home,' interrupted I; 'and if I am to end there to-night, and not to-morrow morning, I must be off at once. See, it is past eleven. By the way, it is an age since we have seen you in Hertford Street. How is that?'

'An age?' returned Meyrick; 'just nine days.'

'You keep an exact reckoning apparently,' said I; 'but even nine days are quite enough to make everybody ask what has become of you, Mrs Poyntz, the children, Fanny and all.'

'Yes, indeed!' exclaimed Frank, with an expression of much pleasure in his eyes.

'Yes, indeed,' returned I. 'Good-night, old friend.'

Next day, very punctually at six, Vernon was ushered into my own room. As we shook hands, 'I desired Smith to show you in here,' said I, 'so that any business you may have on hand might be discussed at once. Nothing spoils one's appetite so much as having something on one's mind; so sit down and unbosom yourself forthwith.'

'Thank you, thank you,' said Vernon. 'I thought—I did not expect—will not afterwards do? That is to say—'

Thus he stammered, and there he stopped. He was evidently rather nervous about making his disclosure, whatever it was to be ; and I really began to feel somewhat nervous from sympathy.

'The fact is,'—here he took a long breath, and seemed to be summoning up all his courage. 'As I have told you before, I have enough, but just enough to live upon—'

'Well, go on, and tell me all about it,' said I, encouragingly, and in the tone we assume to re-assure a diffident or frightened witness.

'Well,' continued Vernon, 'I thought—I thought it possible that I might add a little to my income if—if—in short if I were to write something.'

'Is that all?' said I, with a smile, which was very nearly breaking into a laugh. 'For publication of course, you mean? Come, you need not blush like a country girl. What a shy, modest, timid, little friend I have, to be sure, only above six feet high and broad in proportion! A nice figure you would make in the Row, even with one of those long swords you have. Why, the very first bibliopole you encountered would put you to flight with an uncut quill, so horribly would you be frightened. And that's all, you say?'

'Yes, that is all,' returned my friend, again drawing a long breath, and then in his turn smiling; 'except that I wished to take your advice; and—' here he hesitated again—'I have brought the manuscript with me—'

'Out with it then ; I have no doubt it will do capitally. What is the subject?'

'It is a sort of journal.'

'Nothing could be better ; just the thing ; for you must have had many adventures, and seen much well worth recording and describing.'

'I left it down stairs in my hat,' said Vernon, rising as if to go for it.

'Smith will bring it,' interposed I, ringing for my servant.

'It is only the beginning,' said Vernon. 'I thought it needless to go on unless you thought it tolerable.'

'Well, my dear fellow, I shall read it with pleasure, and I shall be really happy if I can be of any use to you,' returned I. 'But why not speak to

Meyrick on the subject? He is just the very man.'

'Yes, I thought of that,' said Vernon, speaking rather slowly ; 'but, in short, one reason was, that I could not face you both at once with it. However—well, I have no objections to consult Meyrick. He is a good, kind friend.'

'That he is,' said I. 'Bring up Mr Vernon's hat.' This last was to my servant, who here made his appearance.

'By the bye,' said Vernon, 'I must tell you I had an unpleasant affair with Jones last night—'

'I was sure that fellow would get into mischief,' interrupted I. 'What was it?'

'Why, he insisted on accompanying me, not much to my satisfaction, for he was in what I thought unnaturally high spirits, and even began to shout. However, there was no help for it, and we walked on, arm in arm, towards Somers Town, for he seemed to take it much amiss that I offered to go with him in the direction of the borough. "I don't require any one to see me home!" he said angrily. Well, we had not gone far, when, at the corner of a street where there was a gin-shop, he suddenly drew me round, kicked open the swinging door, and pulled me in. To avoid a scene I made no resistance; and when once we had entered the place, I was unwilling to go and leave him there. "What will you drink?" he cried, laughing disagreeably; and then, before I could say anything, he called for two measures of gin—quartens, I think he said. They were brought, and then he made a sign that I should take one. I declined, on which he got angry again, and said very rudely, "O yes! I'll stand it, you know." And when I still declined, "I suppose you think I can't pay?" he cried. "Look here!" And he threw down a sovereign on the counter; and then he rapidly tossed off first the one measure and then the other. On this, I saw I could do no good there; in fact I was afraid of losing my temper with him; so I bade him good-night, and turned to go, but he came after me, calling me abominable names, and, before I could open the door and gain the street, he ac-

tually made a blow at me. I caught his arm, however—a poor, weak arm it was; and putting him aside as gently as I could, and without taking any further notice of his conduct, I left the place. Was not that unpleasant, Poyntz?’

‘I should think so!’ said I. ‘The rascal! That sovereign—but here is your hat, and your cloak and cane, too; we shall speak again of that fellow after dinner. Is this the manuscript? Let it lie on my table in the meantime. Mrs Poyntz must be expecting us now.’

Dinner was over, and, after a short subsequent session, Vernon and I had returned to the drawing-room; Mrs Poyntz was on duty at the tea-table; I was playing with my children on one sofa; my friend, in rather low tones, was talking to Fanny on another. Such was the position of persons and things with us when the door opened. ‘Mr Meyrick!’ cried Smith, and Frank entered.

Never before had Meyrick been unwelcome in my house, but he certainly was so on this occasion; for the situation was rendered not a little awkward by his unexpected appearance; and all present, except the two little ones, felt it to be so. Everything considered, and especially considering the terms on which Meyrick stood, not only with my family and myself, but with Vernon, it certainly looked rather odd that Vernon should be our solitary guest the very day after he and I had dined in Great Coram Street; and the worst of it was, that no explanation seemed possible at the time. Meyrick, I should here remark, had long been on this footing with us, that he would join us of an evening uninvited, and when he pleased. He would do so, that is to say, when he judged us to be alone; and the grounds of his judgment usually were, the absence or presence in the hall of any strange hat, or other symptom of our having some one with us. When such he saw, he would at once go away again; and that evening, if the block-head Smith had brought up to my room, as he was told to do, Vernon’s hat only, and not all his accoutrements—these last, though only a cloak and cane, would have sufficed to scare

Frank off. As it was, he entered, and smothering my annoyance, I rose to shake hands with him. In this, however, I was anticipated by my little boy and girl, who jumped from the sofa as soon as he was announced, and, seizing him each by an arm, tried to drag him forward; unsuccessfully, however, for as soon as his eye fell on Vernon, he suddenly became pale, a look of pained surprise came over his expressive features, and he paused, drawing himself up.

‘Well, Frank!’ said I; and there I stopped, having in fact lost my presence of mind for the moment, as any man may do when discovered in suspicious circumstances, however conscious of innocence he may be.

‘Bring Mr Meyrick here, babies,’ said Mrs Poyntz, coming to my assistance.

Vernon had risen somewhat hastily from beside Fanny, but he said nothing: as for her, she reddened slightly, and then I actually thought I heard something like a giggle from her—a strange thing indeed from one whose laugh was always as natural as it was merry.

‘I can’t pull him—he won’t come, mamma’—cried the children, after repeated tugs at Meyrick’s arms.

‘I beg your pardon, Mrs Poyntz,’ said he at last, recovering himself. ‘You must excuse me to-night; the truth is, I have not been home since breakfast, and’—here an idea tickling his fancy, he seemed at once to become himself again—‘really I am much afraid that if I do not return immediately, Mrs Biggs will have hand-bills out, offering a handsome reward for my apprehension or recovery; stolen or strayed, you know—or, left his landlady—was dressed in a so and so, and so on—no questions asked, and all will be forgiven—of no use to any one but the owner—answers to the name of Frank—’

‘Ah, you Jolly Dog, you!’ exclaimed I, laughing, and a good deal relieved. ‘Come, no nonsense; sit down, sit down.’

‘I cannot indeed, Poyntz,’ returned he, relapsing again. ‘The fact is, I wish merely to say a few words to you alone. Will you pardon my rudeness, Mrs Poyntz, and spare him for a little?’

'Oh, certainly, Mr Meyrick,' replied my wife in a tone slightly different from her usual soft one: 'Come here, children.'

The children on this, with a puzzled look at Meyrick, left him, and taking his arm, I led him out. 'More mystery!' said I to myself, as we entered my room.

'I wished to tell you about Jones,' began Meyrick as he seated himself; he was evidently very tired.

'Jones again!' cried I, 'and no good of him, I am sure. Vernon has been telling me how he and that fellow parted last night.' And then I told Frank what I had heard before dinner.

'Just so,' said he, 'that was the beginning of it, and the end was that he passed the night in the cell of a police station; "drunk and incapable," as the charge-sheets say. You may well look indignant. I had scarcely sat down to breakfast this morning, when I got a note from him: it was scarcely legible, but I made out that he wanted me to go to his assistance.'

'Upon my word,' said I, 'that was rather too much! But you went, I suppose? I might guess that.'

'Yes,' replied Meyrick, 'I went. It is of no use doing things by halves. I went and saw him at Bow Street; he had been transferred thither; and there I waited till he was brought to the bar; all day, that is, for there were a couple of heavy cases which took up much time. At last he was dismissed with a fine. Then I went with him to his lodgings; I had resolved not to lose sight of him again till he was out of London. Indeed, I offered to go with him to choose his retreat on the coast, but he would not hear of it. "What!" said he; "do you think I can't take care of myself? must I have a keeper? No sir! I will not be dictated to! Do you suppose, forsooth, that because you lend me money you have a right to control me?" All that was disgusting enough.'

'I should think so!' interposed I. 'What an odious being he must now have become, or rather made himself.'

'The end of it was that I helped him to pack up his things, and saw him off by the Southampton railway. We shall have better accounts of him yet, I trust; I will not despair so

long as there is a single chance for the unfortunate fellow. Good-night.'

'What! you are not going?' exclaimed I. 'Let me send a message to Mrs Bigga.'

'No, no; I'm off,' returned Meyrick.

I saw very well that it was not merely to tell me about Jones that Frank had come, and that he had proposed to pass the evening at my house, but that he was still annoyed at having found Vernon with us: so, as ill-luck would have it, I thought to mend the matter by an explanation. 'Stay a moment,' I said. 'Vernon has been writing something with a view to publication, and he wants my opinion. I said I would consult you, as you are a better judge of such things than I am: here is the manuscript, will you take it with you and look at it?'

'So that you may be spared the unpleasant necessity of saying on your own authority that it is not worth the paper it is written on! You would lay the odium on me, I suppose? Upon my word, sir!'

'Meyrick!' cried I, in a high tone, for my temper was giving way.

'Good-night,'—returned he. And so he went. Never before had we parted on such terms.

I went back to the drawing-room in a state of no little irritation; as a proof of which (I must confess it) I immediately requested Mrs Poyntz to send the children to bed. And then rightly interpreting the uneasy looks which she and Fanny, and Vernon too, directed towards me on seeing that I had returned alone: 'Oh, he is gone,' said I.

'I thought he had more self-command,' said my wife, after a pause.

'I thought'—began Fanny rather hastily; and then she stopped.

As for Vernon, he looked much distressed, but said nothing, and the evening being now rendered altogether uncomfortable, he very wisely took his leave. As I accompanied him to the door, I endeavoured to account for Meyrick's ill-humour, by shortly recapitulating what I had heard from him about the trouble he had been put to by Jones; upon which, 'That doubtless was a predisposing cause,' said Philip. So he too went.

'Well,' said I, as I returned to the drawing-room and threw myself on a sofa; 'a pretty scene we have had to-night! Who would have thought that Frank Meyrick of all men would have been so jealous?'

'So jealous!' returned Fanny quickly, while at my words Mrs Poyntz directed a scrutinizing look towards me, the import of which I did not rightly construe at the time.

'Yes,' said I. 'Just fancy! all this nonsense just because poor Vernon dined here without Master Frank being invited or consulted.'

'Oh!' said my wife.

'I never imagined—I mean how could I have supposed—that Mr Meyrick was so—would have been so—foolish as to—' Thus spoke or rather stammered Fanny, in a hesitating way, very strange for so lively a lady.

'As to what?' I asked of her.

'As to be—annoyed—about Mr Vernon,' replied she, bending over something she had in her fingers, or pretended to have.

'At all events,' said I, 'he has succeeded in making us all rather miserable. Me at least he has bitten, and now I feel inclined to bite somebody. So to avoid accidents, I shall shut myself up in my own room for a little. Remember I am not at home to any one but the Lord Chancellor. Perhaps a pipe may bring me into a better frame of mind. I have some papers to look at too.'

I did as I said, lighted my meerschau, and took up Vernon's manuscript. But after observing to myself that it was beautifully and regularly written, I was really all but unconscious that I held it in my hand, for although my eyes ran along the lines, and even over more than one page, no idea passed into my pre-occupied mind from what they scanned.*

Some time passed in this vacant way, and then once more I returned to the drawing-room. 'Where is Fanny?' inquired I of my wife, as I drew an arm-chair towards the fire.

'She has gone to her room; she has a headache, she says; but—' Here Mrs Poyntz pushed a foot-stool

to my side, and kneeling down upon it, rested her arm on the elbow of my chair, while she looked me in the face with an expression half-serious, half-smiling. 'What now, Anne?' asked I. 'There is at once mischief and perplexity in your eyes.'

She whispered something to me.

'What? both of them?' cried I.

'Yes,' returned she, and then she whispered again.

'And neither of them is conscious of it? No. And Fanny?'

'She seems to guess from their demeanour to-night, what I had guessed before, and rightly guessed, I am now sure.'

'My Anne is a clever woman—a very clever woman. And which way does she suppose that Fanny inclines?'

'I think she admires Mr Vernon's character, as is natural; and that she has a liking for Mr Meyrick, as is natural too.'

'Nicely discriminated. But what is to be done? I don't like this, much or at all. Frank I took to be a confirmed bachelor. As to Vernon, he has barely enough to live upon. What is to be done?'

'Nothing just now, in my opinion,' replied Mrs Poyntz to this practical question. 'Let things, in the meantime, take their course: interference in such matters is generally useless when it is not worse.'

'My Anne is as sensible as she is clever,' said I. 'But this is, indeed, a discovery to me!'

'You men are so dull!' returned Mrs Poyntz. 'But I must go up to the nursery, and see if the children are sleeping well.'

'So that is the way the land lies!' said I to myself, as my wife left me.

'Well, at all events it explains what was strange in Meyrick,—that is one comfort.' I did, in fact, feel much relieved, for his conduct that evening had made me really unhappy. So prone are we all to be glad of present relief, even when it comes in a shape which, if we considered well, threatens far more serious troubles for the future.

Next morning, as I approached the dining-room on breakfast thoughts intent, I heard laughter inside, and

* Absence of mind such as this is well described by M. de Maistre, in his charming *Voyage autour de ma chambre*.—F. M.

laughter not as of women only. 'Who can that be?' thought I, as it suddenly ceased, probably from the alarm being given by my turning the handle of the door.

I entered. Mrs Poyntz and Fanny were in their usual places at table, but in mine sat—Meyrick. And then to my astonishment, and with great effrontery, my unlooked-for guest, eyeing me over the newspaper he pretended to have been reading, exclaimed cheerfully, 'Come along, my dear Frank; I knew you would be sorry for your exhibition of last night. You certainly made a fool of yourself, but I have already made apologies for you to Mrs Poyntz and Miss Herbert. So forget it all, make yourself at home as usual, and sit down. You have not breakfasted, I know. How is Mrs Biggs?'

'Aha!' exclaimed I, entering into his joke, and greatly delighted with this way of terminating the affair. It is very kind of you to have made all right for me. The fact is, I was tired and hungry last night, and irritated with the annoyance I had suffered all day, and—'

'No more excuses, sir!' interrupted Frank; 'your conduct was quite abominable, and the less you say about it the better. However, I shall forget it, if you will. Your excellent wife—'

'My excellent wife!—Frank Meyrick's excellent wife!' cried I, laughing. 'Really I did not know I was married.'

'O confound it!' returned he; 'I forgot my part there, or rather I played it falsely. Hiss me, if you please, and then help yourself to an egg. Shake hands first, though.'

During the half hour that followed, I watched both Fanny and Meyrick narrowly, as indeed was but natural after the hint I had received from my wife. I could not, however, come to any conclusion regarding either: Frank rattled away as usual, nor could I have asserted that his manner was not perfectly natural. As to Fanny again, she seemed to be on her guard: I even thought she suspected what was passing in my mind, and that the look she more than once gave me, spoke a playfully malicious defiance, and meant—'No, indeed, sir!

you may try, but read me you shall not. If I am only eighteen, I am a woman, and so quite able to baffle you, acute as you think yourself, and barrister though you are, my dear brother-in-law, Edward!' But all this may have been imagination on my part.

After breakfast, Meyrick accompanied me as far as Charing Cross, on my way to the Temple. He had asked for, and received Vernon's manuscript from me, and was to let me know his critical opinion in a few days, when we could together give our best advice to the author. This promise he duly kept; I shall afterwards have to refer again to the subject. But at present I return to Jones, so that his melancholy story may be concluded at once.

Meyrick had heard from him two or three days after his departure: the letter was very short, the object of it being merely to give his address, and to remind his 'generous friend' of his 'offer' to send him more money: he hoped it was the last he should require, for he was setting to work vigorously, and expected thenceforth to be independent. In the meantime, however, he should require ten pounds or so, 'to keep him going'; he hoped he did not ask too much. Meyrick, after consulting me, sent him half the sum named.* Moreover, at my suggestion he accompanied the remittance with a hint that it should 'keep him going' for some little time. A rather ungracious letter of acknowledgment came in return, and after that we heard no more of him for about a month. And then it was not from himself that we heard, but from the curate of the parish in which he had taken up his residence. Mr Jones had but a few days to live,—such were the sad tidings the letter brought: he had expressed a wish to see Mr Meyrick; could Mr Meyrick come? Mr Jones had been conveyed to the house of the writer: his address was subjoined.

On receiving this intelligence Frank did not deliberate a moment, but hurriedly throwing a few things into a

* Mr. Poyntz, here and elsewhere, is silent as to the large share he took in aiding and relieving Jones.—F. M.

carpet bag, at once set off for Southampton. He had time, however, to call on me in the Temple, as he drove to the terminus, and to show me the curate's letter. 'What,' said he, as I read it, can be the meaning of 'was conveyed to my house?' There has been something wrong, I fear. Poor Jones! poor Jones! However, I shall soon know, and when I do, I shall write to you, Poyntz.'

'I could go with you,' said I, 'for the sake of old times, but at the end of term as it is, I cannot possibly. Remember me to the poor fellow: now I can only think of him as he used to be. This is sudden at the last.'

'Sudden, indeed,' returned Meyrick, gravely. 'Let us hope that for him it is not too sudden. Good-bye.'

Four days after this I received a letter from Meyrick. The following is a copy of it:—

17th June 1839.

MY DEAR POYNTZ.—All is over with poor Jones. He died last night. I am glad to be able to say that he made a good end. The worthy curate has much hope that his exhortations have not been thrown away, and that his prayers have not been unheard. These are his own words.

I must tell you about our friend's last days, though shortly, for, now that he is gone, it is painful to recall his errors. Briefly then, on coming to this quarter he took lodgings, it seems, in a small inn situated close to the shore, and much frequented, as now appears, by smugglers; how he came upon the place I cannot imagine, for it is quite out of the way. Here, with that liking for 'characters' which was so pernicious in his case, he mingled constantly with the reckless fellows, for whose sole behoof, indeed, the house seems to have been kept. One night they had a drinking bout in the cellars, which were crowded with tubs of contraband spirits, one of the men in lighting his pipe set fire to some shavings—everything was quickly in a blaze, and Jones was terribly scorched. He was rescued, however, and laid on a bank; but it was a pelting night of rain, and what between exposure to the weather, and the shock to his system from the

burns he had received, from the very first there was no hope for him. The flames, which had shot up to a great height, attracted the attention of a wide neighbourhood, and many people came to the spot, amongst others the curate; and that worthy man, on finding Jones so severely injured, had him carried to his own house, and sent for a doctor. During the next two or three days Jones was quite delirious, but at last he came to himself, and then he expressed a wish to see me, and gave my address. It was upon this that the good curate wrote the note I showed you.

When I reached this, Jones was perfectly aware that he was dying, but he was quite calm, and I was greatly struck by this change for the better. He smiled when I entered, and seemed glad. Yesterday he sank rapidly, and a little after sunset he died, passing away very peacefully, with his poor emaciated hand in mine. I closed his eyes. A few minutes before the last, he said, 'Thanks; and thank that truly good man who has done more for me than can be told.' He referred to the curate. Then he added, 'I hope'—but he could not articulate further.

I must stop, as I find it is nearly the hour of post. My best compliments to Mrs Poyntz, and Miss Herbert, and tell Vernon about Jones.—Yours ever truly,

FRANCIS MEYRICK.

EDWARD POYNTZ, Esq.,
Pump Court, Temple,
London.

P.S.—The curate has written to old Mr Jones, and the funeral will not take place, till he has had time to come here. In great haste.—F. M.

A few days afterwards, Meyrick returned. I learned from him that Mr Jones had made his appearance at the curate's house, and had at first been much agitated at the sight of his dead son. Only at first, however; for after listening to what the pious clergyman told him of Richard's last days, he folded his hands complacently, and, turning up his eyes, and looking as if he took great credit to himself, 'Yes,' said he, 'I trained him up in the way he should go, and when

he was old he did not depart from it.' To Frank, he was rude: for, on learning that he had been sent for by Richard—'Then you are one of my dear son's worthless companions, I suppose!' said he. Frank took no notice of the remark, and only was careful that, except at the interment, he should not meet the man again. Mr Jones also higgled with the curate, complaining that the coffin, and the funeral altogether, had been ordered upon too expensive a scale, especially as it was in a place where he was a

stranger: 'It might have been done quite cheaply, and nobody in Leeds would have known.'

So lived and so died, Richard Sackville Jones. A plain tombstone marks his grave: besides his name and the dates of his birth and his decease, the inscription on it consists simply of—

'SPERO.'

This is in allusion to his last words, and was the suggestion of the good curate.

OLD LETTERS.

Queen Catherine of Aragon to Dr. John Forest. A.D. 1535.

[Pollini, *Istoria Ecclesiastica della Rivoluzione d'Inghilterra*, p. 126. *Italian*.]

. The original of the following very interesting letter is now entirely lost. It ill deserves, however, from the touching piety and resignation of its sentiments, to remain unknown to the English reader, and is therefore presented in a literal translation from the Italian of Pollini. This writer, though a violent Romanist, never tampers with the documents he quotes, as is evident by a careful collation of several of those printed by him with the originals which are still in existence. The following may therefore be considered as the genuine *sentiments* of the unfortunate Catherine of Aragon, although the *language* in which they are clothed has unfortunately had to pass through a twofold translation. It was addressed to her confessor, when he was suffering rigorous imprisonment in Newgate for his attachment to his queen and his faith.

Father Forest answered the queen's letter by an eloquent and pathetic epistle, of which a translation may be found in Miss Strickland's *Memoirs of Catherine of Aragon*.* The old man suffered a cruel martyrdom two years afterwards.†—[Note in Mary Wood's 'Letters of Royal and Illustrious Ladies of Great Britain'.]

'MY REVERED FATHER,—Since you have ever been wont in dubious cases to give good counsel to others, you will necessarily know all the better what is needed for yourself, being called to combat for the love of Christ and the truth of the Catholic faith. If you will bear up under

these few and short pains of your torments which are prepared for you, you will receive, as you well know, the eternal reward, which, whoever will basely lose for some tribulation of this present life, I verily esteem him wanting both in sense and reason. But O happy you, my father, to whom it has been graciously granted that you should experience this more fully than any other men; and that none otherwise than by these bonds, by this imprisonment, by these torments, and finally by a most cruel death, for Christ's sake, you should happily fulfil the course of your most holy life and fruitful labours. But woe to me, your poor and wretched daughter, who, in the time of this my solitude and the extreme anguish of my soul, shall be deprived of such a corrector and father, so loved by me in the bowels of Christ. And truly, if it were lawful for me freely to confess what is my most ardent desire in reference to this, to your paternity, to whom I have always hitherto revealed (as was my duty) all the secrets of my heart and conscience, I confess to you that I am consumed by a very great desire to be able to die, either together with you or before you; which I should always seek, and would purchase by any amount of the most heavy and infinite torments of whatever sort, provided it were not a thing repugnant to the Divine will, to which I always willingly submit all my life and my every affection

* 'Queens of England,' edit. 1844, vol. iv. p. 136.

† Pollini, p. 149.

and desire : so much do I dislike, and so greatly would it displease me, to allow myself any joy in this miserable and unhappy world, those being removed of whom the world is not worthy.

'But perhaps I have spoken as a foolish woman. Therefore, since it appears that God has thus ordained, go you, my father, first with joy and fortitude, and by your prayers plead with Jesus Christ for me, that I may speedily and intrepidly follow you through the same wearisome and difficult journey ; and, meanwhile, that I may be able to follow in your holy labours, your torments, punishments, and struggles. I shall have all this by your last blessing in this life, but when you have fought the battle and obtained the crown, I shall expect to receive more abundant grace from heaven by your means. As to the rest, I think it would be an extravagant thing in me to exhort you to

desire above all other things that immortal reward, and to seek to acquire and gain possession of it, at whatever expense of pain in this life, you being of such noble birth, gifted with such excellent knowledge of Divine things, and (what I ought to mention first) brought up from youth in a religion so holy, and in the profession of the most glorious Father St Francis. Nevertheless, since this is a very principal and supreme good bestowed by God on mortals, that for his sake they may endure grievous pains, I shall always supplicate his Divine Majesty with continual prayers, with passionate weeping, and with assiduous penitence, that you may happily end your course, and arrive at the incorruptible crown of eternal life. Farewell, my revered father, and on earth and in heaven always have me in remembrance before God.—Your very sad and afflicted daughter,

'CATHERINE.'

The New Books.

History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth.

By James Anthony Froude, M.A., late Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. Vols. III. and IV. London : John W. Parker and Son, West Strand. 1858.

THE ENGLISH BIBLE.

The paternoster, the apostles' creed, and the ten commandments had been lately published in English. Fathers of families, schoolmasters, and heads of households were to take care that these fundamental elements of the Christian faith should be learnt by the children and servants under their care ; and the law of the land was to be better observed, which directed that every child should be brought up either to learning or to some honest occupation, 'lest they should fall to sloth and idleness, and being brought after to calamity and misery, impute their ruin to those who suffered them to be brought up idly in their youth.' An order follows, of more significance : Every parson or proprietary of every

parish church within this realm shall, on this side of the feast of St Peter ad Vincula next coming, provide a book of the whole Bible, both in Latin and also in English, and lay the same in the quire, for every man that will to read and look therein ; and shall discourage no man from reading any part of the Bible, but rather comfort, exhort, and admonish every man to read the same, as the very word of God and the spiritual food of man's soul ; ever gently and charitably exhorting them, that using a sober and modest behaviour in the reading and inquisition of the true sense of the same, they do in no wise stiffly or eagerly contend or strive one with another about the same, but refer the declaration of those places that be in controversy to the judgment of the learned.'

The publication of the English translation of the Bible, with the permission for its free use among the people—the greatest, because the purest victory so far gained by the Reformers—was at length accomplished ;

a few words will explain how, and by whom. Before the Reformation, two versions existed of the Bible in English—two certainly, perhaps three. One was Wycliffe's; another based on Wycliffe's, but tinted more strongly with the peculiar opinions of the Lollards, followed, at the beginning of the fifteenth century; and there is said to have been a third, but no copy of *this* is known to survive, and the history of it is vague. The possession or the use of these translations was prohibited by the Church, under pain of death. They were extremely rare, and little read; and it was not till Luther's great movement began in Germany, and his tracts and commentaries found their way into England, that a practical determination was awakened among the people, to have before them, in their own tongue, the book on which their faith was built.

I have already described how William Tyndal felt his heart burn in him to accomplish this great work for his country; how he applied for assistance to a learned bishop; how he discovered rapidly that the assistance which he would receive from the Church authorities would be a speedy elevation to martyrdom; how he went across the Channel to Luther, and thence to Antwerp; and how he there, in the year 1526, achieved and printed the first edition of the New Testament. It was seen how copies were carried over secretly to London, and circulated in thousands by the Christian Brothers. The council threatened; the bishops anathematized. They opened subscriptions to buy up the hated and dreaded volumes. They burned them publicly in St Paul's. The whip, the gaol, the stake, did their worst; and their worst was nothing. The high dignitaries of the earth were fighting against Heaven, and met the success which ever attends such contests. Three editions were sold before 1530; and in that year a fresh instalment was completed. The Pentateuch was added to the New Testament; and afterwards, by Tyndal himself, or under Tyndal's eyes, the historical books, the Psalms, and Prophets. At length, the whole canon was translated, and published in separate portions.

All these were condemned with

equal emphasis—all continued to spread. The progress of the evil had, in 1531, become so considerable as to be the subject of an anxious protest to the Crown from the episcopal bench. They complained of the translations as inaccurate—of unbecoming reflections on themselves in the prefaces and side-notes. They required stronger powers of repression, more frequent holocausts, a more efficient inquisitorial police. In Henry's reply they found that the waters of *their* life were poisoned at the spring. The king, too, was infected with the madness. The king would have the Bible in English; and directed them, if the translation was unsound, to prepare a better translation without delay. If they had been wise in their generation they would have secured the ground when it was offered to them, and gladly complied. But the work of Reformation in England was not to be accomplished, in any one of its purer details, by the official clergy; it was to be done by volunteers from the ranks, and forced upon the Church by the secular arm. The bishops remained for two years inactive. In 1533, the king becoming more peremptory, Cranmer carried a resolution for a translation through Convocation. The resolution, however, would not advance into act. The next year he brought the subject forward again; and finding his brother prelates fixed in their neglect, he divided Tyndal's work into ten parts, sending one part to each bishop to correct. The Bishop of London alone ventured an open refusal; the remainder complied in words, and did nothing.

Finally, the king's patience was exhausted. The legitimate methods having been tried in vain, he acted on his own responsibility. Miles Coverdale, a member of the same Cambridge circle which had given birth to Cranmer, to Latimer, to Barnes, to the Scotch Wishart, silently went abroad with a licence from Cromwell; with Tyndal's help he collected and edited the scattered portions; and in 1536 there appeared in London, published *cum privilegio* and dedicated to Henry VIII., the first complete copy of the English Bible. The separate translations, still anomalously prohibited in detail, were exposed freely to sale in

a single volume, under the royal sanction. The fountain of the new opinions—so long dreaded, so long execrated—was thenceforth to lie open in every church in England; and the clergy were ordered not to permit only, but to exhort and encourage, all men to resort to it and read.

In this act was laid the foundation-stone on which the whole later history of England, civil as well as ecclesiastical, has been reared; and the most minute incidents become interesting, connected with an event of so mighty moment.

'Caiphas,' says Coverdale in the dedicatory preface, 'being bishop of his year, prophesied that it was better to put Christ to death than that all the people should perish: he meaning that Christ was a heretic and a deceiver of the people, when in truth he was the Saviour of the world, sent by his Father to suffer death for man's redemption.'

'After the same manner the Bishop of Rome conferred on King Henry VIII. the title of Defender of the Faith, because his Highness suffered the bishops to burn God's Word, the root of faith, and to persecute the lovers and ministers of the same; where in very deed the bishop, though he knew not what he did, prophesied that, by the righteous administration of his grace, the faith should be so defended that God's Word, the mother of faith, should have free course through all Christendom, but especially in his own realm.'

'The Bishop of Rome has studied long to keep the Bible from the people, and specially from princes, lest they should find out his tricks and his falsehoods, lest they should turn from his false obedience to the true obedience commanded by God; knowing well enough that, if the clear sun of God's Word came over the heat of the day, it would drive away the foul mist of his devilish doctrines. The Scripture was lost before the time of that noble king Josiah, as it hath also been among us unto the time of his Grace. Through the merciful goodness of God it is now found again as it was in the days of that virtuous king; and praised be the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, world without end, which so excellently hath endowed the princely heart of his Highness with such fer-

ventness to his honour and the wealth of his subjects, that he may be compared worthily unto that noble king, that lantern among princes, who commanded straitly, as his Grace doth, that the law of God should be read and taught unto all the people.'

'May it be found a general comfort to all Christian hearts—a continual subject of thankfulness, both of old and young, unto God and to his Grace; who, being our Moses, has brought us out of the old Egypt, and from the cruel hands of our spiritual Pharaoh. Not by the thousandth part were the Jews so much bound unto King David for subduing of great Goliath as we are to his Grace for delivering us out of our old Babylonish captivity. For the which deliverance and victory I beseech our only mediator, Jesus Christ, to make such mean with us unto his heavenly Father, that we may never be unthankful unto Him nor unto his Grace, but increase in fear of God, in obedience to the king's Highness, in love unfeigned to our neighbours, and in all virtue that cometh of God, to whom, for the defending of his blessed Word, be honour and thanks, glory and dominion, world without end.'

Equally remarkable, and even more emphatic in the recognition of the share in the work borne by the king, is the frontispiece.

This is divided into four compartments.

In the first, the Almighty is seen in the clouds with outstretched arms. Two scrolls proceed out of his mouth, to the right and the left. On the former is the verse, 'The word which goeth forth from me shall not return to me empty, but shall accomplish whatsoever I will have done.' The other is addressed to Henry, who is kneeling at a distance bareheaded, with his crown lying at his feet. The scroll says, 'I have found me a man after my own heart, who shall fulfil all my will.' Henry answers, 'Thy word is a lantern unto my feet.'

Immediately below, the king is seated on his throne, holding in each hand a book, on which is written 'The Word of God.' One of these he is giving to Cranmer and another bishop, who, with a group of priests are on the right of the picture, saying, 'Take this and teach;' the other on the oppo-

site side he holds to Cromwell and the lay peers, and the words are, 'I make a decree that, in all my kingdom, men shall tremble and fear before the living God.' A third scroll, falling downwards over his feet, says alike to peer and prelate, 'Judge righteous judgment. Turn not away your ear from the prayer of the poor man.' The king's face is directed sternly towards the bishops, with a look which says, 'Obey at last, or worse will befall you.'

In the third compartment, Cranmer and Cromwell are distributing the Bible to kneeling priests and laymen; and, at the bottom, a preacher with a benevolent beautiful face is addressing a crowd from a pulpit in the open air. He is apparently commencing a sermon with the text, 'I exhort therefore that, first of all, supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks be made for all men—for kings.' And at the word 'kings' the people are shouting, 'Vivat Rex!—Vivat Rex!' children who know no Latin lisping 'God save the king!' and, at the extreme left, at a gaol window, a prisoner is joining in the cry of delight, as if he too were delivered from a worse bondage.

This was the introduction of the English Bible—this the seeming acknowledgment of Henry's services. Of the translation itself, though since that time it has been many times revised and altered, we may say that it is substantially the Bible with which we are all familiar. The peculiar genius—if such a word may be permitted—which breathes through it—the mingled tenderness and majesty—the Saxon simplicity—the preternatural grandeur—unequalled, unapproached, in the attempted improvements of modern scholars—all are here, and bear the impress of the mind of one man—William Tyndal. Lying, while engaged in that great office, under the shadow of death, the sword above his head and ready at any moment to fall, he worked, under circumstances alone perhaps truly worthy of the task which was laid upon him—his spirit, as it were divorced from the world, moved in a purer element than common air.

His work was done. He lived to see the Bible no longer carried by stealth into his country, where the possession of it was a crime, but borne

in by the solemn will of the king—solemnly recognised as the word of the Most High God. And then his occupation in this earth was gone. His eyes saw the salvation for which he had longed, and he might depart to his place. He was denounced to the regent of Flanders; he was enticed by the suborned treachery of a miserable English fanatic beyond the town under whose liberties he had been secure; and with the reward which, at other times as well as those, has been held fitting by human justice for the earth's great ones, he passed away in smoke and flame to his rest.

ILLUSTRATIVE SKETCHES OF THE REIGN OF HENRY VIII.

I must now take my reader below the surface of outward events to the under-current of the war of opinions, where the forces were generated which gave to the time its life and meaning. Without some insight into this region history is but a dumb show of phantoms; yet, when we gaze into it with our best efforts, we catch but fitful images and fleeting pictures. In palace and cottage, in village church and metropolitan cathedral, at the board of the Privy Council or in the roadside alehouse, the same questions were discussed, the same passions were agitated. A mysterious change was in process in the minds of men. They knew not what it was—they could not control its speed or guide its direction. The articles and the settlement of 1536 were already buried under the froth of the insurrection. New standing-ground was to be sought for, only in its turn to slip away as it seemed to be gained. And the teachers and the taught, the governors and the governed, each separate human being, left to his own direction, was whirled along the rapids which formed the passage into a new era. A few scenes out of this strange time have been preserved for us in the records. They may pass one by one before us like the pictures in a magic slide.

The first figure that appears is a 'friar mendicant, living by the alms of the king's subjects, forming himself to the fashions of the people.' He is 'going about from house to house, and when he comes to aged and simple people he will say to them, "Father or sister, what a world this is! It

was not so in your father's days. It is a perilous world. They will have no pilgrimages. They will not we should pray to saints, or fast, or do any good deeds. O Lord, have mercy on us ! I will live as my forefathers have done. And I am sure your fathers and friends were good, and ye have followed them hitherto. Continue ye as ye have done, and believe as they believed."

The friar disappears. A neighbour of the new opinions, who has seen him come and go, takes his place, and then begins an argument. One says, 'My father's faith shall be my faith.' And the other, hot and foolish, answers, 'Thy father was a liar and is in hell, and so is my father in hell also. My father never knew Scripture, and now it is come forth.'

The slide again moves. We are in a village church, and there is a window gorgeously painted, representing the various events in the life and death of Thomas à Becket. The king sits on his throne, and speaks fiercely to his four knights. The knights mount their horses and gallop to Canterbury. The archbishop is at vespers in the quire. The knights stride in and smite him dead. Then follows the retribution. In the great central compartment of the window the haughty prince is kneeling naked before the shrine of the martyr, and the monks stand round him and beat him with their rods. All over England in such images of luminous beauty the memory of the great victory of the clergy had been perpetuated. And now the particular church is Woodstock, the court is at the park, and day after day, notwithstanding the dangerous neighbourhood, in the church aisles groups of people assemble to gaze upon the window, and priests and pardoners expatiate with an obvious application on the glories of the martyr, the Church's victory, and the humiliation of the king. Eager ears listen ; eager tongues draw comparisons. A groom from the court is lounging among the crowd, and interrupts the speakers somewhat disdainfully ; he says that he sees no more reason why Becket was a saint than Robin Hood. No word is mentioned of the profanity to Henry ; but a priest carries the story to Gardiner and Sir

William Paulet. The groom is told that he might as well reason of the king's title as of St. Thomas's ; forthwith he is hurried off under charge of heresy to the Tower ; and, appealing to Cromwell, there follows a storm at the council-table.

We are next at Worcester, at the Lady Chapel, on the eve of the Assumption. There is a famous image of the Virgin there, and to check the superstition of the people the gorgeous dress has been taken off by Cromwell's order. A citizen of Worcester approaches the figure : 'Ah, Lady,' he cries, 'art thou stripped now ? I have seen the day that as clean men had been stripped at a pair of gallows as were they that stripped them.' Then he kisses the image, and turns to the people and says, 'Ye that be disposed to offer, the figure is no worse than it was before,' 'having a remorse unto her.'

The common treads close upon the serious. On a summer evening a group of villagers are sitting at the door of an alehouse on Windermere ; a certain master Alexander, a wandering ballad-singer, is 'making merry with them.' A neighbour Isaac Dickson saunters up and joins the party.

'Then the said Isaac commanded the said minstrel to sing a song he had sung at one Fairbank's house in Croasthwaite, in the county of Westmoreland, in the time of the rebellion, which song was called "Crummock," which was not convenient, which the said minstrel utterly denied. The said Isaac commanded the said minstrel again in a violent manner to sing the song called "Cromwell," and the said minstrel said he would sing none such ; and then the said Isaac pulled the minstrel by the arm, and smote him about the head with the pommel of a dagger, and the same song the minstrel would not sing to die for. The third time the said Isaac commanded the minstrel to sing the same song, and the minstrel said it would turn them both to anger, and would not. And then did Isaac call for a cup of ale, and bade the minstrel sing again, which he always denied ; then Isaac took the minstrel by the beard and dashed the cup of ale in his face ; also, he drew his dagger and hurt master Willan, being the host of the said

house, sore and grievously in the thigh, in rescuing of the said minstrel.

Again, we find accounts of the reception which the English Bible met with in country parishes.

A circle of Protestants at Wincanton, in Somersetshire, wrote to Cromwell complaining of the curate, who would not teach them or preach to them, but 'gave his time and attention to dicing, carding, bowling, and the cross waster.' In their desire for spiritual food they applied to the rector of the next parish, who had come occasionally and given them a sermon, and had taught them to read the New Testament; when suddenly, on Good Friday, 'the unthrifty curate entered the pulpit, where he had set no foot for years,' and 'admonished his parishioners to give no credence to the new-fangled fellows which read the new book.' 'They be like knaves and Pharisees,' he said; 'they be like a dog that gnaweth a marry-bone, and never cometh to the pith, therefore avoid their company; and if any man will preach the New Testament, if I may hear him, I am ready to fight with him incontinent;' and 'indeed,' the petitioners said, 'he applyeth in such wise his school of fence so sore continually, that he feareth all his parishioners.'

So the parish clerk at Hastings made a speech to the congregation on the faults of the translation: 'It taught heresy,' he said; 'it taught that a priest might have a wife by God's law. He trusted to see the day that the book called the Bible, and all its maintainers and upholders, should be brent.'

Here, again, is a complaint from the parishioners of Langham in Essex, against their village potentate, a person named Vigourous, who with the priests oppressed and ill-used them.

'Upon Ascension-day last past did two maidens sit in their pew or school in the church, as all honest and virtuous persons use to do in matins time, saying their matins together upon an English primer. Vigourous this seeing was sore angry, in so much that therefore, and for nothing else, he did bid the maidens to avoid out of the church, (calling them) errant whores, with such other odious and spiteful words. And further, upon a time

within this year, one of Vigourous's servants did quarrel and brawl with other children many, whom he called heretics; and as children be light and wanton, they called the said servant again Pharisee. Upon this complained Robert Smyth of our town to Vigourous, saying that it was against reason that the great fellow his servant should quarrel and fight with children. Whereupon Vigourous said to his servant, "See that thou do cut off their ears, oh errant whoreson, if they so call thee hereafter; and if thou lack a knife I shall give thee one to do it. And if thou wilt not thus do, thou shalt no longer serve me."

On the other hand, the Protestants gave themselves no pains to make their heterodoxy decent, or to spare the feelings of their antagonists. To call 'a spade a spade,' and a rogue a rogue, were Protestant axioms. Their favourite weapons were mystery plays, which they acted up and down the country in barns, and taverns, in chambers, on occasion, before the vicar-general himself; and the language of these, as well as the language of their own daily life, seemed constructed as if to pour scorn on the old belief. Men engaged in a mortal strife usually speak plainly. Blunt words strike home, and the euphuism which, in more ingenious ages, discovers that men mean the same thing when they say opposite things, was unknown, or at least unappreciated. We have heard something of the popular impieties, as they were called in the complaints of Convocation. I add a few more expressions taken at random from the depositions.—One man said 'he would as soon see an oyster-shell above the priest's head at the sacring time as the wafer. If a knave priest could make God, then would he hire one such God-maker for a year, and give him twenty pounds to make fishes and fowls.' Another said that 'if he had the cross that Christ died on, it should be the first block he would rive to the fire for any virtue that was in it.' Another, 'that a shipload of friars' girdles, nor a dungcart full of friars' cowls and boots, would not help to justification.'

On both sides the same obstinate English nature was stirred into energetic hate.

Or, once more to turn to the surviv-

ing abbeya, here, too, each house was 'divided against itself, and could not stand.' The monks of Stratford complained to Sir Thomas Cholmondeley that their abbot had excommunicated them for breach of oath in revealing convent secrets to the royal visitors. Their allegiance, the brave abbot had said, was to the superior of their order abroad, not to the secular sovereign in England. He cared nothing for acts of parliament or king's commissions. The king could but kill him, and death was a small matter compared to perjury. Death, therefore, he resolutely risked, and in some manner we know not how he escaped. Another abbot with the same courage was less fortunate. In the spring and summer of 1537, Woburn Abbey was in high confusion. The brethren were trimming to the times, anxious merely for secular habits, wives, and freedom. In the midst of them, Robert Hobbes the abbot, who in the past year had accepted the oath of supremacy in a moment of weakness, was lying worn down with sorrow, unable to govern his convent, or to endure the burden of his conscience. On Passion Sunday in that spring, dying as it seemed of a broken heart, he called the fraternity to his side, and exhorted them to charity, and prayed them to be obedient to their vows. Hard eyes and mocking lips were all the answer of the monks of Woburn. 'Then, being in a great agony, the abbot rose up in his bed, and cried out, and said, "I would to God it would please him to take me out of this wretched world, and I would I had died with the good men that have suffered death for holding with the Pope. My conscience—my conscience doth grudge me for it." Abbot Hobbes should have his wish. Strength was left him to take up his cross once more where he had cast it down. Spiteful tongues carried his words to the council and the law, remorseless as destiny, flung its meshes over him on the instant. He was swept up to London and interrogated in the usual form—"Was he the king's subject or the Pope's?" He stood to his faith like a man, and the scaffold swallowed him.

So went the world in England, rushing forward, rocking and reeling in its course. What hand could guide it! Alone, perhaps, of living men, the

king still believed that unity was possible—that these headstrong spirits were as horses broken loose, which could be caught again and harnessed for the road. For a thousand years there had been one faith in Western Christendom. From the Isles of Arran to the Danube thirty generations had followed each other to the grave who had held all to the same convictions, who had prayed all in the same words. What was this that had gone out among men that they were so changed? Why, when he had but sought to cleanse the dirt from off the temple, and restore its original beauty, should the temple itself crumble into ruins?

The sacraments, the Divine mysteries, had existed in the Church for fifteen centuries. For all those ages they had been supposed to be the rivulets which watered the earth with the graces of the Spirit. After so long experience it should have been at least possible to tell what they were, or how many they were; but the question was suddenly asked, and none could answer it. The bishops were applied to. Interrogatories were sent round among them for opinions, and some said there were three sacraments, some seven, some a hundred. The Archbishop of York insisted on the apostolical succession; the Archbishop of Canterbury believed that priests and bishops might be nominated by the crown, and he that was so appointed needed no consecration, for his appointment was sufficient. Transubstantiation remained almost the only doctrine beyond the articles of the three creeds on which a powerful majority was agreed.

Something, however, must be done. Another statement must be made of the doctrine of the Church of England—if the Church of England were to pretend to possess a doctrine—more complete than the last. The slander must be put to silence which confounded independence with heresy; the clergy must be provided with some guide to their teaching which it should be penal to neglect. Under orders, therefore, from the crown, the bishops agreed at last upon a body of practical divinity, which was published under the title of 'The Bishops' Book' on 'the Institution of a Christian Man.' It consisted of four commentaries, on the creed, the sacraments, the ten

commandments, and the Lord's prayer, and in point of language was beyond question the most beautiful composition which had as yet appeared in English prose. The doctrine was moderate, yet more Catholic, and in the matter of the sacraments, less ambiguous than the articles of 1538. The mystic number seven was restored, and the nature of sacramental grace explained in the old manner. Yet there was a manifest attempt, rather, perhaps, in visible tendency than in positive statement, to unite the two ideas of symbolic and instrumental efficacy, to indicate that the grace conveyed through the mechanical form is the spiritual instruction indicated in the form of the ceremony. The union among the bishops which appeared in the title of the book was in appearance only, or rather it was assumed by the will of the king, and in obedience to his orders. When the doctrines had been determined by the bench, he even thought it necessary to admonish the composers to observe their own lessons.

'Experience,' he wrote to them, 'has taught us that it is much better for no laws to be made, than when many be well made none to be kept; and even so it is much better nothing should be written concerning religion, than when many things be well written nothing of them be taught and observed. . . . Our commandment is, therefore, that you agree in your preaching, and that vain praise of crafty wits and worldly estimation be laid aside, and true religion sought for. You serve God in your calling, and not your own glory or vile profit. We will no correcting of things, no glosses that take away the text; being much desirous, notwithstanding that if in any place you have not written so plainly as you might have done, in your sermons to the people you utter all that is in God's Word. We will have no more thwarting—no more contentions whereby the people are much more set against one another than any taketh profit by such indiscreet doctrines. We had much sooner to pray you than command you, and if the first will serve we will leave out the second. Howbeit, we will in any case that all preachers agree; for if any shall dissent, let him that will

defend the worse part assure himself that he shall run into our displeasure.'

'The wind bloweth where it listeth, and we hear the sound thereof, but we cannot tell whence it cometh nor whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit.' As easily could Henry bind the winds, and bid them blow at his pleasure, as force the mind of England thenceforward into any single mould. Under conditions, and within limits which he did not imagine, some measure of the agreement which he desired would be at last accomplished when the time and season would permit. Meanwhile, though his task was an impossible one, it was better to try and fail, than to sit by and let the storm rage. Nor was Henry a man to submit patiently to failure. He would try and try again; when milder methods were unsuccessful, he would try with bills of six articles, and pains and penalties. He was wrestling against destiny; yet then, now, and ever it was, and remains true, that in this great matter of religion, in which to be right is the first condition of being right in anything—not variety of opinion, but unity—not the equal licence of the wise and the foolish to choose their belief, but an ordered harmony, where wisdom prescribes a law to ignorance, is the rule which reasonable men should most desire for themselves and for mankind.

But if Henry erred, his errors might find excuse in the multitude of business which was crowded upon him. Insurrection and controversy, foreign leagues, and Papal censures, did not exhaust the number of his difficulties. All evil things in nature seemed to have combined to thwart him.

In the few first years after he became king, he had paid particular attention to the navy. He had himself some skill as a naval engineer, and had conducted experiments in the construction of hulls and rigging, and in ship artillery. Other matters had subsequently called off his attention, and especially since the commencement of the Reformation every moment had brought with it its own urgent claims, and the dockyards had fallen into decay. The finances had been straitened by the Irish wars,

and from motives of economy the ships which the government possessed had fallen many of them out of commission, and were rotting in harbour. A few small vessels were kept on the coast of Ireland; but in the year 1536 there was scarcely in all the Channel a single royal cruiser carrying the English flag. Materials to man a fleet existed amply in the fishermen who went year after year in vast numbers to Iceland and to Ireland—hardy sailors, who, taught by necessity, went always armed, and had learnt to fight as well as to work; but, from a neglect not the less injurious, because intelligible, the English authority in their own waters had sunk to a shadow. Pirates swarmed along the coasts—entering fearlessly into the harbours, and lying there in careless security. The war breaking out between Charles and Francis, the French and Flemish ships of war captured prizes or fought battles in the mouths of English rivers, or under the windows of English towns; and through preying upon each other as enemies in the ordinary sense, both occasionally made prey of heretic English as enemies of the Church. While the courts of Brussels and Paris were making professions of goodwill, the cruisers of both governments openly seized English traders and plundered English fishing-vessels, and Henry had for many months been compelled by the insurrection to submit to these aggressions, and to trust his subjects along the coasts to such inadequate defences as they could themselves provide. A French galliass and galleon came into Dartmouth harbour and attempted to cut out two merchantmen which were lying there. The mayor attacked them in boats and beat them off; but the harbours in general were poorly defended, and strange scenes occasionally took place in their waters. John Arundel, of Trevice, reports the following story to Cromwell:—‘There came into Falmouth haven a fleet of Spaniards, and the day after came four ships of Dieppe, men-of-war, and the Spaniards shot into the Frenchmen, and the Frenchmen shot into the Spaniards, and during three hours great guns shot between them, and the Frenchmen were glad to come higher up the haven; and the morrow after

St Paul’s day the Spaniards came up to assault the Frenchmen, and the Frenchmen came up almost to the town of Truro, and went aground there. I went to the admiral of the Spaniards and commanded him to keep the king’s peace, and not to follow further; but the Spaniard would not, but said, “I will have them, or I will die for it.” And then the Spaniards put their ordnance in their boats, and shot the French admiral forty or sixty shots during a long hour, the gentlemen of the city, Mr Killigrew and Mr Trefusis, and others, taking pleasure at it. Then I went to the Spaniards and told them to leave their shooting, or I would raise the country upon them. And so the Spaniards left. My lord, I and all the country will desire the King’s grace that we may have blockhouses made upon our haven.’

Pirates were enemies to which the people were accustomed, and they could in some measure cope with them; but commissioned vessels of war had now condescended to pirates’ practices. Sandwich boatmen were pillaged by a Flemish cruiser in the Downs in the autumn of 1536. A smack belonging to Deal was twice boarded and robbed by a Flemish officer of high rank, the admiral of the Sluys.

The king had for several years been engaged in making a harbour of refuge at Dover. The workmen saw English traders off the coast, and even the very vessels which brought the iron and timber for the harbour-piers, plundered by French and Flemings under their eyes; and the London merchants declared that, although the country was nominally at peace, their ships could not venture out of port unless the government would undertake their convoy. The remonstrances which were made, of course in loud terms, at Paris and Brussels, were received with verbal apologies, and the queen regent gave orders that her cruisers should cease their outrages; but either their commanders believed that their conduct would be secretly winked at, or they could not be convinced that heretics were not lawful game; or perhaps the zealous subjects of the Catholic powers desired to precipitate the sluggish action of their govern-

ments. At any rate, the same insolences continued, and no redress could be obtained.

Henry could not afford to declare war. The exchequer was ill-furnished. The rebellion had consumed the subsidy, and the abbey lands had as yet returned little profit either by their rentals or by sale. The country, however, had not yet sunk so low as to be unable to defend its own coasts and its own traders. Sufficient money was found for the immediate purpose, and a small but admirably equipped fleet was fitted out silently at Portsmouth. Sir Thomas Seymour, the queen's brother, Sir George Carew, Sir John Dudley, and Christopher Coo, a rough English sailor, were appointed to the command; and, when the ships were ready, they swept out into the Channel. Secrecy had been observed as far as possible, in the hope of taking the offenders by surprise. The greater number of them had, unhappily, been warned, and had escaped to their own harbours; but Coo shortly brought two pirate prizes into Rye. The people of Penzance, one August afternoon, heard the thunder of distant cannon. Carew and Seymour, searching the western coast, had come on the traces of four French ships of war, which had been plundering. They came up with them in Mounts Bay, and, closing against heavy odds, they fought them there till night. At daybreak, one of the four lay on the water, a sinking wreck. The others had crawled away in the darkness, and came no more into English waters. Dudley had been even more fortunate. 'As he was lying between the Needles and the Cowe,' there came a letter to him from the Mayor of Rye, 'that the Flemings had boarded a merchant-ship belonging to that port, and had taken goods out of her valued at three hundred pounds.' 'That hearing,' he said, in his despatch to Henry, 'I, with another of your Grace's ships, made all the diligence that was possible towards the said coast of Rye; and, as it chanced, the wind served us so well, that we were next morning before day against the Combe, and there we heard news that the said Flemings were departed the day before. Then we prepared towards the Downs, for the

wind served for that place, and there we found lying the admiral of the Sluys, with one ship in his company besides himself, being both as well trimmed for the war as I have lightly seen. And when I had perfect knowledge that it was the admiral of the Sluys, of whom I had heard, both at Rye and at Portsmouth, divers robberies and ill-demeanours by him committed against your Highness's subjects, then I commanded my master to bring my ship to an anchor, as nigh to the said admiral as he could, to the intent to have had some communication with him; who incontinent put himself and all his men to defence, and neither would come to communication nor would send none of his men aboard of me. And when I saw what a great brag they set upon it—for they made their drumsalt to strike alarum, and every man settled them to fight—I caused my master gunner to loose a piece of ordnance, and not touched him by a good space; but he sent one to my ship, and mocked not with me, for he brake down a part of the decks of my ship, and hurt one of my gunners very sore. That done, I trifled no more with him, but caused my master to lay her aboard; and so, within a little fight, she was yielded.' Dudley's second ship had been engaged with the other Fleming; but the latter, as soon as the admiral was taken, slipped her cable and attempted to escape. The Englishman stood after her. Both ships vanished up Channel, scudding before a gale of wind; but whether the Dutchman was brought back a prize, or whether the pursuer followed too far, and found himself, as Dudley feared, caught on a lee shore off the Holland flats, the records are silent. Pirates, however, and over-zealous privateers, in these and other encounters, were taught their lesson; and it did not, for some time, require to be repeated: 'Your subjects,' Dudley and Seymour told the king in a joint letter, 'shall not only pass and repass without danger of taking, but your Majesty shall be known to be lord of these seas.' They kept their word. In this one summer the Channel was cleared, and the nucleus was formed of the fleet which, eight years after, held in check and baffled the most powerful armament

which had left the French shores against England since the Norman William crossed to Hastings.

But Henry did not rest upon his success. The impulse had been given, and the work of national defence went forward. The animus of foreign powers was evidently as bad as possible. Subjects shared the feelings of their rulers. The Pope might succeed, and most likely would succeed at last, in reconciling France and Spain ; and experience proved that England lay formidably open to attack. It was no longer safe to trust wholly to the extemporized militia. The introduction of artillery was converting war into a science ; and the recent proofs of the unprotected condition of the harbours should not be allowed to pass without leaving their lesson. Commissions were issued for a survey of the whole eastern and southern coasts. The most efficient gentlemen residing in the counties which touched the sea were requested to send up reports of the points where invading armies could be most easily landed, with such plans as occurred to them for the best means of throwing up defences. The plans were submitted to engineers in London ; and in two years every exposed spot upon the coast was guarded by an earthwork, or a fort or blockhouse. Batteries were erected to protect the harbours at St Michael's Mount, Falmouth, Fowey, Plymouth, Dartmouth, Torbay, Portland, Calshot, Cowes, and Portsmouth. Castles (some of them remain to the present day) were built at Dover, Deal, Sandwich, and along both shores of the Thames. The walls and embankments at Guisnes and Calais were repaired and enlarged ; and Hull, Scarborough, Newcastle, and Berwick-upon-Tweed were made impregnable against ordinary attack. Each of these places was defended by adequate and trained garrisons ; and the musters were kept in training within twenty miles of the coast, and were held in readiness to assemble on any point at any moment.

Money was the chief difficulty. The change in the character of war created unforeseen expenses of many kinds. The cost of regular military and naval establishments, a new feature in the national system, was thrown suddenly on the crown ; and the revenue was

unequal to so large a demand upon it. A fresh political arrangement was displacing the old ; and the finances were necessarily long disordered before the country understood its condition, and had devised methods to meet its necessities.

At this conjuncture the abbey lands were a fortunate resource. They were disposed of rapidly—of course on easy terms to the purchasers. The insurrection, as we saw, had taught the necessity of filling the place of the monks with resident owners, who would maintain hospitality liberally, and on a scale to contrast favourably with the careless waste of their predecessors. Obligations to this effect were made a condition of the sales, and lowered naturally the market value of the properties. Considerable sums, however, were realized, adequate for immediate objects, though falling short of the ultimate cost of the defences of the country. At the same time the government works found labour for the able-bodied beggars, those sturdy vagrants whose living had been gathered hitherto at the doors of the religious houses, varied only with intervals of the stocks and the cart's-tail.

Thus the spoils of the Church furnished the arms by which the Pope and the Pope's friends could be held at bay ; and by degrees in the healthier portion of the nation an English enthusiasm took the place of a superstitious panic. Loyalty towards England went along with the Reformation, when the Reformation was menaced by foreign enemies ; and the wide disaffection which in 1536 had threatened a revolution, became concentrated in a vindictive minority, to whom the Papacy was dearer than their country, and whose persevering conspiracies taught England at no distant time to acquiesce with its whole heart in the wisdom which chained them down by penal laws as traitors and enemies to the commonwealth.

The Letters of a Betrothed. London : Longman, Brown, & Co.

FORGIVE me, if I vexed you the evening before last. Indeed, indeed, I did not mean to do so ; you must have misunderstood me, and must have mistaken what I meant. I hardly

remember what I said ; but I know it must have been something very stupid, and very different from the idea I intended to convey. It was such a very happy day, and then, all by my silliness, to end so ill !

But you will forgive me, will you not ? when I *assure* you that nothing was further from my thoughts, than to give you ('pain' scratched out, and 'annoyance' substituted). I had hoped to see you yesterday, or this morning, to tell you this ; but as you have not come, and I do not like that you should continue to think I did anything wilfully to offend you, I cannot refrain from writing to say how sorry I am, and to ask you to pardon me. I remain, my dear Mr M—, very sincerely yours,

HONORIA N—.

AND so you really love me ? I had a hope that it was so, but I was afraid it might be only foolish vanity, and that you paid me so much attention for Walter's sake. Well, I love you, I feel how much, but I cannot say it,—nor how exquisitely and intensely happy your letter has made me.

This morning when I woke I felt there was some great delight before me. I could not remain in bed, I felt so restlessly happy, and I got up and went into the garden. It was so divinely beautiful ! everything looked so perfectly fresh and pure, it seemed as if it had just been made, and come that moment out of God's hands ! Shall I tell you the truth ? The thought of you walked beside me in all those paths ; and while it filled me with a new sort of felicity, it subdued me as if you had really been there ; and I felt that I could not race and sing as I would have done a month ago.

Then, when I was coming in, I met—oh, what ?—the messenger with your letter at the gate ; and I felt, somehow, that that was the happiness I had the presentiment of. I took the letter up to my room, but I could not open it at first, and I turned cold and giddy, and my heart beat chokingly. I can't tell you any more, for all my thoughts are confused, and I should say too much or too little ; only I am very, very intensely happy,

and I love you with all my heart, and thank God with all my soul. Your
HONORIA.

I HAVE sat up till it hath pleased the cuckoo which nests in the hall-clock to announce that yesterday is yesterday, just that I might be quite, quite sure I should be the first to wish my own many most happy returns of this his birthday.

Inexpressive and commonplace as the phrase is, I can find none that is likely much better to render into words the crowd of thoughts, and hopes, and desires that rise in my heart, not to-night only, but every day and night, and that circle round your beloved head, as doves round a dove-cote, forced now and then, by outward necessities, to fly forth for a while, but ever returning, fond and glad, to the spot where alone peace and happiness await.

How homeless, and aimless, and vagrant they were before you made for them this retreat ! and how unsatisfied !

I remember how, no later than last year even, I used to long, and fret, and chafe for I knew not what ;—change, pleasure, travel, society, anything—everything in turns became for the moment the object of my ambition ; and fits of *ennui*, whose intensity no words could render, succeeded these sickly pinings. Sometimes I fancied study would be a relief, at least a palliative ; but—as is usually the case, I imagine, when we read, not for the sake of learning what books can teach us, but merely of forgetting ourselves—I could fix my attention on nothing, and, disgusted, I turned away from them. Poetry, the only reading that afforded me temporary pleasure, rather augmented than calmed this restlessness.

Then you came, and all my heart went forth at once to meet you. I had found the spell to fix my wandering thoughts ; from the first they turned to you spontaneously, irresistibly. It was nothing that you said or did that won me ; not your words, or your actions, but *yourself*,—something in you and about you that drew my whole being to you, and that placed you at once apart from all the world. Everything in you pleased me, charm-

ed me, gave me food for thought and contemplation;—I caught myself repeating phrases of yours, recalling your looks, the tones of your voice, your laugh, your movements, giving significance to your every word and gesture; and all this before you ever gave me one serious reason to imagine that you bestowed on me a thought deeper than such as Walter's sister might, without presumption, claim from his dearest friend. If you had not loved me! sometimes I try to think what would have been then; but I cannot realize it—I cannot fancy things other than as they are. It seems to me now as if we must both have waited for each other till we met, had it been twenty years hence. You tell me you never loved any woman before; I believe it, not only because I know your truthfulness, but because I cannot, I will not, picture to myself any other holding in your regard the place I now hold; and I thank you the more, dearest, for volunteering this assurance, because, that I might not by any possibility be provoked to jealousy of the past, I never would have ventured to ask the question. And yet, and yet, had it been otherwise, should I have loved you less? I know not; but I should have loved you with pain and suffering, with regret for the past and anxiety for the future, instead of, as now, with joy, and pride, and faith implicit.

Oh, my own, my own! *all* my own, ever my own.

* Good-night, good-night! as sweet repose and rest

Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!"

—
AH, my blessing, my treasure! I wonder if you have any idea what a delight your letters are to me? Your letters are so *you* that the days they reach me I half forget the veritable Frank is so many hundreds of miles away; and it seems as if you were giving me the blessing of your presence for a little while—almost—so happy am I, so sun-gilded does everything look under the beam you throw on it.

I have been at a wedding, I would have you to know—bridesmaid moreover—dressed out in white with green ribbons, and *even* you would have said

I looked nice. Fanny B— was the bride; you remember Fanny B—, whom you always used to say provoked you, because, each time you met her, her bright complexion and sunny colouring took in your short-sighted eyes to think she was pretty, when you know that in reality she was what you call 'all wrong.'

Poor Fanny! when we were neighbour children, and, like all children, thought it pleasanter to go to any one else's house than to stay in our own, we were, owing to these causes, close friends, and used to spend alternate days at each other's homes—greatly, I have no doubt, to the inconvenience of the senior members of both families—a circumstance of no moment to us, so long as the mutual intrusions were tolerated.

Among many other absurd sentimentalities, we entered into a compact, that whichever married first, the other should be her bridesmaid—a promise which I, I own, had utterly and entirely forgotten, and which oblivion I felt somewhat remorseful about, when reminded of the compact by poor Fanny, who came to claim its fulfilment in announcing her marriage.

To me there are few things so wonderful as some of the marriages I see. Here is a girl, young—what many people call pretty, despite her being 'all wrong' in fastidious eyes—well connected, with a happy home, and a certain fortune; and with this she marries a man much older than herself, ugly, vulgar-looking, dull, and hardly richer or in a better position than herself;—and what for?—for the sake of being married.

There are, I suppose—so they say—poor wretches who have to marry for a home and bread. Heaven help them, if they have no alternative! Others there are who are mad enough to fancy that they can—give them but gold enough—gild over any amount of domestic misery. Heaven forgive them! or rather enlighten them! But how are we to understand a woman who quietly gives up her liberty—probably for ever—her will, herself, and the chances of what the years may bring her; who, worst of all, takes the risk of meeting later some one who may possess himself of the heart

she has never given to the man who holds her hand for evermore ;—for the sake of being married !

Marriage, with love, is like the parable of him who, having found one pearl of great price, willingly sells all that he has hitherto most valued, in order to possess himself of it. In marriage without love, all these things are given—for what ?—for the pleasure of being handcuffed, for the rest of your mortal life, to a man to whom you are now indifferent ; who seems to you just like any other man you meet in the street. To this man's will, to this man's commands, temper, caprices, peculiarities, infirmities, tastes, you must submit, till, perhaps, indifference grows to hate and loathing ; and then, perchance, comes forward, to pity and console your galled spirit, one who would—or whom you fancy would—have given you happiness in everything in which this man gives you misery ; to whom it would be joy to yield all that is wrung from you by this man's exactions ; which—mark this—after all, may not be more than you have promised, of your own un-compelled will at the altar, to concede to him ! One from whom, perhaps, no barrier separates you but the single impassable one which your own precipitancy has prematurely placed between you and him. A clever French writer says :—*'La seule manière d'alléger le poids de la chaîne du mariage, c'est de la porter à deux.'* See, then, each—as far as human foresight will extend—that your co-partner is one to whom you can safely confide the other end of the chain that binds you ; so, but not otherwise, shall it be not merely light, but, being kept from trailing in the mud and on the stones, the gilding will not wear off it.

Such a May and June as we have had ! May, all mild, and balmy, and virginal, with fresh, glittering, pearly mornings ; warm, bland noons, and still, sweet evenings ; the golden day gradually and almost imperceptibly merging into the silver night. From day to day you could trace her steps in the woods, the gardens, the lanes, the meadows, as she touched into leaf and blossom each tree, and shrub, and hedgerow, and gave wings to millions of insects, voice to millions of birds.

All day long you heard the notes,

at once mingled and distinct, of these jubilant little beings ; the full, round, mellow warble of the thrush and black-bird ; 'the whit-wall's shrilly laughter ;' the quick chirp of the swallows, circling round the roof ; the vehement chatter of the sparrows ; the soft, sad note of the pigeons in the waving woods ; and more indefatigable than all, the passionate ecstasy of the soaring lark. By the bye, I came the other day on an old French verse that wonderfully renders the notes of the lark's song ; do you know it ? Here it is, at all events :—

*'La gentille alouette avec son tire-lire,
Tire-lire à liré et tire-lire à lire,
Vers la voûte du ciel, puis son vol vers ce
lieu
Vire, et désire dire, "Adieu Dieu, Adieu
Dieu!"'*

Is it not like ?

Then one by one all the voices dropped off into silence and sleep. The air freshened—the laurels quivered in the little fitful gusts of the breeze—the pines sighed—the horse-chesnuta, so heavy with their masses of foliage and flowers, swayed languidly—and up rose the large, white moon, seeming to take the hushed world unawares. But one was waiting for her ; a few quick, clear, yet cautious notes, struck a prelude, and then followed the wondrously varied song of the solitary nightingale ;—so shy, so proud, that after each trill, and burst, and cadence, he would pause, as if to listen and make sure no one heard him.

Then came June, all in a glow, and already a little sun-burnt, with earlier ripened mornings, more fervid noons wrapt in quivering haze, fuller-leaved trees, shutting out bits of prospect here and there, while giving richness to the rest ; bluer distances, warmer-tinted flowers, evenings more golden, yellower moons, nights of an atmosphere half languor, half passion. And then, when all this glow and fervour had begun to make poor earth a little parched and faint, would come down a golden shower, which she, another Danaë, turned to roses as it touched her.

See the pages I have written, and not half my say said yet ! And I might write as many more, and be but little further advanced in it. So adieu for the moment, my very own ;

love me as much as you can, and believe that I love you as much as—as I do—
HONORIA.

MY own Frank, I have been sight-seeing all day; but I am so tired, and my head is so full with a confused and undigested mass of wonderful things, that I won't tell you about them now. This is one because; but another is the thought, the hope, that some day (ah, if one could but have a week of 'some-days' in one's whole life!) we shall see them together.

You ask me how I like the place and the people. Hem—it is like the game of the daisy; you pick them to pieces, saying the while, '*un peu, beaucoup, pas du tout*' (only you leave out the '*passionnément*'), and so you go on, over and over again, never quite knowing at which of the words you will come to an end.

Such, at least, is my impression.

The city is a wonderful mixture of meanness and magnificence, of squalor and splendour. The household arrangements and mode of living, a combination of primitive barbarity and high civilisation; and throughout the whole mechanism of society the same strange amalgamation, the same glaring contrasts, seem to me to be apparent.

The place wears a gay and easy, but certainly, I should say, not an impressive aspect. It gives me no notion of a great and ancient city, but of a place to spend a pleasant holiday in, if you are in a mood for pleasure. For the people, what shall I say? It is impossible, on so short an acquaintance, to form an opinion on the inhabitants of any nation; but of all others, the French, I fancy, present the most confounding combination of characteristics; so I'll examine the question further before entering fully on it, and give you now and then an impression as it presents itself. Every statement with regard to these people is true and false, or, at least, possesses two aspects. We hear, for instance, of French politeness. Mix in a French crowd, and there is little risk of your meeting incivility or insult, especially if you deal forth plenty of '*Pardons!*' and '*Monsieurs!*' to the *blouses* you get accidentally pushed against.

Form acquaintance with Frenchmen or Frenchwomen, and you find them amicable, agreeable, and full of polite attention.

But go into a place or a society where you are not known, and very different is your reception. The men, generally, either treat you with utter indifference, and an apparent unconsciousness of your presence and disregard to your convenience, or with an insolent scrutiny singularly offensive; while the women fix on you a calm, settled, stony stare, from which they never relax, till they have taken a mental survey and inventory of every detail of your person, and every article of your dress, and fully formed an opinion thereon. Having thus disposed of you, they generally turn away with an expression of mingled indifference and contempt.

There is a *naïve* and self-reliant vanity about them that sometimes amuses and sometimes provokes me. A Parisian, male or female, is not content to believe implicitly and undoubtedly that Paris is the 'very round and top of sovereignty' of the world, and that the Parisian is to the inhabitants of all other nations or cities whatsoever what the Athenian was to the Goth; but he calmly expects you to believe so as well, and to admit the fact. He is proud of everything about him, even to his ignorance. Why should he care to know anything of other countries, when he inhabits not only the *most* civilised, but the *only* thoroughly civilised one on earth? Why should he learn any foreign language, when the French is the single tongue that combines all the perfections, and excludes all the defects of every other? Why study the literature, arts, geography, habits, manners, and customs of other nations, when only those of his own are really worthy of attention? Why travel? The angels are content with Paradise, therefore it is natural he should be with Paris. All this he tells you, if not in words, at least in substance—not boastingly, but with the perfect conviction and good faith with which men state established facts—so that you feel neither argument nor proof could in the slightest degree stagger him; and so with a smile you leave him to the

undisturbed enjoyment of his illusions.

The possession of these generally keeps him good-humoured and sociable; and he has, for the most part, a quickness of observation, and a command of language, that render him sufficiently agreeable in conversation. The women, too, taking both *en masse*, talk better than English women; yet I have met few really good talkers here, probably for the reason that, all their attention being confined to subjects of local interest, their range is comparatively small, and their ideas and experiences relatively contracted.

Certainly society is carried on on a much easier, and, in this respect, pleasanter footing than with us. You may visit and receive all your friends without being either rich or extravagant.

If you can perfectly afford it, you may give good and agreeable dinners without display or great expense. If you cannot, your guests are quite content with the very weakest of tea (a comparatively late introduction, I hear), and some cakes and syrups. A few people give *recherchés* dinners, and these combine all the perfections of the best school of French cookery—a school fast tending to become extinct. These dinners are cited all over Paris, and those who are happy enough to obtain invitations thereto pass most of the time at table in recommending, praising, and criticising the dishes as they are handed round. Even in these houses, however, the appointments of the table, and the service in general, are rarely on a footing with those of moderately good English establishments.

Do these details amuse you, Frank of mine? If they don't, you must lay on your own broad shoulders, dear, some portion of the blame, for I write them at your bidding. Walter certainly continues better, and finds more to interest him than I hoped he would; and this makes me happy, and grateful to the place.

Bless my own, night and day, is ever and ever the prayer of his

HONORIA.

I WENT last night with Madame de R—— to the house of the Marquise de —, erewhile Contessa de —.

She has married a little man with a very good fortune, whose chief aims in life seem to be the desires to appear more than five feet four, and to be supposed to be at the head of a great political party. She retains, to a wonderful degree, the colour of her Titian hair and snowy shoulders, only there is a great deal less of the former and more of the latter than when—well, never mind, let bygones be bygones.

I saw a good many celebrities—chiefly political, and a few literary; also some foreigners of more or less distinction. There was there, with her mother, a remarkably interesting-looking girl, a Madrid beauty, Mile. de M——o; she is fair, with golden hair and dark eyes, and, though not to my taste, beautiful; has an air of distinction, coupled with a degree of melancholy in her expression, that irresistibly attracts your attention.* There is something about her manner, too, that is peculiar and very difficult to describe—a sort of little quiet, half-indifferent, half-pensive air, as if she knew she were charming, but cared little about the matter—still less about making those about her think so. This struck me particularly, because it was so strongly opposed to the manners of the Frenchwomen round her. She has a charming bust and hands, but not sufficient length of leg for proportion.

As is usual in French houses, there was a good sprinkling of Americans—a few really nice people enough; others who in England would be considered utterly unpresentable, not being able to speak three phrases of tolerable English, but who, by dint of having fine apartments or hotels, and giving some Frenchwoman in society *carte blanche* to arrange entertainments, and invite all her acquaintance, get on swimmingly here, and find their way into the best houses in the Faubourg St Honoré, as well into those of the commerce-aristocracy of the Chaussée d'Antin. The Faubourg St Germain, for the most part, resists these innovators; but it, as a general

* Our readers will probably recognise the original of the above portrait in a position strangely different from the one she occupied at the period referred to.—[Editor of 'Letters of a Betrothed.']

rule, shuts out everything good, bad, and indifferent, that bears the stamp of newness, and 'the world forgetting'—the world of the nineteenth century—stands a fair chance of being 'by the world forgot.'

For some time I have been in the habit of keeping constantly beside me a little book, that has been more to me than any words can describe—an epitome, in fact, of the Bible, in all things that most especially serve to guide and support us—Clarke's 'Scripture Promises.' More recently I have been studying Thomas-à-Kempis, a book spoken of by one of the best men and most eloquent preachers* I ever encountered as the divinest of human works. It is singular the different impression these two books make on me. The latter bears me down with a crushing consciousness of the weakness, the folly, the insignificance, the wretchedness of man. My spirit is bound with the chain of its own infirmities, and the sense of its utter unworthiness forbids it to aspire.

The other exalts me as on the wings of an eagle; I forget my own wretchedness, my own worthlessness, in the all-absorbing contemplation of God's infinite might, and goodness, and glory.

Reading the one, I hear but the groans of sinning, suffering humanity; reading the other, a strain of heavenly music wafts me upwards in rapture. In the 'Imitation,' I am weak and curelessly wicked; in the 'Promises,' God is strong and unspeakably good. In short, one is the work of the pious monk, the other the inspiration of the Eternal God; one is a lowering drug, the other an invigorating cordial.

Both are needed—at times, no doubt, the former is requisite—but I own I find the latter better suited to my spiritual constitution.

While I am here I mean to read chiefly French books, and have already commenced with some of the best modern authors. I cannot take kindly to French poetry. I think few languages so well suited as this to conversation, and it is often singularly felicitous in significance, expres-

sion, and finesse in the lighter orders of prose; but in poetry it sounds to me either bombastic or trivial, pompous or commonplace. Then the rhymes would be, according to our rules, utterly inadmissible, and, in fact, often are not to the ear rhymes at all, but only to the eye. Still there is one French poet whose genius so masters the defects of the tongue, that I can read him with real enthusiasm—Victor Hugo. Certain things of Lamartine please me; there is a great charm about him; but he speaks to my taste and to my fancy, not to my heart; and there is too much of his personality in everything he does. Of the one, you would say M. de Lamartine writes fine verses; of the other, this man, be he who he may, thinks grand poetry. There is something unreal, unsolid, unsound about Lamartine, and this impresses itself upon you both in himself and in his writings.

You feel he is not to be trusted, not because he is false, but because his character is light and impulsive to an extraordinary degree; in short, his brilliant head wants the pendulum of an earnest heart hung to it, to steady and regulate its movements. His wife, who is English, is a remarkable woman in all respects, and in none more than in the way in which she allows her light to be absorbed in his; shrinking from the notice her talents are so fully entitled to attract, so that few out of her immediate circle are acquainted with her superiority.

Ah me, ah me! what are all these people to us? Come, my darling, and give me your arm, and take me away to the bench under the hawthorn in the garden at home, and let us sit there and watch the clouds floating and the water flowing; you talk nonsense to me, or say nothing; but just let me rest by you, and feel you are there, and that you love me.

Ever more and more your own

HONORIA.

It is now six weeks, my own best beloved, since I last put pen to paper to write to you, and, of course, you were the last I wrote to while I could guide my hand at all. I will not—I cannot, indeed—enter into the details of my illness now, for I am still—as

* The late Adolphe Monod, minister of the Eglise Réformée de Paris.—[Ed.]

my writing will show you—miserably weak, and, besides, I know my dear old Walter has kept you *au courant* of all ;—of all except his own devotion and self-sacrificing tenderness.

Now that the danger is past and over, I may tell you, my love, that we were on the brink of being parted for ever on earth. I knew it at the time, as well by my own sensations as I know it now by the acknowledgment of Dr — ; and it was a test to me of the real strength and power of religion in my heart. Blessed for ever be the Saviour of souls, I found I could stand it !

Need I tell you what the thought of leaving you behind on the earth I knew my loss would darken, was to me ? What the idea that the hopes and dreams of years might never, never come to pass, but must melt away into the mists of the dim land, where silently float the shadows of man's unfulfilled aspirations ?

To have lived so earnestly—to have loved so passionately and so purely—to have arrived at being all the love and all the earthly hope of such a heart as yours—to see the dawn of such a life as ours might have been—to stretch eyes, and hands, and heart, towards that gleaming East, and then, ere the first beams had touched me, ere the first step could be taken across the nearing threshold, to behold the black curtain of Death drop down between me and my Eden ! These were the feelings that suggested themselves to my mind, and that would, a few years ago, have been those I should have allowed to hold full sway over me. Now, as it were from the inner depths of a deeper being in me, arose, strong and glorious, amid weakness and darkness, a vision and a voice, loving, compassionate, and all-supporting—an angel strengthening me—and fear, and doubt, and solicitude departed, and perfect peace fell on my spirit ; no stupor, no blotting out of consciousness, but a tranquil and unshaken conviction that, whether life or death were destined to be my portion, it would be the only thing that could be well for us both. Come life ! come death ! nought had been, nought would be, in vain !

From that time my malady took a turn ;—across the open grave a bridge

was placed, and I passed safely to the other side, where you, my blessing, waited for me. Do you know, Frank, it seems to me that I am doubly yours now ; it seems that, having first given you my life by my own act, God has now sanctioned the gift, and Himself bestowed me on you. My love, my love ! if my hand and my tongue could but speak from my heart's dictation ! But it utters such mighty words, that they falter in the attempt to carry them.

And now I must rest, for my hand trembles. Watty's anxiety is beginning to take the turn of impatience—a most reassuring sign—as up to the present moment he has been a very angel of endurance ; and even Pierrot wakes up from the arm-chair and sits steadfastly staring at me with his big green eyes, now and then uttering a faint mew of remonstrance.

A letter from you, my love ! Ah, I am beginning to be in love with life again !

God bless my heart's dearest !

HONORIA.

Journal of a Tour in India. By General Godfrey Charles Mundy, Governor of Jersey, and Author of 'Our Antipodes.' Third Edition. London : John Murray, Albemarle Street.

A CHAPTER ABOUT ROHILCUND.

Dec. 1st.—The camp crossed the Ganges—the horses, camels, and equipages performing the passage in boats, and the elephants swimming the stream. The ferry presented a glorious scene of bustle and confusion, the horses fighting like tigers in the boats, and even kicking each other into the water ; camels roaring and blubbering, and resisting every effort, soothing or forcible, of their serwans to induce them to embark ; and when some of these ungainly though useful brutes were persuaded to emulate the fabled bear, they not unfrequently blundered on one side the boat, and out on the other into the river ; where they stood answering with helpless bellowings the execrations of the serwans and maungees, who, equally helpless, quickly resorted to mutual recrimination, followed by a brisk fusillade of abuse, of which the

fathers, mothers, and even collateral kindred of the principals, were sure to come in for their full share.

The trajet of the elephant, that 'wisest of beasts,' is the most easily effected. The sage animal, on arriving at the river-side, is divested of his burthen, which is sent across in the boats; on a hint from the mohaut he steps into the stream, and wades or swims through the element in which he delights, and on the other bank again patiently receives his load. In swimming, the elephant's trunk is alone seen above water. The mohaut directs his course kneeling or standing on his back.

* * * * *

The portion of Rohilcund through which we are now journeying is watered by many streams, and much adorned by beautiful topes of mangoes and other trees. These groves, so refreshing to the sun-worn traveller, have been for the most part bequeathed to posterity by rich natives; amongst whom it is, or was before our reign, the custom to leave behind them some monument of public utility, such as a tank, well, or grove;—an inculcation of their religion which, if it does not tend to benefit their own souls, is at least highly advantageous to the bodies of their descendants. The topes are usually planted in regular series of avenues, along the umbrageous alleys of which the camps of travellers in the hot season are erected.

The next day we crossed the small river Kosila, and on the left bank encountered the Nawaub of Rampore, who came in state to welcome the Commander-in-Chief to his dominions. On meeting, this prince entered Lord Combermere's houdah, and, instead of the usual embraces, shook hands à l'Anglaise. He affects Anglicism in many other points, an assumption by no means rare among Mussulman potentates; but the commixture of British and native manners seems as unnatural as the blending of oil and water: the ill-sustained attempt at John Bullish cordiality soon sinks out of sight, and the frothy pomp of the Mohammedan floats again to the surface. His dress was a singular mixture of splendour and bad taste, consisting of a black velvet surtout,

richly embroidered in gold—such as one might imagine Talleyrand to have worn at the Congress of Vienna—upon which he had stuck several rows of the Honourable Company's livery buttons, displaying the rampant lion upholding the crown. This chef-d'œuvre was, as he assured us, perpetrated by an English tailor at Calcutta. His head was adorned by a unique-looking head-piece, in form something between a cap of maintenance and the pinnacle of a Chinese pagoda. Several carriages of British fashion and manufacture followed in the cavalcade; the most remarkable of which was a barouche drawn by a pair of young elephants beautifully caparisoned. His *cab* would have put to shame all its fellows in Hyde Park; it was of the most approved architecture, and the hood was of black velvet, enriched with deep gold embroidery.

The Nawaub of Rampore is a stout, vulgar-looking man, of middle stature, and deeply marked with the small-pox: he is an ardent sportsman, and is accounted the best ball-shot in India. He bears the character of a drunkard and spend-thrift; and owing to misrule and neglect of business, his kingdom, which if well managed should produce twenty lacs per annum, scarcely affords him a revenue of one-fourth of that amount.

In the evening Lord Combermere paid the usual compliment of returning the visit, when the ordinary ceremonies and entertainments were put in vogue. The audience-hall, where we were received, is of Eastern architecture, but splendidly though heterogeneously furnished with mirrors, chandeliers, &c., from England. The presents offered at the close of the sederunt to his Excellency were strictly characteristic of the Nawaub's sporting reputation: a pair of powder-flasks formed of the tusks of the female elephant, richly carved; a sylvan picnic chair, made entirely of stags' antlers; an enormous elephant's tooth, about eight feet in length; and a stupendous pair of buffalo's horns.

We only passed twenty-four hours at Rampore, and on the third day our camp was pitched near the village of Puttygunge, on the very plain where some five-and-thirty years ago a

British army under General Abercrombie gained a hard-earned victory over the Rohillas. It is related that at the commencement of this battle the scales of Jove long hung doubtful; the enemy's cavalry even got into our rear, and cut to pieces six companies of infantry. Within eyeshot of the action we had some 30,000 native allies, in the troops of the Nawaub of Lucknow: but the Rohillas being looked upon as the most determined fighters in India, these crafty, cold-blooded auxiliaries did not hold it convenient to interfere in the affray until one of the principals had achieved a decided superiority. Accordingly, they held aloof, until the British, though sorely knocked about, had proved themselves the better men; and then, like the fabled fox, they rushed in, and bore off the chief part of the spoil. As a counterpoise to this base act, however, they did the British the distinguished honour to change the name of the village which beheld their exploits from Beetora to Futtygunge, the 'place of victory.'

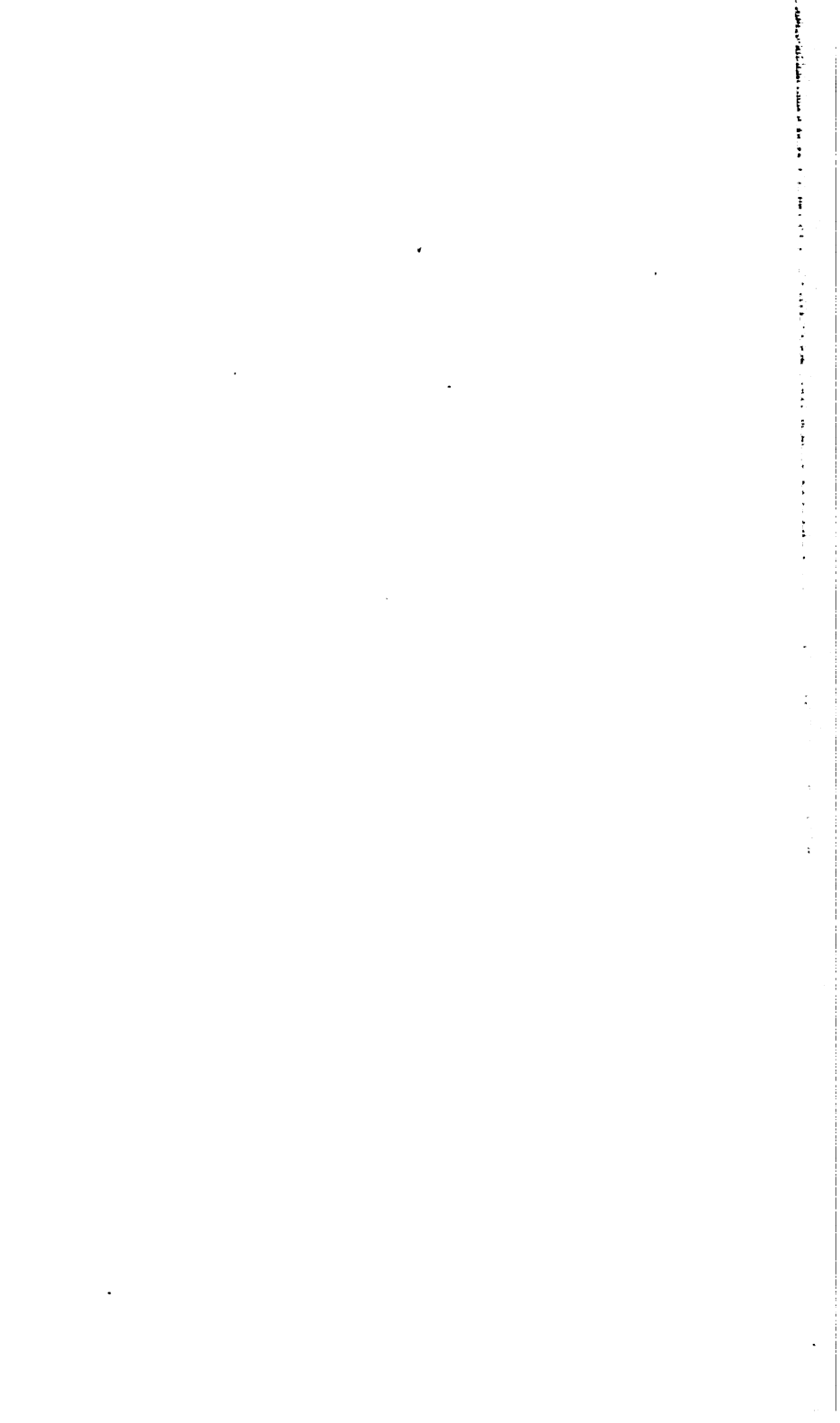
In the evening I strolled out to visit the monument raised by government in memory of those who fell. It is of obelisk form, and stands on a small mound, the only elevation in this vast plain, on which point of vantage the enemy's guns were ranged and afterwards taken. The names of fourteen British officers are recorded on the 'storied stone;' among whom

were three commanding officers of regiments: a son of one of these now commands Lord Combermere's infantry escort. I met him returning from his father's grave. With what intense interest must he have contemplated the spot on which his sire, a most intrepid soldier, distinguished himself, and perished! This officer is described as having possessed uncommon personal strength: when surrounded by overwhelming numbers, he slew several of the enemy, until his treacherous sword shivered in his hand, and he fell covered with wounds.

Within a stone's throw of this plain and simple monument rises the carved and minareted tomb of two illustrious Rohilla chiefs who fell in the action, bravely leading their cavalry to the charge. Our cavalry behaved infamously on the occasion: on the first onset of the enemy, Ramsay, who commanded them, turned his horse and fled with his troopers at his heels, leaving the flank of our line *en l'air*. To this base desertion may be attributed the great carnage which took place in our right wing; and here the dashing Rohilla chiefs ended their career in the midst of our broken ranks. Part of our runaway cavalry was rallied and brought back to the field by two subaltern officers: the recreant commander awaited not the judgment which would have overtaken him, but fled to America.

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37





AUG 13 1930



